THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8822.

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of aliments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. Shaw

P. P. & L. OPTIMISTIC

It has been emphasized repeatedly that in compactness of the territory covered and the volume of business therein, the Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., of this city, is outstanding among electrical companies.

Within recent days some new evidence of these facts was brought out when earnings during recent months and projected improvements were announced.

Increased profits must have come from enlarged volume of production and distribution of electricity, plus improvement in operations which is the aim of worthy management. It could not come from the small consumer for electrical rates have not been increased in this period.

Rather one must look to enlarged output for the answer, an answer that is supported by the plans of the company to meet present and future demands by the Lehigh Valley's busy and enlarging industry and population.

At Sunbury a huge power plant is to be built and from it a 40-mile high-voltage line will be run to the Siegfried sub-station to supply electricity to business, industry and private homes in this area.

All this can mean another important thing for the people of this community. The far-sighted businessmen who operate this great company foresee growth and prosperous conditions in this area, otherwise they would not invest many millions of dollars in such expansion of production and distribution. They are confident that population is going to grow and that this increased population will be a busy group of people for a long time to come.

FATHER AND SON WEEK

That family life in America is breaking down is common knowledge. One of the major reasons for this breakdown is that families have very few things to do together today compared to a generation ago. It is also common knowledge that the family is the single most influential force in the life of growing children and youth. In a wholesome family this influence will be for the good; unfortunately, the reverse is also true.

Churches, schools, YMCA's and other community organizations interested in youth are concerned with the problems of family breakdown and unwholesome family life. They want to do all in their power to strengthen the family and to develop more wholesome relationships between parents and their children.

Father and Son Week, sponsored by the State Young Men's Christian Association of Pennsylvania, is a program that is designed for the purpose of developing understanding and good will between boys and their fathers. It has the backing of a group of outstanding citizens of the state under the chairmanship of the Honorable Marion D. Patterson. This year's slogan is "Pulling Together."

Thousands of fathers and sons across the state will get together at banquets, Church services, recreational events and the like during this week: taking time to learn to know each other better and to assure each other of their mutual admiration and respect.

Every man and boy who participates in any of these programs will be the happier for the experience. Happy will be the entire family in which this spirit of cooperation and desire for mutual understanding are made manifest.

STATE, CITY RENT CONTROL

There seems little doubt that Congress at its present session will continue control of rents, which control still is dependent upon legislation that expires February 29. Congress would appear to be determined not to alienate the large groups of people who would undoubtedly be adversely affected by permitting the controls to come to an end. Nor does it appear willing to contribute to the inflationary spiral.

Even if the law were not succeeded by other legislation, controls would be effective in a considerable part of the country because of State and municipal action.

Four major cities enacted their own rent control laws, but two will lapse if and when Federal controls lapse. The cities which will operate this way are Los Angeles and San Francisco. Municipal rent controls will continue in force in Buffalo and New York City, no matter what Congress does or may not do.

Philadelphia last year anticipated things by enacting a so-called "stand-by" rent ordinance which will become effective if and when Federal controls end. Several states also passed or extended their rent laws last year. Thse were Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Virginia and Wisconsin. Some of these laws enable cities to control rents if federal regulations die, while others are in effect now and curb rents in hotels or other dwellings not covered by federal restrictions.

New York City's rent ordinance suffered a legal setback recently when a key clause governing evictions was declared invalid by an appellate court. The court permitted continued operation of the ordinance intact however, while the city council and the legislature were revising the laws to make the ordinance legal.

Chicago's rent law was declared invalid last month on grounds that neither the Illinois local rent control act nor the city's health and police powers gave the city authority to limit hotel rates. The Chicago ordinance was designed expressly to cover hotel and apartment accommodations tenanted by "permanent" guests.

The Municipal rent control ordinances now operating generally limit rents to a certain fraction above last year's O.P.A. ceilings. San Francisco's law applies only to hotel accommodations "other than transient" and permitted 25 percent rent boosts last summer.

Buffalo's local rent law permitted rent increases to 15 percent above O.P.A. ceilings for hotels, apartments and rooming houses. The ordinance will continue in effect until the city council decides "that the emergency no longer exists" or until rents are stabilized by state or federal law. Philadelphia's rent control ordinance includes a similar clause.

Expiration dates of state rent control laws are all 1948 or 1949. The Illinois law, effective till June 30, 1949, has the longest life expectancy.

WAR NOT OVER OFFICIALLY

That World War II has not been terminated officially was reemphasized in the recent Supreme Court decision on a rent control case that came to it from the U.S. Circuit Court in Cleveland.

A Federal Court judge in that city decided that the law as to rent controls, which still is in effect, is unconstitutional because it is an illegal use of war powers in time of peace. But Justice Douglas, who wrote the contrary opinion for the high court, declared that the legislation continues to be valid and is sustained by the Government's war power. He continued: "Whatever may be the consequences when war is officially terminated, the war power does not necessarily end with the cessation of hostilities."

There has been official declaration of the end of hostilities. There has not been official declaration that the war has been terminated. Peace treaties have been written for only a few countries. Our forces still are in Germany and Japan. And to judge from the speed with which things are moving, they may be there for a considerable period of time. Getting all the loose ends gathered up after a devastating and widespread war is gigantic business.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—although on its face the victory of the Wallace-backed candidate for Congress on the American Labor Party ticket seems to be confirmation of the Democratic fears that their party will be split in the coming election, it tends to accelerate the steps that doubtless will be taken to bring about the withdrawal of Wallace from the contest at the last moment.

The more evident it becomes that the Wallace group constitutes a threat of real proportions to the Democrats, the more pressure will be exerted to persuade Wallace to rejoin the fold.

The explanation being made by Democratic leaders that because only 40 per cent of the voters went to the polls the outcome cannot be regarded as having any meaning is not convincing. Actually a trend in a district is just as pronounced no matter how large or small the vote cast. More important to examine is why such a small number of voters took the trouble to ballot. Maybe this in itself merely means that the threat of a third party was not enough to arouse the voters, especially in a special election involving a three-cornered contest for a seat which lasts only a few months. The same district must hold a regular election contest next autumn. Many voters may have figured that the contest was not of much consequence.

It may mean also that the voters are neither restless nor discontented nor up in arms about anything. Usually when there is a protest to be made a large vote is polled. When the voters are apathetic it means that they are not dissatisfied with the party in power.

In a populous area like New York City, where concentrated minorities are to be found, it is difficult to discover a national trend anyway. The fact that Wallace can take votes from the Democratic party has not before been made clear except in some Gallup polls. An election carries far more weight.

The immediate effect of the New York district election will be to arouse Democratic leaders to ways and means of bringing about the withdrawal of Wallace. There have been some observers who reasoned that Wallace was intent primarily on establishing himself as a factor in the party and that once he had achieved that end he would rejoin the party as a major influence rather than as a sideline spectator.

The Truman administration has been sensitive to the Wallace type of campaign. The message on civil rights and the espousal of a revival of the excess-profits tax are part of a program of accepting many of the Wallace planks. Indeed, the Democratic platform next time is very likely to be much more radical than the Truman administration at heart really is. But such are the vicissitudes of national politics.

There is only one phase of the Wallace campaign that has met with no sympathetic gesture on the part of the Truman administration and that is the Wallace policy toward Russia. Many of the followers of Wallace are convinced that America is pursuing an imperialistic policy leading toward war with the Soviets. These followers evidently believe in the Soviet propaganda.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the national campaign has not yet begun and that, when the debate opens up on the subject of Russo-American relations, the Marshall Plan will have been passed by Congress and the broad outlines of the American policy toward Russia will be painted as pacific rather than belligerent.

The influences within the Democratic party which touch shoulders with the Wallace followers are mostly to be found on the labor side. Here is the place where the maximum pressure will be exerted on the Wallace camp and in the end the public may expect a compromise between the administration and Wallace which will enable the Democratic party to present a united front in the elections. The more danger Wallace appears to signify now, the more important will it seem to the Democratic leaders to bring him back into the fold.

Today's Text

By ROBERT FRITSCH

Jeremiah 36: 1-32

In this chapter we learn that Jeremiah was asked of the Lord to write his prophecies on a scroll (the book of his time). It was to contain all the judgments pronounced upon Israel, Judah, and the nations, with the hope that Judah, at least, might hear and repent. The book was written by Baruch, who received the oral dictation from Jeremiah. The latter, who was in prison, asked Baruch then to take the book and read it to the people in the temple court. When the princes of the people heard about the reading, they asked Baruch to come and read it to them also, which he did. Hearing about the promised judgments to come upon the land, they reported the words to King Jehoiakim, who was sitting by a hearth fire on a cool day. Having heard a few pages read to him, he took a penknife, cut up the whole scroll, and burned it in the fire over the protest of friends. When Jeremiah learned of this, the Lord told him to rewrite the whole prophecy through Baruch, and not to forget to tell Jehoiakim the punishment that was to come upon him for thus despising the Word of the Lord, vs. 29-31.

Answers to Questions

Q. On which side of a sweater is a football letter correctly placed? R. A.

A. A football monogram is customarily worn on the left side of the sweater.

Q. Are vampire bats native to North America? E. J.

A. Vampire bats do not inhabit the United States but colonies of these bats have been found in Mexico, not very far from the border.

25 Years Ago

February 21, 1923, a Wednesday

Liberty Chamber, No. 43, Order Knights of Friendship, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding. Judge Clinton A. Groman presided as toastmaster. Addresses were made by District Attorney Richard W. Iobst, Grand Sir Knight Marshall J. L. Evans, Herbert Wiedner, Atty. John L. Cutshall, H. Frank Cressman, and Rev. George Lutz.

Alertness of Patrolman Hunsberger prevented a short circuit in an automobile in the garage of Samuel J. Schneck, 467 Tilghman St., from breaking into flames and causing damage to the building.

Music for dancing after the 72nd annual banquet of the Good Will Fire Co. was provided by the Good Will orchestra, Albert Troxell, director.

Horoscope

This is the day for promoting the good will of others. It is an excellent day for pleasure and romance. You may meet disappointment in friendship in the next 12 months. Do not let oversensitiveness and a tendency to imagine slights spoil your happiness. Watch finances carefully. Neither lend nor borrow, and avoid the law.



HOW CHARLOTTE ESTE SAVED GENERAL WASHINGTON

Many Pennsylvania Germans have failed to win merited credit in American history. Among them are the Hessians whom Americans remember merely as mercenaries hired by the British to fight against our independence. Charlotte Este (1761-1801), born in Hesse, Germany, is one of the gallant, forgotten women of the American Revolution, in spite of the personal thanks she received from General Washington. At the age of sixteen she came to our country with her father, Dr. Este, who served as a surgeon in one of the Hessian regiments King George III had hired to fight here.

Charlotte's youth did not prevent her father from granting her wish to sail with him in the autumn of 1777. The house on Second Street in Frankford where her father lived with other regimental officers could not conceal from her the honorable cause and virtues of the Revolution. She overheard her father and other officers loyal to England discuss plans for the capture of General Washington. She resolved to warn the general.

Charlotte worked her way through the British lines, and arrived at his headquarters at Carlton in Bowman's Lane (now Queen Lane), Germantown. Returning, she travelled over Reading Road (today's Wissahickon Avenue) and Nicetown Lane (today's Hunting Park Avenue). In order to conceal her errand, she bought flour at the Frankford mill. This courageous girl, a true Pennsylvania German disciple of freedom, whose father fought against the cause of Independence, thus forewarned the American general of the dangers that beset him and became the instrument for the preservation of the life of the one who was to be known to all posterity as the Father of his country.

Charlotte Este further contributed to the American cause by rendering aid in the dressing of soldiers' wounds and in nursing those ill with the smallpox. After her marriage to an American soldier, George Wenzell, she lived near Byberry, where she died in 1801.

NOTE:—For these facts see "Charlotte Este, 1761-1801" by Mrs. Nelson F. Eberbach, in NOTABLE WOMEN OF PENNSYLVANIA, edited by Gertrude B. Biddle and Sarah D. Lowrie, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1942, pp. 78-79.

—DR. RUSSELL W. GILBERT
Susquehanna University

BOOK NOTES

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume 24. THE A B C of Rug Making by Hazel Reeder Keiley. Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Company. 1947. — $1.00.

Mrs. Keyser's many pamphlets about the various Pennsylvania German arts and crafts have led many into useful activities and enjoyable diversions. This too, offering simple instructions in the art of making rugs, will be welcomed by many. It originated from the desire on the part of Mrs. Kelly's enthusiastic pupils to possess her instructions in permanent form. The novice in this ancient household craft is informed about the equipment needed for making hooked rugs, the dyeing and preparing of material, the choosing of patterns, the use of colors, and the hooking of the rug, as well as instructions in the care and cleaning of rugs.

Those who love old hooked rugs and sense the incongruity of placing modern factory-made rugs, or even Oriental rugs on the floors of rooms furnished with simple Early American or Pennsylvania German things will be grateful for this pamphlet with its many beautiful illustrations.—P.A.B.

* * *

IT'S AN OLD PENNSYLVANIA CUSTOM. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. The Vanguard Press, Inc., New York. Pp. 262. — $3.00.

This book is of interest not only to those Pennsylvanians who are privileged to be Pennsylvania Germans, but to all Pennsylvanians who love their state, for its contents by no means pertain exclusively to the Pennsylvania Germans.

The author, formerly a lawyer and professor of law, turned long ago to the field of books and has been at one time or another bookseller, editor, publisher and writer. As a professional writer he has in his twenty books allowed himself a wide range of subject matter, with special preference, for the American scene, as his books "The Horse and Buggy Age in New England", "Maine Summer", and "American Village" would indicate. Mr. Mitchell lives in New York and we assume that he has actually visited us here in our own habitat, although it is not very clearly indicated in his book. It is a book which a scholarly gentleman of wide interest, refined taste and possessing the art of felicitous phrasing could have done without stirring beyond the pleasant confines of the library. His extensive reading has lead him into byways little trodden by the public of today. Long-forgotten books have once more yielded up their treasures. The author does not bother the reader with his sources, but for the few that are mentioned incidentally in the course of his narrative. With the keen sense of the professional writer for that which makes good copy, he startles the reader into mental action with the first sentence: "Because of the housing shortage at Philadelphia and vicinity many of the early Pennsylvania settlers became cave dwellers." Or (p. 93), "Shortly after 1700, an unknown craftsman working at his bench in a primitive workshop somewhere in eastern Pennsylvania produced an implement that was to alter the history of America and the world. This anonymous worker made the first great American gun—the Kentucky rifle". Of course we know it did not happen quite that way, but that the Kentucky rifle was the result of the development of the firearm our ancestors had known and used in Europe, which to be sure the author later sets forth in the best exposition of the making and the use of this Pennsylvania German rifle that we have seen in print.

It is true that the author retells and perpetuates some old errors and notions, such as "Marriage used to be a lottery among the Moravians in Pennsylvania", or that the "Pennsylvania Dutch that the Amish speak is a unique and exclusive dialect". Once more the "seven sweets and seven sours" grace the groaning Pennsylvania German dining-table. Once more "One of the most delightful customs associated with courtship and marriage in Pennsylvania is that of the Amish blue gate". Of the baroque and adventurous Baron Stiegel, some time successful manufacturer of glass he speaks as "a great artist". But all in all the author has well assimilated his extensive readings. In his treatment of the Pennsylvania Germans he exhibits a spirit of understanding and a sense of fairness. Of barn signs he writes (p. 89): "They are purely decorative motifs, they say, an expression of the folk art inherited by them from Middle Europe, where farmhouses have for centuries been similarly decorated. To say that the number of points or lobes within a circle has a special superstitious significance, or that the number of designs placed on a barn has magical meaning, is to repeat an untrue tale fostered by feature writers of Philadelphia newspapers and witch-hunting New Englanders".

Certainly among the many interesting books about Pennsylvania this stands forth for freshness of approach and originality of presentation. The title of the book, following that of the author's delightful "It's an Old New England Custom" is slightly misleading, for not in every instance (as the various chapter titles might indicate) is it an old Pennsylvania custom To Dwell in Caves; To Use Plain and Fancy Speech; To Found Utopias; To Build Conestoga Wagons; To Build Magnificent Barns; To Make Kentucky Rifles; To Resort to Arms; To Be Fond of Music; To Have a Tavern in the Town; To Enjoy Shoo-fly Pie; To Believe in Witchcraft; To Observe Strange Customs of Courtship and Marriage; To Wear Beards and Dress Plainly; To Embellish the Useful; To Look Backward (these being the titles of the chapters). The contemporary illustrations of the historical material add much to the beauty of this book.—P.A.B.

* * *

THE CONESTOGA WAGON. A Pennsylvania Dutch Product. Prepared by Dr. J. William Frey, Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster and H. C. Frey, Steelton, Pa. Published by the authors, 1947. Pp. 32. Sixty Cents.

This booklet makes readily accessible much useful information about the Conestoga wagon. It is not easy to imagine the westward course of our nation without those two so vital factors, both Pennsylvania German products, namely, the Kentucky rifle and the Conestoga wagon.

H. C. Frey, recognized authority on Conestoga wagons, was the historian for that beautiful, and now rare book, CONESTOGA SIX-HORSE BELL TEAMS, published by John Omwake (Amweg) in 1930 for private distribution. A condensed form of Mr. H. C. Frey's material he graciously contributed to the ECK (Nov. 25, Dec. 2, 9 and 16). This, together with related material and comments by the Editor of the ECK, together with illustrations and the valuable Appendix II, "Approximate Specifications for Making a Large Conestoga Wagon", comprise the contents of this booklet.—P.A.B.

ATTENTION

When members of the Allentown ITU went on strike on Dec. 4, 1947 conditions in the composing room made it necessary to abandon publication of the ECK for several weeks. For the first time since its appearance on March 23, 1935 the sequence of the familiar column in the Saturday Morning Call was broken. The ECK did not appear on Dec. 6, 20 and 27, 1947; Jan. 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31; Feb. 7 and 14. We appreciate the patience of our many readers.

Subscribers to the ECK, whether to the regular Saturday issue of the Morning Call, or to the reprints, are herewith informed that the expiration date of their subscriptions has been advanced by ten weeks.

FRED W. WEILER,
Circulation Manager.

A NEW YEAR

(At the turn of the year the Editor of the ECK received various expressions of good wishes, some of them in verse form. Since this is the first issue of the ECK to appear in the new year and the year is still young, it may not be out of place to publish a few of them.)

In dem Yohr was iss verbei,
Waar des Haerz ebmols wie Blei.
Wie viel Traene, ach so heess,
In de Aage—yuscht Gott weess!
Darch des All sin mir noch do
Un mer gehn ins Nei Yohr. So—
Loss uns fasse frischer Mut
Un yuscht halte was waar gut.

Ich winsch eich im Neie Yohr
Mehner Glick as wie devor;
Langes Lewe un Gsundheit
Un aa viele Herrlichkeit.
Mecht ihr frei vun Sarge sei,
Luschtich un doch aernscht debei,
Un en seeliches Schicksal,
Des soll kumme zu eich all.

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

* * * * *

"Ich winsch dir en glickselich Neiyohr,
Vun do bis naus ans Scheierdor!"
Dart sin die fette Sei so schee;
Sie fresse viel un wolle meh;
Hen grosse Hunger, grosser Darscht—
Gebt Pannhaas un aa Lewwerwarscht.
Die Schtadtleit nemme's wie's do geht,
Der Bauer hot sei eegner Weg.
Schunkefleesch un Kuttelfleck,
Der Bauer hot's graad wie in Seck.
Genung devun—ya, alle Zeit!
Bis er geht noch der Ewigkeit.

—D. GEO. KNECHT

* * * * *

Viel Glick un Luscht im Neie Yohr,
Un scheene Sache immerdar;
Un wunnerbaari Lieb vun Freind,
Die trei un haerzlich glorreich scheind.

Witt du in Friede lewe gut,
Dann geh voran mit frischem Mut;
Un duh was recht, was noochhaer nutzt,
Un die Karakter net verschmutzt.

Sei net zu gierich, wild un schnell;
Fer Wasser gut geh an die Quell
Un schepp fer dich bis hoscht dei Mos,
Noh geb em Naegschde dei Wasserglaas.

Wann bischt noch yung, geh in die Schul
Un laern was kennscht, sei net 'n fool;
Die Laerning iss gewiss viel waerd—
Waer yedes dumm, was waer's 'n Aerd!

Bischt nimmi yung un Schul verbei,
Dann laern deheem, un fleissich sei;
Die Laerning helft viel heitzudaag—
Wer kenni hot, hot Dreck im Aag!

—H. HORACE ROMIG

* * * * *

Geehrter Freind — zu Dir
Wir gehen nur einmal die Reis'
Vun Mutterleib zum Graab.
So lass uns arbeiten mit Fleiss
An was der Herr uns gab.

Der treue Knecht mit dem Talent,
Welch er auf Wucher tat,
Erfuhr wie selich war's am End
Bei ihm vorm hohen Rat.

Es war ein edeles Talent
Gegeben Dir in Zeit;
Dein Einfluss kommet nie zum End—
Er gruent in Ewichkeit.

Du hast die liebe Muttersprach
Dein Lebenlang geehrt;
Hast sie bewahrt vor Spoetter Schlag—
Un keinen Ruhm begehrt.

Deswegen ist ein grosser Schar
Von treuen Freunden hier—
Die wuenschen, dass noch viele Jahr'
Gott geben mag zu Dir.

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"But mostly we want to express in some way the deep appreciation we feel for your cooperation and encouragement in the past year."

Thus reads the paragraph in an invitation my wife and I received this morning, from the Women's division of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, to a big shindig they are going to give late this month.

Having just returned from California we can't go out there again so soon, and so I had to turn down the invitation with sincere regrets.

* * *

However, I didn't quite remember my "cooperation" which deserved such appreciation, until I read a story about odd accidents this morning.

Then it came back to me. Last fall I had written a column about all the accidents that happen in the home, and I had complimented the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce on its safety drive.

The story which I read this morning was a review of a few "odd" accidents that happened in 1947, according to a report issued by the National Safety Council.

A sparrow had carried a lighted cigaret into his nest under the roof of a house—and set the house on fire.

A Detroit baker saw a cockroach ogling him as he was descending some stairs which were covered with spilled cake frosting. He kicked the cockroach, slipped and ended at the bottom of the stairs with a couple of fractured ribs.

A Colorado hunter was seriously injured by a dead deer he had shot when a reflex kick by the animal discharged the hunter's gun.

Katsumi Nishitawa and Woodrow Wakasuti hauled in so many mackerel off Santa Monica, Calif., that the weight of the fish sank the boat.

A Washington, D. C., woman slipped from a fourth floor fire-escape, struck a clothesline at the third floor level, was flipped through a window and landed in the second floor bathroom of a startled neighbor.

* * *

There are many more curious accidents mentioned in the report, but these will suffice to show you that railroad tracks and automobile roads are not the only danger spots.

According to statistics, more accidents occur in the home or right around the home than in all other places combined.

One of the greatest accident producers is the kitchen. Falls, burns, explosions in kitchens are common.

Stairways are dangerous. Keep your stairways lighted. See that they are not slippery. Don't go down dark stairways to get a midnight sandwich when you are half asleep. (I still bear the scars from one of those Dagwood excursions.)

That safety drive of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce deserved cooperation. I hope they will have another one this year. I hope that every Chamber of Commerce in America will have a safety drive this year.

There is enough trouble in this world without having it in your kitchen.

Pumpernickle Bill

Denka Kenna 'S Dade G'shpucka

Wons wear os der yung Ramie Johnson fon da Chew shtross doh in da shtadt glawwa dade on g'shpucker, het er heit 'n woch tzurick wariclklich denka kenna 's wear net allas glore imma gawissna finf un tzaea cent shtore doh in da shtadt. Der Ramie shoft imma gawissa Hamilton shtross jewelry shtore, un hut bisnis tzu fersehna kot imma finf un tzaea cent shtore iwwer da shtross driwwa.

Allas wor ol recht bis der Ramie uf 'm tzurick waig wor, grawd farna omma grundnis shtore. Darta hut 'n kerl fon ra mashine uf da Hamilton shtross 'm gagrisha, "Hey buddy, you are losing something." Wie er tzurick gaguck'd hut hinna on sich, hut er ebbes weisses sehna noh shlaifa os shier gaguck'd hut wie 'n iwwer gawoxner hemmer shwontz. Der fershtond hut 'm Ramie shtil g'shtonna, un glawb net os shun fer long sich ebber so shnell rum gadray'd hut uf da Hamilton shtross wie er hut. In blotz fon ow'r sei hemmer shwontz sei, hut er 'n gons neier lace kurtain on ra shnol fon seim vommas hanka kot.

Im awfong wor der kurtain all'm noh shnae weiss, ow'r nimmy so noch dem os der Ramie 'n iwwer die Hamilton shtross niver uf die onner side g'shlaift hut kot darrich shnae wosser paar tzol dief. Bei selra tzeit hut der kurtain gaguck'd wie fartzae dawg raya wedder, un der Ramie hut 'n so shnell os miglich tzomma garoll'd, 'n unnich der ohr'm gapetzt, un is hee woh er shoft, un hut seim boss der bind'l gewwa woh er gonga wor hola im finf un tzaea cent shtore.

Der Ramie wor noh iwwel ob, un hut net recht gawist wos tzu duh mit 'm kurtain. Endlich hut er ow'r ous gamocht 's wear ferleicht 'n paar gawest, un is tzurick niver fer tzurick hame nemma wos er so unna badenk'd mit rous ganumma hut. Wie er darta ous gamocht hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r die sawg is, er hets k'hoss'd wie fre fer der kurtain tzurick nemma, un glawb ferleicht net os er die socha rum gablauder'd wil howwa. Aenicha waig mier wolla nix may weiter sawga, so os er net sawga kon mier hetta die socha drous rum gabell'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da leit os m'r so weit noch k'hoert hen os free moryets uf g'shtonna sin 'm onnerra Midwoch morya uf esha puddle dawg fer net "Esha Puddle" werra, is niemond os die Alma Kerschner un der Woodrow fon Claussville beata kon.

Noh is die Alma un der Woody aw net yusht free uf g'shtonna, ow'r sin aw ains gongs nous noch Alfred Heffners nagshd on da Ziegels kerrich fer helfa shlochta, uns Alfreds hen gore nix gawist fon ra shlochterrei sella dawg.

Die Alma kon gore net fershtae wie sie sich so uf k'hudd'ld hut in da dawga, ow'r 's kon net onnishder sei, 's mus der esha puddle dawg gawest sei wos sie ferfiehrt hut.

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Inside Your Congress

By SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL

The long established practice of "cutting off noses to spite faces" has seldom paid a dividend—maybe never. But that fact seems to be unknown in Washington, D. C. Because Washington lives on taxes, it has grown careless of dividends!

Here is a sample. We prevent Europeans from growing wheat. Then we tax ourselves to ship wheat to the hungry Europeans. We help to push them to the edge of communism, and then feed them to keep them from going over the edge. In this process, we satisfy both our desire to punish, and our desire to feel moral. But it is tough on our housewives who buy bread, and our taxpayers who ship wheat.

The Administration, during this crop year, has bought 375,000,000 bushels of wheat to feed the Europeans we helped to make hungry. That forced wheat to the highest price in years. We are told we must ship 75,000,000 bushels more in order to fulfill our "obligations to humanity."

That is one side of the picture. Now let's look at the other side—the Morgenthau side which calls for the dismantling, in Germany, (among other businesses) of the largest fertilizer plant in Europe. According to "Human Events," the most penetrating news letter on foreign affairs published in this country, the huge synthetic nitrogen plant at Oppau, Germany, is marked for dismantling. Nitrogen is the chief element in fertilizer. All four of the U. S. Government reports on the Marshall plan (Nourse, Krug, Harriman and Herter Reports) say that fertilizer is crucial to European recovery.

Ex-President Hoover reports that Germany had a nitrogen capacity of 700,000 tons after the shooting stopped. In short, these plants were available to produce fertilizer even in the summer of 1945, after VE-Day. But since then this capacity has been reduced to 127,000 tons. And now the biggest plant of all is to be torn down.

This adds up to the following: Under average weather and soil conditions, one ton of nitrogen will produce 600 bushels additional of grain. "Therefore," as "Human Events" says, "the 500,000 tons of nitrogen production in Germany lost in each of the years 1946 and 1947 corresponds to an approximate loss of 300,000,000 bushels a year in Western Europe's food production"! This is three times the amount of food that the Luckman-Truman committee asked our housewives to save!

Having helped to deplete the fertility of European farms, our foreign policy-makers then turn around and deplete the fertility of American farms to fill the gap. And government buying of wheat for export helped push it up, in January, to the record price of $3.07 a bushel.

We pay four ways—in taxes; in high prices for bread; in labor unrest, strikes and inflationary wage increases; and in the depletion of our soil.

If we were not shipping 450,000,000 bushels of wheat to Europe, does anyone outside of Bedlam (or Washington) think bread and the cost of living would not drop at the corner grocery? (In the prewar years 1935-39, our average annual export of wheat and flour to all parts of the world was only 81,000,000 bushels.)

If these huge shipments were necessary, we could and would tighten our belts and bear it. But should they be necessary three years, come May, after the shooting stopped? Is the American housewife paying "through the nose" for the blunders of our officials?

Maybe the time has come to look into our "bi-partisan foreign policy" which has given our officials a free rein to blunder at our expense.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNET CERF

First cousin of Walter Mitty married a cute little girl whom he not only adored, but whom he treated like a piece of fragile and irreplaceable Ming china. If a drop of rain fell on her, he worried for a week that she would catch pneumonia. In due course, it became apparent that there was going to be an addition to the family, and as the fateful day drew near, the husbands' anxiety become almost pathetic.

Finally, the wife was taken to the maternity hospital. The husband wore out three rugs with his pacing, and prevented five nurses and twelve internes from discharging their regular duties. A few minutes before the baby was born, he could stand it no longer. He rushed to his wife's bedside and cried, "Darling, are you absolutely sure you want to go through with this?"

Milton Berle says that when his brother went to college, he was a four-letter man. He adds that it cost him five thousand dollars to get them back.

Edgar A. Guest

BIRDS IN THE WINTER

When all the earth is white with snow
And nature's feeding ends,
The winter birds are quick to know
The homes that harbor friends,
And they will flock from miles around
To where some thought for them they've found.

I know not how the word is passed
Nor how the news they hear,
But where some crumbs of bread are cast
The birds will soon appear.
The sparrow first may tell the jay,
And they'll be there from day to day.

Oft as I watch them from above,
I wonder can it be
This is to prove the power of love,
Or merely dinner free.
Still, in my mind the notion lurks
It is the magic friendship works.

57

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weller President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weller, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
Are we now smitten."
Aeschylus

WHAT TO DO WITH GREECE!

When a German general went on trial recently at Nuremburg, in the course of his testimony he made comment upon the character of warfare in the Balkans and expressed pity for his prosecutors, the United States, if ever they were to get involved there, and he added " I know, I was there."

The remark is pertinent in light of President Truman's report to Congress on the disappointing developments in the hill country of that little country where guerrillas, instead of being wiped out by the Greek government's soldiers, seem to multiply as time goes on and to give more and more trouble and produce more and more disorder.

The more military supplies that have been sent into that country and the greater aid in organization which our military men are supposed to be giving the Greek soldiery, the more the situation appears to deteriorate.

Just what the answer is to the entire matter does not appear, if any one in fact has the answer. But it does appear that a difficult political situation exists within the country, that political groups fight each other more bitterly than the guerrillas are battled, that bureaucracy strangles national progress and prevents unity and that there is incompetent handling of equipment and supplies which have been sent into the country. In fact it has been reported that such equipment and supplies are permitted to deteriorate and even spoil completely in warehouses.

There appears to be too much reliance upon the United States and the conviction that the United States are committed to military victory by the present Greek government and cannot back out until that has been attained. So as long as this country pours supplies into Greece and keeps the Greek politicians in office, they should worry about the guerrillas.

Americans who have gone into the little country have found themselves up against a stone-wall in trying to organize the economy, the government and the military activity. Some of them have come home in disgust. Now General VanFleet has been sent into the country as our representative. It is to be hoped that he can break the log-jam for this country cannot afford to have Greece taken over by the Communists. The strengthening of Greece to become a bulwark against that force has been President Truman's objective to which there has been general agreement. But unfortunately it has been the Greek political leaders themselves who have stymied progress with the plan and achievement of the desired results.

The Greek situation illustrates the difficulties of dealings with foreign countries that have age-old methods and traditions from which it is difficult to be shaken.

NEW TRAFFIC COMMISSION

Decision of Mayor Donald V. Hock to revive the Traffic Commission is good and the selection of a group of men, outstanding for their experience in matters pertaining to traffic, to make up the new body gives assurance that the many problems which continually confront the city by reason of the omnipresent automobile are going to receive intelligent study and result in practical solutions.

Mayor Hock in this, as in other matters, evidences his desire to have the best counsel advise himself as to matters which affect the public welfare. He wants to know what the people want in various matters and he is asking the best minds to help him in making the decisions that will concern the entire people.

It is a credit to the men who have accepted appointment to the commission that they are willing and ready to give their time in the public interest.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — There are several ways of looking at the Communist seizure of the government of Czechoslovakia—but they all add up to a manifestation of Russia's weakness rather than strength.

Fear of the Marshall Plan, fear of America, fear of the growth of the western democracies in Europe and, particularly, a fear that at her back door the Czechoslovakian people might prove hostile undoubtedly led to the decision at Moscow to move on Prague.

Certainly the situation must have been desperate or else the Soviets would not have been so palpably dictatorial and so crude in their means of shutting out all opposition and all democratic groups.

The Russians have bitten off a big chunk of trouble. Gradually, as liberties are taken away, the "undergrounds" start organizing. Troops will have to be used to subdue the dynamic people of Czechoslovakia, who know how to fight for their freedom. This means more expense for Russia and more difficulty in keeping the people inside Russia from knowing the truth. If there's friction in a neighboring country, sooner or later it gets across the border.

* * *

The rationalization of the Russian government is being imagined here. It is supposed that the Soviet rulers saw in Czechoslovakia a natural base for trading between the East and West under the Marshall Plan. They felt that they had to get complete control of the government and that a parliamentary regime was out of the question. In other words, the decision was one of expediency rather than ideological conviction. Back of the setting up of a puppet government is the knowledge that the police must be under Russian control. This is disclosed before all the world and whatever regard the Soviet rulers have had for world opinion has been deliberately forfeited. This is what makes the move appear a sign of weakness.

Certainly there can be no more argument about Russian pretensions of self-protection when virtually the entire Balkan area has been placed under Communist control. Plainly no country in Europe, least of all Germany, is in condition to attack Russia.

The purpose then must have been to insure domination of neighboring states for economic reasons. The Russians must keep out all other trade from the Balkans they now control except that which they wish to allow for their own self-interest. In a sense, the seizure of Czechoslovakia is a part of the "cold war" between the East and West and hence the Russian realists doubtless consider that the end justifies the means.

* * *

The Marshall Plan now has taken form—that it, the American Congress is about to pass a substantial appropriation Russians know this. How then can they fight American dollars? Only by getting control of the financial and economic systems of as many countries in eastern Europe as possible.

Before another year passes, the Russians will have discovered that their tactics are far more expensive than was believed and aren't geting anywhere. They will find themselves with an economic mess on their hands worse than exists inside their own borders. The merging of the two problems may bring the long-expected internal dissession that can weaken the Soviet regime still further.

This is why a gesture of friendliness from Russia, secretly or otherwise, in the hope of patching up differences with America would not be surprising. It is a sad blow to Czechoslovakia which the dispatches tell, and the tragedy is not made less easy to bear by the thought that it is the beginning of the end of Russian dictatorship in Europe. But it does look as if the Soviets, like the Germans, have miscalculated American public opinion and American capacity to help nations 3,000 miles away. The Russians do not understand the reasons for the American policy but they will in due time be conscious of its effects and seek a way out—not by war, but by negotiation.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Edgar A. Guest

AT THE WEDDING

"Now, as one," the parson said,
"You must brave the years.
Of the cares that lie ahead,
Not one sign appears.
"As your paths of life unite,
Only this is sure:
When the joys have taken flight,
Love will hurt endure.
"Fearless be of ache and smart
That may follow on.
Death alone has power to part
Two that live as one.
"Two that to each other cling,
One of heart and mind,
Whatsoever time may bring,
Strength to bear will find."

(Copyright 1948)

Horoscope

The influences rife today make the early hours of this birthday pleasant and social, and later they are good for visiting relatives or friends at distant points. Study and writing also are favored. Your next year will be a mixed one. Business will expand in certain directions, employers being especially helpful. However, it is wise to refrain from speculation and law; watch expenditures. Your health will improve.

25 Years Ago

Dr. L. O. Hunt new pastor of Bethany United Evangelical church, at the conference in Trinity church. Rev. G. Wesley Marquardt was named to Seibert and Rev. N. N. Lower to Grace.

The assessed valuation of Allentown property was fixed by City Assessor John Y. Yingling at $71,022,890. This was a gain of almost a million dollars over last year.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

No wonder a lot of people think that this country is going to the dogs.

No wonder many Europeans and other foreigners get a wrong opinion of our country.

They are reading some of those books that are now all the rage and that make you believe that we are a nation of neurotics, homosexuals, degenerates and—nuts.

For instance, here is a book — widely advertised, but I shall not lead you into temptation by mentioning the title — in which a young snipe of an author (Class 1947, University of California), writes as follows:

"Most of the men have been emasculated and present no more menace than a housebroken dog. And yet the omnipotent American woman is unhappy and doesn't know why. She complains that American men are bad lovers. Of course they are... The women are beginning to suffer the loneliness of their unnatural rule."

The climax of this book, by the way, is a young man drinking himself into a stupor.

* *

So much for that ridiculous picture of American life.

Now here are a few more tidbits advertised and reviewed in the Sunday book section of my newspaper.

Heading: LET THIS FAMOUS DOCTOR TELL YOU HOW TO GET RID OF "NERVES" (The word NERVES is done in those shaky letters that are supposed to give you the jitters.)

Subheading: "Are you troubled by 'nerves' — jittery, everlastingly tired, unable to relax or get a good night's sleep? Read below how a great doctor offers you a simple method of relief."

Then comes a whole page of copy that makes you believe that by sending the attached coupon and $2.50 you will be a new man or woman.

* * *

Heading: FROM THIS HELL I RISE STILL SANE — AND FIGHTING.

Text: "I don't know how other women react to a husband's infidelities. But to me they brought a nervous breakdown. As a 'sick' woman I was a nuisance to my husband. So he sent me to several expensive mental sanatoriums."

Etc., etc., etc.

* * *

Blurb: "This startling volume tells of recent laboratory researches into the unknown powers of the human mind — telepathy, clairvoyance, direct control of matter by mental forces, and the prospect of proving the survival of personality after death..."

* * *

And so it goes — enough of that kind of stuff in one book section to get the average reader three times as mixed up as he is already.

Fortunately there are also a number of useful books advertised, books about hunting and fishing and some real love stories (with a happy ending) and one about playing better golf.

* *

But there's enough gruesome stuff published to make you wonder why on earth our educators pick on the comics.

(Copyright 1948)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

That icy, debonair detachment of our State dept. envoys down on the Latin "banana politics" front may be very comforting to them in the hot tropics, but to a handful of special U. S. labor agents now trying to paralyze the Communist and Peronist cloak-and-dagger "cold war" offensive against the U. S. in South America—it's strictly sickening.

Those State dept. envoys who love their daiquiri diplomacy could have used at least the cocktail-party approach in the past few months to break up the Communist-Peron-Argentine squeeze play against us. But the State dept. didn't.

Instead I can report, after check and double check, that some of our diplomats on the tropic-side actually went out of their way to tell certain Caribbean and Central and South American governments that the U. S. was "unconcerned" over the AFL's recent efforts to fight the Commies and the Argentine's Mussolini-like government.

* * *

The State dept.'s tip to Latins that Washington was "unconcerned" over the AFL's attempt to stop the Commie-Peronist combination's undercover efforts to line up some 15,000,000 Latin unionists against us came about the time the Colombian police picked up a Chilean Communist cloak-and-dagger operator called Salvador Ocambo.

El Senor Ocambo just happened to have on him detailed instructions to Communist Colombian oil workers for a crippling strike in the gusher fields. Also large sums of money to finance the stoppage. And that oil was for the machines of the U. S. Any resemblance to an effort to hurt us was not a coincidence. And there are hundreds of Ocambos around.

And, about the same time, Dictator Peron, through the labor attaches he has placed in each Latin country, was trying to take over the union movements of Bolivia, Cuba, Chile, etc. etc. So successful were his "labor attaches" — who are abundantly supplied with funds — that the Peronistas were able to dominate the Cuban electrical and telephone workers among others.

So Peron "invites" the leader of these union to Buenos Aires' gala Luna Park and they have themselves a union mass meeting of 50,000 more or less at which the U. S. is hissed and booed and otherwise called imperialist names.

* * *

At the same time in Panama, where we got kicked off our military bases not too long ago, and got such a fright we began talking of building a new canal, it was the well-heeled Argentine "labor attache" who called the local labor chiefs together.

He told the Panamanian labor men what bad people those Yankee AFLers were and how unwise it would be to go to the AFL-sponsored Inter-American federation of labor conferences in Lima, Peru. All but one agreed it would be very bad to go.

* * *

The AFL and Latin friends ran that Lima parley all right last January and set up their new democratic anti-Communist anti-Fascist inter-continental labor federation. But now the Commie and Peronist propagandists have started their counter-offensive. Each of these totalitarian machines is creating its own South American labor federation.

The Commies, led by Lombardo Toledano, have scheduled their transcontinental launching convention for Mar. 21 in Mexico City. Peron has not yet set his date but his "labor attaches" are lining up support right now.

And a Commie intermediary at this minute is on his way from Colombia to Buenos Aires to talk about an eventual merger. So the State dept. people there say they're unconcerned.

Then some morning we'll get up and see by the papers that the Peronists and the Commies have joined and control the millions of Latins who drill the oil, and mine the bauxite (aluminum) and dig the tin and haul the nitrates we need.

And then, some one should hold the State dept. responsible for failing to give the AFL the backing and the prestige needed to fight off the agents of two governments.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNET CERF

With a presidential election not so very far away, it's not a bad time to revive Mark Twain's anecdote about the politician who liked to use all the big words in the dictionary. The people were impressed with the way his speeches sounded, but unfortunately seldom knew what in heck he was talking about. He lost out every time he ran for any kind of office.

Then, one day, the politician's cow kicked him in the jaw, causing him to bite off about half of his tongue. After that he couldn't speak words of more than one syllable.

"I'm ruined," he moaned.

But the public suddenly discovered they could understand him—and he was elected governor the following November.

* * *

Helen Boulanger claims that marriage is an arrangement like the block booking of motion pictures: a number of dubious features must be accepted in order to obtain one or two major attractions.

Pumpernickle Bill

'S OSHTER PAGEANT

Tzum ledshda kenna m'r die froke ontwerta, "Won wert mohl widder noch Nei Yarrick ganga bei exkursion train.? Yusht da onner owet hen m'r 's wert grick'd os allas in arder is, fer Sundawgs da 4d Obril die trip mocha fers yairlich Oshter show ei nemma im Radio City Music hall. M'r worra shun uf 'm shob tzitter fer da Grishdawg, un wie m'r ols gamaint hen m'r hetta die socha on aim blotz in arder ,huts widder aryads shunshd g'fail'd. Ow'r wie g'sawt, sis now allas 'n arder, die tzeittle sin uf 'm waig, un heit 'n woch kenna n'r 'n ad sehna im Call woh die folla barichda gebt.

Die obsicht fon da exkursion is, fers yairlich "Easter Pageant" ei namma im Radio City Music hall, 's same wie m'r aw 'm ledshda Detzember 's Grishdawgs pageant g'sehna hen. Tzu unser'm 'm gawissa is os Oshter pageant immer 'n lot shanner wies Grishdawgs show, wiel free yohrs die tzeit fon fegel un blumma is, der Oshter haws kumt, —ol socha os gawainlich tzu sehna sin im pageant. 'S pageant des yohr sol arbadich shae sei, un kosh'd 'n mechdichie lot fers gewwa 'S wor gatzailt fer 'n woch odder so shpaiter gae, ow'r hen ken fersichering griega kenna os es show langer gewwa dade werra bis die woch fom 4d Obril, weil die koshda tzu gross weara.

M'r hen aw widder 's erlawbness fer nei gae om Music hall wie m'r sin fers Grishdawgs pageant, on ra hinnerra dier, mit unserra exkursion tzettle. Sundawgs is immer 'n 'n grosser dawg im Musick hall, un woh leit shun moryets fer da ochta kumma un shtain in line, bis die dierra uf mocha om fartel noch da elfa. Free 'ra yohra hen m'r selwar shun outside im kalta in roy g'shtonna fer nei, un bis m'r endlich nei kumma sin, worra die sitza ol fol, un hen shtae missa fers show sehna. Monicha os shun gonga worra fers pageant sehna, sine worta laedich werra, un gore net nei knmma. Ow'r net so der fiert Obril. Die hinner dier is widder uf fer die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha train exkursion leit, un der exkursion tzettle is es passwert fer nei.

Eb m'r ow'r noch Radio City gain, nemma m'r 'n buss tour fom ewwer dale fon Nei Yarrick. 'M ledshda shpote yohr sin m'r 's unner dale fon da shtadt ous gakess'ld, un dessa mohl gain m'r owwa nous, fermuthlich mit ra trip "Riverside Drive" runner.

Noch 'm Oshter pageant woh ous lust so on da halver drei rum, kon 'n yaders duh wies wil. Radio City is grawd darta, un blenty onnerra shows sin nagsha dabei woh m'r die tzeit gute rum bringa kon bis die train owets ferlust fer hame, so on da ochta rum. Die sama friend ferkaufa tzettle wie aw 'm shpote yohr, un wie shun g'sawt ,hen 'n fol ad im Call un Chronicle da nagshda Somshdawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzu unser' i gawissa is es immer 'n lot g'shpass fer uf exkursion gae bei train—sis immer blenty blotz fer rum lawfa for kar tzu kar, uns wedder is gore ken hinnerdiss, mawgs shae, wieshd, odder nevlich sei—die train roll'd grawd so fert.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

By ROBERT FRITSCH

Jeremiah 51 and 52

The words of Jeremiah as a prophet end with chapter 51, a veritable tirade against Babylon, the supreme symbol of Israel's foes. The language used by the Hebrew prophet is terrific, as one studies, even in a translation, his figures of speech, and his fiery invectives against Babylon and Chaldea. 'Brigandine' in v.3 means armor. A destroying wind will evel one of the world's mightiest empires to the dust, as the Lord's vengeance is executed upon Babylon through the Medes and Persians, v.11. Her utter desolation for many centuries is prophesied in vx. 36-44. Her irrigation system is to be dried up, wild beasts shall roam there as in a wilderness, in great contrast with the busy, populous, and splendid capital city. This punishment was to come as judgment upon Babylon for the way Judah was invaded, her king and her people taken captive, the Temple plundered, and the walls broken down; the subject of the 52nd chapter, which is history instead of prophecy. The treatment given Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, and his sons, as described in 52:8-11, is a pathetic story. What was the state of the Jews during the next 70 years we infer from the books of Ezekiel, Daniel, Esther, and the 137th Psalm.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE SOUTHERN REVOLT

Politicians are more concerned with Henry Wallace's Third party than they are over the revolt of the Southern Democrats only because the Southerners have grumbled for 16 years but have voted true to the faith. Both northern Democrats and Republicans discount the southerners on the general assumption that in the end they will be true blue and will stand by Harry Truman in whom they have lost faith and for whom they have no respect. They have, as a matter of fact, sold themselves into political bondage by unrestrained loyalty to a party that ignores them.

Certainly, it is not merely a question of White Supremacy. Carter Glass, Jack Garner, Harry Byrd of Virginia, Huey Long, Joseph Ely of Massachusetts and even the redoubtable Jim Farley have, on occasion, rebelled, but in the end, most of them return to the fold. That is precisely why the south, without which the Democratic party would cease to exist, has lost its influence in Washington. The Big City bosses, the New Dealers, the Hillman Laborites and the Communists have always figured that it did not matter what the Southerners said, they would always vote for papa. They always have.

* * *

This is a dangerous situation for any part of the country to get into, for it nullifies representation. Senator Byrd, for instance, should, by intellect, personality and character, be the leader of the Senate, but he has always abrogated leadership for party regularity even when his party stood for everything he opposed. On many occasions, I have discussed this with Jim Farley, who, knowing from the inside how abominable some of Roosevelt's acts were, nevertheless went along with the party, ostensibly voting for what he not only privately but publicly opposed. Now that he has written a book telling all, he is being courted because he has become independent. Such southern Democrats as Jesse Jones and Bernard Baruch invariably suffer from a similar loyalty, both compromising the inviolability of individual conscience for straight party adherence. (Jones once said that he had voted against William Jennings Bryan.)

These southerners would have been a powerful brake on the New Deal had they asserted themselves at the polls as they did in private or even public speech. For it is the polls that count. True, some of them revolted against the nomination of Al Smith on the publicly pronounced basis of acknowledged religious bigotry. True, they fought the Court Packing bill but they confirmed Roosevelt's spiteful and humiliating appointments. True, some of them have combined with Republicans in matters of taxation and labor legislation; but when it came to voting, they voted for the third term and the fourth term—which most of them opposed in principle. Harry Truman believes that they will vote for him no matter what he does or says.

* * *

Nothing — absolutely nothing — could be more beneficial to the United States than the breaking up of the Solid South. The Civil War is over; it can well be forgotten politically. Most southern Democrats are in mind and experience closer to the northern Republicans than they are to the Communists, Socialists, social workers and professors who constitute the backbone of the New Deal. Certainly, Sen. Byrd is closer to Sen. Taft than he is to Sen. Glen Taylor.

As a matter of fact, both parties could benefit by a shifting of party relationships. From that standpoint, Henry Wallace's People's party may even serve a useful purpose. It may attract to itself Republicans as well as Democrats who no longer really belong to either party. Sen. Glen Taylor voted himself out of the Democratic party altogether correctly. He does not belong there and has, as a matter of fact, never been happy there. He will now be in a party more to his liking. There are Republicans who feel as he does and they should go along with him.

The southerners would find themselves stronger even as Democrats if they voted independently on the issues of the day and not on the basis of party loyalty. For loyalty should be to the Constitution of the United States and to one's private conscience, not to so ephemeral an institution as a party of shifting personalities and principles.

(Copyright 1948)



THE HERMIT SAINT OF OLEY VALLEY

A recent pilgrimage of more than a hundred people to the lonely grave of Mountain Mary in the Oley Hills received wide publicity. We even received a clipping cut from a paper in South Carolina. But we also received subsequently from one of our ardent readers and contributors, Mr. J. Y. Schultz, Trexlertown, a worn and faded page from The North American for May 31, 1914, with the following story, which we believe deserves to be reprinted. Unfortunately the name of the author is not given.—ED.

How can an unlettered woman, living in a mountain clearing, become a saint and be a romantic figure at the same time? How can a backwoods toiling woman who never "felt the kiss of love nor lover's hand in hers" come to be celebrated for romance? How did Mary Young come to be called the "Saint of Oley Valley?" Read the story below and the question will be answered. People used to come for miles through the wilderness to listen and learn at the feet of this devout woman. She had learned a wisdom and gained a devoutness from her sublime life among the lonesome hills which the conventional city folk learned to worship. For inspiration this romance cannot be beaten. Read on and you will read it through.

MARY YOUNG was dying. She knew it, because, for the first time in her life, she was unable to get up when the sun came rising over the black forests to the east. Seventy years without sickness had totally unprepared her for this strange weakness—this total lack of strength.

As she lay there she realized that death was close upon her. There was no one to call. She did not crave aid for herself; in fact, she felt no pain, but her chickens and the cows would be suffering for water soon. Visitors might not come for days. It had been weeks sometimes between the chance calls of outsiders. The thirty years she had spent alone on the mountain were over. She knew it, and did not dispute or question the decision. She lay very still upon her pillow, calmly and quietly looking at the sunlight leaping the vine-twined windows and brightening the clean, cool room. It was the last time she would see it, she thought, and smiled wanly. She had no regrets, except that there would be no one to relieve the suffering of her hungry and thirsty animals. Her life had been as she wished it. She was and had been ready at any time to go. The lonely existence had been spent in sweet peace and cheerful thought; no morbid broodings had attended her solitary hours with the deep forests.

She remembered having said once that she would not die from a long illness. Now it had come true. The last time she had chopped her firewood she had noticed that the ax seemed heavy, and the scythe too, when she had cut her grain, had not come around with the usual vigorous swish, laying the stalks in orderly rows. If she could only get word to her friends! How many there were of them! Down in Reading she was sure the Keims, the De Turks, the Le Rohes, the Bertolets, and all the others would come if they knew she was in need of help.

At the same hour, down in Reading, Mrs. Susan de Benneville Keim came into the breakfast room and said to her son: "I had the strangest dream last night. I thought Mary Young was dying and that she needed help. I cannot understand it."

"Oh, those dreams happen to us all," said the young man, going on with his eating. "Why, I remember—"

"But I believe this is real," broke in his mother. You know she is 70 years old now, and all alone up there on the mountain."

Mrs. Keim rose to her feet, and she paced the floor rapidly. She was the daughter of Dr. George de Benneville, the Hugenot preacher, who had fled to America and Berks county in 1745, and the same inspired fire which led him to preach the first universalist doctrine in America flashed through her eyes and brooked no interference.

"I am going up into the Oley valley and see if she needs help," she said.

"Now, mother," objected the boy, "the roads are rough, at places impassable, the weather is threatening, and it is such a long ways."

"Get my hand satchel. Pack it with the medicine from the closet, and I will start immediately." And start she did. She rode alone, and by night had reached the bedside of the old woman.

In after years Mrs. Keim would refer to the day she spent with Mary Young, while death loitered without the door, as the greatest privilege ever offered her. The simple living faith of the dying heroine was ennobling to any one who might have been there, and especially so to one who had admired and reverenced the wonderful Mary Young for so many years.

The family of Jungs, consisting of the parents and three daughters, lived near Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany. They were strict German Baptists, or Mennonites, and worshiped intensely and devoutly. Within them there burned a great desire to be free from the religious restraint and persecution of the day

Sitting in the neat home one evening Husbandman Jung spoke wearily to his wife and three daughters who were spinning flax before the fire. "Turk Le Van wrote back to his brother two days ago saying that the new land beyond the seas was a heaven on earth. We cannot bear this persecution longer, does thee think, Gretchen?"

The good wife shook her head sorrowfully as Jung went on, warming to his subject. "All of our countrymen who have gone vow it is the happiest spot they have known since Germany became a hotbed of religious persecution and the tramping ground for the armies of Europe. I hear that the French are to come up through the country again. Ah, they have ruined the fair face of the land often enough. Our grain stolen or trampled down, our buildings burned, our youths slain—year after year of it—war, war, war!"

The youngest daughter, Mary, raised her face, with the wonderful eyes lighting it up. "We must go to America at once," she said. The others, with surprising deference for one so young, listened to her as she rapidly told of the plans for selling the little plot of land and the cows preparatory to starting. It was evident that this broad-browed girl was the force and the spirit of the Jung household.

It was with pain in their hearts and tears in their eyes that the family departed. They went down the road bearing huge bundles upon their backs and stopping now and then to take one more look at the home which had been theirs for so long. They halted and wept softly beside the village church, where their ancestors were buried and where they always expected to sleep.

Mrs. Keim had known her friend for years. The picturesque and romantic Oley valley was only ten miles southeast from Reading, and often she had ridden down to spend the day and listen to the wisdom of this hill woman, in whose eyes was the light of a seer and in whose musical voice the knowledge which volumes could not approach. She had come to love this wonderful woman and to marvel at the tremendous scope of her information. She had seen parents bring sick children from over miles of woodland to have Mary Young cure them. "Mountain Mary," as they called her, was never too busy to lay aside her duties and spend whole days working with those in search of aid. Not an herb nor distilled remedy that the country afforded was unknown to her. Things that physicians would have given their degrees to have possessed, simple, artful little concoctions which, applied with her strong, warm hand, brought quick relief, were hers.

Her Christianity was of the broadest interpretation. She would climb for miles over the crude paths to be at the bedside of some dying mountaineer. Divine aid seemed to ride upon her being, and in the absence of ministers, went out from her to those who were passing. The night nor the storm held no terrors for her on occasions when life was coming in or going out or trembling in the balance. Out into all sorts of weather she would go, confident that some higher power would protect her.

She had supported herself for the thirty solitary years by farm and dairy labors. Thrift, steadily practiced, had been her watchword. This she had learned from her German mother in the long years of residence on the hill.

They had come from Germany in 1765 in the wave of immigration set flowing by the religious persecution then going on in the Fatherland. The ship at the port was crowded. The terrible state of affairs had decided scores of other German families to make the trip. Only a little way out disease broke out among the passengers and it soon became a common occurence for a leaded sheet to be dropped over the side of the boat and for some brave pioneer to find his promised land at the bottom of the ocean instead of in the longed-for America.

At the end of three months they landed in Philadelphia. The majority of their people resided in Germantown and there they took a home. All of them immediately engaged in cotton spinning. With typical German zeal they labored tremendously. Then the revolution like another grim specter of war to dog their footsteps, rose around them, and it was not long before the battle of Germantown in October of 1777, spattered blood again upon their threshold. Shortly after the conflict the father died, and left the four women to live as best they might in the center of a swirl of war.

It was at this moment that Mary Young's strength received its first real test. With her mother and sisters disheartened and discouraged with the new surroundings, she was compelled to maintain their spirits, as well as manage the financial affairs of the household. Her three companions, terrified by the slaughter and din of battle, were for returning to the Fatherland. Their whines and sobs tried the stout heart of the heroic Mary, but she tactfully soothed her dependents and started out to find another home. Securing the assurance of some German residents near Reading that that section was quiet and peaceful, she went up into the locality to choose a home.

Two frontiersmen guided her into the promising Oley valley. From the moment she entered it the wooded land appealed strongly to her. There she realized they would be secluded from the quarrel of king and colonist and there they might worship in obscurity. The beauty of the hills sloping down to where the stately forests filled the valley reminded her of some vast cathedral, with deep, shadowy aisles stretching up to it, lofty and serene. Her devout soul, ever ready to appreciate the hand of the Maker in nature, was deeply impressed with the grandeur lying before her, and she decided then and there that her search for a home was ended.

A secluded spot about a mile and one-half southeast of where Motz's mill is now located, and two miles north of the present location of the Hill Church, a plot of land, embracing forty-two acres, was staked out, and Mary returned to Reading with her guides.

As quickly as she could effect the packing of their meager household belongings and organize her mother and sisters for the trip, Mary began moving. First, she hired several pioneers to erect a small log house and stable on the highest point of the hill. Several hundred feet north a spring provided them with water, and in all other ways the situation was the best that the wild afforded.

To Be Concluded

BOOK REVIEWS

MEET THE AMISH. By Charles S. Rice and John B. Shenk. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, N. J. 200 ppp. $5.00.

"For the past two hundred years little has been accurately written about the 'Plain People' called the Amish," says Joseph Hallock in a recent review of "Meet the Amish" written for a Philadelphia paper.

This statement sums up the confused impressions which metropolitan newspapers have of our Pennsylvania Amish people with their customs, stubborn retaining of their old, ancestral language, their great agricultural skill and their refusal to be part of "the world" in which they must live.

That much has been accurately written about the "Plain People" is known to anyone who has studied Pennsylvania German culture. Without boring the reader with a long bibliography, I can point to the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German society, the annual volumes of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and to several books, one of which "History and Customs of the Amish People" by H. M. J. Klein (The Maple Press Co., 1946, York, Pa.), seems to have formed the material for the introduction to "Meet the Amish." Even the careful government studies, made by the Department of the Interior, notably those of Walter M. Kollmorgen, comprise an extensive collection of accurate factual material.

Thus it can be seen "Meet the Amish" adds little that is new to what the scholar already knows of the Amish, in fact it cannot, in a scant twenty-one pages of introduction, add anything.

Nevertheless the book is a contribution to the study of the Amish because of the excellent photographs adorned with witty comments and a cheery sprinkling of "Deitsch" in the two thirds of the book after the introduction. Here we see authentic pictures of the Amish at home, at work and play, at worship and even a-courting.

Charles S. Rice, the photographer, has presented such enticingly human pictures that people who know the Lancaster Amish area will have a warm feeling around their hearts, and the great mob of jaded urban worshippers of the antique and the quaint may possibly descend on the Amish area in such numbers that the Amish may have to put up road blocks to keep them away.

My friend, Professor J. William Frey, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is responsible for the consistent and dignified spelling of the Pennsylvania German quotations.

—RALPH CHARLES WOOD.

MILITARY MILESTONES OF OLD PAXTON TOWNSHIP (1715-1946). Sponsored by Robert H. Hoke Post 272, American Legion and Linglestown Fire Company No. 1. By Nevin W. Moyer, Lingelstown, Pa.—$1.65.

When the committees of East Hanover, West Hanover, Susquehanna and Lower Paxton Townships of Dauphin County considered what they might do on the occasion of the 'Welcome Home Celebration for World War II Veterans,' they came upon the novel idea of publishing a historical record of what Old Paxton Township (originally about the size of all Dauphin County) had done in previous wars during the past two centuries. In 1747 the frontiers of Pennsylvania were in danger of invasion by the French and their Indian allies from the northwest. The inhabitants mustered to defend themselves. Of the regiments organized east of the Susquehanna 15 of the 18 companies were raised within the present Dauphin and Lebanon Counties. The inhabitants of this area were, as Egles points out in his History of Pennsylvania, a fighting people, strong in defense of their rights, and in true loyalty and patriotism were not equalled by any settlement in the colonies of America. Their part in the French and Indian War (1754-63), the American Revolution, the Civil War and subsequent wars is recounted here. But what makes this booklet of particular value to the historian and the folklorist is the wealth of local historical data, legend and anecdote. Of very special value are the accounts and descriptions of the early frontier forts. The many illustrations of the same from old drawings of these forts and of other early landmarks, houses and churches are in themselves worth the cost of this work.—P.A.B.

77

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 108.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiler President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reinert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays: One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only: One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday: One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where. Norris

REGISTER TODAY

The last call to otherwise eligible persons, who wish to vote at the important primaries on April 27 but are either not registered in any local district or have moved out of the district in which they had been registered, comes today.

This is the final date for having your name placed upon the permanent registration lists if you are a newcomer to your community or you have changed residence since you voted in the municipal elections in November.

Inasmuch as this is a Presidential year, all persons will be eager to be eligible electors. While there will be later opportunities to register in time for the November election, registration may as well be attended to at once and have it over.

The right of suffrage is a treasured possession of the American people and while many do not exercise it, they probably would be the loudest in protestation if anything were done to disfranchise them.

It is important not only that electors vote in Presidential years but in all other years. It is important also that there be participation in the primaries for those are the preliminaries at which the parties presumably weed out candidates and select the best to be offered to the general electorate.

It is to the interest of party members to choose the very best candidates. General and municipal electons easily can be won or lost at the primaries, according to the choice of candidates which the parties then make.

WATER COSTS RISE

Decision of City Council to reduce the generations-old custom and law of allowing a 50 per cent discount on water bills when paid within the time limit to only 25 per cent in effect increases Allentonians' water bills by a half and brings to an end the prized and proud local tradition that we enjoyed the cheapest water in the country.

The issue which was presented to City Council was clear cut. The City must seek additional water supply for its growing population. Engineers of the widest experience and highest technical knowledge in this particular field have outlined the way in which this must be done. But the cost is high and the City must get the additional money in order to carry out the plan.

Even if expansions were not demanded in order that the people may have abundance of water for domestic and and manufacturing purposes and for emergency that may arise in the case of a great fire, it is almost certain that some increase in water charges would have been made. Fuel costs and everything entering into the operation of a water system have gone up in price, along with the general price increase.

It could not be expected that Allentown could operate upon service charges established many decades ago and maintained steadily thruout the years. It could not be done unless the Water Department had gained some new and large sources of revenue or were to be subsidized by the City's general funds, as New York City has to do in maintaining a 5 cent subway fare when cost studies show that the cost of carrying a passenger is far nearer a dime than a nickel. And if the department were thus to be subsidized, the people would merely be deceiving themselves. Cash would have to be taken out of another pocket to put into the water pocket and the net result in charges upon property would be the same.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — When a man prominent in public life dies, the eulogies on his service to the people are numerous. When a man dies who has served the public in a private capacity, modestly, without publicity and with a rare devotion to duty, there is unfortunately not the same recognition.

Gordon S. Rentschler, chairman of the board of the National City Bank, who died Wednesday, was known to relatively few Americans but he played a significant part in the economic life of America. Many an official of the Treasury department here will recall the earnest service he rendered in his quiet way in determining the factors that often had to be analyzed before the government could float large issues of bonds.

Here was a man whose advice to government was always given with the deepest sincerity because he believed thoroughly that private finance and governmental operations were not incompatible and that the public interest could be served by an intelligent understanding of both.

Here was a man, too, who won the lasting respect of his banking colleagues. Ever since he was made chairman of the Clearing House in New York during the fateful days of the bank holiday in 1933, Gordon Rentschler rendered a service that will not be forgotten by those who worked with him.

Here was a man who almost never made a public speech, who never sought publicity of any kind, who never really sought applause from any quarter—a truly remarkable personality who differed so completely from men in public service that one wondered at times what was the incentive that kept him working so hard.

There is often discussion as to what are the rewards in business and finance. The general impression is that financial compensation is the goal and that the men who occupy responsible positions are thinking only in money terms. Gordon Rentschler never gave consideration to compensation for himself but thought a great deal about compensation for others.

Here was a man who never was too busy to worry about individual employees in his large organization and never so satisfied with his service to the shareholders of his institution as to stop at a given point and accept relaxation or a pause. He built up the National City Bank to be the largest bank in the largest city in the world. He was one of the few individuals in banking in recent years who came to the financial district from the industrial world. He knew the heavy-machinery business from his early years in a foundry in Hamilton, Ohio, his home. He knew the midwest and its industrial operations as few men in either industry or finance know it today.

Besides his hard work for a business institution, Gordon Rentschler gave long service to Princeton university, from which he was graduated and where he was a charter trustee. He served also as trustee for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and was recently elected a trustee of the scientific foundation known as the Carnegie institution of Washington.

There are no clippings that tell of his work for others. There are no brochures that describe his contributions to the many institutions that he served unselfishly and disinteres dly. Here was a man who lived a useful life—a life of benefit to others—and who worked so hard that at the age of 62 the tension under which he had labored broke him down. He was a casualty of many a midnight conference in banking and government circles when matters of high policy and tremendous responsibility were at stake. He departs as one of the unsung heroes of a great career—unknown to the public at large but a personality indelibly impressed on those who did know his character and integrity. He was a servant of the people as much as any man who served in public office.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The buzzer has just sounded for the third round of the fight for wage increases. First to battle it out are the CIO's big electrical workers' union and the General Electric Co. Because the winner in this wage dispute probably will set the pay pattern for 1948, I've asked the labor and management leaders for their story. Below is the company's attitude. The union's views will be presented next week. I'm awaiting a reply from Albert J. Fitzgerald, union president, now traveling across country.

By CHARLES E. WILSON
President of the General Electric Co.

Against the background of a serious inflation period, with a third round of wage demands looming on the horizon, I shall try to answer the question which Mr. Riesel has put: What should Casey, the rank-and-file worker do about it?

The only honest answer, in my opinion, is this: **Don't press for an increase now, Casey!** It would be bad for you, bad for your union, bad for your company, and bad for your country.

The proof is found in what happened in 1946 and 1947. And it should be made plain right away that what we are warning against here is a general increase in industrial wage levels, as distinguished from a merit-raise because in America it is always possible for Casey to earn more money by advancing to a better job. That is the way most of us get ahead.

Inflation is like this—high wartime wages increased everybody's purchasing power, but you couldn't spend that money because the things you produced were being shot away. That left the U. S. with too few goods and too much money. Prices went up, especially for food and clothing, because almost everybody had money and used it to bid up prices.

Because it cost you more to live, you naturally wanted a big ger paycheck. You asked for it and got it—twice—but it did more harm than good. Your added supply of money simply pushed prices higher, while your higher pay increased the cost of whatever you were doing, so prices of manufactured goods were also forced up.

Once you see this picture, you don't have to be an economist to come up with the right answer, which is that we must **produce more goods,** at lower cost, to satisfy demand at lower prices—while at the same time we must **not increase the supply of money** by hiking payrolls.

Now, who does what, to make this anti-inflation program a success? The employer must do his part by holding and reducing prices. Casey must do his part by working more efficiently, by more careful shopping for cost-of-living items and banking the difference, and by not pressing for another general wage increase.

The individual union member had little part in planning the 1946 and 1947 national wage drives, and he may well wonder just how much weight his opinion will carry in 1948. The answer to that is **plenty!** Even before the break in commodity prices, the Gallup poll showed 53 per cent of the public opposing another round of wage increases as inflationary; even 39 per cent of union members were against it, with 16 per cent undecided. It would be surprising if those percentages were not substantially higher today.

Here is another point. Up to now, Casey and the public have had little choice. They were forced along the profitless inflationary path towards economic suicide—towards either depression or state-controlled economy—by certain arbitrary and ambitious union leaders. Against its better judgment, management gave in to wage demands in order to avoid costly strikes and lost production. In my opinion that force has disintegrated, the power has been checked, and the day of the ultimatum may be past.

The more belligerent unions, who were more master than servant to their members, are in serious internal trouble. Rank-and-file members are today sharply resentful of the damage being done to their union, to their company and to their pocketbook by Communist minorities which have wormed their way into control, which are keeping the workers from the benefits of the Management-Labor Relations Act, and which have no other apparent purpose than to create confusion and hate.

Finally, union officers who have set their election-year sights to defeat congressmen friendly to the Taft-Hartley Act are not likely to risk public condemnation by calling many strikes. That would be bad politics, since it was strikes that produced the Taft-Hartley Act. Truly, the individual union member, like Casey, has commanding influence this year, if he will only use it to strengthen the hand of his local.

Under these circumstances, both union and business leaders should think twice before either demanding or granting new wage increases. They had better be sure they are right before they act.

The business man who makes a wage deal, then raises prices to foot the bill, may find the public unwilling—or unable—to bail him out. If enough companies have the courage to hold the price and wage line, they will find themselves in a better competitive position and economic laws will swing in their favor. If enough individual employees have the courage and intelligence to initiate voluntary, sound anti-flationary measures, we will slowly but surely begin to lick inflation.

I am personally convinced this program will work, and in our company we have backed that conviction so far with price reductions costing us millions of dollars. So far it is a dangerous policy. We can't do it alone—forever. We hope other companies, and workers all over the country will join us in making this **right** move now.

On this wage question, Casey, we have swung twice at the ball and missed, and the folks in Mudville are more than restless. Let's not strike out.

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By ROBERT FRITSCH

Luke 6.

"Ears of corn in v.1 were heads of wheat. Corn in the Bible is grain, never our Indian 'corn on the cob'. Jesus teaches in the first part of this chapter that works of necessity and mercy are permissible on the Sabbath. This, of course rules out much that is tolerated today. In v.13 Jesus chooses 12 as 'apostles' from among His many 'disciples'. The word disciple is the Latin discipulus, meaning a pupil, a learner; apostle is the Greek apostolos, the equivalent of the Latin word missionary, one who is sent forth with a commission, in this case to preach and to teach. Matthew 28:19,20. The names of the Twelve are then given, as also in Matth. 10, Mark 3, and Acts 1. Beginning at v.20 we have what seems to be an abridgement of the so-called Sermon on the Mount (Matth. 5-7), beginning with several beatitudes (blesseds), followed by a series of 'woes', vs.24-26. Verse 31 is the so-called 'golden rule'. Note verses 37-38: A Christian is for-given, forgiving, and for giving!

25 Years Ago

March 6, 1923—A Tuesday

An increase in the cost of living was given page 5 news coverage. The price of potatoes jumped 10 per cent within a week.

The Senior Ladies auxiliary of Sacred Heart hospital paid the final installment on its pledge of $15,000, to be expended on a new nurses' home.

Capt. William A. Ruch, head of the city highway department, announced that approximately 15 miles of unimproved streets would be repaired and surfaced during the summer months.

Prohibition days: Having been taken to task by County Humane Agent H. M. Bachman, State police announced that when stills are raided in country districts they would make provisions for the care of cattle and other livestock.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Presidential Politics

President Truman's chances of election are supposed to be nil; therefore, the Democrats think in terms either of replacing him at the convention as a capitulation to Henry Wallace or of letting the election go by default to make possible a party house cleaning.

Of course, it is too early to say that Truman's election chances are nil. All sorts of things can happen to pull him out of the doldrums. The Republicans are not too smart in their political manipulations and a world situation might arise to alter the atmosphere. The overconfidence of the Republicans may be helpful to the Democrats.

This much can be said: Truman misunderstood his role and lost his greatest advantage. To the public, he had never been a master mind. He was regarded as a gentle, friendly, kindly, decent citizen, utterly unprepared to take over the complicated mazes that Roosevelt had engineered over a 13-year period. The public was extraordinarily sympathetic; they liked the man and his family.

Truman should have set himself to complete Roosevelt's unfinished term and that's all. He should have called in the ablest men in the country, without regard to party, to provide a national government of the highest caliber to advise and guide him through that Roosevelt maze. Instead he surrounded himself with mediocre personal cronies who for ineptitude, misunderstanding and just plain, downright dumbness have been unequaled in American history.

Then he tried the Roosevelt trick, so ably described in Jim Farley's book, of balancing one element against another, one individual against another. It takes a Talleyrand or a Roosevelt to do that successfully. Mr. Truman lacks the cynicism, the natural capacity for falsehood, the joy of trickiness to be an adept at that art. He inevitably failed. The attempt to balance James Byrnes and Henry Wallace lost him both Byrnes and Wallace; the attempt to please the radicals of the northern big cities and to hold the southern Democrats in line smashed the New Deal amalgam which Roosevelt had so painstakingly built molecule upon molecule.

So Mr. Truman is left with few friends. The Left Wing of the New Deal is with Wallace; the Solid South is in a political fury. Only those Democrats who have no other place to go stand by Truman; they and the labor leaders who are distressed that the Taft-Hartley Bill is working so well. It is little enough to have left of the amalgam that gave Roosevelt four terms, and it ought to serve the Republicans well, if they make no mistakes.

But the Republicans are divided between men of principle and men of opportunity. And there is no gainsaying that the opportunists may not come out on top with a miserable "Me Too" campaign that might even elect Truman. "Me Too" has been a curse since 1932.

As it now stands, these are the Republican candidates: Taft, Dewey, Vandenberg, Martin, Stassen and MacArthur. Although the contest still remains between Taft and Dewey in a see-saw of popularity among party leaders who are likely to be the delegates, the others are hard at work placing banana peels under the feet of each candidate. If all the ill-will engendered by Stassen's invasion of Ohio could work over into a general election, even Truman could defeat the Republicans.

* * *

This is a free country and anybody is free to attempt to become president of the United States. Never have the Republicans been so laden down with candidates, each of whom describes his opponents as impossible. They sort of cancel each other out. The MacArthur boom has taken on seriousness with startling suddenness, since the Hearst newspapers have come to his support. It is doubtful, however, that, with all his talents, General MacArthur can make the run from distant Tokyo.

For a convention is not an election. The people have nothing to say about a convention. It is a politician's paradise, where he can work as he chooses. For instance, New York State's delegation will be solidly for Dewey until Herbert Brownell releases the delegation, if ever. That means that this huge delegation will have no MacArthur votes — nor Stassen nor Vandenberg votes — unless Dewey wants it that way — which he won't.

(Copyright 1948)

Pumpernickle Bill

'M Herbster Sei Fendu Blotz

M'r hen da onner owet auienich ob g'shtopt om George Herbster seim fendu blotz uf da Court shtross doh in da shtadt, un kenna ehrlich sawga os m'r uns so gute blessiert hen wie omma show. Der George is sei aigner groyer, un sei fraw die Lizzie is hondlonger. Die Earlene Lech un der Hennie Rehrig sin die schreiver, un der Berky der nous geurver. Die Lizzie hut gawainlich der leich'd chob, sis die Earlene un der Hennie woh die shwear arwet hen,—der George grick'd dale wunnerbora prica fers socha os er ferkauft.

Der George hut sella dawg shun nommy dawgs fendu kot un wor awenich rau helsich bis owets. 'S hut g'sheind wie won er 'n iwwer gawoxnie grut im hols het wie er die fendu tzu arder garufa hut. 'S airsht wor er iwwel ob wos fer 'n kop tzu weara,—'n rotie odder 'n gailie, un hut endlich die gail uf weil er die rote nommy dawgs gawora hut kot. Die konditions worra kartz un sees, "War kaufa wil mus beata, un war kauft batzawlt." Noh hut die fendu g'shtart mit ma shtick g'lawsa g'shar os niemond gadenk'd het os aenich ebbes wear, ow'r bis der George awenich dafon gabreddich'd hut kot, un g'sawt hut wie un hard tzu finna os so socha weara, rohr huts ferhoftich sei abissel iwwer'n dahler k'hold.

Un so is es die gons tzeit fert gonga os m'r darta worra, dale socha hut gonsa neia nahma grick'd,—nahma os evens der fendu mon Ira Reed net gakent het, un niemond shunshd aw net. Evens der Hennie Stultzfuss fon Churchtown, 'n shwearer kaufer in da fedderra roy, hut alsa mohl hinenich da ohra g'shart tzu denka os er so alt werra wear, un het noch Allentown kumma missa fer ous finna wos "Fan un Saig Buck" wei glasser weara. Der George hut g'sawt die glasser wear. 'n dahler 's shtick wert g'shwishich breeder, ow'r hut g'shmuntz'ld iwwer 's gons g'sicht wie ainer in da hinnerra roy sie kauft hut on fartzich cent 's shtick.

'N gonser hang'l bigel eisa sin rous kumma, die ort woh die Grammam os k'hitz'd hut uf 'm huls offa, un 'n monich mohl g'shmissa hut noch da rumlaifer. Leit uf kours bigla nimmy wie sie ols hen, un der George hut widder so'n glaenie breddich gamocht wos fer wunnerbora guta bicher anner os sie mocha dada, un wie shae os m'r sie deckorata kent mit hartzer, blumma un Deitscha shpetza. Der George hut uf gaaigen'd os sie net gons gleich weara, un hut 'n mechdich g'sicht gamocht wei niemond may wei drei fartel dahler 's shtick gabutta hut, un hut aw yusht tzwae verkauft on sel'm price.

M'r missa sawga os m'r der George fon hartza gadauert hen wie er tzwae gons alta kuppa kissa tziech ferlauft hut, gawainlich gakent ols "Shoms." Uns worra au "shoms," hen lace drüm dum kot konds braid, worra gatuck'd un gagwil'd, un g'wida gail fon da elt in der barya. Er hut g'sawt er sot obsalut finf dahler 's shtick dafor batzawlt het, (net os ebber 's 'm galawbt hut) un hut gore mechdich gagrax'd wie er net mainer wie tzwae dahler 's shtick griega hut kenna. Grawd so wors aw mit ma weissa debbich ob gatrim'd mit rote eckicha blocka. Er hut 'n ous g'shtart on finf dahler, un on tzwelfa abissel k'hoos'd, unna kough lozenger ganumma. Noh hut er noch mohl awfonga groyerra un 'n ferhoftich sei nuf grick'd tzu fartzae dahler, un 'n darta shnell ob g'shloga weil er shure wor os der ledshd beater 's gelt het fer 'n batzawla.

Un so is lie fendu gonga fon aim tzum onnerra, ae mohl 'n shuckle shtuhl, noh 'n glawsnie shissel, odder onner-er dreck bei da box fol woh er galommadiert hut sot tzwae dahler hola, un wor froh wie 'm ebber 'n halva dafor gabutta hut. Der George gleich'd wolfel tzu kaufa won er kauft, un ferkauft da sama waig. Uf kours won er er mohl shtarkeppich wert ois ra fendu iwwer 'm kaufa hut sei bocka buch ken budda, un nook'd fert bis ers hutmawgs hola wos es wil. Sel sin noh don un won fon da socha woh er net wolfel ferkaufa kon, uns sis 'm net tzu ferdenka won er sich bagraim'd. Der George huts net wie 'n lot fon denna os noch seina fendu kumma-yusht fer die blessier dafon, fendu tzu ihm is 'n bisnis, un wil net may gelt fer verra os notewenich.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'M Herbster sei fendu blotz is net tzu iwwer maesich gross—s w r mohl 'n shlocht hous secht er, noh 'n shpangler unna peifa shop, un now 'n Auction Blotz.'

So glae os der blotz ow'r is, hut er ganunk sitza fer iwwer 'n hunnerd leit hucka, un alla eck is so fol socha tzu ferkaufa, os er 'n nommy daw un owet fendu halta kon, un sehn bol net woh ebbes weck ganumma is werra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Edgar A. Guest

THE BODY

The body is the thing that breaks,
Suffers disease and feels the cold,
Wearies till every muscle aches
And with the passing years grows old.

It is the spirit lights the eye,
Enriches life with charm and grace,
And when the body has to die,
Leaves memories to take its place.

Fair as the body seems to be,
It is the spirit that we love
And wait and long again to see
In that far happier realm above.

(Copyright 1948)

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E. Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. How many generations are needed to produce a new breed of dog? F.C.

A. L. F. Whitney in "How to Breed Dogs" says that in three generations it is possible but improbable to produce a breed which will breed as true as most of the recognized breeds of today. There will be some variation. To create any new breed ought to be a ten generation task at least.

Q. What was the first metal used by the U. S. Mint to make coins? R.S.R.

A. In 1793, the year after the established of the U. S. Mint six pounds of old copper was purchased as 1 shilling and 3 pence a pound. The metal was used to make 11,178 cents.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNET CERF

A rich industrialist gave a large sum to a little southern college in his home town, and instructed the trustees to go out and buy some of the country's leading professors. One of the biggest fish they landed was a famous psychologist from Harvard.

After he had made the transfer, one of his disciples remarked, "I'm surprised, Professor, that you were willing to shift to so much smaller a field." "The field IS a lot smaller," admitted the psychologist, "but you'd be surprised to know how much better the grazing is!"

* * *

Speaking of Harvard, one of their cheer leaders ran onto the field, seized his crimson megaphone, and commanded, "A locomotive for the team, boys. Loud enough to be enthusiastic. But not loud enough to be vulgar.!"

* * *

A reporter once asked Andrew Carnegie, "What do you consider most important in industry—labor, capital or brains?" Carnegie countered, "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"



THE HERMIT SAINT OF OLEY VALLEY

Conclusion

The moment the house was up Mary ushered into it her family. When the three new-comers arrived they cast dubious glances at the crude furnishings. They stood on the hill overlooking the woodland, and complained pettishly of the dismal setting. Mary, standing beside them, saw only the beauty and peacefulness of the place. What was to them dismal and lonesome to her was solemn and thought-inspiring. They thought only of the hard work before them. The forests must be cleared, a road must be cut, so they waited, sniffling, for the head of the household to start the home life on its rounds.

Mary began the first night's residence in the wilds with prayer. Long and earnestly she besought safety and freedom from the molestations of war—she prayed for contentment and peace. So fervent was she, and so intelligently did she manage to reassure and convince her mother and sisters, that they retired for the night, quite satisfied with their new lot.

Early in the morning Mary set about clearing a space to the spring. Being in perfect health and quick to learn the woodsman's tricks, she soon mastered the art of the axman. Her sisters, although slower to grasp the knack, were inspired by the example which she set them, and the three of them in the weeks of labor which followed made rapid progress in clearing the land. All day long they toiled, making the woods echo and groan with their blows. It is said that the path which was hewed from the cabin to the trail running far below was cut by Mary, single-handed. At least tradition gives her sisters no part in that particular part of the clearing. There can be no doubt, however, that both girls toiled; also, there can be no doubt that it was Mary who led them, cheered them when discouraged, and drove all melancholia and fatigue away with her bright, cheerful direction.

They lived the first summer on provisions purchased from Reading and from a small garden which they tended. Two cows and a flock of chickens aided them, and by winter they were prepared. Heavy snows remained long in the midst of the woods and time after time Mary had to tunnel through the drifts to the stable. In such times she was never known to appeal to men for help. In the first place, the nearest neighbor was some miles off, and, in the second place, it was not Mary Young's way. What there was to do she did cheerfully and uncomplainingly. She had no fear of molestation. No firearms were in the house. She did not believe in taking the life of any living thing in the wild, preferring the joy of hearing the birds' songs and the sight of the animals venturing near this spot of safety.

In the spring she directed the planting of several fields of grain, and saw to their cultivation with practical insight. They erected stone fences around the clearings and toiled mightily at the stumps which bristled over the land. Anna Elizabeth, the youngest of the daughters, was the most easily tired of the sisters, and she was given to admiring herself in the brook or leaning pensively on her hoe in the fields. A young settler, John George Schneider, began calling upon the household in the evenings, and Anna Elizabeth's predilection for day dreaming became more pronounced. It took all of Mary's patience and humor to keep from rebuking the girl, but nothing was ever said to hurt the tender feelings of the farmer's sweetheart. To make matters more disconcerting for Mary, young Farmer Noll began making a five-mile journey over the hills to the Young homestead with growing frequency. Marie Catherine, the second daughter, became pensive also, and mooned in the fields strangely. Mary simply smiled and shouldered the added work, without a word of reproof. Autumn witnessed two simple weddings on the hill, and the two girls went out of the life of the cabin. Their new homes were difficult of access, and the distance through frequent removals soon precluded visits.

The years went on and the mother grew feeble. Mary often came in from work at night to find the old lady sleeping peacefully and no supper prepared. In such times the heroine went ahead with the household work sweetly and patiently. Gradually she came to realize that she would soon be left on the lonely hill alone. Her mother grew more feeble with each succeeding day, until one night, she died. Depression had no part in the life of Mary Young. There can be no doubt that one of her sensitive nature should feel such a loss with terrific force, yet she seems to have been fortified with an extreme bravery that sustained her against all trouble. She buried her mother in the corner of a chestnut grove, not far from the house, and where she might tend the lonely grave and keep it blooming with flowers. A large gray hill stone was placed at the head and a smaller one at the foot. To this spot Mary often went in the evenings when her work was done. Wild grapevines and ivy trailed through the trees overhead, weaving a canopy more beautiful than any than the hand of man might fashion. There was no resentment in her heart as she sat there, no melancholy brooding, no vain pining. Whatever the divine power had decreed was accepted as final and unalterable, and she had no wish to change it. Without the companionship of books and with no human companion with whom to exchange ideas, it is difficult to conceive how she acquired such a broad and wholesome sanity of outlook. However, her wisdom upon things that bore close to the people of the wilderness and her quick sympathy became noted in that section.

From the moment a neighbor girl in great distress went to Mary for advice and comfort the fame of our heroine's wisdom was spread broadcast. Mary was in the graveyard one evening watching the sun go down, when a girl distressed and all but mentally unbalanced from the death of her father, came up to her. She had walked the six miles over the hills to talk to someone who had suffered in like manner.

Mary Young took the girl's hand and talked to her gently and evenly. There was no emotional sympathy, only the steady comprehension of one who knew, in its stead. Her wonderful voice thrilling with understanding, calmed the girl, and soon she was strong and confident once more. Mary kept her that night on the hill, and convinced her of the right and justice of heavenly powers, conflicting though they were with human decrees. In the morning the visitor returned to her home, reconciled and strengthened.

From that time the mountain folk, in distress learned to seek Mary Young for comfort and advice. A young married pair once came to her with their quarrel and left in agreement. Their confessor had not lectured them or flooded them with obvious advice. She had only read them passages from the Bible and reasoned all petty squabbles out of existence. It had been the saintliness of her character, so evident to any observer that had won them to her advice.

For thirty years she had lived so. During the latter part of her life she had managed so frugally that she was able to hire the more arduous farm tasks done. She never relapsed into inactivity, however.

Though her hair grew white and her walk slower, she still tended to her cows and her hens without a day's call for outside aid. Her butter and eggs she continued to bear down the path to the city twice each week. Her substantially built figure was a common sight as she came into town bearing on her head her wares. In this fashion she saved enough money to spend her last years in a slight relaxation from toil. Down in the growing city, too, she met and acquired the admiration of a large number of the best families of Reading. The people there appreciated her wisdom and intellectual qualities, and often journeyed up into the Oley valley to visit her. In this fashion Mrs. Keim had come to know her and love her.

As she sat by the bedside she thought of all these things and gently took the thin hand of the dying woman.

"Mary, weren't you afraid to stay alone?" she asked.

The pain left Mary's face and she said slowly: "One time, long ago now, Mr. Hollingshead, you know, came up to see me and asked me the same thing. I hadn't thought of being afraid before, so I asked him what there was I should fear. He said: 'When the skies are covered with those dark, racing clouds and the lightning is striking all around, and the loud voice of the thunder resounds from hill to hill—do you not ever feel lonely and afraid?' I remember I said to him: 'No! no! When the storms come and the wind howls outside, I always open the window and gaze up and think of the almighty power of my Maker!' That is what I said to him, and what I will say to you, dear friend. If there had been anything to fear, I would have felt it, for I have spent my life thinking of the power of heavenly things."

"It seems to me that you have spent your life thinking of the power of helping human beings and of caring for your friends rather than of worshiping some higher power," replied Mrs. Keim.

"It is all the same," said Mary.

During the rest of the day Mrs. Keim hovered near the bedside, caring for the rapidly sinking woman with the only remedies she knew. She wanted to ride for a doctor, but Mary refused. "My time has come. I am before my Maker, and I desire no interference with His decrees."

Mrs. Keim realized the truth of this, and sat down with the failing hand in hers to await the chill presence of death. Mary talked little and was too weak to raise her head, but her eyes were bright with some supernatural and farseeing light. The onlooker felt strangely removed, and humble before such a benign and placid faith.

At sundown she died. The evening was cool and full of the fragrance of the honeysuckle outside the window. It was growing dark rapidly in the room. The sun shone on the trees against which it had risen in the east. Both women, looking out, through the window, watched the yellow glory on the green foliage. Neither spoke. The younger woman realizing that it was the last sight her friend would have of the beauty, upon which she had gazed so often, let the tears course down her cheeks unchecked. She appreciated, for the first time, what all this grandeur had meant to the lone woman in companionship. After a while, she turned again to the bed. Mary Young was dead. She had died without a sign of struggle or sigh. She folded the limp hands across the dead woman's breast and went out, locking the door. She mounted her horse and rode down to the nearest neighbor's and gave out the news. This was on the 16th of November, 1819.

Two days later there was a funeral in the room she had left, which for size and impressiveness had never been approached in Berks county. From far and near the people came. Merchants from the towns and rudely clad pioneers from the backwoods, sat side by side in the clean, barely furnished room. When the shadow on the sundial outside the door had crept around to 10 o'clock the Rev. Conrad Miller, pastor of the Lutheran Hill church, rose and spoke briefly of their saint. Then they carried her to the graveyard in the corner of the chestnut grove where the wild grapevines and the ivy wove a canopy overhead, and buried her by the side of her mother and her two sisters. Then they all went down the valley, her nephew and niece closing the rude shutters on the cabin, and left her as she had lived—alone.

Several persons have recited the life story of Mary Young in poetic form.

"A Lady of Philadelphia" is said to have placed a stone at the head of Mary's grave, with the following beautiful epitaph:

"Anna Maria Young, a truly pious and benevolent recluse, who lived nearly thirty years alone on a small farm, the home of her ancestors, situated almost on the summit of one of the Oley mountains. Her cottage was the picture of neatness and of comfort, and was visited by strangers from every direction, who never failed to depart without imbibing the highest opinions of meekness, the piety and the benevolence of this lonely yet happy hostess. She died November 16, 1819, aged 70 years."

"Here, underneath this mountain stone
Lies Mary Young, who lived alone,
High on the lofty mountainside,
Belov'd and honor'd by the few
Who gave to virtue virtue's due.
Stranger, she that's buried here
Was humble, pious and sincere;
The even tenor of her days
She passed in grateful prayer and praise;
Her heart was like the gentle dove,
That came from heav'n with promis'd love;
Her heart, her hands, her cottage door
Were open to the rich and poor;
Her faith confirm'd, her will resigned,
So sweetly calm, so pure her mind.
The God of mercy from His throne,
Looked down and claimed her as His own."

This poem was published in the Berks and Schuylkill Journal of July 20, 1856.

Another poem, entitled "Mary Young" by the author of "The Limner" is found in a book entitled "The Phantom Barge and Other Poems" published in Philadelphia in 1822. Who the author was is not known.

A poem of thirty-six stanzas of five lines each, entitled "Mary of the Mountain" was composed by Mrs. Charles Evans, wife of the founder of Charles Evans Cemetery, Reading, for her friend, Mrs. Mary Keim.

A stone wall was put around the lonely graveyard later; but today, it has crumbled away, and the wilderness has claimed her for its own. The spot is overgrown. A searcher for the grave finds, down among the underbrush and weeds, two headstones, prostrate and weatherbeaten. Which stone is that of Mary is unknown. No inscription is on either. There is no one to care for these graves. The family had died out. All tangible trace of the woman who reversed the laws of nature is gone. She who refuted the common belief that a lonely existence fosters the brutish and lowering instincts in man is now only a memory, but a memory to rouse all who hear the fireside story to greater nobility and goodness.

WU? WU?

(From the "Weltbote" Calendar 1895, Weltbote Publishing Co., Allentown, Pa.)

Do in unserm Busch wohne Nachteile. Sie halte sich schunn lang dart uff; sie hen ihre Familie dart un sin dart daheem. Mannichmol hocke sie die gans Nacht drauss uff de Beem un greische als "Wu! Wu!" Ihr Schtimm iss so melancholisch, dass es mer vorkummt, sie hette en Verlange far Sache un Bletz, wu sie nau net hen un net wisse, wu sie zu finne sin; un far sell greische sie die gans Nacht: "Wu! Wu!"

Ich hab Mitleid mit selle dickkeppiche, grossaagiche, fedderiche Nachtschwaermer, fer 's geht mer yuscht aa so, dass wann ich aa die gans Nacht naushocke sott un greische, "Wu! Wu!" Ya, 's waer kee Wunner wann ich greische daet, dass 's darrich die gans Welt dringe daet: Wu, wu soll ich hiegeh far 'n Blatz zu finne,

wu die Leit ehrlich sin,
wu sie net schtehle,
wu die Leit ihr Schulde bezaahle,
wu sie net faulenza,
wu's Geld net so knapps iss,
wu die Leit net mehner denke vun ihrem Geld as wie vun ihrem eegne Haern,
wu sie net mehner denke vun ihre Bauerele un Gell un Ochse as wie vum Himmel,
wu die Leit zufridde sin wann sie genunk hen, un net enanner 's Brot aus 'm Maul schtehle,
wu die Leit net iwwer em lache, wammer dutt was recht iss,
wu die Meed all schee sin un mit Geduld waarte, bis sie Menner kriege?

Wann ich yuscht so'n Blatz finne kennt—dart daet ich gleiche hiezugeh. Awwer "Wu! Wu!" iss so'n Blatz?

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building
Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiser, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiser, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For lo! the same old myths that made
The early "stage successes."
Still "hold the boards", and still are played,
"With new effects and dresses." Dobson

INCONCLUSIVE PRIMARY

The Presidential primaries in New Hampshire on Tuesday may have given some hope to the supporters of governor Dewey of New York who would like to head the Republican ticket for a second time but the results are not entirely conclusive.

Dewey, who did not visit the State but had a strong organization at work and outstanding citizens of the State as candidates for delegateships, won six of the eight places on the New Hampshire delegation. Former Governor Stassen of Minnesota, who did visit the State on three barnstorming trips got two of the delegates.

The figures appear to indicate that the electors were thinking more of the candidates for the delegateships than the men for whom they will be pledged to vote in the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. This was indicated by the fact that something like 10,000 votes separated the high and low candidates. If the voters had been thinking in terms of Dewey and Stassen, the vote for the two slates should have been uniform. And it is to be noted that Mr. Dewey had the support of the party organization in the State.

So neither candidate can take much hope from New Hampshire as a barometer of sentiment in New England, nor in the country at large.

A better test of strength appears likely to be furnished by Wisconsin next month where the two Presidential candidates again will face each other at the primaries and, in addition, will have to meet the strength of General MacArthur whose supporters have put his name on the ballot. That three-cornered fight will attract even more interest than did New Hampshire's inconclusive test.

GERMAN PLAN SHAPING

Altho hostilities in Europe ceased more than two years ago, the job of shaping the peace appears to have more problems than the military ones which faced our generals.

What to do with Germany has been one of the most questions and the answer to it has not been made easier by the consistently obstructive tactics of Russia. She has refused to go along even so far as to hold conferences with all the nations concerned in such settlement.

Russian actions in recent weeks appear however to have spurred the other countries. In recent days in Brussels agreement was reached by all the powers, except Russia, to internationalize the Ruhr area wherein was the seat of Germany's heavy industry before the war and where any revival of that business for Europe's economy and for the strengthening of the German people must take place.

By this program of international control, there will be assurance that Germany's trick after World War II of rearming to the teeth will be prevented and the genius of her people for heavy industry will be exerted along lines of production other than those of weapons of war.

Even more important is the agreement of Germany's immediate neighbors such as Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and France that Germany shall have a Federal system of government and will be able to function for her completely disorganized people.

The entire program which has been adopted appears directed to the end that Germany shall have a part in the industrial recovery of Europe and not be reduced to an agricultural country, with area and facilities far too small for a purely pastoral civilization.

WHEN WOMEN TAKE OVER

Masculine officials and voters of Grass Lake, Mich., let down their guard last year and were overwhelmed in the annual village elections by a landslide which elected a lady as president and nine others to lesser public offices. On Tuesday the women did it again. In spite of a strong fight for a strong masculine slate, the straight women's ticket won by a substantial majority.

The ladies won on their record, especially by pointing proudly to a surplus of $4,900 in the village treasury and a new coat of paint on the community water tank. These achievements were in notable contrast to an indifferent attention to civic business by the men. Yet the re-election of the ladies may represent more than public approval of a reform administration. It is indicated that when women finally win their way into political life, they develop a determination to stay there.

It has happened elsewhere. There are few exceptions to the rule that when women break down barriers they cannot be put up again. They have permanently invaded men's clubs and even barber shops. They are firmly entrenched in the trades and professions. But in local politics, it seems, they may not be satisfied to serve on equal terms with the men. They may take over the whole works. Philadelphia Inquirer.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington.—Slowly but surely the American answer to Russian aggression is being formulated.

The situation growing out of communistic advances in the Far East, which threaten to make China a base of operations for Russia, and the problems arising out of the Communist seizure of Czechoslovakia and the threatened seizure of Italy and France have all combined to make inevitable some concrete step on the part of the United States government.

To issue an ultimatum would force a showdown and perhaps prevent an honorable retreat. It might provoke a war that could be avoided.

To encourage a debate in the United Nations security council is a step that has been proved futile in impressing Moscow.

It all adds up to the likelihood that a conference between high officials of the American and Russian governments is the only step that can be taken, because diplomacy conducted with klieg lights does not permit adjustment of vexatious disputes.

Any conference that might be held, however, could easily be the forerunner of public exchanges, but, if such an event occurred, it would be recognized that strong words would be followed by military assistance to the countries of Europe most in danger from further Russian aggression.

President Truman has let it be known that no "official approach" looking toward a meeting of high officers of the two governments has been made. From this it may be inferred that informal efforts to get the two governments together have been made and that Russia has taken the initiative. In view of the fact that such informal action occurred, according to authentic reports, just before the Czechoslovakian tragedy, it may well be that the United States government did not feel inclined to enter into such parleys.

The situation now has veered to the point where American officials may want the conference if only to say in unmistakable language that the end of the jockeying or bargaining on the various items in dispute between the two countries — from Korea to Berlin and Vienna—is now at hand.

If the American government were to choose to speak plainly and forthrightly to Russia in private conference and issue a warning there that war could conceivably result from further aggression and refusal to settle pending problems amicably, it would be because such a procedure would allow for Soviet reversal without public humiliation or criticism from within her own country.

As dangerous as the situation appears on the surface, in the sense that war could come quickly, it is equally logical to say that overnight the whole situation may be transformed and an era of peace introduced.

There has all along been a school of thought which has believed that Russia was bluffing her way forward in Europe and that she hoped to take advantage of a traditional isolationism in America which would forsake the European continent altogether, and, in effect, abandon it to Russian caprice.

But events in recent months and various polls show that Republican and Democratic parties are reflecting the basic American viewpoint, which is that Russia must halt her aggression or face the consequences. If Russia ignores the American trend in policy, it seems certain that billions will be spent to build up manpower and equipment among the western democracies for a broad defense of Europe and the world against further aggression.

The fact that the Republican leaders of the House have just agreed to insist on military assistance to China and that the Marshall Plan billions could be made available in an emergency for military aid in Europe should impress Moscow that, despite the election year, Americans are thinking alike and working together against Russian aggression.

The opportunity for an overall settlement, with Russia by peaceful means is at hand if the Russians will only see the folly of provoking American opinion still further. Once an over-all settlement of the major problems is reached, a rapid deflation of war talk everywhere would occur and all attention could be concentrated on economic recovery.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved).

Horoscope

This birthday is a good time for making progress in connection with financial, business and domestic affairs. During your next year, provided you do nothing foolish in love and business, you will enjoy some success and conviviality.

Today's Text

By ROBERT FRITSCH

Luke 12:41-13:35.

In 12:42 occurs the word meat. Make a particular note of the fact that the word meat in the King James' Bible, 1611, regulary means food, whatever may be included in that word. The Bible uses 'flesh' for our word meat. In Leviticus 2 we have the meat offering, but there is no meat in it. It is a meal offering, that is, of flour, which is a staple food. In our text, 'a portion of meat' is one compound Greek word, sitometrion, which means 'a measure of food', needed for the day. In Proverbs 30:8 we read: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me'. Convenient means sufficient for my need; my allotted portion. Not too little; not too much, lest overabundance cause me to forget God (Deut. 6:10-12). In Philippians 4:19 Paul gives us this assurance: 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in Christ Jesus. Note that 'straight' in 13:13 and 'strait' in v.24 are two entirely different words. One often sees 'straight gate' for 'strait gate', the narrow gate leading to the narrow way which leads to life.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People
WORTH THE PRICE

To know spring and summer well,
And the glories of the fall,
Makes it worth man's while to dwell
On this old earth, after all.

And to know and brave them through—
All the stings of winter drear—
Is the payment that is due
For the purchase of a year.

Looking back through good and ill,
Storms and days of sunny skies
Life appears a bargain still,
Worth its price in sacrifice.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

March 13, 1923, a Tuesday

A committee composed of Ray Rabenold, chairman, Edwin Bruen, Ray Fahler, Monroe Troxell, Edward Weiss and Albert Saylor arranged for the first annual dance of the Turner Athletic association, which was the youngest association of its kind in the city.

Rev. Simon Sipple, pastor of Zion Reformed church, preached the sermon at the first noonday community Lenten service of the season.

At a meeting of the Woman's club it was decided that the club would plant sixteen memorial trees on Arbor Day at places to be indicated by Councilman J. Herbert Kohler.

The Tall Cedars Band played a concert in the Lyric theatre. Harpists played medleys arranged by Director Charles Hunsberger. Lloyd A. Moll directed the band in most of the program.

Four contractors offered bids for the construction of a school building at the southwest corner of St. Cloud and Walnut Sts. during the summer. William H. Gangewere submitted the basic low bid of $314,860 for the proposed three-story fireproof structure.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNET CERF

Top radio comedians use up material so rapidly that they now employ whole corps of "authors" banging out their typwriters and their brains in an effort to provide a reasonably fresh and amusing half hour once a week. Bob Hope, for instance, had nine writers under exclusive contract last year.

For one special hour, however, he decided two writers would suffice. When Groucho Marx heard about it, he called Hope on the phone and said, "Hey, Bob, I hear you're practically going back to ad libbing!"

* * *

General Montgomery's triumphal tour of Australia ended on a rather sour note. Back in London, he complained to reporters, "Australia has fewer people to the square mile and more speeches to the square meal than anywhere else on earth."

* * *

"No breakfast at my house this morning," reported Curley to his partner. "My wife has run away again."

"Notify the police," suggested the partner.

"Nothing doing," said Curley. "I tried that last time—and they found her."

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Allentown Morning Call, information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage.

Q. What three famous literary men were born in India? C.P.E.

A. Three outstanding writers born in India are, Thackeray, Kipling and Tagore. Thackeray, whose father was employed by the East India Co., lived in India until he was six.

Q. Which is the most popular opera ever written by an American? M.C.R.

A. The King's Henchman, by Deems Taylor, is considered to be the most successful of American operas by many critics.

Q. What is th stat of unemployment in the world as a whole? W.S.

A. A survey of 24 countries by the International Labor Office showed that in the first six months of 1947 the number of persons without work was at a relatively low level.

Q. How much higher is Lake Okeechobee, Florida, than the ocean? O.J.R.

A. The U. S. Geological Survey says that according to records in that office, the surface of Lake Okeechobee in Florida is 19.4 feet above mean sea level.

Q. Who owns the 200-inch telescope? K.M.B.

A. The Palomar Observatory and the 200-inch telescope are owned by the California Institute of Technology. In the construction of the giant telescope the institution was aided by a grant of $6,000,000 from the General Education Board.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

JAN MASARYK

Big and gay was Jan Masaryk. A cosmopolitan, half-American by birth, he was as much at home in New York as in London or his own Prague. He and Eduard Benes were the authors of their country's Janus-faced policy — the policy of looking East and West simultaneously.

And now he is dead. It will long be argued how he came to die so suddenly at the age of 61. We do know that it was through a window, but not whether he jumped out of that window the way Japanese commit hara-kari to save their honor and for the glory of their race, or whether he was thrown out of the window by murderous opponents. We do not know whether he was killed before he was thrown from the window or whether that was left to the inevitable — a word the Marxists love.

At any rate, he is dead. Jan goes to his Maker to ask forgiveness for his sins, for he believed that he could save his country by appeasement and he has lost his country by appeasement — lost it perhaps irrevocably. When he became conscious of Czechoslovakia's fate, what could he do? To oppose Stalin would mean that he would be sent to some such place as Yakutsk where he could sit in servitude with other so-called democrats to discuss what might have happened had they been as wise before as after the treachery. Such a life was not for Jan Masaryk.

The alternative was to be another Tito or Dimitrov, a Quisling of a foreign power, a slave a liar, a scoundrel, a thief of his own people's bread. That Jan Masaryk could not do. And so he died.

What has happened to Jan Masaryk may happen to the Pope after April 18. For should Togliatti take Italy, what greater prize could Stalin have than the Holy Father? That would be proof that he indeed is a godman. What a day it would be when the Hammer and Sickle fly over the Vatican and the paintings of Sistine Chapel are shipped to Russia as booty! That is the next step — and the world is quiet about it.

And what about our own Quislings who have discovered a charm in appeasement. Henry Wallace and his followers, sincere or opportunistic, Communist slaves or misguided appeasers, wise men who believe in myths or morons who follow voices — they are like the Jan Masaryks of Czechoslovakia who play with the nation's life on the off-chance that their gamble will not bring to it a death by violence and sham.

* * *

When I see men and women wearing big blue buttons with the name, Wallace, across it, I cannot help but wonder how long it will be before that blue is changed to red, before the dupes are turned into slaves.

Jan Masaryk could answer that question. His death answers that question. How many men have been killed for their beliefs since the Oriental despot from the Caucasus sat himself on Ivan the Terrible's throne? Stalin had killed, by one process or another, nearly all the old Bolsheviks, including his peer and Lenin's associate, Leon Trotzky. He had killed every outstanding figure of the Revolution that elevated him — every one that paved the way for his rise to power, Bukharin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Tukhachevsky — the list is long and it is futile to pile name upon name, except to note the latest one, Jan Masaryk, who erred only in that he believed Stalin at all.

And the lesson in all this for us is that those who still counsel appeasement are the enemies of this nation. Let us label them as such. When judges of our courts lean over backwards to give these Quislings the benefit of the doubt, let us not mistake fatuity for justice. It is too late not to recognize that these devils have voluntarily renounced the rights of man by becoming the slaves of a tyrant. Let us treat them with the contempt they fully deserved.

Farewell, Jan Masaryk. You died better than you lived.

Pumpernickle Bill

HUT 'N NEIER CHOB

Fon ol da neida socha os dawg fer dawg rum kumma, hut 'm Astor Guth sei fraw die Rachel Folk Guth fon drou snagshd on da Troxell's Brick hoch shule, 'n neier chob gaarab'd. Wons is os die Rachel mohl ains fon da dawga rum lawft, gaduh wie 'n altfranishie braud, brouch niemond wunnera wos om aw gae is. Mohl ains fon da tzeita tzaila sie fer 'n hochtsich frocka fesht tzu halta on da Yardonner Refamierta kerrich nagshd on Walberts, un sel wert gute.

Die Rachel so wie m'r fershtain, hut der chob aw ganumma fer ol die alta hochtsich frocka tzomma hetza os tzu finna sin aenich aryads g'shwishich Easton un Reading, un 'm Bloe Barrick un Quakertown. Un Barrick won aenicha sin os noch weiter bei kumma wolla, is es aw ol recht. Alla frock os gawora wert on sel'm fesht, mus mohl ae tzeit 'n recht shoffender hochtsich frock gawest sei, -un woh dale iwwer rousa shaina rum sin won die Rachel sie finna kon.

Dale fon da frocka nadierlich worra awenich long shwenzich, un hen glaina maid kotta fer die shwentz drawga on da hochtsich. Soicha os so frocka hen breicha net boderra winner mit bringa fer die shwentz drawga, die Rachel secht, ihra Astor gaibt darta druf ocht. Soicha os garn may wista fon darra hochtsich frocka party, besser shwetza mit da Rachel woh die folla barichda gewwa kon.

MICE HUNICH

Sawg, hen ihr sei lebdawg shun k'hoert os m'r mice yusa kon fer hunich sommla, 's same wie aw eema un hummla hunich sucha? Wel, 's wor aw ebbes neias tzuns, ow'r die barichda-sin, der Warren Henninger fon shier on Seipstown wot gons ous da eema bisnis gae, un het yusht may mice in da eema keshda. So wie m'r ow'r fershtain, nembts 'n gons bardicchie ort mice fer hunnich sommla, -die weiss bouchicha sin die beshda. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Warren die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga nix may weiter, -ferol os m'r wissa wase evens sei Isabel noch nix fon da mice g'shicht.

HUT NIX BODDA WOLLA

'M Macungie painter un paperer Irvie Kerschner sei fraw die Nellie hut doh net long tzurick gore net fershtae kenna os es English Sols wosser woh sie 'm Irvie gamocht hut fer sei hond haila, nix bodda wot. Der Irvie hut die hond aryads garent, un owets gore me hich shmartza kot wie er hame kumma is. Die Nellie hut noh g'sawt doh vear nix in da welt besser fer ebbes wie sel g'shwind haila, os w'e English Sols in hase wosser duh, un die hond gute soaka.

Die Nellie hut 'm Irvie 's wosser tzuracht gamocht, un er hut die hond nei k'hova bis es kalt wor, ow'r die hond hut noch grawd so wae gaduh os wie dafor. Eb sie ins oed sin hut er noh nocha mohl soaka wolla un gawunnert woh sies English Sols het. Wie sie g'sawt hut im shonk, hut er gaguck'd dafor, ow'r net finna kenna. Endlich hut sie g'sawt 's dade grawd fer'm shtae, -'s kent 'n beisa. Noh hut er nocha mohl gaguck'd, ow'r allas os er sehna hut kenna hut kenna, wor 'n box solpater, un woh sie 'm ins wosser gaduh hut kot fer English Sols. 'S English sols hut noh omma gons onnerra blotz g'shtonna, un bletzlich gr bot wie der Irvie dafon ins wosser hut fer die hond soaka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die Nei Yarrick exkursion tickets sin drous bei denna woh helfa ferkaufa, un sin froh tzu sawga os sie gain wie haisa kucha.

'S moovie im Radio City iwwer die Oshterra is, "I Remember Mama," 'n g'shpiel os m'r net yusht g'sehna hen wies in Nei Yarrick wor, ow'r worra aw 'm ledshda Summer uf da set on RKO in Hollywood wohs pichter ganumma is werra.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Next time I hear some high AFL leaders sound off against "bloodsucking bosses" I'm going to bust a typewriter gasket warning and re-warning anyone who'll read me that these laments can't be taken seriously until Big Bill Hutcheson, the AFL's first vice-president, is thrown out of the federation and denounced good and loud.

Big Bill has been throwing his weight around for some 40 years as boss of the carpenters and is the country's final word on whether someone can hammer a nail into a chunk of wood. Maybe you have to be that way to run a powerful union and "Hutch" can weasel out of it by explaining that you need almighty power and discipline over 600,000 men so that you can get them a living wage.

* * *

But how can he explain away his own toughness as an employer when he arbitrarily permits a Florida fruitpacking company he influences and directs — peremptorily to cut wages by 15 per cent and then to fight bitterly the protests of the grapefruit peelers' union involved? An AFL union at that. It's like kicking your own kid in the face.

What sort of double morality is this — to scream at an employer and then become the toughest boss in the citrus fruit business when it's you who has to get up the payroll? Because I respect so many of the AFL executive leaders and because they may not know all about Big Bill (who, by the way, said at a recent congressional committee hearing that "the AFL isn't my organization") here's the record which I say should impel his expulsion:

* * *

Down in the Florida citrus fruit belt there's the Adams Packing Co. (in Auburndale) where hundreds of workers peel grapefruits after the citrus is run through hot water and a mild lye solution. The fruit are gashed across the top and the men peel them for canning at $4 a thousand.

Big Bill's carpenters own about 1,000 acres of fruit groves in Polk county and market their stuff through the Adams Packing Assn. — of which "Hutch" is one of the key directors.

In Florida labor circles people say that the "Hutcheson interest" dominate the association —but all I can prove is that the six-foot-three, steak-loving Hutcheson is highly influential in the outfit. But for years it wasn't unionized.

Then last year the AFL sent organizers of the Citrus Workers union around and after an election they signed the company up without any help from Big Bill, first v.p. of their own national AFL.

But the payoff came when Big Bill's fruit packing outfit signed a contract — and lowered the basic wage about 10 cents an hour. Then last winter the company slashed wages by 15 per cent and decided to pay its people $3.40 instead of $4 a thousand.

The little federal AFL citrus workers' union was bitter and complained to the national AFL headquarters in Washington that its wages were being hacked by a company of which Big Bill—the AFL's vice-president, mind you—was an important director.

* * *

Then came a Picasso-like portrait of arrogance on the hoof. Big Bill blustered all over Washington and the south. He threatened to pull his men and money out of the AFL's southern organizing campaign if the Citrus Fruit workers didn't lay off the Adams Packing plant.

Hutcheson petulantly said further he wasn't going to arbitrate the thing — and that the wage slashes stood. Finally — and to Bill Green's credit — the AFL prexy had it out with Hutch, and that great AFL first vice-president sulkingly permitted his own plant to be fully unionized and wage slashes to be arbitrated.

The arbitration board, which had its share of carpenters on it, restored the pay cut. But no pay increases for hourly workers — and just at a moment when labor everywhere is seeking pay hikes.

I don't get it. Neither will the public. Which is why, for the sake of the millions in the AFL, "Hutch" ought to be canned.

(Copyright 1948)



ALLE SARDE WARDE

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

After a prolonged silence the Editor of the ECK once more invites your aid in the interpretation and usage of curious dialect words, many of them very ancient in their origins and rich in associations. Are the following words a part of your own vocabulary? Kindly illustrate them in dialect sentences. — Your assistance will stimulate further interest in our dialect. Send your replies to: Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

DIE SCHBIELSCHISSEL DIE BACKOFFEKITSCH
NAU DER BACKOFFESCHIESSER
DIE SCHEEDSAEG DER MAADERVOGGEL
DIE MAULZIEHERBEERE ALDFRAENKISCH

For the dialect words offered in the ECK for July 12, 1947, we now offer the following definitions and illustrations:

DER LEIOLICH—**Lei**, the nasalized dialect form of **Lein** and **Olich**, a dialect form for the Ger. **Oel**, oil; hence the oil pressed from flaxseeds. Compare also Ger. **Leine**, linen.
Mer dutt der Leiolich in Farb (Mrs. George Yenser, Kutztown, Pa.)

GAUZE—This verb is native to Switzerland. It came down the Rhine to Nassau and the western half of the middle-German territory. In the Palatinate it has the significance of unpleasant harsh sounds, as of animals and of men, as in **angauzen**, to speak gruffly to someone. It is related to the old Norse **geyja**, to bark, and in this sense it is used in the Unterpfalz, the Lower Palatinate. In this sense it is also used in restricted areas in Pennsylvania, especially in Berks County. — Ich hab die Hunde heere "blaffe" un "belle", awwer net "gauze" (Harvey L. Boyer, Kunkletown, Pa.) A more definite study of the Pennsylvania areas in which "gauze" is used for the verb "to bark" may aid in determining from what Palatine areas certain groups migrated to Pennsylvania and the reasons for their migration.

EISCHT—A word of obscure origin. It is found in the Westrich part of the Palatinate and is still frequently used among us. Lambert defines it as "possibly" or "at the least sign of". The **Pfaelzisches Idiotikon** similarly denotes it "if at all possible" as in the sentence "wenn ich eischt kann". Mrs. Yenser (Kutztown) illustrates its usage in the sentence "Wenn's eischt zu viel reggert, iss es zu nass". To Martha Best (Walnutport, Pa.) it signifies "if humanly possible" as in the sentence "Mer kumme, wammer eischt kenne".

S GRAMANSEL—This word occurs in the Palatine dialect as **Kramenzel**. Dr. Robert Fritsch defines it as "tawdry ornamentation". Mrs. Yenser (Kutztown) writes: "'S Gramansel an sellere Fens iss schee".

DIE BLESS—The white spot on the forehead of a horse or cow! Compare the Ger. **die Blaesse**, the blaze or white spot; or even the horse with a blaze. — Then applied in a humorous sense to a human face: "Guck yuscht mol sellem sei Bless!"

DER GOLRAAWE—dialect form for **Kohlraabi**, turnip-cabbage, a member of the large cabbage family; compare Eng. kale, cole (slaw), cauliflower (Lat. **caulis**, cabbage) and Ital. **Rabi** (Lat. **rapum**, turnip).

DIE BUSCHDUR (also **Puschdur**)—Posture, used chiefly of the human body. Ger. **Positur** (from the Lat.) but more directly from the French **posture**. one of a number of words that came into the Palatinate from bordering France and still used everywhere in the Pfalz It is pronounced with accent on last syllable.— "Was der en scheeni Buschdur hot!"

DIE GEESCHEL—A whip or lash. Old High German **geisala**; Middle High German **geisel**; compare High German **die Geisel**, whip, lash, scourge. Originally it meant a stick or staff used to drive animals. In the course of time it was applied to a stick with a whip or cord fastened to it. Since the 15th century it has been used parallel with the word **Peitsche** (from the Polish) the latter being made more artfully with a leathern cord. This distinction obtains in the Pfalz to this day, **Geeschel** being used in the Westrich and Nordpfalz. In the Vorderpfalz one hears only **Beitsch** for both. It is one of those words which on deeper investigation may bear valuable testimony in the controversial question: Are most Pennsylvania Palatines from the Westrich or the Vorderpfalz? See H. Lorch, Etymologisches zu einigen Woertern der Pfaelz. Mundart in **Pfaelzisches Museum (Heimatkunde)**, 1926. —P.A.B.

In the ECK for July 12, 1947, we considered at some length the flower known in the dialect as **die Grischtblumm** (Helleborus niger). The Editor stated that he had never seen the black hellebore in Pennsylvania gardens and was inclined to think that the term **Grischtblumm** had been transferred to the Helleborus viridis or green hellebore, which he had in his own garden but that it never bloomed as early as December. However, Elsie Singmaster wrote from Gettysburg that she knew the black hellebore to blossom in Pennsylvania gardens; and Mrs. Helen Stahr Hartman of Lancaster sent the Editor a beautiful color illustration of the Hellerborus niger (Ger. **die Christrose**, or **Schneerose**) in full blossom and pointed out that it flourishes in several Lancaster gardens, notably in that of Mr. Frank F. Thurlow We believe this unique and beautiful plant blossoming in the open during the Christmas season deserves to be better known.

In the same issue of the ECK we wrote about **die Gichtrose** or peony and pointed out that we know it in the dialect also as **die Pingschtrose** or **die Pingschtblumm**. While no one contested the name **die Pingschtros**, since it bloomed about the time of **Pingschte** or Whitsuntide, the Editor was vigorously informed both by phone and letter that **die Pingschtblumm** was not the peony but the lilac. He therefore stands corrected. Robert F. Biose of Philadelphia writes: "In and around my native Bowmanstown in Carbon County we always knew the red peony as 'die Gichtros', while the paler shades of it we merely called peonies, same as in English, or at times 'pink Gichtros'. Now the flower we knew as 'die Pingschtblumm' was the lilac."—P.A.B.

EN SILW'RICH WAARD-E-WEILCHE UN EN GOLDICH NIXLI

Vum **JOHN BIRMELIN**

Few phrases in our dialect reflect such playful inventiveness and so much whimsical phantasy as the above title of John Birmelin's poem. Thus the teasing parent replied to the impetuous children who wished to know at once what toys or dainties their parents had brought home with them from the village store or the more distant annual fair. In the heart of our distinguished dialect poet this phrase "A silvery wait-a-while and a golden nothingness" now takes on deeper implications How much of life, in looking back, now seems to the thoughtful person to have been but a silvery wait-a-while and a golden nothingness. Happy he who in old age can still look longingly forward!

So scheener kiehler Schadde
dart unnerm Keschdebaam;
Dart hockt en aldes Mennche,
as wie im schtille Draam.

En Voggel heert er singe,
do hot er nuff geguckt;
Es scheint es hot ihm g'falle,
hot mit em Kopp genuckt.

Noh saagt er zu sich selwer:
"Ya, sing yuscht immerzu!
Waar aa emol so luschdich,
waar aa mol yung wie du."

So fliesse dann die Yohre
im scheene Bild verbei;
As wie vun Gold un Silwer,
so scheint's gemolt zu sei.

Do denkt er an die Mutter,
en Haerz vun lauter Gold;
Un Warde sin, wie Silwer,
vun ihre Zung gerollt.

Verzaehlt so gleene G'schichte,
yuscht wie's en Kind verschteht;
Dann hot sie noch am Owet
so schee mit ihm gebet.

Im Daag waar viel zu schaffe,
sie geht net oft vun Heem;
Un iss sie eemol gange,
dann waar's net aagenehm.

Un yuscht fer ihn zu dreeschte,
do saagt sie so gedrei:
"Ich bring dir ebbes Scheenes,
un kumm yo widder glei.

En Silw'rich Waard-e-Weilche,
ya, sell iss was ich bring;
Un noch en Goldich Nixli—
en wunnerscheenes Ding!"

Was waar des Waard-e-Weilche,
so silw'rich un so schee?
Was waar des Goldich Nixli?
sell kann er net verschteh. —

Glei waar er'n gleener Schieler,
un hot aa gut gelaernt.
Der Meeschter waar net silw'rich,
der waar zu oft verzaernt.

Mit denne wieschde Buwe,
do reisst ihm die Geduld;
Die scheene gleene Maedcher,
die waare nie net Schuld.

Am Fenschter hockt so'n Gleenl,
verschtohle guckt er hie;
Er hot noch kenni g'sehne,
as schenner waar wie die.

Die Sunn hot recht geglitzert
in ihre goldne Haar;
Er hot schunn oft gewunnert,
eb des en Nixli waar.

Wie ball waar des vergesse,
die Schulzeit iss verbei;
Die Welt hot ihm gewunke,
un alles waar so nei.

So muss er's Haus verlosse,
im scheene schtille Daal;
Dart iwwer selle Baerye
iss goldner Sunneschtraal.

De Mutter ihre Draene,
die duhne ihm so weh;
Er drickt sie, o so haerzlich,
dann saagt er leis, "Ade!"

Dann iss er schtill gewandert,
un mechdich ziegt's ihn fart;
Doch kann er net vergesse
der Mutter ihre Wart.

En Silw'rich Waard-e-Weilche —
en frohi Zukunft winkt;
Doch muss er als noch waarde,
bis er's zu ebbes bringt.

Hot manches unnernumme
un iss ihm aa geglickt;
Des g'fallt ihm yuscht e Weilche,
hot glei der Leede grickt.

So muss or weiter schtrewe,
yaagt immer ebbes noh;
Un glitzert's noch so goldich,
waar yuscht en Nixli do.

En Silw'rich Waard-e-Weilche —
waar des en Haufe Geld?
Un waar des Goldich Nixli
die Ehre in der Welt?

Des alles hot er g'hatte
un fiehlt sich doch so leer;
Iss yuscht en aldes Mennche,
un's Haerz iss ihm so schwer.

Nau hockt er dart im Duschber,
der Voggel iss verschtummt;
Es waerd aa immer kiehler,
soball der Owet kummt.

Ya, kiehl un immer kiehler,
wann's Sunnelicht net scheint;
Noh fehle noch im Alder,
die gude alde Freind.

Nau heert er sachde rufe,
"Tu-hu!" So hohl, "Tu-hu!"
Der Eileruf im Dunkel,
"Zu Ruh!" — Ya, ball zu Ruh!

Un goldich scheine Schtaerne,
der Mond im Silwerglanz;
Es roiye sich Planete
zum helle Lichterdanz.

Do hebt des alde Mennche
der Kopp mol in die Heeh;
Sel Blick fangt aa zu leichte —
nau kann er's doch verschteh.

The above poem was read by John Birmelin on the occasion of the meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society at "the Old Homestead" of Dr. John L. Bower, near Baumstown, Pa., on September 6, 1947.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weller, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weller, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I think that a knowledge of Greek thought and life, and of the arts in which the Greeks expressed their thought and sentiment, essential to high culture. A man may know everything else, but without this knowledge he remains ignorant of the best intellectual and moral achievements of his race. Norton.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK

As a result of that silent understanding which prevails among the men who mine the soft coal for industry and transportation in the United States these toilers have not returned to work during the week and a strike is in effect by nearly 400,000 men in support of their president's controversy with the mine operators on the matter of pensions.

At the same time there is a strike officially in the big meat packing plants in Chicago whence comes the major portion of this important element of the American diet.

Both groups are striking not alone against their employers but against the people of the United States who will be affected adversely in growing measure as idle days go on and as transportation upon coal-burning railroads decreases, or actually ceases; as steel mills and coke-ovens shut down, as gas plants and electrical generating systems have to curtail production and as many industries, directly or indirectly are affected by the scarcity or absolute lack of coal.

There is abundance of legal machinery by which all the differences between these two groups of idle men and their employers probably can and should be settled without such swift recourse to the brutality of a strike. When miners and packing house employes swing that club, the public like an innocent bystander is badly hurt.

Altho the President of the United States pleaded with the packing house men to remain at work, while new approach to their wage dispute could be made, they insisted upon going out.

Thus the nation, which has been affected quite seriously by meat shortage due to natural causes such as cattle shortages and large exportations, is going to be even more seriously affected thru reduction of already insufficient food supplies. And in the field of steel production where the cry has been for more and more steel for thousands of American industries, for building construction, for roads and other improvements that will keep men at work, there is to be curtailment of the raw material that is vital to transportation and all heavy industry.

Machinery is being set up by the Government under which the meat packing strike can be settled or at least encourage the men to bo back to work while a board of inquiry studies and reaches conclusions as to the facts in the controversy. In the coal field, the outlook is not si promising. Mr. Lewis certainly is the leading American heavyweight in the strike arena and he will probably flaunt the President, Congress and the public welfare until he is good and ready to order the men back to the mines.

It is indeed a gloomy outlook.

HONOR TO NATIVE SON

It is a great satisfaction for the people of this city that when the All-State Orchestra, made up of youthful musicians from Pennsylvania's schools, was scheduled to meet and play in Allentown this year Donald Voorhees was asked to be the conductor.

Few young men who have come from the bone and sinew of this community and have been developed here have attained name and fame in the outside world comparable with Mr. Voorhees. Our people are inordinately proud of him.

It seems like yesterday to his friends and kinsfolk in this city when Don was a High School boy, ambitious and skilled especially in the musical art. Before the schools had developed the extensive and thoro training in music that now marks our local curriculum, this stripling was organizing and directing an excellent high school orchestra and getting his hand into the profession by directing the orchestra in the city's leading playhouse.

High School days ended and Don with high ambitions and superb confidence sought wider and more promising fields for his vigor and genius. For more than quarter of a century he has gone on from success to success in the training and conducting of famous orchestral groups in various phases of entertainment—the stage, the concert hall, the radio, and others.

Today at 44 he is and has been for several years the acknowledged leading conductor of radio time orchestras and the outstanding arranger of radio musical programs. Inasmuch as radio provides universal entertainment, it can be known that his is a household name thruout the nation for the best and most enjoyable music.

Allentown is proud of her illustrious musical son. It is a satisfaction that he has come back for these two days of musical pleasures for the people of this community. It is to be hoped that Don Voorhees' joy and satisfaction at return to his alma mater is as great as that of the young people who last night were inspired by his leadership and who in the course of the past few days' rehearsals have received an advanced musical course under has magical baton.

Today's Text

By ROBERT FRITSCH

Psalm 24

The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein, as well as they that dwell thereon. In Gen. 14:19 we read of the Most High God (El Elyon), possessor of heaven and earth. All this is by right of creation, for in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth (Hebrew phrase for 'the universe'). To His wisdom and power manifested in creation (and the heavens declare His glory) must be added His holiness, and only they that have clean hands and a pure heart dare approach Him, and thus will receive from Him the blessing of salvation. As King of Glory He came in humility to gain a glorious victory over the hosts of evil, and as the Lord, strong and mighty in battle, He returns as victor through the gates, the everlasting doors, of the New Jerusalem, whence He shall come again, to return with His own as Lord of Hosts, through the same gates, through the same everlasting doors. This Psalm is often referred to as the Ascension Psalm. Verse 4 reminds us of one of the beatitudes: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God', and of Heb. 12:14, 'Without holiness it is impossible to see the Lord'.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A young author whose first novel became a surprise best seller, began to show alarming symptoms of that occupational disease called "swell-headedness." One morning he confided loftily, "It rather irks me to think I'll make less than $200,000 on the book." His publisher reminded him, "It's nice irk if you can get it."

At the Automobile show, a salesman stopped a very beautiful girl and asked, "Could I possibly interest you in a new car?" "It's quite possible," she conceded. "Come around some evening in a 1948 Cadillac convertible!"

25 Years Ago

MARCH 20, 1923, A TUESDAY

E. C. Heberling, a farmer from Friedensville, was a patient in the Allentown hospital, the result of being hurled from the automobile he was driving, when the machine was struck by a Philadelphia limited trolley at Lanark.

In his will that was admitted to probate, John Moat, late of Catasauqua, directed that his watch "shall be given to my first grandson if I ever have any; if not, after ten years, J. Russell and Harry L., sons of the decedent, shall toss a coin for it."

Attorney Julius Rapoport was principal speaker at "Dad's Night" at the meeting of Herbert Paul Lentz post, American Legion. John Sefing led in singing.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

WHAT IT AMOUNTTS TO

The tremendous barrage of war propaganda is designed to arouse the American people to the truth, long undisclosed, that the United States, in spite of the tremendous sacrifices of our people, did not win the last war. A war is only won when the peace is won. We won battles, but we lost the peace. We lost at Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam and San Francisco. We did not lose it in Prague a week or so ago; we lost it in the White House during the war.

So, we have to face the cold fact that we may have to start all over again. That is the meaning of the Forrestal conference at Key West; it is the meaning of President Truman's sudden speech to the Congress; it is the meaning of all the excitement.

Soviet Russia for a year has been engaged in a cold war with the United States. The objective of that war was the conquest of central Europe, north China and Manchuria and inroads into western Europe via Italy and France. The two conflicting forces were, on behalf of Soviet Russia, the Cominform, the international Communist party, existing in every country; on behalf of the United States, ERP or the Marshall Plan and the United Nations.

* * *

Soviet Russia made definite progress during the Cold War. She moved her line westward from the Oder to the Elbe, including in her area Hungary and Czechoslovakia; in China and Korea, the Communist forces made great strides. However, the program has not been altogether successful. France resisted inroads and remarkably produced a sound government. Italy remains uncertain until April 18. Korea has not been conquered. The United States and Great Britain have not been pushed out of Berlin. Chiang Kai-shek has stood like Gibraltar when it was expected he would crumple like dust. Nevertheless, the Russians have shown great strength, a definite creative force, a decision to produce a universal state, at whatever cost, in Europe and Asia. This Eurasian state is still in the making.

The role of the United States has been complex. Politically it has not been possible for those in charge of government to admit that the whole of Roosevelt's foreign policy was a tragic, costly and perhaps irreparable mistake. Those in control of government were his coadjutors in error. They tried to save what they could of it, but day by day, Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, and San Francisco plague them, particularly the idiotic Morgenthau Plan, the dual plan in Palestine, the double-dealing with Chiang Kai-shek. The Marshall Plan of economic assistance became involved in the Truman Doctrine, the latter sound if also applied to China, the former sound only if a political union developed in Western Europe.

* * *

Nevertheless, strides were made in American policy. The people discovered that the build-up given Stalin and Soviet Russia in this country since 1933 has been false and damaging to America. While national consciousness has not been aroused to a fervor equal to that of Soviet Russia, the American people have rediscovered their own country. Communists have no longer a free ride in the United States or in Great Britain or France. Fellow-travelers are marked foul.

Secondly, the United Nations has proved a failure, as some of us foretold. It is capable neither of making the peace nor of preventing war. It has degenerated into a talkfest. The American people, while not ready to give it up, place less dependence upon it. Internationalism no longer is popular. This country is on the defensive If we have to fight again, we shall fight for the United States of America. That is a tremendous gain.

Finally, we have come through the aftermath of the war, economically sounder than almost anyone anticipated. And that is what counts. The next war, like the last, will be an industrialist's war. Whoever can produce the means of destruction in the greatest quantities and of the most devastating quality will win in the end. Therefore, we need not fear—that is, if once we set our minds upon the target. Our target for a long time to come will be Soviet Russia.

This is what, in simple terms, President Truman is trying to tell us.

(Copyright 1948)

Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

THE CONDITION OF OUR AFFAIRS

We are at the end of the period—which began about two years ago—during which we have pursued a tough policy abroad and a soft policy at home. It is plain that it is no longer possible to make good all our commitments in Europe, in the Middle East, and in Asia, with this country demobilized, its industry reconverted to civilian use, and its people enjoying privately the blessings of freedom and peace.

We have hoped and believed that our potential military power—the fact that we could, if necessary, develop overwhelming striking force—would be respected and feared by the Soviet Union for some years—at least until the devastation of the German war had been repaired and until the technological backwardness of Russia in weapons like the atomic bomb had been overcome. Our own fundamental military calculation is now proved to have been mistaken. We have assumed that our eventual and ultimate military power was sufficient to validate a foreign policy which had as its object not only the containment of communism within the postwar orbit of the Soviet Union but the contraction of communism to the territory of the Soviet Union. We see now that the unmobilized power of the United States cannot support and enforce this foreign policy—that the Soviet government is not deterred by our potential power, that the threatened countries do not unite effectively or have the will and capacity to resist if, as it is now the case, it would take a long time to recruit, train, equip, transport overseas, and deploy the armed force of the United States.

The Kremlin, we must realize, has perceived that the vulnerable element in our position is the time we would need to decide, and then to act, to convert our potential military power into actual. This critical interval of time—which exists because we are a peace-loving democracy and separated by the oceans from the European continent—the Russians are exploiting as fully as they can for their own military advantage.

They are using the period of our unpreparedness to dominate, neutralize, or capture the strategic positions from which—when we have mobilized—a serious counter-offensive would have to take off. Knowing that we are not yet mobilized, they have acted, beginning with Czechoslovakia and Finland, to forestall and to frustrate the mobilization of our power. If in the time we consume first in debating, then in mobilizing and deploying, they could thwart the unity of western Europe, make Germany untenable, master the strategic approaches from the north and through the eastern Mediterranean, and perhaps also entangle us irretrievably in China, our military problem—when at last we were mobilized—would indeed be formidable

The fact that the Japanese and the Germans miscalculated the risk of exploiting our unpreparedness has probably not been forgotten in Moscow. But it would be dangerously wishful thinking on our part to suppose that our own military position as against the Soviet Union is as favorable as it was against Germany and Japan. In the second world war the balance of military man power was decidedly against the Axis. Now the balance is heavily against us and against any coalition which could be formed.

The only way we could hope to achieve a military decision would be by an assault, like that against the Japanese homeland, on the main centers of European Russia. The Soviet military plan is to control—before we are prepared and able to defend them—the lines of supply, the staging areas, and the bases from which such an assault could be delivered. If they are able to carry out their plan, we should then, as in the Japanese war, have to fight our way back to these strategically important positions. But unlike the Japanese war the way back would not be from island to island in an empty ocean. It would be through the densely populated centers of Western civilization, and through their turbulent African and Asiatic dependencies and colonies. It is by no means certain that any country on the European continent would be willing to let a war of this character be fought to a military decision.

The situation is indeed, as Secretary Marshall has said, very, very serious. Our foreign policy is in danger of defeat owing to the fact that our political commitments are grossly overextended in comparison with our available and effective military power. The liabilities which we have accepted, have assumed, and have had thrust upon us, are gravely out of balance with our actual power, and perhaps even with our potential power.

If the consequences are to be averted and avoided, the condition of our affairs calls for an immediate increase in our power and for a selective reduction and concentration of our commitments. Unarmed, unmobilized, and in a state of civilian privacy, we cannot any longer carry out the unlimited responsibilities of universal leadership on every issue, in every conflict, on every issue, in every conflict.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE OLD EXCUSES

"Could have done better," and,
"Might have done more."
"Wish I had thought of it then!"
Millions have uttered these
phrases before.
Millions will say them again.

"Sorry I said it!" "Regret that I did." "Hope they'll forgive and forget."
Millions behind such excuses
have hid.
Millions are using them yet.

Millions have uttered these
phrases of old.
Millions continue to wait.
Until with excuses regret must
be told—
Always a minute too late.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — The United States government, speaking through its president, has branded the Russian government as an aggressor and as a "growing menace" to peace.

This fact, which may take a little while to sink in throughout the world, has changed almost overnight the relations between Russia and the United States.

While the president said nothing new, it is the fact that he said it formally, officially, forthrightly which creates a situation of the utmost gravity.

Having proclaimed Russia an aggressor, what steps now will be taken to stop that aggression?

The United States is not disclosing its strategy. But the first step unquestionably is to bring Russia before the bar of the united nations and secure a world-wide denunciation of Russian aggression. Whether the Soviet representatives walk out of the United Nations or seek to block debate and a final report denouncing the Communist seizure of the Czechoslovakian government is less important now than it was before Mr. Truman spoke to Congress.

The President of the United States now has notified both Houses of Congress that Russia is engaged in a campaign of aggression and that it is the duty of this country to thwart such a program.

Because the United States believes in collective action, it may be said that America will join in pledging help to the five-power military alliance just signed at Brussels and will endeavor also to mobilize Latin-American opinion behind the next steps, whatever they may be.

There is not the slightest intention to bring on a war by any steps that could be remotely characterized as provocative. If war comes, it will be because the Soviet rulers have gone beyond the line to interfere in the internal affairs of other states by coercive methods.

If the smaller countries in Europe neighboring Russia want communist rule, they have a right to vote for it, but the tactics of intimidation and coercion engaged in by Russian agents and lieutenants indicate that free elections are not to be permitted.

The position of the United States is that each country has a right to choose its own form of government and that the nations listed by President Truman in his Wednesday night address did not have that opportunity but became the victims of Russian intrigue and outright aggression.

What is the next step? For the moment, the president and Secretary Marshall believe Congress has the decision in its hands. Will the national legislature indicate its support of a program that looks toward military help for the five powers? Will the Congress build up our armed forces and give the president power to use them instantly to defend free countries when their respective governments appeal to us officially for help?

The program of universal military training is important but by no means the significant factor in the revelation of congressional support for a firm policy toward Russia. Nor is revival of the draft system by itself the only thing that can be done to impress Russia with American earnestness.

* * *

There are other steps which can be taken under existing authority possessed by the president as commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

Russia knows now that the United States government regards her as a potential enemy of the peace. Russia knows that the president has asked for a partial mobilization of military resources. Will this effect Russian policy? It may take a little while to get some inkling of what the leaders in the Kremlin intend to do.

It is thought inconceivable that Moscow is ill-informed about the sternness of the American attitude. If Russia wants to risk war, she can easily bring it on through incidents developed by her satellite states at Trieste or in Greece or elsewhere in Europe.

If Russia does not want war, she can show a conciliatory attitude and begin to make agreements on some of the outstanding issues left unsettled since V-J Day.

Curiously enough, the expectation is that Russia will moderate her policy and will not risk war. The general reaction here to the president's message is that Mr. Turman spoke the views of all parties and groups interested in upholding free institutions in the world.

Also, it is felt that, while Russia may wince under the strong condemnation of her course expressed in the president's message, she does not dare mobilize for war because she is economically weak. Russia, moreover, would bring on serious internal trouble if she began a remobilization. Her people have suffered far more from war than have the American people. War seems to be a possibility but not a probability.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Pumpernickle Bill

IMMER BISNIS IN NEFFS

Sis gross ordich wie 'n glae londs shteddle uf ae mohl in die hae shees'd. Grawd wie glaina kinner ae dawg rum shpringa in windla, un da nagshda dawg gross sin, so gaits mit shteddelcher. Doh is Neffs tzum bei shpiel, fer yohra bakont darrich die Neffs Familia, woh wegga gamocht hut, noh die Frantza Familia im sama g'sheft, ow'r der Neffs nahma is gabliva. Der Neffs park is kumma un gonga; der Frank Schlosser hut fer yohra 'n grawbshtae hockerrei im shpies kot woh now die Kelchners garage shtaid; 's wor der Warren Kelchner woh sei garage in der gong grick'd hut bout on da tzeit wie 'm Fred Kistler seinie shlofa gonga is, woh now 'm Albert Krause sei beckerrei is. 'M Ollie Peters sei shoemocher shop is kumma un gonga, 's same wie aw 'm Hennie Hunsicker sei soddlerrei; kandy shtore un hoarschnidder shop.

Dale yohr tzurick is die Neffs National bank kumma un gabliva, 's same wie aw 'm Ray Stichler sei mashina blotz. Der George Hoffman hut mohl fer 'n weil g'shreiner'd un shteel g'flochta so nava bei tzum shule halta, ow'r laibt now in da ruh, 's same wie sei bruder Walter, unser airshder maishder. 'M Ollie Moser sei welt bakont werthous hut shun etlicha mohl hand gawex'ld bis der Genie Rauch 's ledshd garunn'd hut, un wert now iwwer ganumma beim neia aigner, Lous Klusaritz fon Catasauqua. Der Kerna shtore hut sich gadray'd tzu Kern un Moser, un in now widder tzurick im Kerna nahma. Der Patty Moser hut die posht offis ous 'm shtore in sei hamet ganumma, 's same wie aw der Arthur Henry der gute bakont Neffs Park inna lumber yard gadray'd hut. 'M Frank Klotz sei fiela dauva un hinkle sin ferhswunda, 's same wie aw die Semmels garverrei, un 'm "Butch" Wotring sei Unionville shlocht hous net weit aweck. 'S alt shule hous is tzu, der trolley waig is fert, un der alt shtauvich grund waig is 'n konkrete pike.

Tzwae fendu groyer, der Walter Snyder un der Elmer Hoffman sin noch ihra ruh, 's same wie aw der Dr. Howard Mickley. Ow'r wie wella uf 'm woser, wie aenie fert is kumt 'n onnerrie noh, so is der Dewey Wotring ins fendu groyer ombt gadraida, un der Dr. George Heintzelman gebt ocht uf die gronk un lawma. Der Porra Robert Urffer fon Schnecksville hut fer 'n weil in Neffs gawohn'd ow'r der Dave Holben mit seim housrote socha blotz, der Willard Rabert mit seina shpanglerrei, un die Beatrice Lauchnor Schmidt mit ihr 'm Frizzle un Shaehate blotz uf Park Avenue, sin kumma fer bleiva. Die gross wertshous shed, long bakont fer die si matches os drin k'halta sin werra is now der Neffs Fire hall, un die longa kerricha shedda sin ol tzomma g'falla wie tzwae net. Die shae alt Union kerrich om eck hut sich ow'r net feranner'd,-der 160 foos hoch tarn is grawd so shtrock wie immer, un die Kerrich selwar is in hartzer fon ihra gleader gawartz'ld wie 'n aicha baum uf 'm barrick.

Bauer shun fer yohra worra in da gawained fer noch da J. M. Snyder and son bauerra g'shar company kumma fer allas os sie gabreich'd hen fer ihra bletz om gae halta. Wie der Jim Snyder fert is, hut sei boo der Clayton iwwer ganumma, un now hut der Bobby Yarrick der blotz. Ow'r wie g'sawt, Neffs wox'd, un now hut der Clintie Geiger un der Ollie Krumenacker aw ihra Neffs Farm Equipment Co., gabei uf, un woh n'r shunshd in da heits tzeiting, may dafon sehna kenna. Neffs is ken glae londs shteddla may. Neffs is uf 'm waig fer der Lechaw Dahl kreitzwaig werra fer bauerra g'shar, repairs, un allas shunshd griega, os es nembt fer 'n bauerrei un hamet om gae halta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Ferol os es alla weil iwwel ous sehnt fer die Exkursion darrich der kola shtrike, is hoffing os die socha feriwwer sin bis da 4d Obril, un os m'r gae kenna wie gablawn'd

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Horoscope

Build popularity at this time, utilizing the influences to further career or social activities. In your next year your life will proceed on an even keel. Much will depend upon your own efforts. Deal confidently with employers. During this time your health will improve.



UNSER SCHPROCH

Die Alde Leit im Alde Land,
Die waarn hart gschtroft, es waar en Schand;
Sie hen der Ausreiss noh genumme,
Gehn iwwer 'n See, sin do haer kumme;

Des Land gelobt, un hen 's gebocht,
Die Schproch hen aa do mitgebrocht;
Do kannscht du schtolz sei wann 'd sie hoscht,
Die hen mir grickt, hot nix gekoscht.

Des iss nau unser Aerrebschaft,
'S waar ihre Schproch, hen 's uns vermacht;
Des iss ken Lieg, nau glaab mir 's doch,
Die Mudderschproch, mir hen sie noch.

'S waerd alles uffgsucht, ya gewiss,
Uff weit un breed, wu ebbes iss;
Un waerd gedruckt—in Bicher schteht—
Ass des mol net vergesse geht.

Der Barba hot der Schritt gemacht,
Sei Freind hen aa do mit ihm gschafft;
Iss als noch draa un 's waerd als besser—
Nau iss er yo der Deitsch Brofessor.

December 1947—D. GEO. KNECHT.

Written on the occasion of the appointment of the Editor of the ECK to the recently created Professorship of the Pennsylvania German Language and Literature at Muhlenberg College.

AN EXAMINATION

In 1887 the Reformed church at Egypt in Lehigh county needed a new organist. On Jan. 15 of that year applicants had to submit to the following examination:

1.—Each applicant played and sang "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

2.—The first applicant on the programme had to play hymn No. 322 out of the Reformed hymnbook. He had to adapt a tune to it, play a Prelude, sing one verse, play an Interlude and commence the second verse. The Prelude and Interlude to be extemporaneous. The second applicant on the programme, hymn No. 317, out of the same hymnbook, to be played and sung in like manner. The third applicant, hymn No. 243, out of the same hymnbook, to be played and sung in like manner.

3.—Each applicant had to play a voluntary extemporaneous, making use of the whole organ, both keyboards, all the stops, pedals and swell.

4.—Each applicant had to sing one verse (without any instrument) of the hymn "Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende."

5.—Each applicant sang and played one verse of the hymn "Rock of Ages."

6.—Each applicant had to play "Wer nur den lieben Gott laesst walten," without singing, followed by the Long Meter Doxology, congregation singing along.

(Found among the papers of the late Professor Clement Marks. By courtesy of Professor Harold K. Marks.)

AUS'M MAMMI GANS BUCH

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET
(A finger game for little ones)

1. Des Wutzli geht uff der Maerrick,
2. Des Wutzli bleibt mol do.
3. Des Wutzli fresst zu aerrick,
4. Des Wutzli guckt 'm noh,
5. Des Wutzli greischt, "Wie-wieh! Weess net wu naus, wu hie!"

TO-WHIT! TO-WHEE!

"Sche-warr! Sche-warr! Sche-warr!
Un Schtiwwer un Schtewwer un Schnarr!
Der Dieb, der waerd uns nau bekannt;
Un iss es awwer net en Schand?
En gleener Buh, der henkt der Kopp,
Verschteckelt sich im Waggeschopp;
Die Amschelneschter hebt er aus,
Des geht doch iwwer alles naus!
Sei Naame macht mer net bekannt;
Des waer en gaar zu grossi Schand!"
Iwwersetzt vum JOHN BIRMELIN

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Ann Hark, author of "Hex Marks the Spot," has opener her Dutch Treat Shop at 524 Locust Avenue, Philadelphia, with nothing for sale except articles either made by or featuring the Pennsylvania Germans. We quote from a recent letter:

"The Shop opened as per schedule on Friday, Feb. 6th. In view of the wave of interest in things Pennsylvania German which has been sweeping the country for the last ten years and is still apparently going strong, I think that such a shop should be quite successful. It will do a great deal toward spreading general knowledge of and familiarity with the Pennsylvania German people, their art and their handcraft, as well as their history and background.

"We are including among our stock the various books about the Pennsylvania Dutch, both new and old, such as: Robacker's **Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff**; Smith and Thompson's **"Traditionally Pennsylvania Dutch**; Frances Lichten's **The Folk Art of Rural Pennsylvania**; my own two books, as well as some of Mrs. Keyser's booklets, **"Culinary Arts Cook-Book,"** etc.

"Among the other articles we are offering are pottery of various kinds, painted tinware, painted wooden articles such as chests, stools, boxes, etc., children's chairs made by a Lancaster county Amishman, greeting cards, book plates, leather goods of all kinds, dolls, metal figures of the Amish, aprons with Pennsylvania German designs, miniature furniture, country style table cloths, etc."

Fred Cardin has done a musical composition "The Ballad for the Pennsylvania Dutch," a feature planned for the 1948 Reading Bicentennial.

Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver, who contributes frequently to the ECK, writes: "Es Bescht, as ich in de Zeiting gsehne hab fer en langi Zeit, iss dass der Editor vum ECK Pennsylvania Deitsch lehre soll in Muhlenberg College. Hoffe duh ich, ass er viele Yohre in seim Amt bleiwe kann un de Schtudente lehre kann, was Pennsylvaanisch-Deitsch-Sei recht meent; Willich fer schaffe; willich fer schtandhaft sei; willich fer's Bescht zu mache vun dem was mer hot, wann's aa alsemol krutzich geht; en rechtschaffner, schtandhafter, vereinichter Schtaatebaeryer zu sei; un es Bescht duh, as er kann fer sei Gott, sei Land un sei Mit-un Newemensche."

Mrs. Marian Weaver of Reading has written a Pennsylvania German musical play which she calls "Plain Betsy."

Pennsylvania German Cooking

In Bucks and Montgomery Counties

By EVA STAUFFER

Each section of the country is known for its special cooking. Usually there is a definite reason for this specialty; and so it is for the typical Pennsylvania German dishes of Bucks and Montgomery counties. The large majority of the 18th century settlers in this area were poor. Whatever property they had been able to gather was used in the expense of descending the Rhine and coming to America. They came during the time when land was cheap. Through indomitable industry, earnestness, frugality and consummate agricultural skills, their poverty was transformed into prosperity and plenty. The soil, though heavily timbered, was fertile and needed only the hand of the patient husbandman in order to blossom.

Because of the early poverty of the Pennsylvania German people, the women made use of their own farm products. Since they were thrifty and hard-working people, they needed substantial meals. Many of the women made their own recipes. Many of the recipes which have been passed down to the present generation merely mention the ingredients and the approximate amounts.

Each family was self-sufficient and had its own butchering every winter. The neighbors and relatives would help each other. There was always much meat to be canned, salted and smoked. Nothing was wasted, and in order to use the scrap pieces of meat, the famous Bucks county scrapple was originated.

BUCKS COUNTY SCRAPPLE

2 lbs. pork	1 part corn meal
1 lb. beef	2 parts Buckwheat flour
2 quarts liquid	¼ teaspoon pepper
	salt

Cook meat until it falls off bones. Grind meat and put back into liquid in which it was cooked. There should be two quarts of this liquid; if not, add enough water to make two quarts. Heat. Add one part corn meal and two parts of buckwheat flour. Cook until thick like mush, approximately one-half hour. Add salt and pepper. Pour into pan and let cool. Cut into slices and fry. Serve with catsup or apple butter, for breakfast, dinner or supper.

MINCEMEAT

2½ lbs. beef	7 cups brown sugar
3 lbs. apples	1½ teaspoons cloves
1 lb. raisins	2 teaspoons nutmeg
3 cups molasses	2 teaspoons allspice
2 cups vinegar	2 teaspoons cinnamon
4 cups grape juice*	½ teaspoon pepper
1 orange (½ of rind)	1 teaspoon salt
1 lemon	

*Note: The older generations used wine.

Cook beef until tender; grind. Cut apples into small pieces. Boil molasses and vinegar for five minutes. Grate half of orange. Add to beef the following: apples, raisins, molasses and vinegar mixture, grape juice, orange juice, orange rind, lemon juice, brown sugar, cloves, nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon, pepper and salt.

This must be kept in a cold place until used as pie filling.

Each autumn finds the housewife preparing enough mincemeat for pies during the winter. This follows butchering, so that the scraps of meat will not be wasted.

POTATO PIE

1 quart raw grated potatoes	1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon salt	½ lb. frankfurters
a few grains of pepper	parsley

Cut raw potatoes with coarse grater. Put one-third of potatoes in baking dish greased with butter; add one-third teaspoon of salt; few grains of pepper, parsley and one-third of the frankfurters cut into half-inch pieces. Repeat three times. Pour milk over contents of dish. Dot top with small pieces of butter. Cover the potatoes with a pie crust and bake in oven at 375° F. for approximately 1½ hours. Serve hot, with milk.

The Pennsylvania German housewife is known for her ability in baking. Since many of the farmers take their produce to markets in Philadelphia, many of her pastries have become popular with the city people. Among these pastries are shoofly pie, funny cake, Montgomery pie, lemon strip cake and cinnamon buns. Often when she bakes, she prepares a potato pie to be served at the next meal. This is easily prepared; and since her oven is hot, it saves time and fuel.

LEMON STRIP CAKE

Top

1½ cups flour	¼ teaspoon baking powder
¾ cup brown sugar	¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup lard	½ cup sweet or sour milk

Mix together all dry ingredients and lard. Then add milk to moisten. Roll out like pie dough to one-third inch thickness. Cut into strips about one inch wide.

Bottom

1 lemon, juice and rind	2 tablespoons flour
1 cup brown sugar	1¼ cups water
1 cup granulated sugar	2 tablespoons butter

Boil the mixture two or three minutes and let cool. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Place the strips on top and bake for 45 minutes in an oven 350° F. Yields two medium pies.

Variation: Press the dough of the strip recipe into greased pie tins. Bake for approximately 45 minutes in an oven 350° F. Serve with beverage for breakfast.

The Pennsylvania German housewife usually serves pie or cake at every meal. A favorite recipe among the Montgomery county folks is the lemon strip cake. This is indeed a time-saver for the housewife. When she makes the dessert for dinner, she uses the top of this recipe and makes a breakfast cake for the next morning.

Courtesy THE MENNONITE COMMUNITY.

Mr. John Schrope of Hegins, Pa., 80 years young, has inquired about the new Professorship of Pennsylvania German established recently at Muhlenberg College and expresses the hope of joining the class next September.

H. H. Funk, Bethlehem, Pa., like many others "was cut off from enjoying the ECK" for a number of weeks during the recent labor difficulties and writes that "being 100 per cent Pennsylvania German lineage, it jars me to be considered Dutch. While I have every respect and consideration and high opinion of the Dutch, as far as I can see, very little blood or influence has filtered into the Pennsylvania Germans, and all of our traditions, habits and language are German."

Grant Stoltzfus has sent us copies of his well-edited and beautifully printed magazine, The Mennonite Community, published by the Mennonite Community Association, Scottdale, Pa. Beginning with the January issue it will be published every month instead of every two months.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A happy and a glorious Easter will this one be to all of us who get a new vision of the risen Christ, and prostrate ourselves in humble adoration at His feet, and cry out: "Rabboni! Rabboni!" Then shall we set our hearts, lifted into a new atmosphere, on things above, and reach an actual higher life. We shall know more of what it is to live by Christ, in Christ, for Christ, and with Christ, till we reach the marvelous light around the throne in glory. Cuyler.

ONE LORD, ONE CHURCH

The joy of the Easter season again is about to be with us and with it the triumphant observance which the entire Christian world accords the festival of the Resurrection — cardinal tenet of the Church.

The observance will center in and attain its culmination in the supreme Christian rite —the Holy Communion. Time Magazine in its current issue brings out the fact that even before the New Testament was collected the Communion was the center of the faith of the tiny Christian sect as its members gathered in private homes, often in deepest secrecy to escape their persecutors. But always these early Christians met together because they had to in order that the Church might live and that the Eucharist could be performed.

Time quotes a recent book by Anglican Dom Gregory Dix in which he traces a trend after the 4th Century to perform Low as against High Mass and this carried over into Protestantism. Accordingly when the Reformers set up their own forms, they "took as their model not the primitive corporate action with its movement and singing, but the medieval Western development of low Mass—the 'simple said service' performed by a single minister at which the people had only to look and listen and silently pray."

Today, Time points out, a trend is under way in the opposite direction, initiated largely by the Benedictines. This is the so-called "Liturgical Movement which in a few Christian churches is attempting to return again to the usage of the early centuries, to bring the laity still more intimately into the performance of the Holy Communion."

Time says: "The effects of this movement are hardly beginning to be felt. But many see a new awakening of the Spirit in this turning toward a time when Christianity was a single community of the daring — when there were no 'Protestants', 'Romans' or 'Orthodox,' but only Christians."

USED CARS'LL KEEP GOING

Altho the motor car factories have been turning out cars in numbers reminiscent of the palmiest days of the industry, the motor trade does not see the demand for new cars satisfiable this year and therefore it is anticipated that the used-car market is going to continue to flourish thruout this summer.

The big business for the used-car lots is anticipated by the trade in the months of June and July when people will be planning their summer vacations. During those months the industry expects to turn out about 700,000 passenger cars but unless there be drastic reduction in buying power it is anticipated that fully 5,000,000 purchasers will still be seeking automobiles, and must turn to used-car lots to get transportation.

RUSSIA "SUB" POWER

Because Germany before World War II sent a lot of her submarines prowling around the world and they were wont to turn up in strange and faraway places, military people scent trouble from Russia now that the Navy reports sighting of Russian subs in the North Atlantic which is very far from their bases on the Baltic sea.

The fact is that Russia possesses what is believed to be a very powerful, perhaps the world's most powerful submarine fleet. As a result of the war she acquired the great "sub" construction plants that the Germans had erected on the Elbe and eastwardly on the Baltic. They are reputed to have not only received the bulk of Germany's subs which had not been sunk, but also several hundred incomplete ships which probably have been finished by this time by German engineers and workers who likewose fell into Russian hands. One report is that Russia took over parts with which at least two hundred subs could be assembled, including at least four of Germany's most advanced subs of the XXI class. These are known to be capable of underwater speed greater than 20 mph and can submerge indefinitely without surfacing to recharge batteries. The United States authorities know these to be facts because we also got two of these super submarines.

Russia has comparatively little commerce to protect upon the high seas. But any large power which she may challenge to war, such as the United States, Great Britain and Italy, does have huge fleets of commerical ships. So Russian emphasis upon submarines appears right in line with her activities ashore. The propaganda, waged in every country that is to be taken in tow, torpedoes and sinks existing democratic institutions and political parties antagonistic to Communism. Then Russia moves in if not with armed forces, at least with the panoply of her economic and social ideas. In the event of war the seas again are going to be dangerous places.

CAMPAIGN BY MAIL TO ITALY

An encouraging note on the international situation comes from the Post Office Department in Washington. It reports that air mail to Italy has doubled as a result of letters written to friends and relatives there by residents of this country, who are using this first-hand method of combating Communist propaganda.

Such direct appeals have a phychological value beyond estimate. Sincere letter writers who can tell of their own experiences in a democracy are likely to carry more weight than paid agitators.

This mail barrage on Italy's voters is really a last minute appeal, for the Italian election is only a little over three weeks off, and opposition to the Communists is divided among many splinter parties which might permit election of Red sympathizers by a minority vote. Appeals for unifying the opposition can have an important place in letters yet to be sent.

Nobody who has lived under a police state can hesitate long in making his choice for the American form of democracy. There remains time for letters to Italy.—Phila. Evening Bulletin

Pumpernickle Bill

M'R GAIN NOCH NEI YARRICK

Kolla shtrike odder net, so wie die socha now shtain gaina m'r aenicha waig noch Nei Yarrich. Sundawgs da 4d Obril. In blotz fon ow'r gae bei train, gaina m'r bei bus won m'r ganunk bussa tzomma hetza kenna. Die sama tickets werra gavus'd, un soicha os net mit wolla griega tzurick wos sie gewwa hen un die os mit gain hen aw noch om tzurick kumma. Soicha os ihra tzickets grick'd hen fon uns, odder ons Shafer un Lohrmans, schreive uns bletzlich. Pumpernickle Bill Troxell, 727 N. 20th Street, Allentown, un sawga eb n'r die trip mocha wolla bei bus odder net. Ol die onnerra sehna die woh eich die tickets ferkauft hen-net shpaiter wie da Mondawg owet

Driwwa in Nei Yarrick gaits har grawd wie won m'r aw kumma weara bei train. Die hussa un driwwa sin om worta bis m'r niver kumma so on da halver nina, un un nemma uns rum in ewwer Nei Yarrick, wie gablawn'd. Noh kumma m'r noch Radio City in tzeit fer 'n beiss esssa eb m'r ins Show gain om elf uhr. Wos tzeit os m'r owets feriossa fer hame kenn m'r noch net sawga, ew'r glawb os esso on da ocht uhr rum is, odder wenich danoh 's same wie aw die train ferlossa het. Der blotz woh m'r die bussa driwwa meeta, un owets hee kumma fer unser bussa griega fer hame gae, wert shpaiter bakont gamocht.

So weit os es lawfas driwwa aw gait, un aw die tzeit os 'n yaders hut, is es 's same wie won m'r gonga weara bei train. Die nagshd woch fertzaila m'r weiter wie m'r aw kumma mit da bus socha.

DER OSHTER HAWS

Des is widder die tzeit fom yohr woh die glaina maid un boova 'n lot blessier griega darrich der Oshter Haws. Der aintsich'd druvel is, os 'n lot fon da glaina shel'm gross ordich badroga werra won sie mohl awfonga ihra chocolate hawsa, oyer un onnerra socha essa os der haws na bring'd. Sis ershtounlich wie weit os kandy kumpanies heit tzu dawg abissel chocolate shtracka kenna fer die kinner badrega. Ebbes sheind net gone recht sarta mit. Die Oshterra is 'n tzeit fon hoffning, 'n tzeit fon glawwa in 'n onner lava. Ow'r wos fer 'n glawwa kenna die kinner griega, won sie ous finna os'n chocolate haws woh gross ganuk sheind fer 'n dudsend sot feedra, net ganunk draw is fer 'n fershtannich moul fol mocha.

Ae shtorekipper'n os m'r wissa, hut 'n gonse box fol Oshter kandy im show kase leia kot woh die sun druf g'sheind hut. Eb sie sich um sehna hut kot wor yusht may 'n glainer, dinner, flatcher chocolate darta, kalm ganunk fer 'n fershtannicher fersuch gewwa. Ae shtoremon woh uns g'sawt hut er dade sich waricklich shamma fer kandy ferkaufa omma fartei dahler 's shtick woh er obsalut 29 cent dafor howwa sot, hut 'n haws uf die die woke k'huck'd. In blotz fon 'n fartel pund odder abissel may wiega, hut er die woke g'shnebt omma ounoe unna halb shwsch.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Un noh is es aw net yusht die kandy socha woh kinner fernart mit werra tzu Oshter tzeit, ow'r sie blosa die dudder now aw noch ous da oyer un farva yusht die shawla.

Pumpernicle Bill.

Today's Text

By. Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Isaiah 55.

In v. 1 we hear the cry of the water-carrier: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.' This is the appeal of the Gospel, to come to Christ, Who makes no charge for the salvation He provides (and the Christian religion should not be commercialized.) In John 4:14 He says: 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a spring of water, springing up into everlasting life.' This fountain of the water of life, this river of salvation, streams from Calvary, of which yesterday's lesson spoke to us. Seek ye, therefore, the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near, v. 6. This is still the day of grace, perhaps to end soon. This is the Gospel we are to preach, which, like rain and snow, will accomplish the purpose for which it is sent forth, vs. 10,11. To him who will receive it there will be great joy, and the name of the Lord will be glorified, vs. 12, 13.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A hollywood studio turned out a Grade D mystery melodrama whose plot was so involved the director himself could make neither head nor tail of it. The publicity director took it in stride, however. "We'll run an ad," he proposed, "begging people who haven't seen it to refrain from telling the ending to those who have."

* * *

Showmen often quote a doleful observation made by Oscar Hammerstein (grandfather of the author of "Oklahoma" and "Allegro"). Looking over the pitiful receipts of a doomed musical, he said, "There is no limit to the number of people who can stay away from a bad show."

* * *

Mrs. Bimblehoffer strutted into the dining room of a resort hotel sporting a brand new, bejeweled wrist watch of which she was obviously very proud. To please her, a friend asked loudly, "Do you happen to know the time, Mrs. Bimblehoffer?" "A pleasure," said Mrs. B., consulting the dial of her new bauble. "It's just two rubies past three diamonds."

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

Though letters come from far and near
And most of them delight me,
There's none does more my heart to cheer
Than those the youngsters write me.

I'd say that even best of those,
Though but a scrawl it may be,
Is that one mother must enclose—
The love note from the baby.

Though meaningless the lines appear,
Those pencil marks I treasure.
The mother's letter makes it clear
'Tis love too deep to measure.

I think the poorest men I know,
However rich they may be,
Are those who cannot proudly show
A letter from a baby.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

Master plumbers from many places in the Lehigh Valley, and their wives, were the guests of the Lehigh Valley Supply Co. at a reception and illustrated lecture. In charge of the affair were J. Walter Singmaster, H. E. Decker and H. J. Krick.

"At the Hospitals: Discharged — Mrs. Bessie Gordon, Rose Johnson, Frank Weller; Frank Steiner, Mrs. Ada Hockin, Marguerite Gerhardt, Mrs. Evelyn Hendricks, Mrs. Jennie Dey, Abraham Chait."

Chairman Ivor Jones provided an educational program at the meeting of the Four Square club. Dr. George T. Ettinger, dean of Muhlenberg college, was speaker.

John Sterner was toastmaster at a banquet held by the Young Men's Class of Bethany U. E. church in celebration of its 19th anniversary. James Fatzinger, teacher of the class, was honored and Dr. L. C. Hunt, pastor of the church and president of Albright College, made the principal address.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Allentown Morning Call, Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N. E., Washington 2, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for return postage

Q. What is the birth rate of the white, Negro and Indian races of the United States? N.B.J.

A. Among the white population of the United States in 1944 the rate was 19.8 births per 1,000 total persons of all ages. Among Negroes the rate was 23.7 per 1,000, and for the Indians it was 28.5.

Q Was wireless available at the time of the S. S. Titanic wreck? ..... C. R. B.

A. Although many passengers perished for want of lifeboats, wireless made it possible to call for help and 705 survivors were rescued. The Titanic's message was heard in New York by a young wireless operator named David Sarnoff, who was later to become president of RCA.

Q. When were frosted foods first used? ..... C.D.

A. The principle has been known for many years, and as early as about 1880 meats were frozen for shipment from Australia to Great Britain. Frosted foods were put on the market in 1930 and by 1944 the total quantity of fruits and vegetables frozen amounted to about 565 million pounds.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, —Talk in Congress about appropriating a vast sum of money in general terms so as to allow the State Department and United States Military authorities to use such funds to assist democratic elements in countries behind and outside the Iron Curtain where Communist influences are at work represents an unprecedented trend. This is an inevitable consequence of the "cold war" between Russia and the United States.

The plan is to fight fire with fire. Instead of standing by while the Communists pour funds and other forms of assistance for their adherents into other countries, the western powers will use the same tactics in aiding their supporters, too.

Such a program may conceivably lead to military aid to the underground movements as was done during the war.

Certainly if the undergrounds could get arms and other forms of assistance, they could keep the Russians employed in policing those countries at an expense in time and money and perhaps lives which might discourage the communistic regime in Moscow from further aggression.

It has always seemed to many observers that people whose territory is occupied would fight hardest for liberation. Hence the German people in the Russian zone can be expected in due time to make life far from pleasant for the Russian armies in eastern Germany.

There seems no good reason why a full-fledged war of liberation need be begun so long as the peoples of the interested countries are able to carry on for themselves.

* * *

The United States would normally look askance at such tactics but this is not an era of peace. It is a form of undeclared war and resembles most closely the period between 1939 and 1941 when America was technically neutral but actually took measures "short of war" and engaged in a program of lend-lease in order to help the allies.

The one-sided situation in Italy, where champions of the democratic cause have been handicapped in getting adequate radio and press facilities while the communists have been getting financial aid and newsprint, has occasioned a good deal of concern here in the last few weeks as details of the Communist infilteration into Italy have been received.

Members of Congress are truly aroused by the growing menace of communistic aggression. Indignation rises in both parties as it begins to appear that, unless drastic measures of prevention are taken, a full-fledged war will be in progress soon.

One of the measures of prevention is to arm and equip the underground movements in some of the countries where the communists have begun a reign of terror.

The American people, through many decades of their history, have shown a distinct sympathy for parties or factions engaged in revolution against tyranny. Political parties have openly expressed sympathy in their platforms. At times funds have been raised to assist revolutionary movements abroad.

When, therefore, the very safety of the United States and the lives of its youth may be at stake, the direct extension of aid to revolutionary movements seeking to overthrow despotic rulers is in line with American tradition and modern methods of self-defense.

* * *

A good deal of experience was obtained by the American military authorities in assisting underground movements during the last war. Arms and munitions were smuggled by plane, submarine and merchant ships. The struggle of an underground movement for emancipation usually attracts the daring and courageous citizens who take many risks, but they do so as patriots very much as the colonial patriots did in the days of the American revolution.

Congress has been hearing about "Project X" as a means of appropriating money to be used by the executive branch of the government abroad. The very fact that high military and civilian officials have approved the plan is an indication that all groups here are in earnest in doing everything possible to checkmate aggression or to make it so hazardous and expensive as to cause the soviet regime to abandon its objectives and make a settlement with the western powers which will not require the nations of the world to keep an armed truce with huge expenditures for armament.

Unorthodox ways of fighting the "cold war" are being revised, but, where the purpose is to prevent war, many members of Congress feel about it as they do about espionage—an unpleasant but necessary instrumentality of military service in times of mutual suspicion and uneasiness and certainly in times of aggression by a dictatorship.

Inside Your Congress

By SAMUEL E. PETTENGILL

SUBWAYS AND STEEL

For years, the city-owned subways in New York have been operated at a loss—at a nickel a ride. Property owners have been forced to pay taxes to cover the loss of carrying the passengers for less than cost. The service gets punker, the attendants get surlier, the rails and cars get more dangerous.

But can New York do anything about it? Not a thing. The vote of the subway riders who demand service for which they do not pay, has the politicians handcuffed. Whichever party is in power makes no difference. The simple morality, of paying value for value received, has little appeal.

Well, that's the political management of business, in action. A lot of people seem to want more of it.

All this came to mind during the uproar against the steel companies' recent price rise on semi-finished steel, which was only six per cent of their output. In the prevailing political climate the action was clumsy and ill-timed.

But the fundamental question is this: Who is going to manage American business? That question appears everywhere.

It is said that because the steel companies had a good year they should have continued to produce this six per cent of their business at a loss. This means that the users of semi-finished steel should be permitted to buy at less than cost. Why? Why, for example, should a farmer sell his potatoes at a loss because he sold his hogs at a profit?

It's the same story of the subway riders paying less and another group, the taxpayers, paying more.

Recently the wheat king of Montana visited President Truman. The king said he would hold his wheat off the market in order to get a better price. Mr. Truman, who was a farm boy, said the king was entirely within his rights. And, of course, all wheat-growers were just as right as the king.

But, let steel raise its price on six per cent of its goods produced at a loss, and the FBI, the department of justice, congressional committees, and various unelected posses of citizens whistle for the bloodhounds.

Why is wheat more moral than steel? Why are wages more pure than prices? If the prices on some goods, like subway fares and steel, are politically fixed, all other prices become vulnerable to the same pressures. Wages will follow, as they have in Socialist Britain.

The issue is either private ownership or the political management of business. The latter is what Hitler had.

Our's has been a free market economy. Do we want it to continue? By a free market I mean a competitive market, where buyers and sellers determine the price. It is the business of government to keep business competitive. When it goes beyond that, we enter the Fascist trail.

Government figures themselves show the following: Last year the steel companies earned on their investment 1/3 less than manufacturing companies as a whole. Their rate of return was less then it was 16 years ago, in 1932, the worst year of the depression. Steel prices have been raised less since the war began than the prices of manufactured goods in general; less than the rise in farm prices; less than the increase in steel wage; less than the cost of most of the materials the steel companies use.

Are the politicians and subways riders to fix the price of steel? And, eventually, the price of everything?

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Youth of superior intelligence are better looking, taller and heavier than their less fortunate brothers, is the edict of a committee of psychologists who studied the relationship of physical and mental development.

For their experiment they chose a number of winners in a national search for scientific talent and a group of average adolescents of the same age drawn from the army.

* * *

Maybe these psychologists are right. I disagree with them.

One of the handsomest men I know is the doorman of a Park Avenue apartment house. He is also one of the dumbest.

Some of the most intelligent fellows—well the less said about their good looks and physical development, the better.

Thomas Edison certainly would never have passed a movie test. And how about Charles Steinmetz, certainly one of the greatest scientists who ever lived?

Would you have called Abraham Lincoln better looking than some stupid playboy whose only claim to intelligence is that he is a good dancer and knows how to get himself a rich wife?

Take a few of my friends in the newspaper business. (If I hurt their feelings, let them get back at me.)

There is my good friend "Bugs" Baer, for instance. One of the country's keenest humorists. Certainly as brainy as anyone the psychologists examined. By their scientific standards he should be a veritable Apollo. But is he? Pardon me if I laugh.

Then comes Otto Soglow, master of satirical cartoons and creator of "The Little King". Clever, witty, according to his IQ a sure winner in any male beauty contest if the scientists were correct. But — what was the name of that song about the five by five?

Meet George Sokolsky, one of the country's outstanding columnists. A walking encyclopedia. Honorary Doctor of Philosophy. Certainly as smart as any psychologist I know. His looks? Too bad you can't hear me hum "You can have her, I don't want her, she's too fat for me."

* * *

Do they care? Not a bit.

Nor do the hundreds of homely painters, musicians, writers, scientists and other intellectuals care that they could well qualify for the boobie prize in any beauty contest.

Nature has two kinds of gifts, beauty and brains. She has been rather kind in giving beauty to many of those who without it would be lost in the brutal competition for success.

Don't get me wrong. There are plenty of people who have both brains and looks. There are plenty of ugly dunces.

Pulchritude is no more evidence of intelligence than lack of it signifies stupidity.

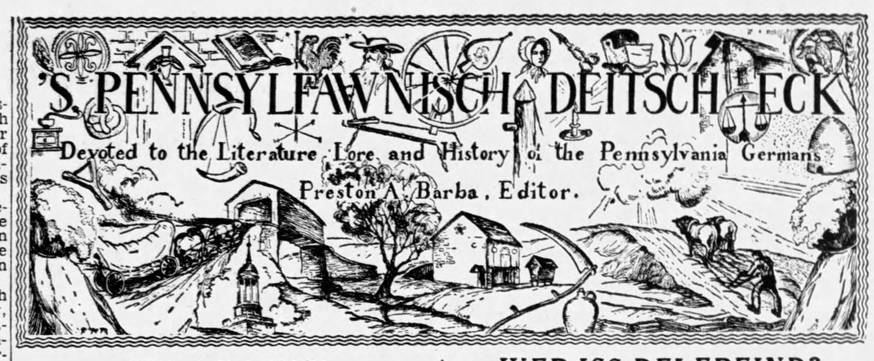
* * *

The trouble with so many researches is that they are too limited and too general.

One swallow doesn't make a summer, nor a three - man committee a fact.

Horoscope

Enjoy your birthday, but do not overdo. Many beneficial changes are forseen for you in the year just beginning. Travel and successful business projects are foreseen.



DIE AMSCHEL

Die Amschle sin do! Die Amschle sin do!
Ich hab die aerscht g'heert heit Marye im Bett;
Sie hot g'sunge im Gaarde as waer sie so froh:
"Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
'Siss die heechschte Zeit as mer sich paare dutt,
Un sucht sich fer'n Nescht en Baam as em suit!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!"

Ich glaab as sie widder baue will dart
Uff em alt Beerebaam, as ich umg'hackt hett
Die naeksCht Woch, waer's net fer ihr Singe alsfart:
"Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Do 's der beschte Baam in der ganze Welt
Fer'n Nescht; un ich glaab er iss parbes herg'schtellt.
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!"

Was laut's doch so schee im Marye ganz frieh! —
En schennere Musick winsch ich mir net —
Wann sie schwingt uff em Gippel un singt fer sich hie:
"Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Ferwas leischt un schlofscht, wann die Nacht 's ferbei?
Die Welt's yo nie schenner as im erscht Sonneschei!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!"

Nix dutt mir so leed as wann sie'm Schpotyohr
Fart gehn un mer sehnt sie der ganz Winter net,
Awwer sie duhn 's net meinde, sie singe als zuvor:
"Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!
In en anneres Land nau misse mer geh;
So saagt Farewell un exschpect's Wiederseh!
Kumm an! Kumm 'hett!"

—D. MAX HARK
(The Pennsylvania German, April, 1901)

ALDE BLANZ REGEL

Uff der Karfreidaag soll mer ken Weeze saee.

Uff der Karfreidaag soll mer Grautsume saee.

Uf der Karfreidaag soll mer Blummesume saee un Blumme blanze noh bliehe sie gut.

Blummeschiteck, as mer uff der Karfreidaag blanzt, griege scheckiche Blumme.

Zwische Karfreidaag un Oschtre daerf mer net im Gaarde schaffe, weil Jesus selli Zeit in der Aerd gelegge hot.

Wammer die Grumbiere uff der Saint Patricksdaag blanzt, gebt's grosse un sie gewwe aa gut aus.

Zwiwwele, as mer uf der eenunzwansischscht Maerz blanzt, gewwe gut aus.

FRIEHYOHR

Friehyohr kummt mit Sunneschein un Zwiwwleschnee. Bitterer Selaat un Schdrohhiet kumme uff der Marrick un der Piewie peift wie en Factory Wissel uff de Poschdefens.

Glei iss die Luft siess mit em Geruch vun Ebbelblumme, Buckshad un alde Gumschuh. 'S iss en gans nei Lewe im Land. Die Felder warre widder so grie as fimf Daaler Bills, die Micke kumme widder in die Millich un die Blotzwegge schdecke im Dreck bis an die Naawe. Nau kumme die Bieblin un die linen Hosse raus.

Der Hausmann roppt die Kaerpet Tacks un die Hausfraa roppt sei Naas. So laernt er alle Friehyohrszeit well's vun de zwee Boss iss.

Sie gloppt der Kaerpet drauss im Hof; er gloppt sei Daumenaggel un danst wie wiedich weil dart rum.

Die Sunbonnets un die Oschterbonnets sin der Schteil bei de Weibsleit, un Gaardegraawe un en leer Backebuch bei de Mannsleit. Die Geelweschp schiddelt der Schwans un sucht far Druwwel, un der Moschkieter hot sei Naas in ann're Leit ihre Bissniss der gans Summer Es iss en haerrliche Zeit. Die Suckers fange widder aa beisse in der Krick un Wall Street. Der klee Bu mit em Daadi sei Schtiwwel aa geht naus Welschkaernland bluge un fallt in die Krick. Iwwerall kann mer sehne dass en Frieyohr Eifer aapackt. Die Agents kumme rum mit kupperne Gewidderrude un Zuckblaschter. Umbrella Flicker, Lumbe Peddler un Politicians fange aa ihre alde Freind uffsuche. Die kleene Buwe schiesse Marbel un suche Schliwwere uff de Kellerdier. Die Drehargele sin im Land un glei kummt der Braubrinslich Baer un walst far fimf Cent. Die Hinkel briehe, die Leit ziege, die Feggel singe, die Schieler schpringe, die Haahne graehe, die Bauere sae-e, O was en lieblichi Zeit!

Der Daadi geht uff der ewwerscht Schpeicher far die Mickedier. Sie schteht im Dunkle hinne im Eck un er rennt en Balke wedder die Haernschaal dass es dunnert drunne im Keller. Es dunnert far fufzeh Minutte im Deitsch un Englisch, un die Mammi schpringt naus an die Scheier bis es Wedder widder wechselt. Dernoh kummt er runner mit drei grosse phrenology bumps newe am Kopp raus schdecke wie Kelwer Haerner.

Der naegseht Daag waerd der Schdubboffe eweck geduh. Er fangt unne aa es Rohr ausnanner mache un der Russ fliegt ihm in die Aage, ins Maul, die Naas nuff un iwwer der Kopp bis er guckt wie en Philadelphi shoe black, un die Mammi schpringt widder naus an die Scheier. Sie fiehlt immer meh sicher dart, weil Gewidderrude druff sin.

Es nemmt sechs schdennervoll Wasser un en halwer Daaler waert Seef fer der Daadi widder en weisser Mann mache, awwer yuscht waart, sel Lach kummt erscht schpaeter.

Eb die Woch rum iss, geht die Mammi ans Fensweissle. Alles waerd aag'schdriche newe am Haus naus, um der Gaarde rum, es Schmokhaus, die general Offis es Hinkelhaus un der Seischdall. Sie schteht owwe uff der Schdeppleeder un singt en gut alt Kaerrichelied. Uff eemol schpringt en klee Friehseili wedder die Schdeppleeder. Mer wisse all wie's geht Es dunnert net, awwer mer hen all Mitgefiehl far Leit, das net hendich saage kenne, was sie denke. Die Mammi guckt so bleech wie en Schbuck un hockt im Weisskiwwel un der Daadi schpringt hinnich die Scheier un verschprengt en paar neie Hosse.

Der naegscht Daag dred die Mammi uff en Seischwaard uff de Kellerschteg un schkaet nunner in en schdennervoll Schmalz. Un der Daadi saagt sie waerd gewiss noch fett, wann sie's oft genunk dutt.

—SOLLY BULSBUCK.

WER ISS DEI FREIND?

Wer iss dei Freind?
Iss es der wu singt
Un lacht wann
Die Sunn schee blinkt?
Odder iss es der,
Wu in der Not,
Bei dir bleibt,
Bis in der Dot?

Wer iss dei Freind?
Iss es der wu schpringt,
Weit vun dir weck,
Wann dei Schiff schier sinkt?
Odder iss es der,
Wu bei dir bleibt
Un reecht dir die Hand,
Bis es weiter dreibt?

Wer iss dei Freind?
In greeschter Not,
Der bei dir bleibt
Bis in der Dot.
Es iss unser Gott,
Herr Jesus Grischt,
Un der Heilich Geischt,
Wu um uns iss!

Oschter Zeit — ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

REVIEW

A CHECK LIST OF IMPRINTS of the GERMAN PRESS of Lehigh County, Pennsylvania 1807-1900 with Biographies of the Printers by Alfred L. Shoemaker, Ph. D. — Volume 16 of the Proceedings of the LEHIGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Allentown, Pennsylvania. 1947. — 5.00.

This recent publication of the Lehigh County Historical Society is not one that will excite the general public, and yet few of its preceding publications shed more lustre upon the Society itself. No one was better equipped both by inclination and training to carry on investigations in the history of the German Press in Lehigh County than Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, a native of Lehigh County, recently appointed Curator of the Museum of the Historical Society of Berks County. His **Check List of Imprints of the German Press of Northampton County, Pennsylvania 1766-1905** (Vol. IV in the publications of The Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society, Easton, Pa.) had set an admirable pattern for the above publication.

The check list for Lehigh County covers the period from the founding of the first German press by Carl Brueckmann at Allentown in 1807 to the end of 1900. Upon first thought one might conclude that the German imprints in Lehigh County must take only a subsidiary relation to the output of German imprints in Northampton County. Dr. Shoemaker's Check List for Northampton County comprises German imprints issued between 1766 and 1905, a span of nearly 140 years, while the Check List for Lehigh County covers only a shorter period of 93 years. The early history of the German Press in Northampton County presents a more interesting narrative. Johann Brandmueller had established the first German press in Northampton "bey Bethlehem in der Fork Dellwar" in 1766, only 28 years after Christopher Sauer had begun his press in Germantown. It must be recalled, in this connection, that Lehigh County was only erected in 1812, from the western parts of Northampton County. But with the founding of the Brueckmann Press at Allentown in 1807 the scene gradually shifts and Easton no longer remains the focal centre of German printing.

Dr. Shoemaker points out in his Introduction that the German press in Lehigh County served a dual purpose. 'To be sure, it supplied the immediate needs of the German reading public of this region, but two factors now emerged which lent the German press in Allentown national importance. In the first place, through the activities of the Reverend Samuel Kistler Brobst, Allentown became a Lutheran publication centre for the German Lutherans throughout the country from the 1850's to the 1880's; secondly, Benjamin F. Trexler in 1854 founded the German newspaper **Der Welt-Bote**, which continued for more than 60 years and became a leading journal for those thousands of German immigrants that came pouring into America in the second half of the 19th century.

It is of course the above-named factors that have swelled Lehigh's check list so greatly beyond that of Northampton. Although the check list of Northampton covers nearly 140 years it numbers only 448 items, whereas that of Lehigh which covers only the years from 1807 to 1900 numbers, according to the reviewer's count, 1002 items. There is reason here for regional pride. Indeed, in the author's valuable first Chapter "The Lehigh County German Press" we read: "The magnitude of the Brobst Lutheran press, which served the German Lutheran church of the whole country, and the wide distribution of the **Welt-bote** which was a national and not a local newspaper for the German element in the United States, gained for Allentown, among the German element, so great a prestige that it was frequently alluded to as the 'Leipzig' of America."

From the same chapter we cull the following interesting data: Lehigh County had ten German newspapers and thirteen German periodicals, all published in Allentown. The records of two of the newspapers must be unique in the annals of American journalism. **Der Unabhaengige Republikaner** ran for 103 consecutive years (1812-1915) and the **Allentown Friedensbote** for 119 years (1812-1931). Of the thirteen German periodicals, nine were religious and three secular. In a county so dominantly agricultural, as it then was, one wonders why the **Bauern Journal** only ran so short a time (1856-1858). Another, **Der Bienenstock** (the beehive) a journal on apiculture was announced for 1870 but seems, despite its interesting name, to have met an early death. There is no known copy of it.

Appended to the check list itself, with its 1002 items, are: a list of publisher imprints, choronologically arranged; a list of the publishers, with biographical dates; a list of the newspapers and periodicals with dates, which contain slight irregularities. Although the check list only goes through the year 1900, it would have been less confusing to list the **Unabhaengiger Republikaner** 1812-1915 (not 1810-1900), the **Allentown Friedens-Bote** 1812-1931, and **Das Vaterland** 1874-75 (not 1876); further, a list of imprints of **Taufscheine**, of which the author located thirty-four different ones, over against three in Northampton County. Noteworthy is the author's location of only four imprints in the dialect prior to 1900.

We are especially indebted to Dr. Shoemaker for the biographies of the Lehigh County publishers of German items. Here is a wealth of biographical and other details which attests the meticulous zeal with which the author has pursued his task.

It is a wish expressed on every hand that Dr. Shoemaker may complete similar check lists for the remaining German counties of Pennsylvania.—P.A.B

75

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building
Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts. Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiser, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiser, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Shakespeare

MACHINE TO MINE COAL

As the newspapers of the country, when confronted with serious strikes of large numbers of men in their typesetting departments, turned swiftly to new methods of preparing type for the publication of their papers and established techniques that displace many men who went on strike, so the coal mining industry, confronted almost annually with long and serious stoppage of production, is being spurred to a wide program of mechanization that will emancipate the miners, who long have complained about the dangers, inconveniences and dirtiness of their jobs.

Such mechanization of soft coal mining on an industry-wide basis has been announced by Howard N. Eavenson, president of Bituminous Coal Research, who says that an engineering program has been launched to design a machine that will mine coal cheaper and faster. He expressed the hope that it can be developed within two years and that the seventy leading coal companies and railroads concerned will be able to adopt it.

The fact is that some types of coal mining machinery already have been developed and have been experimented with. With gigantic power saws the coal is cut, with endless belts it is caught when mined and carried to mine cars and out goes the product along the railroad system of the mine. Little labor is required.

By this process no blasting is employed and one of the greatest hazards in mining is eliminated. The cost of explosives also is saved. But the greatest savings which the operators feel will be achieved is in labor costs which have gone up steadily.

Frequent and annoying strikes force industry to action. The coal operators would like to mine coal 12 months a year but the average season is far under that and strikes contribute no small portion to the period of unemployment.

NO CONTROL ON A-BOMB

The United Nations certainly made a brave attempt thru its Atomic Energy Commission to establish atomic control but all its efforts have been nullified by the persistent antagonism of Russia which wants its own way in this matter altho not admittedly in possession of the most important secrets as to its military use.

For nearly two years the commission has been trying to arrive at a working formula. The United States, thru Bernard M. Baruch, offered to two years ago to scrap all bombs and turn over all the secrets of manufacture to the world in exchange for an honest system of control.

At the time many Americans decreed such a liberal offer and considered it as placing a powerful weapon in the hands of any and all aggressor nations. But Russia, using its customary language, termed it a capitalistic trick, in turn offered a program which not only the United States but also all the other countries represented on the commission, regarded as a means whereby Russia would learn what she wants to know and then keep all inspection and supervision of her activities behind the iron curtain.

So it is evident that Russia does not want a plan that will prevent manufacture of the bomb. The United States was ready to agree to such a proposal and it was ready to have the United Nations police and enforce the prohibition in this country. What is sauce for the gander. If the bomb is not going to be manufactured in this country, where it was developed at tremendous cost, then too it should not be manufactured in any other country, large or small, and the United Nations should have the power to see to it that none are made and that none are on hand for sudden and effective use by any aggressor nation.

ADVICE FROM A POET

Poets may be dreamers to many of their fellow men, but they have an enviable record of loyalty to their convictions. Few of those who serve the Muses will fail to understand the position taken by Ivan Blatny, young Czech poet, who has quit the Communist party and resigned from the Czech Syndicate of Authors because the poets of his native land have received "a list of themes for our poems." Explaining his position to interviewers, Blatny observed, "No self-respecting artist can live and work freely in Czechoslovakia since it became a police state run by the Bolsheviks." He said that if he followed instructions given him while en route to London as a member of the delegation invited by the British Council to exchange culture and information he would have to tell the British people that the Czech coup reflected popular will. "But my conscience forbids me to spread such lies," he protested.

It is to fellow poets and their cousins in literature and art that Blatny gives his most sober advice. He told those of them who "still sympathize with Communism in any shape" that "as soon as you concede absolute political power to the Communists you become their absolute slaves." He also observed, "When I hear some of them say that Communism would assume a different form in the West, I remember with bitterness our own foolish hopes in Czechoslovakia." Here is something that should be borne in mind by those in Hollywood and along Broadway who apparently feel as Blatny felt before he was disillusioned; that Russian Communism in a Western clime will flower as a rose and not as the noxious weed it really is. New York Sun

BRITISH FORDS COMING

It sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle to hear from Henry Ford II that Ford cars, made in the British isles, are going to be brought to the United States and put on sale.

Time was when so many Fords were made in America, and purchased, that it did not seem necessary ever to call upon any other country for help. But the popularity of the popular-priced car was great in other countries, prompting Henry, the First, to establish manufacturing plants in other countries. Now the English company, with economic conditions as they are in Britain, is able to manufacture a surplus which is coming to this country where demand is very high.

The amount is not large, compared with the potential American market. Only about five hundred cars will make up the first shipment and another thousand will follow in about a month. That will not make a dent in the American market which is supposed to have a present potential of something like five million.

Pumpernickle Bill

Morya Is Der Dawg

Yar, morya is der gross dawg.—der dawg fon da Pennsylfawnish Deitscha Oshter Exkursion noch Nei Yarrick. Fon ol da exkursions os m'r noch helfa hen tzomma griega, hen m'r in unser'm lebdawg kennie kot woh iwwertzwaricher wor os wie die dess mohl.—un ol darrich shwartza auga hoar fon Washington D. C. Ow'r die sawg is ols, socha woh ferhudd'ld ous shtarta dada, kaimta tzu ma guta end, un so hoffa m'r is es doh.

Sis allas ous gablawn'd so weit os m'r wissa, un won 'n yaders os mit gait sich on da heck halt is gore ken g'for os die socha ous shoffa wie 'n uhra warick. Fier bussa wie dafor shun g'sawt, ferlossa Northampton, lawda un shtarta ob fer'm Acme shtore nagshd on da bank uf da 21d shtross, om finf uhr moryets, un yusht soicha os bardich gaarder'd sin werra bei denna woh na die tickets ferkauft hen odder bei uns fer darta onna kumma, gain mit da Northampton bussa. Ol die onnerra missa noch 'm Allentown Bus Terminal kumma.

Die Allentown bussa ferlossa fartel noch da finfa, ow'r so g'shwind os bussa galawda ein gain sie fert. Wons tzu duh is wolla m'r net in ra drup gae, yusht so os m'r tzimlich gleich niver kumma so on da halver nina, fartel bis nina rum, fer der Nei Yarrick bus tour nemma. Driwwa solla ol uf ihra bus bleiva bis sie gaarder'd werra fer uf die Sight Seeing bussa gae. Yader bus driwwa hut 'n shwetzer fer ous laiga wos tzu sehna is in ewwer Nei Yarrick.

G'shwishich 'm bus tour un elf uhr, sot ganunk tzeit sei fer abissel ebbes essa, ow'r pinklich om elf uhr missa m'r uf da 51d shtross sei hinnich 'm Radio City music hall sei fer nei gae uf unser aigna, rota, nummer drei tickets. Drin kon sich ebber hee hucka uf 'm airshda floor wohs will.

Noch 'm show woh ous lust so on da halver drei rum, sin blenty onnerra socha rum fer sehna. Radio City is grawd iwwer da shtross driwwa mit alla hond tours, so wohl wie aw radio shows won m'r 's glick hut fer tickets griega—un woh won m'r kon, ol frei sin. 'S sin aw feil onnerra show heiser rum, un war net sot bus g'fohra is, kon fer 10 cent uf ra 5d Avenue bus owwa nous noch da 168 shtross fohra, un fer 10 cent may, widder tzurick nunner ins unner end fon Nei Yarrick. War so wil kon nunner bis noch da 31d shtross, un hut noh yusht paar block niver tzu lawfa noch 'm Pennsylbania Rigelwaig station woh m'r tzomma kumma fer hame gae.

Die bussa sin ready fer lawda om ocht uhr uf da 31d shtross side fom station, un 'n yaders gait uf die bus wohs druf wor fer niver gae. Sis arrick notewenich os ol darta sin in tzeit, unser nummer fierra ticket woh 'n yaders sei nahma un address druf schreiva sol is net gute uf 'm rigelwaig. Wos noch mainer is, soicha os die bussa ferfalla sotta, maichda 'n aryie tzeit howwa fer hame kumma weil die rigelwaigs traina alla weil immer may passengers hen os wie blotz fer die leit nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S dut uns laid os m'r net ol mit nemma kenna os galommadiert hen fer tickets, won m'r gakent hetta hets ufs wenich'd fon ocht hunnerd bis 'n dousand leit gewwa—in die welt nei tzu fiel fer uf ae mohl noch Nei Yarrick nemma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

New York, —If he had lived, what now would be Roosevelt's attitude toward Russia?

I took this question recently to a man who had intimate dealings with both world figures, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, the former Polish premier.

"I've often thought of that," he answered, "and I've come to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt today would be a foremost leader of anti-Soviet feeling in this country.

"From his last message concerning Russia it is apparent that the president finally realized that the Russian leader he had done so much for, was, essentially, an aggressor similar to Hitler.

"If the president had lived, Stalin would have moved exactly as he has moved against the free world. The pledges he had signed with Mr. Roosevelt at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam would have been broken just as callously.

"This, in time, would have reacted domestically against the American president, for he had assured his people that he could do business with Stalin. And the turn would have come. Mr. Roosevelt would have become openly critical of the Reds. His pride, having been greatly hurt, would have impelled him to become the leader of the anti-Russian feeling.

* * *

"And I say this without any thought of criticism—one way or another — Mr. Roosevelt now would have felt compelled to run for a fifth term, on the ground that he alone, among the top American candidates, knew Stalin and how to combat him."

Mikolajczyk first met FDR in 1941, when he flew here from London with the then prime minister of the Polish government in exile, Gen. Sikorski. He saw him again in Washington on D-Day, 1944, at a time when Roosevelt was attempting to heal the split between the Polish government and Russia, which had broken relations in 1943 because the Poles asked the International Red Cross to inquire into the German charges that the Russians had shot nearly all the Polish officers they captured in 1939.

The Polish leader made three trips to Moscow to see Stalin, in the hope of averting Stalin's plans to seize half of Poland—which was secretly promised to him at Teheran by Roosevelt and Churchill.

In addition, he exchanged dozens of formal and informal letters with Roosevelt and Stalin. Stalin often ignored messages from Mikolajczyk, particularly his appeals for aid to the trapped army of Gen. Bor-Komorowski, which fought for 63 days to utter annihilation within Warsaw while the Red Army remained in the suburbs. Occasionally, Mikolajczyk corresponded with Stalin through Roosevelt.

His comment on the probable 1948 mood of a living Roosevelt, therefore, packs more weight, perhaps, than any such comment available today — unless Winston Churchill could be persuaded to speak.

* * *

It brings to this voter's mind, too, a series of pictures in which Stalin finds himself confronted, consecutively, by the U.S. presidential hopefuls.

I think a lot of voters are concerned today not with how the next president will solve the country's domestic problems but how he'll stack up—man to man—with Stalin.

The mind presents pictures of Stalin sitting down with Truman; Stalin and Dewey, Stalin and Taft, Stalin and MacArthur, Stalin and Stassen, Stalin and Wallace. And, instinctively, one attempts to bring life and words to these thought processes. Which man would be awed by the dictator, which would be disarmed, which would be as rough and ruthless as Stalin, which would be bamboozled, which would yield?

I certainly cannot say.

But you can bet your boots that I'll be studying the candidates in this respect more assiduously than I ever studied anything before — including a racing form. For this is a unique time in American history. For the first time, millions of us will be groping for more than a national leader. We'll be groping for a fellow who can deliver on a fruitless boast once made by the confident last president—that he could solve all U.S.—Soviet friction just as soon as he aimed his eyes at Stalin, in person.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Harry James, the $5000-a-week trumpet player and husband of Betty Grable (nice work if you can get it on both counts), recalls that his neighbors were very patient and understanding when he had to practice as a kid—until a newcomer moved in next door who obviously was annoyed by the racket. Harry's mother finally made him go over and try to win the irritable neighbor's approval.

"I'm afraid my trumpet playing makes you very nervous" began Harry. "Not any more," the neighbor assured him gruffly, "It did when I first moved in, but now, frankly, I don't care what happens to you.

* * *

George Frazier tells about a newcomer on the staff of a magazine who chafed because he was not given enough work to do. Finally he marched into the office of the managing editor and complained, "I've been here for weeks now, sir, and no one's even spoken a word to me." The editor looked up from his galley proofs and asked sourly, "What do you expect ME to do? Set a precedent?"

Horoscope

Take the initiative and thereby smooth over any family disputes. Do not indulge in too much festivity, as it may prove expensive and unpleasant. This anniversary is of excellent augury. It promises financial increase, happiness and intellectual expansion. This period is particularly favorable for study of the arts, air travel and the beginnings of new business ventures.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

NOT BY FEAR

It seems to me that as things are the government should at all times be in a position to meet any emergency for the national defense. Therefore, the draft is a reasonable measure. Certainly, our present objective enemy will give little or no notice. In fact, the atomic bomb makes notice of war impossible. We must at all times be ready, even though a permanent standing army is offensive to the American people. That is one of the many prices we have to pay for the mistakes of our rulers.

On the other hand, if the government has the draft, universal military service would seem to be unecessary. A six-month period of orientation and indoctrination is either too much or too little. If, after eight years in elementary school and four in high school, the American boy has still to be told that he is an American, something exceedingly foul exists in our schools. If that task is to be undertaken by the army after the child has been corrupted by the schools, six months is not enough. Instead of disrupting the child's life by universal military service, we ought to discover what is wrong with our schools — and correct what is wrong, the educators notwithstanding.

* * *

The draft is a fairer, a more equitable system of handling this problem. During the draft period, the young man would have ample time to be trained in military service and formation. Those draftees who are married or whose work is essential could be inducted in the National Guard, which should be increasingly important, particularly as, in the next war, the Fifth Column, consisting of American citizens, may be our severest enemy.

So, let us have the draft as a permanent institution, using such manpower as we actually need, no more, no less. It is infinitely important to keep as many of our boys in college for technical training as is possible. Chemists, for instance, are as important as soldiers for the national defense.

The real obstacle to a sane approach to the problem is the reversion to the fear technique. If the American people have to be frightened into patriotism, our civilization has failed and will be destroyed. If the Army and Navy have to use the clatter of erstwhile Stalin boosters on the radio to stir the American to a love of country, the Army and Navy have lost the confidence of the American people. If they have to have scaresters shrieking over the airwaves that Stalin is on his way over here, then we are a debased race.

Not by fear is a strong people moved to love their country and to make sacrifices for it. The proof of the truth of that is that the scare glamor has fallen flat and the American response to it has been without faith or fervor. Nothing can move our people but a great faith in our civilization, a fervent belief that we live under a form of government and in a way of life that is superior to all others, and that for it we are willing to die.

It was in that spirit that the pioneers risked the forest, fought the Indians, crossed fierce and unknown rivers and built a free society for courageous people. It was not fear that produced a Miles Standish or a Daniel Boone or a Lewis and Clark. It was not fear that stirred our ancestors to write the Mayflower Compact, the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution of the United States. A people who fear, cringe before power and debase themselves before the mighty.

It is not by fear that we shall achieve greatness. It is by faith — by faith in our institutions, in our civilization which is based upon the dignity of man, protected by our Constitution and Law.

That was not told our soldiers in the orientation and indoctrination courses in the last war. Instead they were told the wonders of our ally, Soviet Russia, wonders that we are now being told were, in reality, lies. We want no more lies of one kind or another.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of our neighbors owns a shaggy black dog.

He comes over to our house three or four times a day and usually we have a tidbit ready for him. His appetite seems to be insatiable.

But he has a very bad habit. When there is nobody around to give him his tidbit he goes over to the garbage can, knocks off the cover, stands on his hind legs and makes a cafeteria out of the can.

Sometimes he knocks it over, strews the stuff all over the ground — and beats it.

We have been trying to break him of the habit — but it's no use.

However, we like the old fellow and we always take into consideration the fact that, after all, he is only a dog.

* * *

But-----

I just got through reading the "Town Meeting" column in the Hollywood Citizen-News, a very excellent newspaper not only because it publishes my column but because it is very well edited. And this is an item I saw, believe it or not:

"A lady told me the other day that she had looked into the garbage cans of some bungalow courts and was surprised at the large amount of good food that was thrown away.

"This waste is a shame. Folks should save food to take care of the hungry in Europe."

First I thought the item was supposed to be a gag. But then I saw the signature. I shall not mention any names. But I happen to know that the contributor, a frequent contributor to that column, was in deadly earnest.

I am not sure whether the observation that it is a shame so much food is wasted, is the lady's or the contributor's.

But I wonder what kind of person it can be who goes around and pries into other people's garbage cans.

* * *

But do I really wonder?

Isn't snooping into other people's affairs one of our national pastimes?

Isn't it done in almost every community — and particularly in every small or medium-sized community — all over the country?

Isn't gossip about neighbors really snooping into garbage cans?

Don't many of the biggest men in this country keep out of politics and public office because they know that every scrap of refuse is being dragged out of their garbage can and aired in public?

* * *

By golly, I just looked out the window and there is Misty at the garbage can again.

Oh, I'll let him alone. At least he snoops only because he's hungry.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It's unfortunate for jowled John Lewis that he isn't on speaking terms with peppery Jimmy Petrillo. The little musician could tell the big miner that it's just as important to know about "digging" publicity as digging coal. And while he's at it Jimmy could explain that "digging" is jive talk for understanding something or somebody.

But these gentlemen of labor haven't talked for a decade—ever since Petrillo got so mad about Lewis' threat to set up a rival musicians' union that he banned John L.'s name from all Chicago theatres for a while. You could really irritate Brother Lewis that way you know.

What Petrillo got hep fast to a few months ago was that the public no longer would tolerate an Iron Man in labor. So Petrillo turned his Iron Curtain into a venetian blind, made his peace with the music industry and today is reconverting.

* * *

And so tonight and every night for the past few weeks, Petrillo has been working until midnight opening up a new industry — television — and new jobs for his people while Lewis, who hasn't learned that the old scowly look is as out of date as a short skirt, is set to shut down a score of vital industries.

Night after night, Petrillo and his aides are going over the new "package" television shows feverishly prepared by the networks for broadcasts within the next 60 days. Petrillo's job is to "price" them—set wage rates and working standards for the new video to amuse millions every evening now that he's lifted the ban on "live" music.

For years Petrillo was an Iron Man—refusing to let the networks use musicians. But he knew when to quit and woo the public. And now he's press agented. He's unshuttering himself. He's appearing at public banquets. He's showing that he's a human little guy, taking bows, mugging for cameras like anyone would. Result is that he's getting higher wages for his people, new jobs—and even labor's severest congressional critics are talking of helping him.

* * *

A few minutes before this was put in the typewriter I talked to Rep. Hartley (R-N.J.), for example, who told me that he's for helping the musicians by backing a proposed law to prohibit radio stations from playing records cut for home consumption. This would mean hundreds of new jobs for "live" musicians.

It doesn't make any difference whether or not you agree with Hartley's stern labor policies. The point is the congressman quickly reflects the general public's uneasiness over labor's Iron Men. And so the same Hartley on Wednesday introduced a House bill which would give the government power to smash industry-wide strikes such as Lewis is directing now.

With the steel industry scheduled to snuff out or bank most of the mill fires by April 7 to 10 if the coal diggers' strike runs until then—and I think it will—and with the railroads planning to junk most schedules about Apr. 15-18, and the nation's powerhouses left with coal only to May 1-5 at the outside, the public again is in a tough mood.

It would like to see the Iron Man melted down this time.

* * *

And that's just what'll happen if Lewis plays his delaying game to the point where he faces jail and the country faces a power shutdown. Rep. Hartley's new bill, in that event, would probably become law.

And other labor leaders who have won industry-wide bargaining would in the future be subject to stiff federal charges of "restraint of trade" if they called cross-country strikes.

And Lewis would be responsible just as if it were the Lewis-Hartley Law, if you'll excuse the expression.

So it's about time Brother Lewis began "digging" it.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

APRIL 3, 1923 — A TUESDAY

Atty. Eugene J. Gorman opened law offices in the Commonwealth building.

H. H. Dent of the Dent Hardware Co., Fullerton, donated $5,000 toward an animal shelter for the Lehigh County Humane society of which he was treasurer.

Three hundred members of Lehigh Lodge, IOOF, celebrated the 80th anniversary of the lodge with a banquet. M. J. Kistler was toastmaster. Roy P. Laubach was in charge of arrangements.

The Lehigh Valley Creditmen's Assn. at the Hotel Allen heard a talk on international finance. Clinton Beck was president of the association.

Allentown nest of Orioles announced that it would make alterations to the property recently purchased for $17,000 at 123 N. 5th St.



IN POLAND STEHT EIN HAUS

The story of a folksong in search of a home

The study of folksongs with respect to their form, their age, their sources and the areas in which they are sung can lead the student upon many pleasant highways and byways. The search for Pennsylvania German folksongs is an alluring task, in which investigators have perhaps been too prone to assign authenticity to folksongs that were only later importations on the part of German immigrants who came and settled here among the Pennsylvania Germans long after the large mass migrations of the eighteenth century. Often, however, such songs took on interesting variations and dialect colorations in their new home.

Perhaps the dearth of early Pennsylvania German folksongs can be explained by the fact that the first years of the early pioneers in their new-world home were filled with hard labor and many cares; then too the austere religious habits of large groups precluded the singing of secular songs, but for the little household ditties and lullabys.

A short time ago one of our devoted contributors to the ECK, Mr. Frank H. Oberholtzer, sent us a number of old folksongs, which he had learned from a long deceased friend, one Peter Mumbauer, a full half century ago. The same Peter Mumbauer, he related, had been born of Pennsylvania German parents in Bucks County, and had lived and died there. Among these songs was one entitled **Dinge-dinge-daa.** It runs as follows:

In Poland steht ein Haus,
In Poland steht ein Haus,
In Poland steht ein Dinge-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa—
In Poland steht ein Haus.

Wer wohnt dann in dem Haus?
Wer wohnt dann in dem Haus?
Wer wohnt dann in dem Ding-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa,
Wer wohnt dann in dem Haus?

Der Waert der wohnt im Haus?
Der Waert der wohnt im Haus?
Der Waert der wohnt im Dinge-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa,
Der Waert der wohnt im Haus?

Der Waert der hot en Kuh,
Der Waert der hot en Kuh,
Der Waert der hot en Dinge-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa,
Der Waert der hot en Kuh,

Der Waert der hot en Maad,
Der Waert der hot en Maad,
Der Waert der hot en Dinge-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa,
Der Waert der hot en Maad,

Die Maad die melkt die Kuh,
Die Maad die melkt die Kuh,
Sie melkt die schwar-brau Dinge-dinge-daa,
Mit me Huppskittel aa,
Die Maad die melkt die Kuh,

We have retained the dialect elements with the High German as the song was given to us. The ending is abrupt. What happened after the maid has milked the cow? Apparently it is one of the many reiterative songs which seem to invite the singer to continue ad libitum.

Dr. Donald H. Yoder, in his valuable study of the Pennsylvania German folklore in the Hegins and Mahantango Valleys (See the ECK for Oct. 4 to Nov. 22 inclusive) found several versions of a song which he calls "Es bolisch Kindli", one of which also begins with a "Polish" innkeeper, who lives in a "Bolisch Haus", has a "Bolische Maad" in his "Bolische Kich" and

Die Maad die hot en Kind
Die Maad die hot en bolisches Kind,
So heissen sie es bolisches Kind,
Die Maad die hot en Kind.

Through Prof. J. Raymond Hepler Dr. Yoder became acquainted with another version beginning with the stanza "Die Maad iss in de Kich." These versions are obviously related to the one coming to us from Bucks County through Mr. Oberholtzer. But the song was also known in Lebanon County, for Dr. S. P. Heilman, in his long poem **"The Old Cider Mill** (Lebanon County Historical Society Proceedings, Vol. I, 1899) mentions "In Boland schteht ein Haus" as a song sung in Lebanon County years ago. We know nothing further of this version.

This song is not found among the Pennsylvania German folksongs contained in John Baer Stoudt's book on Pennsylvania German Folklore. Curiously enough it is not found in that vast treasury of German folksongs, the **Liederhort** of Erk and Boehme. But Dr. Yoder found a similar version under the title "In Holland steht ein Haus" sung in Hesse-Kassel as recorded in Johann Lewalter, **Deutsches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel in Kassel aus Kindermund in Wort und Weise gesammelt,** ed. Dr. Georg Schlaeger (Kassel: Verlag von Karl Vietor, 1911.) The reader will have no difficulty in sensing the similarity in the first stanza:

In Holland steht ein Haus,
In Holland steht ein Haus,
In Holland steht 'ne Vil-la-la,
Weisse, weisse Vil-la-la,
In Holland steht ein Haus,

and the first lines of the following stanzas:

Wer wohnt denn in dem Haus?
Da wohnt ein alter Mann.
Der Mann nahm sich 'ne Frau.
Die Frau nahm sich ein Kind.
Das Kind nahm sich 'ne Puppe.
Die Puppe schied vom Kind.
Das Kind schied von der Frau.
Die Frau schied von dem Mann.
Der Mann schied von dem Haus.
Dar Haus, das steht allein.

Dr. Yoder points out that the tune of the above song is the same as that of "The Farmer in the Dell." According to Lewalter the children singing the song form a circle, and when "house" is mentioned one child enters the circle; when "man" is mentioned, another; and so on, one after the other. They then again leave the circle one after another until "The house stands alone."

Of a similar nature, and with the same play is "Der Bauer faehrt ins Holz", also given in Lewalter's work and still another, bearing more evident family resemblance, runs as follows, in the first two stanzas:

Da oben auf dem, Berg,
Da oben auf dem Berg,
Da oben auf dem pohlischen Berg,
Juch-heissa vivat pohlischen Berg,
Da oben auf dem Berg,

Da steht ein altes Haus,
Da steht ein altes Haus,
Da steht ein altes pohlisches Haus,
Juch-heissa vivat pohlisches Haus,
Da steht ein altes Haus.

But Dr. Yoder also found a Holland Dutch version which resembles one he found in the Mahantango Valley. It contains the nonsensical refrain "tsjinge-linge-la," obviously closely akin to the "Dinge-dinge-daa" of the version we received from Mr. Oberholtzer. The first stanza of this Holland Dutch song runs:

In Holland staat een Huis,
In Holland staat een Huis,
In Holland staat een Huis,
Van je tsji, van je tsja,
Van je tsjinge-linge-la,
In Holland staat een Huis,
In Holland staat een Huis.

An English version of this Holland Dutch song is contained in a much-loved children's book "Old Dutch Nursery Rhymes (printed in England), David McKay, Philadelphia, 1917, of which the first stanza reads:

In Holland stands a house,
In Hollands stands a house—
Heigh-o, jig jig-ge-ty, ting-a-ling,
Join hands together and form a ring,
In Holland stands a house,
In Holland stands a house.

The first lines of the succeeding stanzas run as follows:

2. And in it lives a man,
3. The man he has a wife,
4. The wife she has a child,
5. The child it has a maid,
6. The maid she has a boy,
7. The boy he has a dog,
8. The maid she has a cat,
9. Now the dog turns out the cat,
10. And the boy turns out the dog,
11. And the maid sends off the boy,
12. And the wife sends off the maid,
13. And the wife now leaves the house,
14. And the man must leave it too,
15. And the house now catches fire,
16. And the child is left alone.

We were about to conclude our remarks about this folksong when that enthusiastic minstrel of our dialect songs, Paul R. Wieand, sent us the following interesting version:

In Poland schteht en Haus,
In Poland schteht en Haus,
In Poland schteht en polisches Haus,
Joe Keiser, pie-paa polisches Haus,
In Poland schteht en Hous.

The first lines of succeeding stanzas are:

2. **Wer wohnt dann in dem Haus?**
3. **En Waert wohnt in dem Haus,**
4. **Wer wohnt dann bei dem Waert?**
5. **En Maad wohnt bei dem Waert,**
6. **Was dutt er mit der Maad?**
7. **Er macht der Maad en Kind.**
8. **Was dutt sie mit dem Kind?**
9. **Sie schickt es in die Schul.**
10. **Was laernt es in der Schul?**

The last stanza varies slightly:

11. **Es laernt des A-B-C,**
Es laernt des A-B-C,
Es laernt des polische A-B-C,
Joe Keiser, polisches A-B-C,
Es laernt des A-B-C.

The song ends with the repetition of the first stanza.

In what country and among what people did this folksong originate? Perhaps we shall never know, but the above somewhat rambling narrative suffices to show how deeply ingrained in the hearts of the common people is the love of songs and ditties; how contagious their tune and meter really are; how persistently, despite local changes and additions, they continue down the generations; and how triumphantly they defy the boundaries of nations and races. They and their many companions are the unheralded embassadors of good will among the peoples of the earth. Was it not the eminent English historian Thomas Babington Macaulay who said he would rather have been the maker of the songs of a people than their laws?—P.A.B.

WANN'S SCHPETZEL SINGT

En Schpetzel hot sei Nescht gemacht
Im Baemche var meim Haus.
Es singt vun Frieh bis in die Nacht,
Wann's geht do nei un raus.
Kennt's sei, dass es so singe daet,
Weil ich net haerrlich bin?
Wann ich es heer, macht's mir viel Freed—
Du kummscht mir in der Sinn.

Net schei, so autt des Schpetzel singe
Graad uff meim Bortsche Riggel.
Sei Kopp so hie un haere schwinge,
Vermuckt net mol en Fliggel.
Was so en Gsang em riehre Kann!
Des hot mich iwwernumme,
Ich hoff ich bleib alsnoch en Mann,
Wann Draene aa sin kumme.

Des bringt die Zeit zu mir zerick,
Wie'n Schpetzel gsunge hot
Im Judas Baam so an der Grick,
As wann's net schtoppe wott.
Un wann's ee Liedel leedich waar,
Kummt ihm en anners ei.
So iwwer's Wasser schallt des glaar,
Es kennt net schenner sei.

Iss dir der Gsang vum Schpetzel lieb,
So wie er frieher waar?
Macht des dir aa die Aage drieb,
En Zwang am Haerz sogaar?
Vergangenheit zu lewe drin,
Was des mir Freede bringt!
Un allfert kummscht mir in der Sinn,
Wann's Schpetzel zu mir singt.

An unpublished poem by the late LLOYD A. MOLL.

OLD TAVERNS

In the German almanac Neuer Hauswirthschafts-Calendar fuer das Jahr 1812, published by Friedrich Sanno in Carlisle, Pa. we have found some quaint names for early Pennsylvania taverns. There were no gas stations and auto clubs which issued convenient road maps, but under the title "Landstrassen gegen Westen" the traveller of those early days, whether in coach or saddle, could inform himself about the villages and inns and distances from the one to the other on his journey from Philadelphia westward to Pittsburgh. We read:

"Von Philadelphia zur Schuylkill 2, zum Schwarzen Pferd 4, zum Prinz von Wallis 4, Zum Hirsch 1, zum Pflug 1, zum Einhorn 3, zur blauen Kugel 4, zum Admiral Warren 3, zum Weissen Pferd 3, zu Downings 7, zum Schiffe 2, zum Wagen 6, zu Millers 6, zu Douglasses 3, zum Hut 4, zum Herzog von Cumberland 3, zum rothen Loewen 3, zur Conestoga 4, zum Lancaster Courthouse 2, zu Scotts 9, zu Bayleys 5, zu Hughs 4, zu Sampels 4, zur Schwatara 3, zu Taylors 3, zu Haerris's Ferry 8 (now Harrisburg), zu 's Hendricks 3, zu Calmers 11, zu Carlisle 3, zu Schippensburg 21, zu B. Chambers 11, zu Fort Louton 13, zu Fort Littleton 18, zur Juniata 19, zu Bedford 14, zum Anfang des Alleghaeny 15, zum steinigten Bach 15, zur Ost-Seite von Laurel Hill 12, zu Fort Liginer 9, zu Pittsburg 54, zusammen 320 Meilen."

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reinert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekdays and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To all the gossip that I hear
I'll give no faith; to what I see
But only half, for it is clear
All that led up is dark to me.
Learn we the larger life to live,
To comprehend is to forgive.
— Huxley

POWER FROM ABOVE

Beginning today in the Call-Chronicle newspapers and continuing for a period of three months on each Saturday an attractive and convincing advertisement urging church attendance upon our people will be offered to our readers.

Twenty-four business concerns, the character of whose ownership and management is indicated by their act, have sponsored this effort to bring more deeply into public conscience the need for God in the lives of all persons.

For years the world has been listening to and following men. And what a mess has been created. Individually, many are not proud of the job they have done as to their lives.

Why now now try God? Why not give Him a chance in the shaping of individual lives by his help and the shaping of world affairs by his guidance!

It is said truly in the Bible that God is a spirit and they who worship him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. This may and can be done in temples not made by men's hands, but assuredly it is likely to be done better in the temples which have built to the greater glory of God and for the worship therein by congregations dedicated individually and collectively to His service by prayer, praise and thanksgiving.

Men who are wiser than the statesmen, who think along the old patterns and fashions of power and force, urge mankind to turn to God who is a very present help in time of trouble. And this old world and its people certainly are in trouble as they struggle with national bankruptcies in every category of human possessions—physical and spiritual—and, as they contemplate the prospect of another war with chance of complete ruin if not in fact annihilation of entire nations, perhaps our own included.

Yet in the face of alarming situations that drift from bad to worse with every day and hour, the churches where help and guidance can be sought from the greatest Force in the universe are not overcrowded. National and international deliberations appear at least to think little if ever upon the power of that Supreme Force, or seek to invoke His aid and to learn what He would have mankind do.

So frankly this series of advertisements are intended to stimulate church attendance: to bring the unchurched and the dilatory church members to church for the good of their souls, for the good of the community, for the good of the nation, for the world's good.

Throw awa, the old prejudices and the truthless cliches which have been the ready but shabby excuse either for non-attendance at church or for no church affiliations whatsoever. Stir up the mental and physical laziness which have kept the church out of sight and out of mind. Train the soul for communication with its source and derive the consolation and strength that come from such communications.

A dwelling can be wired for the most brilliant lighting and for the operation o. scores of mechanical aids to comports and pleasures but it will be dark and silent and ineffective as to those aids unless lines run out to the central power plant where electricity is produced. Likewise it is certain to be with the soul that does not have frequent communion with its Maker and that does not act under His guidance.

It is the purpose of this series of advertisements to impress these facts upon this community. There have been many sponsored messages in the past but we do not recall one that has been so promising for the building of the character of the community by pointing the true path to individual happiness thru righteous living and inspiration to such achievement by 'orship in the congregation of one's fellowmen. And it has been promised that "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Pumpernickle Bill

DIE HINKLE HEN NOW RUH

'Tzum ledshda sheinds breicha 's Ed Fegley's hinkle drowwa nagshd on Shimerville nimmy nochts shlofa mit aim aug uf waeich ra biskotz os sie shun fer long gabodder'd hut. Die hinkle hen nee net gawst won ains odder 's onner fon da shtong gatzoga dade verra biskotza oft mohls hen n aryer obadit fer hinkle. Ow'r wie g'sawt, der g'fohr is now ol feriwwer, 'm Ed sei fraw die Kathleen, odder ewwa besser bakont ols die "Kathie" hut die biskitz ous 'm waig g'shoft. Niemond wil ow'r wissa eb sie die biskotz endlich g'shossa hut, odder sie dote g'shmissa hut mit ma frish gabockna chocolate kucha.

'S wor so denna waig: Die "Kathie" wie 'n lot leit wissa, wor ols 'n shtadt maid'l, un wear ra biskotz 'n mile ous gadray'd die wen os sie ols 'n hoar frizzle blotz kotta hut in Emmaus. Ow'r noch dem os sie k'heird wor un is mit ihr'm Ed nous ins lond gatzoga nagshd on Shimerville, hut sie ous gamocht won m'r bei da welf wear mist m'r mit da wel' hella, un hut awfonga indressa nemma in londs socha. Ihra Ed is aryer hunder un fishs, un die "Kathie" hut 'n noshion grick'd fer larna wie 'n flint tzu handla.

Ains fon ihra airshda socha os sie aw gadroffa hut fer shee sa, wor 'n biskotz drous im hofe, 'n biskotz woh ihra hinkle shun fer 'n longie weil fershtair'd hut os sie boi nimmy galaig'd hen. Der Ed wor net dahame on da t'eit, noh wos hut sie gaduh, os wie die flint ganumma un is nous un hut awfonga druf flatcha, ae shuss noch 'm onnerra. In ol hir sie ocht shuss g'shossa, un alla shuss fer-fail'd Ihra glainet boo der Rodger wor dabei in hut ols g'sawt, "Hit it Mama hit it." Die biskotz is die flatcherrei endlich laedich werra, un fert niver inna feld gawadd'id ebbes tzu fressa sucha.

Da nagshda dawg wor die Kathie eifersich om bocka wie sie die biskotz widder sehna hut grous im hofe tum dobba. Sie hut yusht 'n chocolate kucha ous m offa ganumma kot wie sie die biskotz erblick'd hut, uns sis net gons glora eb sie der kucha mit nous hut un die biskotz darta mit dote g'shmissa, odder eb sie widder die 22 flatcher rifle mit ganumma hut, un die biskotz endlich gadroffa hut. So fiel is ow'r hous die biskotz is dote, uns Fegelev's hinkle kenna widder fershtaunich shlofa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sis nimmy long now bis 'n lot leit sich gonsa dawga hard un sour bloga misse on da gricka shtae, farella fista, un ousretta kunsiderra ferwos die fish net gabissa hen, won sie lare hame kumma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Republican strategists are betting that the politico least likely to succeed in 1948 is the labor leader. And the G.O.P. brain-trusters at National Committee headquarters are gambling that the average duespayer feels the same way about his union chief.

Instead of marking the labor vote off, the Republicans are going after the nation's "little" union people—by appealing to them over the heads of the influential labor leaders with 1,000,000 copies of the bluntest—yet smoothest — little propaganda booklet of this scrambled presidential campaign.

* * *

These 16-page pamphlets are being distributed to union people by GOP congressmen and from the party's clubhouses everywhere. If they catch on, millions more will be run off the presses. It's as public as nose-thumbing of the labor chiefs as I've ever seen. The Republisan artists and copywriters who got up the little picture book are frankly challenging the union officials to do their worst.

And, if I know the labor leaders, they'll take the challenge. They'll resent the cigar-smoking caricatures. So the fight's on, with the GOP openly asking for conflict with its "Before and After" picture pages such as:

One sheet reveals a union leader telling his men at a meeting "To hell with this 'public welfare' stuff. We strike tomorrow." That's captioned "Before"—before the Taft-Hartley law.

In the "After" picture Uncle Sam is telling the now-smiling union members at what appears to be the same rally: "Men, I declare this dispute a national emergency. Our country has to have this product. Stay on the job and let me try and get your union leaders and employers to settle this dispute. If I can't get them to agree within 80 days, then you can vote secretly to accept the last offer of settlement or to strike."

* * *

In another picture panel the labor leader is shown at union headquarters telling one of his members: "You're turning out too much work, and I don't like you anyway. I am kicking you out of the union and you're out of your job."

And so it goes. One panel has the men at the machines saying that the threatened strike could be settled without losing pay, another has them facing a grinning union official at a dues window. "Why should I be forced to contribute to a political fund for candidates I don't like?" asks a duespayer in overalls.

All this is tough caricaturing. When the million copies, about to be handed out in factories everywhere, finally find their way up to the desks of the national labor chiefs, the break between the Republican party and the men it caricatures as "labor bosses" will be final — for this campaign anyway.

But the Republican national labor relations division is counting on its tough talk angering only the leaders.

It'll be interesting to see next November how the rank-and-file duespayers react to the GOP claim that the Taft - Hartley act "freed" the duespayers from their union chiefs.

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritscsh D. D.

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Acts 12.

Martydom increased with the growth of the church, for Satan did all he could to hinder its growth. James the Apostle, brother of John, was slain with the sword by Herod. He even tried to kill Peter, and to that end put him into jail. But earnest prayer was made for him by the church. One night, while Peter was sound asleep, the angel of the Lord smote him (same word translated 'struck' in Matthew 26:51;, and thus having aroused him from his sleep, ordered him out of the prison, his chains having fallen off. They came past the first and second guards, to the iron gate which opened of its own accord (Greek, automatically). Then the angel left him as they came to the street. He then went to the house where the Christians were meeting for prayer, and knocked at the door. A girl named Rhoda ("Rose", as in rhodadendron, rose-tree) responded, ran back without having opened the door, but when they did open it, they found that it was Peter indeed and not his ghost, as Rhoda had thought. He explained what had happened, and asked that it be reported to James, the brother of Jesus, who was the head of the church. Herod, in v.23, died a horrible death, eaten by worms.' If one is not for the Word, he will be for the worms!

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

One of the most popular vaudeville acts in America, about 1920, was the team of Bert Savoy and Jay Brennan. Savoy impersonated a brash and uninhibited female; Brennan was the perpetually-shocked straight man. When Brennan asked "Do your apartments overlook the river?" Savoy would answer, "No, but they overlook everything else. You MUST come up!"

Later Savoy admitted that "she" had been evicted. "I gave a party for a crowd of mounted policemen," was the explanation. "Nobody minded THAT, but the other tenants objected when the boys brought their horses up too."

When Savoy lamented the passing of her dear husband, Brennan interrupted a chant of woe by exclaiming, "There's some terrible mistake. The body is still warm." "Oh, it is?" answered Savoy angrily. "Well, hot or cold, it gets buried tomorrow."

The act of Savoy and Brennan was broken up by the death of Bert Savoy, who was struck by lightning while bathing at the Long Island shore. Jay Brennan is still active in radio and motion pictures.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

Q. Are the so-called "blue babies" really blue? M.M.

A. Cyanosis, which means "blue condition" causes a blueness of the skin, hence the name.

Q. Are the Tokle brothers, notable skiers, related to the late Torger Tokle the ski jumping champion? K.O.N.

A. Arthur and Kyrre Tokle are brothers of Torger Tokle. Arthur is the youngest of 20 children.

25 Years Ago

April 10, 1923, a Tuesday

Mrs. Charles Ziegenfus was elected president of the Woman's club at an afternoon meeting. Mrs. J.A. Frick was the retiring president.

Dr. Eugene Hirschfield, 33 S. Fifth St., delivered the principal address at the meeting of the Lehigh County Medical Society held in the Nurses' college at Allntown hospital.

Leroy D. Ritter, 134 S. Hall St., a student at Allentown High, had scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard G. Sefing left their town home in the Leonard apartments for their bungalow near General Trexler's game preserve.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

THE FOOLISH GRANDPA

The father has his work to do
and wise he ought to be.
The mother has a thousand cares that task her constantly.
The aunts and uncles have their place and little duties, too.
But happiest and easiest, the things that grandpas do.
They're not supposed to think and plan and reckon with expense.
A foolish grandpa's better far than one with common sense.

The sort of grandpa children need is not a graybeard stern.
Their parents in good time will teach the lessons they must learn.
The aunts and uncles ought to pay a visit now and then
And bring them toys, and promise more when next they call again.
But grandpas have no rules to heed, no formula or plan.
To keep the children happy they must do the best they can.

For grandpas it's the proper thing to let the wide world see
Not just how wise they are but just how foolish they can be.
And all they ever have to learn and tell from day to day
Is what the children say and do and photographs display.
To others fall the heavier cares.
I'm glad it's left to me
To be their grandpa and to show how foolish I can be.

(Copyright 1948)

Horoscope

If you have any self-promotional schemes, act upon them at once, as they can pay off. This is an active time. A year of very pleasant surprises and much successful activity lies ahead of you. Your monetary position will improve greatly and happiness will be yours.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — John L. Lewis seems to have missed altogether the point in the original injunction issued by Judge McGuire ordering that instructions be sent to call the coal miners back to their jobs.

Mr. Lewis seems to think that the issue is whether or not he initiated the strike or persuaded the miners to leave their jobs in the first instance. His response thus far, written in legal terms, claims that he did not have anything to do with initiating the walkout. He must be believed on this point. In all probability the union organization saw to it that Mr. Lewis had nothing to do with the origin of the strategy, though it might be a difficult thing to prove he was entirely unaware of it.

But if Mr. Lewis didn't initiate it, isn't he blameless under the injunction? The law does not say that there must be proof of who is responsible for a walkout before an injunction can be properly issued. There is nothing in the statute which deals with methods or procedures in bringing about a strike.

The Taft-Hartley law merely recognizes a work stoppage as in existence. It stipulates that a court may issue an injunction to end such a work stoppage. If the court chooses to serve an order on Mr. Lewis, as president, or on any or all of the subordinate officers even down to the local district level, it may do so. It isn't necessary either to prove that these local officers called the strike. All that the law says, in effect, is that the government may order the strike ended.

* * *

The mine workers' spokesmen take refuge in the legal truth that no man can be forced to work against his will. But they overlook the fact that a union organization as such can be forced to do a lot of things, including the issuance of an order to the members to go back to work.

While the members may decline to obey, it is doubtful if they would do so unless coached in some manner or unless in advance some code word has been agreed upon which must be used in the order before it is recognized as a bona fide back-to-work call.

Should Mr. Lewis or any other officers fail to send out any bona fide order and subsequently be found guilty of such evasion, it would be a serious offense punishable by a jail sentence upon conviction.

What the court order amounts to is an explicit instruction to end the strike. If a group of labor-union officers confesses itself to be powerless to stop a strike, it must first prove that it has tried in good faith to bring about such a result. There were instances of insincere appeals by officers in back-to-work movements during the war period and there were examples of disobedience after officers tried to carry out similar instructions when issued by the national war labor board. But the end result today is the testing point for the court. The Taft-Hartley law is broader in scope on such matters.

* * *

Should a labor union which is national in authority refuse to send out the necessary orders, every officer of that union could be punished by the court after trial and conviction. The argument that the present procedure is unconstitutional was heard a year ago when Mr. Lewis ultimately succumbed to the court's order while he awaited Supreme Court interpretation.

There is every reason to believe tha if Mr. Truman defies the court's temporary order, the case will be sent to the Supreme Court of the United States in a matter of days. The fines imposed for disobedience could be bigger than they were last time.

The general impression at this writing is that Mr. Lewis will order the strikers back to work under the terms of the court order and that he will not risk the big fines that might come if he made the issue one of disobedience of a court order.

A few days more can elapse before the situation can become acute but the general expectation in Washington has been that before the middle of next week the miners will have been ordered back to work by their officers and that most, if not all, will comply.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE MACARTHUR DEFEAT

The Wisconsin primary has certain national aspects which transcend Wisconsin and the candidates whose names were presented in that election. One confusing factor is the Wisconsin primary law which rejects the two-party system, so essential in the American form of government. The Wisconsin primary is really non-partisan because a Democrat may vote in the Republican primary and vice versa. This makes it possible for the opposition party to help destroy the stronger candidates in order to face a weaker man on Election Day.

1. There can be no question but that General MacArthur would have been a stronger candidate on Election Dal than any other the Republicans have to present. But it is now doubtful whether he is a candidate at all. In fact, his repudiation by the voters in the so-called Republican primary in Wisconsin would indicate that Eisenhower was correct in reading the public mind: this is not a year for a military man. Henry Wallace appraised that situation accurately, namely, that the people do not want war. Wallace goes too far in the sense that he misreads a resistance to war as an approval of Soviet Russia.

The fact that General MacArthur did so badly in Wisconsin is evidence that in 1948 no general would have much of a chance, for although the Democratic vote in the Republican primaries cannot be discounted altogether, it must not be given such weight as to distort a final judgement.

2. The Wisconsin primary finally eliminates the La Follettes, who have been seeking to return to the Republican party leadership in this campaign. Phil La Follette was one of the MacArthur managers. Were MacArthur a factor in the Republican convention, Phil and Bob La Follette would be factors as well. The so-called Wisconsin Progressives would have been absorbed in the Republican organization. They still remain on the outside—possibly now as a political cadaver.

* * *

Instead, a new man for the rest of the country, Thomas E. Coleman, former State chairman of the Republican party in Wisconsin, looms increasingly large. He managed Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's campaign two years ago and elected him; and now he has put over Harold Stassen in the Wisconsin primary. Coleman is a manufacturer of machine tools in Madison, Wis. He will be an effective aid to Harold Stassen in the convention.

3. Up to now, Republican politicians have been discounting Stassen. He has had considerable outside-the-party support, particularly in Wall Street and among former New Dealers, but they assumed that is would not amount to much in delegates. The general feeling has been that he was really running for vice president and that he might end up as a member of the Cabinet. In recent months, it has generally been assumed in the Republican party that Stassen was a stalking horse for Senator Arthur Vandenberg and that out of his activities would eventuate a Vendenberg-Stassen ticket.

* * *

EIGHTY FIVE

The effect of Stassen's unanticipated victory in Wisconsin will be a union of all other forces to eliminate him. After all, he can never get the 97 votes in New York State. Those delegates will not only be solidly for Dewey but will be under his command. Not one doubtful delegate has been chosen in New York State and no Republican will risk a rebellion against Dewey, because he remains governor and controls the party machine.

Similarly, Robert A. Taft will have the bulk of the Ohio delegation. Stassen will undoubtedly have a few Ohio delegates, particularly in the northern part of the state, but h has engendered such ill-will in that state that those opposed to him will fight him to the bitter end.

No Republican will be nominated who is opposed by New York and Ohio, not even in a Third party year. As a matter of fact, whereas Dewey, Vandenberg and Stassen used to be friends, Republicans in New York State feel that their candidate has been mistreated by both Stassen and Vandenberg. Should either be nominated, they might sit on their hands—which would increase both the Truman and Wallace proportions.

That is how it stands and, translated into simple terms, it means that Harry Truman is not a dead duck yet.

(Copyright 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Spring, as you know, started early this year—on March 20th.

But did you really have to look at your calendar to know that spring has come?

Is spring a ma r of calendar and weather, or a state of mind?

When spring arrived the snow was still on our ground. But we knew it was here. We had felt it coming for days and days.

Spring was in the air — and in our hearts.

* * *

When spring is on the way we get restless. We can't sit still. We lose our interest in radio and in serious reading.

We go to the window. We step outside. We take little walks and come back into the house with muddy shoes. We look at road maps and made sure that the car is in good running order.

We feel jittery and fluttery and even if we are no longer the proverbial young men whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love", we know it's spring.

* * *

Women love spring too, of course. But to women spring means other things besides daffodils and pussywillows.

It means housecleaning and changing clothes for the kids and for themselves. It means putting winter things away and getting ready for the hot summer days.

It means getting the husband to take down the storm windows and put up the screens.

But it's spring anyway—with all the work and all the mud and all the bugs— it's hope and youth and anticipation.

* * *

There was spring in the hearts of young William Lefkowitz and Jerry Schwartz of Brooklyn.

They bought a rubber raft for $20 and planned a sailing trip up the Hudson to Albany and Governor Dewey.

They decided to go on their trip at Easter. They rigged up a mast made of an old length of two-by-four pine. For a sail they used a bedsheet. The rim of an auto wheel on a length of rope served for an anchor.

At 7:30 in the morning they inflated their craft and hoisted sail. At ten o'clock they had reached the entrance of the Bay across from Staten Island.

Then a gust of wind hit the bedsheet. The mast snapped and carried away the sail. They had a pair of oars and started to row. The tide became higher. At 11 a.m. one of the oars got away and they were adrift.

* * *

The tide carried them past Fort Hamilton close enough to the shore for passing motorists to hear their yells and notify the police.

At 1 p.m. a police launch had caught up with them. At 2 p.m. they had been towed ashore.

At 3 p.m. they were in conference with their parents, who refused to tell reporters what they told their sons about spring.

(Copyright 1948)



Es Schneckeharn Verzaehlt

or

The Tale of the Conch Horn

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(The first of a series of installments dealing with the canals of eastern Pennsylvania. The conch horn was used on canal boats to announce their approach to the locktenders.)

On the floor, snuggling against the door which leads to my study there is a curious object. It serves me, as it served my grandparents, as a door jam. Its chalky surface is studded with hornlike projections converging to a funnel-shaped nose. Some callous hand sawed off the tip of the nose many years ago, revealing an aperture which resembles the mouthpiece of a basshorn.

I pick up the ugly, prickly thing and turn it over in my hand. The touch of the smooth texture of the interior is reassuring. Like the inside of an oyster shell the lining of the conch's house is as smooth as a mirror; unlike the color of the oyster shell, however, it is a soft pink, streaked here and there with a few ribbons of white. In one encompassing fold the room of the conch shell wanders off into a mysterious cave where dark secrets are hidden from the eye of man.

But how about the ear? Held to the side of the head the ancient conch whispers some of its secrets to the patient one who is willing to listen. There is the swish of the waves, the heave of undulating seas; the brush of the fronds of sea weeds and an eerie rumbling as of distant thunder.

"Denizen of the ocean floor," I ask, "how came you to dwell on hardwood floors, defying the winds which would slam my study door into the face of visiting friends?" I pause for an answer.

"Listen", came the cautions whisper from the labyrinths of this sea-born arcanum. "Place your lips against the mouthpiece made by the hand of man. Blow a shrill note against the sides of the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania. Then hark! the echoes will tell you."

I did as I was bidden. At first I could sound only roaring notes, like the growl of an angry beast. But I soon learned to trill staccato notes through the winding tunnel. The echoes that rebounded from the mountain sides now became articulate. I paused to listen to the story they unfolded. It was the story of the early canals of Berks and neighboring counties. We ask our readers to be patient, for the atmosphere is not always conducive to the sounding of echoes. They shall have the story piecemeal, as it was rendered to us. Like the overture to some music drama, the story began with the following rhythmic verses from an anonymous poem of the year 1795:

Here smooth canals, across the extended plain,
Stretch their long arms to join the distant main.
The Sons of Toil, with many a weary stroke,
Scoop the hard bosom of the solid rock.
Relentless through the stiff opposing clay,
With steady patience work their gradual way;
Compel the genius of the unwilling flood,
Through the brown horrors of the ancient wood;
'Cross the lone waste the silver urn they pour,
And cheer the barren heath and fullen moor.
The traveller with pleasing wonder sees
The white sail gleaming through the dusky trees,
And views the altered landscape with surprise,
And doubts the magic scenes which round him rise.
Now, like a flock of swans above his head,
Their woven wings the flying vessels spread;
Now, meeting streams in artful mazes glide,
While each, unmingled, pours a separate tide.
Now, through the hidden veins of earth they flow,
And visit sulphurous mines and caves below.
The ductile streams obey the guiding hand,
And Social Plenty crowns a Happy Land.

THE SCHUYLKILL-UNION CANAL

The story of the Schuylkill-Union, main channel of the Pennsylvania canal system of more than a century ago, has many features which recommend themselves to students of inland water ways of America. Among these are the following. This canal was not constructed, as were many others, merely to connect two termini. Its plan was comprehensive and the vision of those who sponsored its construction was continental in scope. It was the first lap of the race between New York and Philadelphia in the effort to be the metropolis of the new world. New York won; but not without a struggle. The frowning Alleghenies thwarted the "best laid schemes of mice and men." The Erie snaked its level way to the Great Lakes while the waters of the Schuylkill, Tulpehocken, Quitapahilla, Swatara, Susquehanna, Juniata and their trubutaries protested vainly against the unyielding foothills of the Appalachian ridges. Beyond lay La Belle Riviere, the Ohio, gliding peacefully to the Mexican Gulf and the tropical seas, but from the craggy skylines of Sideling Mountain in Pennsylvania the clatter of the stone-breaker's hammer echoed back a defiant "No! Water cannot run uphill."

The Schuylkill-Union Canal offers the student an opportunity to study the methods of engineering, financing and construction which were used in the building of old canals.

A third reason for concentrating interest upon this waterway is because of a peculiar twist in the affairs of men by which it served a great purpose, utterly unforeseen by those who built it. Although it failed in its original purpose of swimming cargoes over water from the Atlantic to the Gulf, it now tapped the greatest natural resources in the world, the great anthracite coal deposits, which were needed to feed the great fires that the industrial revolution had ignited.

Today there are only swampy depressions lining the sides of the Schuylkill and the Tulpehocken. Weeds grow profusely in the hollows; frogs hide their green bodies in the scum of undrained pools and mosquitoess breed in the stagnant recesses where clay bottoms have entrapped rainwater in volumes too great for the sun to gather up.

Archeologists have speculated a great deal about the Indian mounds in eastern Ohio, but their conclusions are little more that intelligent guesses of an age that is gone. The battlements thrown up by militiamen on the hills at Valley Forge are still discernible to the eye, but time is gradually effacing these entrenchments and melting them into levels. The man-made walls which crawl along the banks of the Berks streams are still recognizable as former towpaths and still speak eloquently of the purpose they were built to serve. People still tread them, strollers along a Lover's Lane, or fisherman who follow their solid surface as they trek from one deep pool to another.

At intervals of every few miles huge piles of red sandstone may still be seen, now crumbling into disuse. These were the canal locks of other days. At several points where a road crosses the Tulpehocken or the Swatara there are two bridges instead of only one. On the south side the bridge is usually a roofed, wooden structure, painted red; on the north side there is usually an arched, open bridge which crosses a ravine which once was the canal.

Here and there along the course of these streams one can see the deposits of slag, the wastes of iron furnaces and forges which at one time sought the water of the stream and commerce of the canals. Now and then there is a cluster of dwellings near what once was a canal lock, but the canal itself—Ichabod!

UNSER SCHEIERE

Was schtehne schtolze Scheiere
in unserm scheene Land!
Un unser gude Bauere
sin iwwerall bekannt.

Mer sehnt an selle Scheiere
gemolt, dart in der Heeh,
So wunnerbaare Zeeche;
Wer kann sie yuscht verschteh?

"Ya, des iss we-ich de Hexe!"
so hot mol ebber g'saat;
En annrer heesst's Verzierung,
so'n abgezaerkelt Raad.

Des iss en Sunnezeeche
vum alde Heidendum;
Un halde's noch in Ehre,
sogaar im Grischdendum.

Was kennt der Bauer mache
mitaus em Sunnelicht?
Er legt uff Gottes Sege
aa waerklich gross Gewicht.

Drum iss er fescht im Glaawe,
sei Hoffning iss in Gott,
Weess liewevoll zu danke
fer unser daeglich Brot.

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

(Read at the annual Berks County VERSAMMLING held in Reading on Friday, April 2, 1948)

ALDE GSCHPICHTE

GEDREESCHT

Es hen paar alde Leit in me Daal gewohnt un so en Schtick owwich 'ne, uffem Baerrick drowwe, en alder Widmann. Dann iss mol ee Daag der Mann im Daal krank warre un iss ball gschtarwe. Sei Fraa hot nadierlich gedrauert fer ihn un an dem Leichtdienscht hot sie die gans Zeit gheilt. Nochdem dass der Mann begraawe waar, iss der Parre zu de Widfraa niwwer geloffe fer sie dreeschte un saagt: "Liewer Friend, ich weess dass du en grosser Verlusch hoscht, awwer sei yucht gedreescht, Du bischt net verlosse. Der do owwich uns gebt gut acht uff dich. Er verlosst dich net, glaab yuscht sell." Noh hot die Widfraa noch paarmol bissel gschnipst, sich die Draene aus de Aage gebutzt un gfrogt: "Hot er schunn ebbes gsaat?"

Schtumbiere Bezaahlt Net

Wie ich yung waar hawwich paar Bauere gekennt, Eener hot Jake gheesse. Er waar geizich awwer hot aa grischtlich sei wolle. Der anner waar der Yuni. Der waar reich un hot gern Leit gschtumbiert. Es waar en Vendu in der Nochberschaft. Der Juni waar dart un waar, wie gewehnlich, umringt mit Leit fer sei Gschpichte zu heere. Do kummt der Jake dezu geloffe un der Yuni saagt zu ihm: Jake, ich heer sie hen dich ins Vorschteher Amt gschtimmt in der Kaerrich." "Ya", saagt der Jake. "Well," saagt der Yuni, "wie ich Vorschteher waar, hawwich mir en ganser Anzug neie Gleeder verdient un die Zeite waare hart sellemols, un 's Geld raar, awwer nau wie die Zeite sin un deweil du yuscht en Vaerdel Daaler an deinere Fraa ihr Kaerrich gebscht als Parresgeld fer en Yohr, settscht du dir doch en Gaul un Wagge verdiene kenne, meensecht net?" Der Jake saagt nix, ziegt uff un schlaggt der Yuni um un laaft fart. Der Yuni iss so schebb uffgegraddelt un iss heem gange. Eens vun denne, wu debei waare, hot gsaat: "Des iss dem alde Ketzer mol recht gschehne. Er halt verleicht nau mol sei Maul weil zu!"

Contributed by FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

Early Plans for a Waterway Through Berks County

The first canal to be built within territorial United States was constructed in New York Province in 1750, eighty years before the completion of the Union Canal thorugh western Berks. In 1769 the American Philosophical Society published an appeal to the people of Philadelphia asking for finds to undertake the construction of a sea-level canal "between the navigable waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays." This canal was begun in 1804 and completed in 1829. It still operates today, permitting some types of ocean-going vessels to cut across the peninsula which forms the eastern shores of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.

The idea of a canal along the Schuylkill was fostered by the Penn heirs as early as 1761. In that year the Proprietors appointed a Board of Commissioners to dredge the Schuylkill from the Blue Mountains, which would mean present-day Port Clinton, to the point where the Schuylkill joined the Delaware. The organization which was formed by these commissioners was called the Schuylkill Navigation Company.

While this plan did not mean that a canal would be built, it was a step in the direction of the constructing of an inland water way into the interior of the province and planted the seeds for the later connection of the two Pennsylvania rivers which parallel the Atlantic littoral, namely the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna.

The first survey along the Tulpehocken and creeks to the westward was made in 1793. A group of wealthy Philadelphians conceived the idea of extending the tongue of the Schuylkill until it licked the banks of the Susquehanna. A grand lottery was organized to raise the necessary funds. We have seen some of these lottery tickets in the archives of one of our ancient churches near Reading. "Baron" Stiegel's own church at Manheim was one of the patrons of this lottery.

The personnel of that first surveying party is well known. There was David Rittenhouse, the chief surveyor. Rittenhouse had surveyed the Mason and Dixon line thirty years earlier. He was acknowledged to be the greatest American astronomer of his time. His diary tells us that one Gottlieb Rohrer carried the survey chain as the party progressed along the Tulpehocken. The surveyor's chain of that time was known as Gunther's chain and was 66 feet long. Tench Francis, the business manager of the Penn Estates, accompanied Rittenhouse on this Journey. Robert Morris, the financier, was active in all kinds of land speculation at this time. He came to see the promise that the Tulpehocken offered. General Joseph Hiester, destined to become the governor of Pennsylvania, joined the party when it came to Berks. Dr. William Smith, the first Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, was interested in Rittenhouse and his work along the Tulpehocken. He made notes as the party moved westward.

And in that party was the surveyor who had become the first President of the United States, George Washington of Virginia. It was on this occasion that the Father of his Country turned aside from the banks of the Tulpehocken, near Womelsdorf, to bow his head at Conrad Weiser's grave and declare, "Posterity will not forget his services," a phrase now chiselled into many stone tablets.

According to the plan which these empire builders had in mind it was indeed an ambitious one. Reading was to be designated as a port of deposit. Westward from Reading boats were to pass along the Tulpehocken. Then a canal was to be dug through dry land for four miles and 24 chains joining the waters of the Tulpehocken and Quitapahilla creeks; thence to the Swatara which empties into the Susquehanna near present-day Middletown, Dauphin County. Thus the bar of the letter H would be formed connecting the two rivers.

To Be Continued

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building
Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts. Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiss, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiss, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE, Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorial

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter nought but pain;
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much, and more. Craik.

BACK TO BOND—BUYING

During the war millions of people saved billions of dollars by systematic purchase of war bonds and stamps.

Apart from the stimulus to thrift which the Government sought to promulgate among its people was knowledge of the economic fact that a plethora of money could be of inflationary effect at a time of scarcity of goods and services. The Government sought to stem inflation as much as possible.

The situation in many respects is the same today. Inflationary tendencies and factors continue to be strong. The need for capital, widely spread thru the savings of many, is desirable. The national preparations for the eventuality that many people believe is certain—war—are being made as Congress votes more and more money for military purposes. There is the prospect that the Government again will become a large borrower of money and that it will have to borrow, as before from the people. There is prospect that war production will again bring about scarcities of commodities for the public and that competition for them will serve to drive prices higher.

So the opening of the new campaign known as "America's Security Loan" on Thursday, to continue until the end of June, deserves the widest attention and the heartiest and most liberal support.

The campaign locally is under the direction of that vigorous leader, Warren W. Rhoda and our people will hear plenty about it during the next 10 weeks.

PROSPERITY & POPULATION

Prosperity and high employment make for population growth and vice versa. That is the story told by Government figures on economic conditions and marriage and birth rates in this country over the last two decades and longer.

This striking relationship between population trends and business and employment conditions helps to explain the great increase in the population of the United States since 1940, a period in which the nation's economic activity and, as a result, individual and family income, reached new high levels. From April 1, 1940 to January 1, 1948, the population increased by approximately 13.7 millions, or 10.4 per cent. In 1947 alone there was a record increase of approximately 2.7 millions.

Significant aspects of this population rise were: (1) a gain of nearly 4 million between 1940 and 1947 in the child population under 5 years of age; and (2) a marked reversal of the long-run decline in reproduction rates and family size of city dwellers and the well-to-do and better-educated sections of the population.

It is true, of course, that other factors play a fundamental role in population trends, such as fertility and mortality rates and in the last few years, the traditional stimulus of wartime conditions to marriage and birth rates. But in the background is the factor of economic conditions, and authoritative studies show that over a long period of time there is a close correlation between the ups and downs of the business cycle and the fluctuations in marriage and birth rates.

The present American population trend is a development of inestimable importance with far-reaching domestic and international implications. At home, a growing population is an augury of continued progress and strength in the economy. Abroad, the population trend, combined with our industrial might and technical "know how," bulwarks our position as a world power and as the champion of the democratic way of life.

The significance of the change is indicated by the fact that only a decade ago the United States was a nation with a potentially declining population. With the birth and death rates prevailing in the 1935-40 period, according to Government studies, and with no immigration, the population of the United States would eventually have decreased at the rate of 2.2 per cent per generation. Now, continuance of the fertility and mortality conditions of recent years would eventually increase the national population by about a fifth in each generation, exclusive of possible gain from net immigration.

STASSEN

Political wiseacres laughed, a couple of years ago, when Harold Stassen started out to make a full-time job of seeking the 1948 Republican nomination for President.

Mr. Stassen, they said, was too young—he'd still be only 41 by inauguration day, 1949. He was too brashly ambitious. He was starting too soon; he couldn't keep folks interested in his campaign. He wasn't well enough known to the country. The thing for Mr. Stassen to do was to get elected to the Senate from Minnesota, if he could, and put in a couple of terms gaining experience and a national reputation.

But the wiseacres aren't laughing at Mr. Stassen any more.

Their smiles turned sickly when he swamped Gen. of Army Douglas MacArthur and blanked Gov. Thomas E. Dewey in the Wisconsin primary. And now the last faint grin has been erased by the returns from Nebraska. There Mr. Stassen ran away from the whole Republican field—Dewey, Taft, Vandenberg, MacArthur, Warren, Martin.

A couple of spectacular primary victories, to be sure, don't add up to a nomination. It remains to be seen how well Mr. Stassen Can do in Oregon, on Sen. Robert A. Taft's home grounds in Ohio, and in other preconvention tests. His vote-getting record, however brilliant, may not prove much of an asset to him at Philadelphia in June. It may only make the old-line candidates determined to combine forces and stop this outsider by backing some dark horse. Especially if the Republican masterminds persist in what we believe is the delusion that this, at last, is the year they could elect anyone.

But, as of today, Mr. Stassen is a political phenomenon. And many theories are being advanced to explain his success.

Our theory is that he proved himself smart, when a lot of politicians thought he was dumb. He set forth to travel constantly about the country, meeting the people, studying their problems, answering their questions with candor and courage, seeking every opportunity to submit his views to the test of public debate, and making a national reputation for himself, not in the marble halls of Washington but at the grass roots of America.—New York World—Telegram.

Horoscope

Either see, write or phone to those who can mean advancement to you. This is an excellent time for the formation of permanent romantic ties, for sporting events, speculation and party-going. Ahead of you is a very busy, happy, successful and eventful year. All your affairs should prosper, so utilize to the full these splendid opportunities.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Acts 19

The account of Paul's third missionary journey begins at 18:23. He re-visited the churches in Asia Minor, and then settled in Ephesus for several years, having promised his friends there to return to them at another time, 18:21, because of their insistent request to tell them more about their Messiah. He has now kept his word, and speaks for three months in the synagogue there, 19:8, concerning the kingdom of God, some believing, others not. 'Asia' in v. 10, as always in the New Testament, is not the grand division, but a small province in Asia Minor where Ephesus was located. Paul's preaching was attended with miracles, and, because of the manifest power of God, many believed. Books o magic associated with the cult of Diana, were publicly burned, as the number of Christians increased. Silversmiths, who made images of Diana, were losing business, for Christians will have nothing to do with such things. So Paul was arrested, but the magistrate released him, saying that he had never spoken against Diana, v. 37. Paul had a better subject, Jesus, and when Jesus comes in, Diana goes out with her superstitious books!

25 Years Ago

APRIL 17, 1923, A TUESDAY

The annual euchre and promenade of the members of the parish of Sacred Heart church was held in Mealey's auditorium. George Adams, Mrs. John Dion, Elizabeth Loughlin, William Wickel and Joseph Galiard were a few of the many who received favors.

The Radio club announced arrangements to conduct a campaign to raise $1,000 for the engagement of an expert to determine the sources of induction and interference in this area. F. S. Davis, 631 Walnut St., was appointed chairman of the campaign committee.

Harry Christman, 333 Allen St., and Merritt Barton, 1411 Turner St., suffered severe burns in an accident at the International Motor Co. plant.

Allentown Den. No. 1, Fraternal Order of Tigers, observed its eleventh anniversary. Addresses were made by Oliver Iobst, W. W. Kocher, T. F. Eichelberger and Richard Schaffer, stressing the growth of the organization.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An efficiency expert demanded a long vacation from his boss, but emerged from the interview with his spirits sadly deflated. "The boss has a heart of stone," he reported. "He told me that if I'm really as efficient as I claim, I can have just as much fun in one week as other people have in two."

* * *

"The following recipes for ghosts," says Vincent Starrett, "may be useful to amateurs anxious to investigate psychological phenomena":

"Lobster salad, eaten after midnight: one ordinary ghost, with chains.

"Two Welsh rarebits and a mince pie: one mysterious gray lady, emitting groans.

"Cold roast pork, mixed pickles, and strong tea, taken immediately before retiring: A genuine family spectre, carrying his head under his arm.

"Portion of cake, result of wife's first attempt at baking: a troupe of fearsome, nowling hobgoblins, with blue lights shining out of empty eyesockets."

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of The People

QUATRAINS

THE NEW LOOK

The new look not for long will stay.
Time soon a change will bring.
And then the wives once more will say:
"I can't wear that old thing!"

* * *

A few true friends, and the skies stay bright,
And the cares and burdens of life seem light.
A few true friends in what comes to share
And the heart can manage its hurts to bear.

* * *

OLD SPRINGTIME JOKE

One joke each spring my father had.
I'm sure he thought it cute.
"The buds," he'd say, 'eb'-
"The buds," he'd say, "beware, my lad.
For they've begun to shoot."

* * *

SPRING IN THE NORTH

Crocus and tulip, according to plan,
Now bursting forth.
Green growing things. What's lovelier than
Spring in the north?

(Copyright 1948)

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

Q. When did Congress adjourn to see a horse race? H.F.P.

A. On October 24, 1877. Congress adjourned so that the memoers could witness the Great Sweepstakes test of speed between horses of the East and West at the Pimlico Race Course in Maryland.

Q. Are there any women serving as lighthouse keepers? A.M.N.

A. The last woman to serve as lighthouse keeper in the United States was recently retired from the Coast Guard in New York.

Q. Who originated the term "bronx cheer"? C.J.S.

A. The origin is debatable. Some writers claim that the name was first applied by the late "Tad" (Thomas A. Dorgan), noted cartoonist, in the old Fairmount Athletic Club in the Bronx. Others associate the term with the Yankee Stadium also in the Bronx.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Politics and military appropriations have become entangled in a peculiar way. Many members of Congress who would like to be spared the necessity of voting either for a revival of the draft or the universal military training program are being told that if they'll spend the same money for a 70-group air force, one or the other or maybe both of the proposals to mobilize the youth of the nation will not be needed.

The air force has played a skillful game. Its leader, secretary Symington has shrewdly taken advantage of a political situation on Capitol Hill. Despite the much-talked-of unification of the armed services and the need for one spokesman on appropriations, Mr. Symington simply ran around the end and outflanked his superior, Secretary of Defense Forrestal.

Thus, the so-called unification plan goes out the window and the air force—the original champion of the idea—is the first to break it down.

None of this pleases either the navy or the regular army but they are caught in a political dilemma from which neither President Truman nor Secretary Forrestal seem able to extricate them. As a matter of fact, there is a powerful argument for a 70-group air force. It comes from those who think the best way to frighten Russia into submission is to authorize the spending of money for airplanes.

* * *

But this is only a superficial view of what must happen. The formation of a 70-group air force increased the need for more ships and tankers to carry gasoline and supplies to far-off bases. Likewise, it means increased manpower to capture and hold strategic bases. The wisest words that have been spoken in a long time on military strategy are credited to two members of the U.S. joint cheifs of staff. First, here is what General Spaatz, chief of the U.S. Air Force, said in an interview with the United Press at Beloit, Wis.:

"We have not yet reached the point where we can carry out sustained bombings at great distances, and I don't know when we will. People who think they will be able to sit back in the next war and let military aircraft do the job are all wet. They had better square up their thinking with facts."

And this came from General Omar Bradley, chief of staff of the U.S. Army, in testimony before the House Armed Services committee:

"The only certain and safe guarantee against enemy air attack is to seize and hold the bases from which his aircraft would fly. If we, as a result of weakness in land or naval strength, permit any enemy power to seize such bases as Alaska, Greenland, Iceland, Spitzbergen or the Azores, then we shall have laid our industrial and population centers open to air attack. All the air forces and anti-aircraft artilleries of the world could not prevent it. Only troops actually occupying such bases could give us protection. Those troops are the army."

The navy chiefs would say much the same thing in holding that, to transport men and supplies, submarines of the enemy must be destroyed and air attacks on convoys must be prevented by an adequate U.S. Navy.

* * *

So the administration, through Secretary of Defense Forrestal worked out a plan for a "balanced" army, navy and air force combination. It involved either 55 air groups for the air force fully manned or 70 air groups partly manned. The emphasis on the 70 caught the imagination of the House of Representatives and Secretary Symington pushed his advantage, although it unbalances the plan worked out so carefully by the U.S. joint chiefs of staff at their recent meeting in Key West, Fla.

Either the political pressures of one armed service group as against another is going to run our national defense or the executive branch of the government and the U.S. joint chiefs of staff is going to do it. The public will watch with interest this amazing bit of byplay in Congress whereby the draft or universal military training are sacrificed to zeal for appropriations for planes. In the end, the other services will have to be built up to balance the 70-group air force plan. This will soon mean many more billions for the armament budget.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

THE RIGHT OF REJECTION

A fallacy that somehow has gained currency in this country is that Academic Freedom in some manner makes a professor in a university sacrosanct. It does no such thing. All that Academic Freedom means is that a scholar shall not be prohibited from speaking or writing what he chooses to believe is the truth. For his choice he must assume responsibility even as you and I.

Freedom involves not only the right of expression but also the right of rejection. Each individual enjoys the privilege of rejecting what he believes to be untrue, harmful and malicious. He is lawfully entitled to express that rejection and to state the reasons for his choice, either verbally or in writing or by such an act as withholding from purchasing a commodity or making a contribution.

For instance, I never purchase a ticket for a motion picture written or produced by one whom I know or suspect to be a Communist or a fellow traveler, or in which such a person performs, no matter how small a part. That is my choice and I am fully within my rights. I make no contribution to a philanthropic institution or to a public cause with which even one Communist is connected, or the record of which indicates an acceptance of or an alliance with Communists. That is my right and privilege and no one can prevent me from pursuing my choice.

* * *

I have recently received a number of letters from persons complaining about articles I wrote concerning Professor Frederick Schuman of Williams College and Professor L. C. Dunn of Columbia University. They contend that neither is a Communist. I do not know whether they are or not nor have I examined that question. Nor do I care to examine it. If they are Communists, that is their choice and responsibility; if they are not Communists, that is their choice and responsibility. It is none of my business to decide what others are to believe. All I did in connection with these gentlemen was to publish a record. They have ample access to space to add to the record.

What always strikes me as queer is that professors so rarely can take criticism. For instance, that professor in Indiana seems to be sore because his support of Wallace resulted in his rejection by his colleagues and by folks in the town where his college is situated. If he has the right of choice to support Wallace, they have the right of choice of rejecting him for supporting Wallace. He need not explain why he supports Wallace; they need not explain why they reject him. Rejection is as great a right as acceptance.

I should be the last man in the world to recommend that a professor be dismissed for his views, as long as those who employ him are satisfied that his scholarship and character are satisfactory. Again, it is none of my business whether he is retained or not. That is the responsibility of the president and trustees of the institution. Schuman and Dunn may turn out to be intellectual colossi compared with whom I may be the tiniest pigmy in the world.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Once again I must disagree with a psychologist.

A reader asked a psychologist who runs a newspaper column "Does a healthy-minded person like work?"

The psychologist answered: "Not for its own sake. The natural impulse of healthy persons is to follow the rule of 'economy of effort'—that is to achieve each goal he seeks with the least possible expenditure of time and labor . . . But because we all have an insatiable craving to enjoy life . . . the more easily a normal person gets one job done, the sooner he will begin another."

There was more to his answer, but it all meant about the same—that the average person does not like work but works only because he wants to be able to enjoy life.

* * *

If this psychologist were correct this would indeed be a sad and sorry world.

If dislike of work, and work only for material reasons, were the normal thing there would be no creative work at all. If money and material things were the sole incentive, then we might as well throw all our ideals overboard and just become rank money grubbers and clock-watchers.

Certainly some work is monotonous.

Certainly there are lots of people who have no creative urge, no idealistic concepts of life.

Certainly there are many people—and perhaps they are in the majority—to whom living means nothing but eating, sleeping, procreating and having a little fun, such as dancing, seeing the movies and looking at the comic pages of their newspapers.

* * *

But wait a minute.

Did I say dancing, seeing the movies and looking at the comic pages?

Who do you think composes the dance music?

Who produces the moviesand acts in them?

Who draws the comic strips and writes the stories they tell?

Idealists! Men and women who love their work.

Oh, sure I know what you are going to say.

They get plenty of money for their work.

Of course they do because their work makes plenty of money for others.

* * *

But remember that every artist, every actor, every writer worked for very little before he came into the big money.

Some of them thought they'd never make the grade. But they worked and slaved and, above all, they dreamed.

They dreamed not of money but of the joy of creating brain children that would live and give pleasure to others.

There are hundreds of scientists who love their work and never think of any "craving to enjoy life."

Their work is their life. Their accomplishment is their enjoyment. They do what they do because their work is part of themselves and because, with all the money in the world at their disposal, they would be miserable without their work.

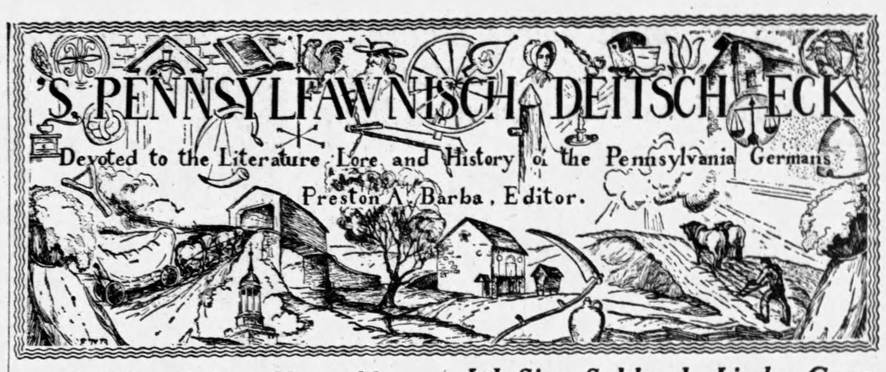
* * *

If you work only to have the material things of life, then you are indeed a pauper even if you have millions in the bank.

You must have money of course to be comfortable and to be able to buy the things to which every human being is entitled. You must be able to save for security.

But if your job is only a pay check to you, then you had better change your job—or your outlook on life.

(Copyright 1948)



Es Schneckeharn Verzaehlt

or

The Tale of the Conch Horn

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(The second of a series of installments dealing with the canals of eastern Pennsylvania. The conch horn was used on canal boats to announce their approach to the locktenders.)

THE SCHUYLKILL-UNION CANAL

The Rittenhouse Plan

Perhaps it is not in order to say that the plans of David Rittenhouse and his associates were far ahead of their time insofar as they concerned the building of a canal westward through Berks to the Susquehanna. But the plan did not stop there. Something more ambitious conjured itself up in their visions when their eyes roved beyond the rocky bed of the Susquehanna river: an extension of the canal northward along the Susquehanna to the point where the Juniata flows in from the west and then a projection, westward along the "noble" Juniata to Standing Stone, or present-day Huntingdon. There the problems would become serious, and yet it was reasoned that a few portages and mountain hauls would carry boats to the branches of the Allegheny river near Kiskiminetas.

From that point, west of the mountains, the canal could choose either or both of two branches, one going south to Pittsburgh where junction could be made with the Ohio and thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, the other cutting north to Conneaut Lake and from there to Lake Erie, the gateway to the Great Lakes. Had this entire project ever been contemplated it is interesting to speculate upon the effect it would have had upon the main channel, directly through Berks. The Lebanon Valley would have become the neck of the bottle for all inland traffic.

Rittenhouse submitted the results of his surveys as follows:

Philadelphia, to Tulpehocken Creek (Reading)	**—61 Miles**
Up the Tulpehocken	**—37 miles, 24 chains**
Canal cut to Quitapahilla	**— 4 miles, 24 chains**
Swatara to Susquehanna	**—23 miles**
Susquehanna to Juniata	**—23 miles**
Juniata to Huntingdon	**—86 miles**
Huntingdon to Poplar Run	**—42 miles**
A Portage to Conemaugh	**—18 miles**
Conemaugh to Stoney Creek (Johnstown)	**—18 miles**
Stoney Creek to Allegheny	**—69 miles**
Down the Allegheny to the Ohio	**—29 miles**

In his argument for the plan Rittenhouse stated that the canal distance to Pittsburgh would be increased by only one-third of the land distance. He pointed out that the cost of water transportation was only one-twentieth as great as wagon rates, overland and that this great difference would quickly absorb the increased total mileage cost.

A protagonist for the Rittenhouse plan, signing himself as a "Friend of National Unity," pointed out that such a canal would serve to populate the western areas more quickly and would expedite the shipments of agriculture goods eastward. In contrast he shows the difficulties encountered by those who attempted to follow the mountain trails. In fact the dissertation is an excellent prophecy of what was finally achieved, not by the canal, but by its triumphant successors, the railroad and the Pennsylvania Turpike, or Superhighway.

The proponents of the Rittenhouse plan formed the Schuylkill-Susquehanna Navigation Company in 1793 with Robert Morris as president and Tench Francis as treasurer. Dr. William Smith and David Rittenhouse were members of the Board of Directors.

Estimates were made for dredging the streams and building a short canal from the Tulpehocken to the Quitapahilla. These estimates, submitted by Rittenhouse and one John Adlum were as follows:

Dredging the Schuylkill to Reading	**—1147 pounds**
Dredging the Tulpehocken	**—1519 pounds**
Digging the canal to Quitapahilla	**—1419 pounds**
Dredging the Swatara and Quitapahilla	**—18,900 pounds**

The last-named streams are small, shallow and narrow. Doubtlessly the disproportionate figure of nearly 19,000 pounds was in recognition of the problems that would be encountered there.

In 1760 David Rittenhouse had been employed to survey the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. This he accomplished with instruments of his own manufacture, but there were some officials who were not satisfied with the work of an American surveyor. Accordingly two Englishmen named Mason and Dixon were brought to America to check on the Rittenhouse survey. They found the work of the American surveyor to be correct in every detail. In 1793 another Englishman, an engineer named Weston, was brought to Philadelphia to check upon the Rittenhouse surveys of the Tulpehocken-Swatara canal plans.

AS WESTON WANTED IT

William Weston, the British engineer, examined the surveys which Rittenhouse had made and found no errors in them. Somewhat to the dismay of the original organizers, however, Weston came up with some ideas which revolutionized their plans. He recommended a still-water canal running along side the large streams rather than a channel dredged through them. This project would cost a great deal more than the relatively simple plan that Rittenhouse had advanced. For example, the Rittenhouse estimate for clearing the Tulpehocken was only 1519 pounds while the Weston estimate for construction of a canal along the side of the creek was 186,000 pounds, or nearly one hundred times as great for the same distance.

In his first report Engineer Weston revealed that he, too, had caught the spirit of a long series of canals extending westward to the Gulf and the Great Lakes. In 1793 he wrote: "This canal is intended to serve the double purpose of forming a capital link in the great chain of western navigation from the Ohio and Lake Erie to Philadelphia." He hastened to assure the people of Philadelphia that the Schuylkill would still contain enough water to supply the needs of the people of the city.

There was a great deal of opposition to the draining of water from the Schuylkill into coffer dams for canalization. An expert, Dr. Henry Latrobe, was summoned to give his opinion on this point. One of Latrobe's statements is interesting to us here in view of the polluted condition of the Schuylkill today. He reported: "The principal circumstance is the uncommon purity of the water. Its (the river's) bed is everywhere narrow, rocky and its sources lie entirely in the limestone country." It was true then, but now its bed is soft with black layers of anthracite silt.

One year after the Weston report was submitted a new society was formed in Philadelphia. It had as its purpose the advancement of internal improvements in Pennsylvania. Fifty members contributed one hundred dollars each to defray the expenses of a Mr. Strickland who was sent to Europe to study the construction of still-water canals.

The Schuylkill and Susquehanna Navigation Company agreed to accept the Weston plan for lining canal routes along the banks of rivers and creeks. An initial sum of $150,000 was needed to make a beginning. Most of this sum was raised by selling shares and by conducting a lottery among the residents of the city of Philadelphia.

The dimensions of the canal as proposed by Weston were to be as follows:

Width at Bottom	**—20 feet**
Depth of Water	**3½ feet**
Width of Top	**—30½ feet**
Width of Tow-path	**—10 feet**

Tow-path not less than one foot above the water level.

Locks large enough to receive boats 60 feet long and nine feet wide.

Descent of canal at rate of two inches per mile.

The London canal which had been constructed a few years earlier had a descent of three inches. This was found to be more than necessary and merely served to increase the cost of repairs.

Work began in 1795. Diggers with picks and shovels could extend the ditches at the rate of six miles per year. At this rate it would have taken fifty years to reach Pittsburgh. Of course there were groups working in several sections of the country simultaneously and eventually the ditches would be joined. Nevertheless thirty years were consumed in digging the Schuylkill-Union section of the canal. The Rittenhouse plan could have been made operative in a few years but it was not until 1827 that Reading on the Schuylkill was joined to Middletown on the Susquehanna. In that same year an iron horse was snorting his prophetic way across wooden rails which led from Honesdale, Pennsylvania, to Prompton, a few miles away. The smoke which curled from the funnel of that locomotive wrote a mysterious message against the walls of the sky. Today we know that it presaged the doom of the canals.

FROM BOOM TO DOOM

Stocks in the new canal venture sold rapidly when they were first offered to the public. It was the period of great speculation in land and some of the fever spread to investments in the internal improvements of the young nation. Investors who bought the first issues of shares made fortunes by reselling, even though there were no dividends and would be none for years to come. Those who bought at inflated prices were caught in the deflationary down-swing that followed late in the 18th century. Robert Morris, the first president of the company, was thrown into a debtors' prison because he had overreached himself in investments in land and canals.

The failure of a few unwise investors, however, did not dismay the canal builders. In 1811, when the canal was half completed, the Union Canal Company was formed by merging the membership of the boards of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Navigation Company and another group known as the Delaware and Schuylkill Navigation Company. The officers of the organization were alert to the many new developments and experiments in the arts of inland navigation.

Robert Fulton, the erstwhile painter who had been born in Lancaster County, sent his steam-puffer, the CLERMONT, up the Hudson river in 1809. In his campaign to convince a doubting public of the value and practicability of the steamboat Fulton submitted a plan to the S and .S. Navigation Company of Pennsylvania attempting to prove that steamboats could be used on the Union and Schuylkill canals. In 1824 Henry Quin of Philadelphia suggested a paddle-wheel for the locomotion of canal boats. His pamphlet is entitled, "The Art of Steam Navigation where Boats and Craft ascend and descend by the Power of the Water." Another scheme, advanced in 1827, was to use tow-boats instead of horses and mules. None of these schemes proved to be practical.

The hazards which confronted canal boatmen were not all foreseen by the engineers who planned and built the Schuylkill and Union canals. Winters in Pennsylvania were severe and frequently boats had to be held in locks for weeks on end because ice covered the still waters of the canal. Spring freshets caused the canals to become swollen. Loose bits of earth would fall from the man-made walls of the canal into the bottom of the canal forming silt and mud which clogged the boats near the canal entrances. Muskrats bored holes into the side walls allowing the water to spill over the neighboring country side and lower the level of the water in the canals. When the progress of the canal boat was impeded there was little that could be done to transport the cargo. The waterways did not parallel the turnpikes; wagons could not be called upon to provide relief. If the goods on board happened to be perishable a trip threatened to be a total loss whenever the boat encountered an insurmountable hazard.

Many American canals succumbed to the dire fates that eventually awaited all except the Erie. Some disappeared even before the railroad's shrill whistle had drowned out the blast of the conch-shell horn. The Schylkill-Union, however, put up a stubborn fight to survive. Its proximity to the newly discovered anthracite fields of Pennsylvania gave it a long lease on life as the boats hauled black engine-food to the undustrial maws of the cities that were forming along its route. In 1829 a spur line was built to Pine Grove, tapping the supply of coal which was carried to breakers in that town. As late as 1863 the Union canal was paying an 18 per cent annual dividend to its stockholders.

Other Pennsylvania canals were leaning heavily upon state subsidies in a vain effort to survive. As early as 1825 the state was compelled to subscribe one million dollars to save some canals from bankruptcy. By 1842 the state had contracted a bonded indebtedness of forty millions in its efforts to aid the expiring waterways and and at one time there was a threat that the commonwealth would be forced to repudiate its indebtedness. Several interest payments on the bonds were not met. But the dun-colored mules trod the paths along the streams of Berks for forty years longer.

To Be Continued

Ich Sing Soldaade Lieder Garn

Mei Kummeraade sin all fart,
Ich bin iwwrich, waar awwer dart!
Kann gross bralle un verzaehle
Wieviel Gfallne, wie viel fehle.
Ich sing Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse gange iss der Zarn!

Vum Argonnewald bis an der Rhei',
Bei de vedderschte waar ich debei!
Haerzfehler grickt bei alle Schuss,
Verschrocke, wann ich's saage muss.
Ich sing Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse gange iss der Zarn.

En Schipp waar mei Gewehr, mei Bichs,
Mei braafe Gschichte, ehrlich nix!
Awwer die wu dart gebliwwe sin,
Roih uff Roih im Grund unnedrin—
Ich sing Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse ganga iss der Zarn!

Sie sin die Kaerls far wen ich sing.
Der Grieg iss yo en schrecklich Ding!
Die Scheenichkeet iss net im Feld
Un naryets nimmi in daere Welt.
Ich sing Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse gange iss der Zarn!

Unser Faahne fliegt noch hoch deheem,
Awwer viele leie unnich de Beem.
Die Buwe dihr sucht sin selich,
Sie ruhe farimmer un ewich.
Ich sing Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse gange iss der Zarn!

Der Ledscht verlosst wie yedrer muss—
Soldaade Schuss, Soldaade Gruss!
Im Friedhof findt er Friedens Freed
Un ewichi Ruh im Himmels Gleed.
Er singt Soldaade Lieder garn,
Vergesse gange iss der Zarn!

—CLAUS WIESCHT

(Written by an American soldier of the First World War.)

Pumpernickle Bill

Shier Fersoffa on Bunker Hill

Gawainlich won g'shwetzt wert fon Bunker Hill, maina die leit selar blotz woh die Englisha yohra tzurick der airst gute fersuch grick'd hen fon da Amerigawnisha soldawta im Preiheits grieg. Ow's die g'shict woh m'r heit dafon fertzaila wolla, hut nix tzu duh mit sel'm blotz, uns worra aw ken soldawdta rum wie die socha g'shaina sin. Ow'r 's worra 'n lot onnerra boova darta—lauder haedich ragoona hunder, ow'r wenich hens ous g'funna wie der Oscar Mertz fon Scheidys doh weil tzurick Sundawgs, in die grick g'falla is mit seina beshda Sundawgs glaider on Bunker Hill.

Bunker Hill is 'n gute bakonter blotz g'shwishich Lockport-Walnisport un Benningers, woh die ragoona hund boova sich Sundawgs fersommla fer sehna war der beshd ragoona hund hut. Der Oscar is alla weil dahame bei seinra shweshter, da Laura Rabenold nagshd on Scheidys, un woh ihra George, un tzwae fon da boova, der Henry un der Daniel, aw hard unnich 'm wedder sin mit 'm ragoona hund fever.

Den gawissna dawg wola m'r doh shwetza dafon, wor der Oscar mit da boova nuf noch Bunker Hill fer sehna wies har gang'd on so ra hunds fersommling, un is die socha all'm noh laedich werra. 'S lawft 'n grick darta fon Benningers nunner, un woh der Oscar ous gamocht hut er wot mohl sehna ebs aw fish drin het. Er is noh laenich, 'n kartz shtick waig nava on da grick nunner galoffa, un wie so oft mohls der fol is, die wunnerfitz hut 'n gabloak'd fer sehna wies wear uf da onner side da grick.

'S hen 'n lot grossa shtae in da grick galaiga, un woh er gamaint hut 's wear 'n kunshd fer driwwer niver uf die onner side lawfa. Ow'r wie er halver iwwer da grick driwwa wor, woopsh sin die tzwae fees unnich 'm rous, un der Oscar is kup un hols tzu da grick nei g'falla, mit seinra beshda glaider. Sis leicht tzu denka os er g'shart hut fer gravel, ow'r wor noh in ra mechdicha fix wie er drous uf drucka lond wor. 'S sis 'm bei g'falla os ol die onnerra fert da hund noh weara, un die mashine wor g'chlossa, un hut ken shlissel kot fer druf. 'S wor aw noch kalt in der barya, noh wos hut er gaduh, os wie is nava om bush nunner, un hut sich g'shtript so weit wie die unner glaider. Noh hut er 'n gute rousend hecka fire gamocht, un sei nossa glaider driwwer k'hova, un sie gadrick'ld Insha shtyle.

Bis die ragoona hund boova tzurick kumma sin mit da hund, hut der Oscar sich widder aw gaduh kot, un net boona g'sawt wie fon na gawunnert hen, war 'nhecka fire kot het om bush drunna. 'N aryer Oscar, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Shpaiter nous hen sie wol ous g'funna wos 'm Oscar wedder fohra wor, wie er uf 'm hame waig g'sunga hut. "I Went to Bunker Hill, and Took a Spill."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; Davis A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reinert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — Many people who are wondering if there isn't some way for Russia and the United States to get together have assumed that the only kind of conference which could accomplish anything would be between President Truman and Marshal Stalin.

Mr. Truman, however, squelches the idea of a personal meeting, saying that he doesn't want to leave the country but would be glad if Marshal Stalin came here. Obviously Mr. Stalin can't go far away from Russia, so a personal meeting is out of the question.

But is a personal meeting between the two heads of state the only way? Last January the top diplomatic adviser to General Clay in Berlin, former Ambassador Robert Murphy, had an informal meeting with the Russian diplomat who performs the same service for the Russian commander-in-chief in Berlin. The upshot of the conversation was that there ought to be some way for the two governments to get closer together. Mr. Murphy came to Washington soon afterward and told the department of state the details of the conversation.

This overture by the Russians was rebuffed by the United States government. The reasons have never been made clear, although officials of the American government now say it wasn't a significant episode and could hardly be classed as a real gesture of cooperation. In any event, they chose to regard it as informal and not official, and nothing has happened since.

* * *

Although a man of Mr. Murphy's diplomatic experience evaluates the Russian initiative as significant, it may well be that the Department of State, for reasons of its own, chose to regard the approach as without importance.

The American people want to find an honorable basis of understanding with the Russian people. Secretary of State Marshall on his last trip to Moscow purposely stayed away from Marshal Stalin until the foreign ministers conference was almost over and commitments had been made to disagree on vital subjects. Many people in Congress have wondered why Secretary Marshall did not go earlier to see Marshal Stalin.

* * *

One explanation given hereabouts is that Mr. Stalin isn't as powerful as he once was and that the politburo, or group of Communist leaders, directs the strategy and that the premier merely has the power of recommendation. It is being said here that Molotov is more of a power in the politburo than is Marshal Stalin.

Whatever the difficulties of a personal meeting between President Truman and Marshal Stalin or between Secretary Marshall and the Russian government, there is still another way. It is for the president to appoint a commission of five to ten outstanding Americans to visit Moscow and discuss all manner of questions in an attempt to bring about an over-all settlement.

Such a commission—composed of educators, diplomats, churchmen, legislators—would have only the power of recommendation to the Department of State, but it is a fair assumption that, if the mission reached some real adjustments of pending questions, the recommendations would form the basis for formal agreements.

* * *

There is precedent for such a step. When relations between Russia and the United States were strained after the Bolshevist revolution of 1917, President Wilson sent Elihu Root to Moscow at the head of a citizens' mission. Mr. Root was at the time the elder statesman of the Republican party and had served with distinction as secretary of state for many years under Republican presidents.

The advantage of an informal mission over a secretary of state in the present circumstances is that the informal approach would be possible. This means covering a wide variety of subjects without the official inhibitions that ambassadors must necessarily feel in official parleys.

There are many who say that it is futile to talk with the Russians and that nothing can be accomplished. Those who hold that view are merely saying that military force is the only answer. If that be so, then Congress and the president are admittedly wrong in refusing to accept the $9,000,000,000 addition to armament expenses recommended by the U.S. joint chiefs of staff as the only way to assure the American people's safety against attack. If, on the other hand, neither the Russian government nor any other government in Europe wants war, the task is still one for diplomacy, and the sending of a mission is a normal device used to attempt to settle international disputes.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Professor Albert Einstein has indorsed Henry Wallace for president.

His indorsement of Wallace should mean about as much to you as if I indorsed his law of relativity.

And I haven't the slightest idea what the law of relativity is all about.

So Professor Einstein and I are even, I hope.

* * *

I have the greatest respect for the good professor.

For anybody to establish a law or a theory or whathave-you that not one person in a million understands, yet for which the whole world honors him, certainly is something.

Einstein is unquestionably a great scientist, and he as also, as I have been told, quite a performance on the fiddle.

But I do not think that it is becoming to a man to indorse something which is definitely against all good American common sense and to go further than that, against all that is good Americanism.

* * *

I haven't a thing in the world against Einstein.

This sort of writing would not belong in a column such as this, which is strictly non political, if we people here in this country were not so darn susceptible to the glamour and importance of big names.

Sometime ago I had a form letter signed by Albert Einstein.

In it I was asked to contribute to a private committee which is to undertake atomic research.

There were many other big names on that committee and I think they wanted to raise a million dollars or more.

I forget the exact amount. I threw the letter into my wastebasket as soon as I had read a couple of paragraphs.

Atomic research is now fully under way by our government. Many millions of my money and yours are being spent on it.

To spend another million or so on it privately is, in my opinion, a lot of foolishness and an utter waste of money.

But the name Albert Einstein, and a lot of the other big names, undoubtedly induced hundreds of people to contribute — and nothing will probably ever come of it.

There is hardly a day that I don't receive such letters or that I don't see huge advertisements in the newspapers.

Usually these solicitations are ornamented by big names, and these big names are an effective bait.

There seems to be something enticing in being associated with those names. There seems to be a reflected glory in it.

Don't say "No" to all these requests.

Some of them are good and deserve your support.

But just because they are indorsed by "Who's Who," that alone does not mean they are good.

Use your head. Study each appeal on its merits.

Picture your own name where you now see Albert Einstein's or the others, and decide whether by your own good judgment, you would want to have it there.

That is the only criterion.

Always remember that those campaigns for your contribution cost money. That money comes out of what you give.

* * *

As far as I am concerned, I would not vote for Henry Wallace if Albert Einstein were to discover a private law of relativity for my exclusive use in return for my vote.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Acts 27.

Paul, having appealed to Caesar for a fair trail (a change of venue, the lawyers would say), with other prisoners, was taken in charge by Julius, a Roman captain, who treated Paul very considerately. A map of the eastern Mediterranean is again necessary to appreciate the references to places touched by the ship on which Paul is sailing. From Caesarea up the coast, stopping at Sidon, then west along Cyprus, to Asia Minor, they change ship at Myra in Lycia, having found one carrying wheat from Egypt to Rome. They come to Fair Havens in Crete, where Paul advises the captain to remain during the season of bad weather, but the captain did not heed the advice and sailed for Rome, but promptly sailed into a storm (called the Euroclydon, v. 14). When driven for several days by the wind, they reached a bay on an island, which turned out to be Malta. They threw all the wheat overboard to lighten the ship, but, in spite of it, the ship broke up. However, all the passengers (276 people) managed to get to shore. Luke is very skilfull in the use of Greek nautical terms in this chapter.

Call Editorials

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him Now.

—Braley

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Norway's Foreign Minister, Halvard M. Lange, has now said publicly what he had been saying privately: Norway will not sign a military treaty with Russia.

Norway is part of Western Europe geographically, economically and culturally, and it intends to remain a Western European democracy.

This statement of Norway's position is unusual, because Russia has not asked for a treaty. But ever since the Finns were invited to come along and sign up, there has been expectant in Oslo that Norway would be next. Mr. Lange's rejection of a treaty in advance must be taken as an attempt to apply an ounce of prevention.

The Foreign Minister's position is reasonable and commands respect. In the name of peace and rehabilitation Norway must co-operate in efforts to revive Western Europe. But unless Russian pressure becomes too threatening, such co-operation may not require the joining of formalized Western European Union backed by military strength.

That is a policy of guarded balance, but whether Russia will respect it will depend no doubt on the amount of help the Kremlin thinks Norway might get from beyond the seas, if it isn't respected. — Phila. Ev. Bulletin.

N. Y. SUBWAYS HIKE FARE

In much the same way that Allentown clung to water rates established six or more decades ago and refused until quite recently to raise them even in the face of mounting costs, so the City of New York for 48 years has clung to the fetish of a nickel subway fare and has lost untold millions by the unbusinesslike but highly profitable procedure, that is to say profitable for the politicians.

Annually for decades, despite jam-packed subway cars, the lines have lost money. Deficits have been paid out of the city treasury which in turn took the money very largely from real estate. Annually almost studies have been made and recommendations offered to increase the fare by a few cents and adopt the token system similar to that in use on our local transit lines and thereby obviate the bother with odd cents. But the politicians feared their political throats would be cut at any election at which they might propose an increase in fare and departure from the time-honored charge. For years the city boasted the cheapest, longest and fastest rides for a nickel in the world and it was probably true for no other community in the world, and certainly no private corporation, could have taken such heavy losses consistently year after year and survived.

Lately however New York's Legislature passed enabling legislation and a brave mayor, William F. O'Dwyer, has taken the long-deferred step. Beginning on July 1, turnstiles in the subways and on the elevated railroads will be converted to receive dimes instead of nickels while rides on city-owned buses and buses and trolleys will cost 7 cents.

Thereby the city will be able to pay increases to some 42,000 transport workers who have been threatening strike and a tie up of business in New York unless granted higher wages. It is also believed that it will be possible to buy highly needed new equipment out of earnings instead of digging into the public purse every time a new car or a motor has to be bought or a station has to be repaired, or tracks have to be relaid.

Even municipal ownership of public utilities is subject to the same factors as privately owned ones. When the cost of operating them goes up, the price asked for the service must rise or Peter is going to be robbed in order to pay Paul.

PITY THE CONSTABLE

When Judge Henninger recently chided the constables of the county in general for the failure of so many to make their appearance and give the required periodic return to the Court of Quarter Sessions and for this a fee of $2.50 is paid, according to a law with old-time wage standards. So most of the constables stay on their jobs instead of spending a day or half a day in court and collecting little more than most of them can earn in an hour. The Court has been lenient with them, probably in view of the above facts.

Any constable who lives up to the letter of the law will make a full and complete report on the conditions of the roads and bridges and other public improvements in his jurisdiction and name any offenders and witnesses who can be summoned if charges be made. He is also required to report on the "index boards" (sign-posts) at intersections of public roads and name offenders who may not be keeping them in order.

He is required to report any disturbance of the peace at elections and any violations of election laws.

If there be any "tippling or disorderly houses" in his bailiwick he is required to report their whereabouts and the owners or lessees thereof.

Then too he is expected to report whether there have been any crimes such as carrying concealed deadly weapons, furnishing cigarettes or cigarette paper either by gift or sale to minors; sales, possession or transportation of liquor in violation of the law; violations of the game and fish laws, violations of the law on the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine; gambling in any form or with the use of machines, violations of the Motor Code and any other violations of the law which have not been prosecuted. To make the situation even more complicated and perhaps ridiculous as well, he is required to report the births of any and all illegitimate children.

It is not without good reason therefore that the constables have been alerted to the need for some concerted action on their part to get rid of a lot of the useless questions in their quarterly return form. They know the Court is trying to fulfill the law but they are frank in confessing an inability to live up to it in toto and furthermore an unwillingness to make the sacrifices.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

That bowl of peaches smashed out of Walter Reuther's shattered right hand by the point-blank blast of an expertly-handled shotgun is evidence to me that the murder attempt was handled by professional killers with a political motive. And, if the motive wasn't theirs, the men who hired those tin horn torpedoes wanted Reuther dead for political reasons.

Those killers were no crackpots. They did a job of casing Reuther's little house which no Murder Inc. goon would have been ashamed of in the old days. They knew Reuther's habits. They knew he would be sitting with his wife, Mae, shortly after a meeting. He always has.

They knew he'd be in the kitchen. They had their car expertly placed for a getaway—and in a spot where the license plates would be completely in the dark. I say "they" because the car had a driver in it waiting for the killer—who knew just what window to use.

* * *

That bowl of peaches was symbolic because Reuther never drank, never went to bars with the boys, never gambled through the night after board meetings. He headed straight for home and that kitchen when work was over; so he never made personal enemies, only political ones.

If it was political, who would gain by his murder? The auto companies? Reuther's closest lieutenants say that's preposterous. So do I.

Some 10 years ago there was one big company personnel chief (now thoroughly discredited, repudiated and fired by his own firm) who feuded with Reuther and hired goons to crack his skull and even try to kidnap the auto union leader.

The kidnapping attempt occurred at one of the Reuther's rare parties. They had sent out for Chinese food for their guests shortly before someone knocked on the door. Two hoods pushed their way in, waved guns and announced: "We've come to get Walter Reuther."

One gunman held the crowd back. The other moved towards Reuther, who tackled the crimp. They knocked over lamps and furniture until Vic Reuther's wife reached into the kitchen, grabbed a can and threw it at the mobsters. Someone jumped out of a window, screaming.

The goons fled. Later they were traced to that personnel manager and brought to trial. That was 1938. Since then, Reuther's personal relations with management have been excellent despite heated wage debates.

* * *

Then—who else? His enemies in the union? Hardly. All they would have succeeded in getting would have been the elevation of Socialist Emil Mazey, now secretary-treasurer, to the presidency. Reuther would have been martyrized and his group would have been insured re-election for decades.

Could the murder have been ordered by the Communist party? That I doubt. The party would have too much to lose and little to gain, nationally and internationally. Its leaders know how closely the FBI and the other intelligence services watch their every move. Had anything slipped up, the party and its machinery would have been wiped out.

Besides, Reuther would be a strange choice for political assassination. The party and Communist agents here haven't even gone after the Soviet's military renegades now living openly in the U. S.

If Communists did the shooting, they were local people moving entirely on their own. And I doubt that.

* * *

But somebody did it. There were scores of people outside these groups who hated intensely the crusading union president.

There were literally hundreds of men who had held good jobs in the auto union—jobs with prestige important to them in strange little circles. Then Reuther purged them after sweeping out the "left wing" at the last auto union convention in Atlantic City. Many of these men never again will get jobs of any importance. I think their subsequent frustration is vital to consider.

There are other union leaders who fear Reuther will drive them from power. And, in the past, many a labor chief has been mowed down in the course of jurisdictional fighting. All these men well know Reuther never carried a bodyguard, except for a while at hysterically tense conventions.

Whoever did it set an ugly precedent.

They did more than wound Reuther. They shoved labor into an era of violence strange to this country.

(Copyright 1948)

Horoscope

Learn to take things philosophically. Discretion, tact, tolerance and moral courage in all your affairs will be needed by you, so watch your helath and emotions. Good financial fortune is portened for you.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

On the very day of a graduation ceremony at Radcliffe college, according to Edward Allen, all the chairs were given a fresh coat of varnish. What's more the weather was hot and humid, and when the governor of the state tried to arise to address the respectful assemblage, he discovered that he was stuck firmly to the seat (a situation used; as you remember, in a recent motion picture called "The Bishop's Wife").

Anyhow, the governor was a gentleman with rare presence of mind, for he captivated e ed everybody by rem promptly. "My friends, I had expected to bring you a plain and unvarnished tail, but circumstances made it impossible."

25 Years Ago

APRIL 24, A TUESDAY

Edward Lakiko, George Ruth and Gerald Snyder won the marble championships of the Garfield, Wolfe and Franklin schools. Plans were made for their competing for the city title.

Members of the Lehigh Valley Shrine club held a dance at Mealey's auditorium. An Arabian theme was carried out in the decorations and the costumes of the officials.

Dr. J. Fred Wolle and the choir of the First Presbyterian church gave a recital. Music consisted of works from Bach and Wagner.

Fifteen students enrolled at a class for stammerers which was opened in the YMCA by Clifford Close, an instructor of corrective speech. The course was to continue every night for six weeks.

Pumpernickle Bill

WEIBSLEIT HEN DRUVEL

So wies uns fohr kumt hen 'n lot weibsleit widder 'n lot druvel uf da hand un wissa 's net. Sis net die fisherrei os der druvel mocht, un aw net 's rumlawfa. Sis blain aweck die balla shpielerrei, un noh noch die izwitzericha television mashina woh der druvel aw riehrra. Doch hen die television mashina ihra guta sida, gaeich da radios woh yohra tzurick ols so fiel druvel gamocht hen wie sie 's airsht rous kumma sin, un hen awfonga fertzaila iwwer die luft wies har gonga is on da balla games.

In sella freea tzeita worra die weibsleit hilflose won ihra monsleit sich shnell ferloffa hen iwwer 'm gorda grawwa, un sin aryads hee woh sie gawist hen os 'n radio om gae wor mit 'm balla game druf. Woh tzu sucha fer die ferlorna monsleit wor noh die froke, ow'r net so mit television. Bis die leit who sellie luft guck koshda mocha g'sheider werra, mus yader blotz who so'n waisa om gae it, 'n gross garishd howwa mit drode un peifa fer die television luft wella fonga fer die bilder weissa. Sel garishd waisa is in fiel hee sicha fer mila tzu sehna, un allas os die weibsleit tzu duh hen, is sella hocha poshda noh gae un kenna gamainer hond ihra ferlorna monsleit aryads in ra half dunkla bar shtub finna, 'n balla game ei nemma uf ma luft guck koshda.

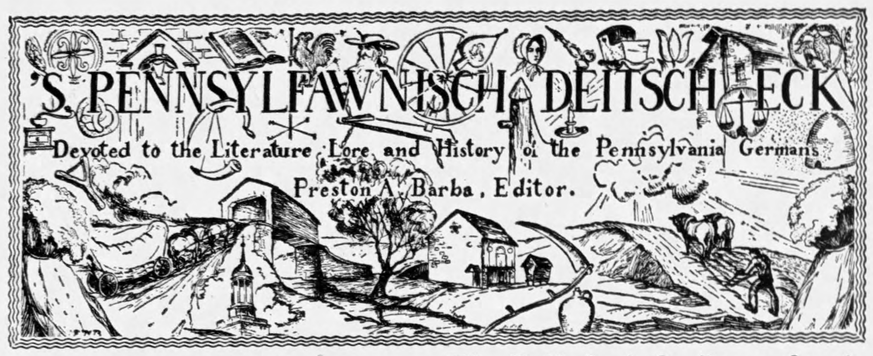
M'r hen da onner dawg wenich ob g'shtopt om Germansviller wertshous, un woh m'r die noshion grick'd hen fer des shtick tzu schreiva. War ol darta wor wolla m'r net sawga shunshd maichda so kerls wie der Kermit Friebolin un der Abner Handwerk uns ferleicht in die wol kumma fer socha blotcha os uns nix aw gangda. Now so weit os der glae Charlie Dengler, der gross shtorekipper fon da Shweitz aw gait, er wor uf bisnis ous un hut yusht ob g'shtopt kot beim wert for sehna eb er net ferleicht 'n karload odder paar shtore socha breichd. Un dabei hut er aw etlicha buddla dunklie keffer bree weck g'shoft, un sich sonderbore gut blessiert 's balla game ei nemma.

M'r besser sin uf kours ruich fon sella socha, odder won fon da weibsleit ous finna os es alla weil 'n kunsh'd is fer die luft gucker koshda finna bei da hocha poshda, maichda fon da monsleit uns in die wol kumma fer tzu fiel retcha. Grawd fer parbas sawga m'r ken wert fon da onnerra bletz woh m'r da samas nommy dawg drin worra, un woh m'r aw die Fillies sehna hen shpiela—'s wor uf kours in Germansville woh m'r der Curt Simmons fon Egypt die siva mon sehna hen lawfa, un woh ihn ous da box galoffa hen. In ehr tzum Curt missa m'r sawga, os may wie ae noss shnubduch in da bar shtub wor. Ow'r wie ainer gamaint hut, "Der Curt is nocl yung, wort mohl bis es nagshd yohr, noh weiss'd er na shun wos er duh kon."

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wons miglich wear reckordings tzu mocha fon wos so gablauderd wert bei da grumbierra ferschneider dies tzeit fom yohr, het m'r in fiel hee sichda g'shpassicherra socha, es aenich aryads shunshd in da welt tzu finna sin.

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.



Es Schneckeharn Verzaehlt

or

The Tale of the Conch Horn

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(The third of a series of installments dealing with the canals of eastern Pennsylvania. The conch horn was used on canal boats to announce their approach to the locktenders.)

THE READING RAILROAD TOLLS THE BELL

Pennsylvania canals suffered from the money panics of 1836 and 1837. During those years most of the branches of the canals west of the Susquehanna were taken over by the state. In 1846 the state sold all of the western canals to the Pennsylvania Railroad. This railroad company operated the canals for a few years and then, in 1857, it dismantled the Portage at Hollidaysburg, carrying the huge flat stones which had served as a roadbed to build the foundation walls of the railroad shops at Altoona. Some small spurs of the western canals continued to operate. In 1863 the Blairsville to Johnstown branch was abandoned and two years later a canal along the west branch of the Susquehanna was destroyed by floods and never rebuilt. In 1869 a railroad was built along the old route from Wilkes-Barre to Athens, N. Y.

In 1866 the Pennsylvania Railroad sold the section from Hollidaysburg eastward to the Susquehanna. A rapid decline of western canals now followed. In 1872 only 358 miles operated. In 1890 there were 144 miles. During that year the loss of the canal through the Conemaugh resulting from the Johnstown flood cut the mileage in half. In 1900 only 100 miles were operating and in 1904 the last canal mileage west of the Susquehanna was abandoned.

The Union canal operated on gradually reduced schedules until 1885 when Captain John Zechman in a grand gesture of abandon rammed his boat, **the Monarch**, into the walls of the canal locks at West Reading as an act of defiance against the Reading Railroad which had purchased the rights to the Union canal. From 1857, when the Lebanon Valley Division of the Reading Railroad had been extended to Harrisburg, the Union canal had found the competition too keen.

The Schuylkill Canal continued to operate regular schedules between Reading and Port Clinton until 1910 and a staggered service was maintained along the southern line toward Philadelphia for a few years into the twentieth century. During World War I a load of coal was brought to Reading from the north and in 1929 boat loads of culm were brought from the coal mining areas to Reading.

From Reading to Gibraltar and a few miles southward one lone section of the Schuylkill Canal is still intact. Until very recent years descendants of the Hiesters, great canalmen of an earlier era, kept a canal boat tied to a dock, near a boathouse at Gibraltar. This boat was used by picnickers for short cruises until the outbreak of the second World War.

The still waters of the abandoned canal, near the Penn Street bridge in Reading, formed the graveyard of the dismantled canal boats. The dull gray paint preserved the exposed surfaces for many years and the waters beneath the keels prevented the boats from rotting. For several decades these derelicts bobbed against each other as if consoling themselves on their unhappy fate. During the depression years of 1933-1937 the needy residents of Reading were permitted to chop the old boats to pieces to secure firewood to heat their homes. The properties of the Union and Schuylkill canals had been sold to the Reading Railroad Company.

During the summer of 1946 Mr. R. W. Brown, President of the Reading Railroad tolled the final death knell of the old canals in Berks and neighboring counties by transferring all ownership rights to the state. Now the Pennsylvania Historical Commission is asking all persons to furnish whatever information they can about the history of these canals. A romantic chapter in transportation had come to an end.

Canal Lore in Berks County

That prong-studded conch shell which had in the long ago been employed to anonunce the approach of the canal boat to the lock tenders, and which now served me as a door jamb, as it had also served my grandparents, had aided me in recounting the above prosaic facts of canal history.

"That is all very good, old conch," I said. "You have been diligent in telling me the story of the plans, methods of financing and the construction of the Schuylkill-Union Canal. You told me a sad tale about the decline and death of our inland waterways."

"Alas!" moaned my door-jamb. "Once I heralded the approach of canal boats; today I am consigned to propping an open door. How have the mighty fallen!"

"Patience, old conch. You still have work to do. Our readers wish to hear more echoes out of the days that are no more. They want to know about the life of the people who operated the canals, about the merriment, the humor and the songs of the boatmen..."

"Songs?" the conch echoed back to me. Surely you know the parody that the Friendly Four of Pinegrove sing to the tune of 'Long, Long Ago?'"

Sing dann mol widder vom Union Canaal,
Union Canaal, Union Canaal;
Verdreht wie en Schlang darrich Lebanon Daal,
Lebanon Daal, Union Canaal!
Blos wie der Boatmann sei Schneckeharn blost—
Geb acht, dihr Leit, wann's Boat wedder schtosst;
Verleicht hot der Captain sei Paad lezt gemosst!
Ei, ei, geb acht;
Ei, ei, geb acht;

"They called you a **Schneckeharn** in the Pennsylvania German dialect, didn't they?" I asked as the music died away.

"Aye, those land lubbers had never seen a conch, but they knew the snail, my tiny earthbound cousin. The word for snail in the dialect is "schneck" and so they named me **Schneckeharn**, or snail-horn."

"Did you object to the error?"

"Blimey, no! I found other things that annoyed me far more." I paused for further explanations. "Those long moustaches that dangled from the upper lips of the boatmen when they lifted me to their mouths to announce the signal; the beery breath of the boatmen that curdled my sensitive insides and the tobacco juice that glutted my proboscis whenever the friends of Piper Heitzig or Five Brothers got going in full blast."

"You must have had your troubles," I agreed, "but now tell me of some of the things you saw as the boats glided along the still waters of the canals. What cargo did you carry? What were the names of some of the boats? Tell us something about the life that centered around the canal locks. Tell us about Bernville, Cross Keys, Charming Forge...."

"Or the Raritan in Jersey, or the portage railway at Hollidaysburg," old conch broke into my questions.

"Yes," I replied, "and perhaps you heard the lusty old fellows talk about the days of digging the canals, fights between rival captains, trysting places for lovers along tow-paths ,accidents, misery, hope and joy."

"Aye—it's canal lore you want, is it, you and your auto riding contemporaries? Instead of the cool shade of overhanging trees that brush their leaves against the canal boats; instead of the sight of a silvery fish leaping in the sunlight along the Tulpehocken; instead of the rhythmic plop, plop of mules' hooves along the tow-path you moderns prefer the gradual asphyxiation by gasoline fumes, the countryside cluttered with billboards and metallic horns honking discordant sounds that split the ear."

The Ballad of the Pennsylvania Dutch

In seventeen hundred forty-eight
The folks from the Palatinate
Laid out our town, our Reading Town,
Here where we are today.

They broke the soil; they built their homes,
They worked, they fought, they reared their sons.
In Freedom's Light they worshipped God
Here where we are today.

Their sweat, their songs, their spirit strong;
Their love of God; their labors long;
Helped make our country great, and guide
Our Reading Town today.

We're from their stock, we're proud to say;
We'll tell the world this, here, today;
"We're Dutch! We're proud!"
We read the roll—the answer comes....
The Fehrs are here, the Rehrs are here;
The Zerrs, the Derrs, the Herbs, the Erbs;
The Yohns, the Mohns, the Neins, the Heims;
The Schenks, the Schwenks, the Diehls, the Delps;
The Rahns, the Hahns, the Drys, the Neys—
All here!

Zieglers, Allweins, Albrights, Fishers;
Boyers, Guenthers ,Schaeffers, Millers;
Moyers, Beckers, Biebers, Hoffmans;
Gernerts, Wellers, Wagners, Hellers....
Where are you?—We're here!

Hunsbergers, Witmoyers, Manwillers, Hullingers;
Reifsnyders, Schoemachers, Stubblebines,
Warmkessels;
Potteigers, Etchbergers, Krumbachers, Bredbenners,
Kortenhorns?—Here too!

Zettlemoyers, Heffelfingers, Diefenderfers, Dunkelbergers, Katzenmoyers, Himmelsbergers, Lichtenwallners, Weidenhammers, Shollenbergers, Fenstermachers, Altenderfers, Blankenbillers...
DO SIN MIR ALL!

We're here because our fathers came
Across the sea and brought their name
To Reading Town. We proudly claim
Descent from that old sturdy stock:
THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH!

—KATHLEEN GUINTHER.
Reading High School—Class of 1947.

The above ballad with its musical setting is to be rendered as one of the features of the Reading Bicentennial program during the summer of 1948. It is the result of a project undertaken by the class of creative writing under the direction of Mr. Charles Hawman, Head of the English Department of the Reading Senior High School. The commencement pageant for 1947 was to be baesd on the general theme of the Pennsylvania Germans. Mr. Fred Cardin, Director of Instrumental Music at the Reading Senior High School (he is Director also of the Reading Civic Opera Society and of the Ringgold Band) then assigned to four seniors of his class in composition the task of writing music for the ballad. **The Ballad of the Pennsylvania Dutch** was first performed by the **a cappella** choir of the Reading Senior High School at the commencement exercises held in City Park, Reading, in June, 1947. It was repeated in the High School Auditorium on February 16, 1948.

"Come, old conch, it is not as bad as that. Surely there were troubles in your day."

"Indeed there were. Listen!"

The Tulpehocken Fever

The church records of many of the rural churches of western Berks County record an unusual number of deaths during the years between 1823 and 1826. In some of the entries there are notations that death was due to a malady known as "canal fever." The diary of Gabriel Dundore, approximately 1810-1840, then a resident of Berne Township, gives us a hint about the nature of the disease. In the terminology of a layman he lets us know that the disorder was a form of dysentery combined with influenza. It struck at all ages and even the most robust were among the victims of the disease.

Medical science was still in its empirical state when "canal fever" ravaged a large portion of our population along the meadows of the Tulephocken. Contagions were not understood and the minds of distracted people searched for some cause without knowing how to isolate germs or how to take sanitary precaution. The tendency under such circumstances is to single out some new thing which did not exist before the malady made its appearance. The long muddy heaps of freshly dug earth that lined the sides of the newly dug canal ditches were blamed for breeding the disease; hence the name "canal fever."

It was arranged that moist earth, laden with subterranean gases and odors surcharged the atmosphere with poisonous vapors which lodged into the bodies of humans and made them victims of disease. The night air was especially dangerous because the sun acted as a repellant during the daylight hours.

Most of the workmen employed to dig the canal through western Berks were immigrant Irishmen whose brogue and customs were at great variance with the dialect and way of life of the "Dutchmen" who operated the farms along the Tulpehocken. There were some of the natives who blamed the Irish for bringing the disease to the valley. This argument gained considerable weight when it was observed that a large percentage of the casualties were among the canal laborers themselves.

Most of the Irish who were employed to dig the canals were Roman Catholics. Those who died in western Berks were buried in consecrated soil near present-day Obold, or Mt. Pleasant, as the community is known locally. Today relatively few people know about the early Jesuit missions which were established under the leadership of a revolutionary war hero, Captain Schmidt, in the small village known in the dialect as Hetrichestettel.

Schmidt and his family lie buried in a small cemetery which is hidden from public view. It is approached by turning from Route No. 83 between Mt. Pleasant and Bernville along a macadam road which leads to the North Heidelberg Church. The lane which leads from the first house on the left side of the road will take the visitor to the consecrated plot. There twenty or more Irish canal diggers lie buried in unmarked graves.

In 1940 Clancy Lambert, a descendant of the Irish families formed by intermarriage with Pennsylvania German girls, escorted us to the spot. He was then more than eighty years old, but each Memorial Day he threw a scythe over his shoulder and walked the mile and a half from his home in Mount Pleasant to mow the graves of all those who sleep in the Catholic cemetery near the Tulpehocken. Clancy has gone to his reward. We are wondering who carries the scythe now.

Students of nomenclature are sometimes surprised to find the prefixes of Mc- or O' among the names of families in the Tulpehocken area. One of the most fluent users of the dialect within the scope of our acquaintance is named McHugh and all of us know the families of McAllisters, McDonoughs and others who have wandered far from the old sod and now are no long distinguishable from the other Pennsylvania Germans round about them. The canals brought a bit of blarney to leaven the batter—they kneaded the dough!

To Be Concluded

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 50? Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts. Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

SAVING OUR LAND

Every farmer in this area should be interested in and if possible attend the soil conservation project near Lehighton on Wednesday and Thursday of next week when, in two days, government planners expect so to reshape and build a completely run-down farm of some eighty acres that it will become increasingly productive and valuable to its owner, a young veteran.

All living things—plant, animal, vegetable and insect life as well as man—depend upon the earth for sustenance. All the elements that provide sustenance reside in what is termed the top soil. When that top soil is deep and rich, much life can be sustained. If thin and poor little life can be sustained, for meager crops only can be grown thereon.

In the days of the pioneers this top soil was both deep and rich in most parts of this country. But soil robbing by generations of farmers, who either knew little or nothing about the replenishment of the soil or did not care about the next generation, together with erosion brought about by open cultivation of vast areas subject to rapid drainage, have reduced top soil both as to depth and quality. So the country has vast areas that under present conditions are not worth farming and, as erosion continues, the nation is becoming poorer as to its agriculture every day.

However a considerable part of the agricultural population of the country has become aware of the fact that their basic asset is in danger of being lost entirely. Aided by the scientists they are seeking to stem the losses and with the aid of science and nature to rebuild their land.

As a demonstration of methods by which such rebuilding can be achieved swiftly instead of ploddingly, various government agencies will bring a vast array of strong, mechanical equipment to the Lehighton farm next week. Arbitrary divisions of the land into fields will be changed and fields will be laid out according to the contour of the land. Bulldozers and other heavy machinery will fill the gullies caused by erosion and cultivation of the entire farm according to contour will be begun.

An old farm will be transformed into a new farm whose land will absorb the rains instead of shedding their water swiftly both to the water courses formed by erosion and the natural ones. A system of agriculture by which the land will be enriched, as well as kept well watered, will be inaugurated. This will include the planting and turning under of green crops that will feed the soil and the growing of animal crops to add further fertilization.

Thus it is hoped to return to the oldest and most successful historical systems of agriculture, namely those founded upon herds of cattle which are fed by the land and in turn feed the land upon which feed crops are grown.

During a period of three hundred years (a little over two hundred in these parts) the soil has been robbed. New England and many areas in the South have been virtually exhausted for years. Abandoned farms in Pennsylvania tell the story of the soil robbery that occurred all too often even in Pennsylvania Dutch areas where agriculture based upon cattle prevailed in large measure for a long time but was abandoned in whole or part when crops that paid better could be introduced, potatoes being a good example.

Large areas however have been kept rich and profitable by adherence to the old system and introduction of modern scientific methods. Witness Lancaster county and smaller, scattered farms and areas where soil robbery was either discontinued or had never been practiced extensively.

A turn in thinking has come about. Farmers in general now know that their soils cannot be robbed indefinitely and continue to pay profits. They know the methods by which soils can be enriched and built up. They know that it is important to conserve the top soil, to encourage the earthworm and to feed the soil with the maximum amount of natural fertilizers which they can manufacture.

Furthermore our farmers know that the crying need of the world today is for food and they know that it is likely to continue to be the cry indefinitely. The population of the world is increasing rapidly due to increasing control over disease and the lengthening of the life span. But not an acre has been added to the world's surface. It is just about the same as when mere handfuls of men made up the population of North and South America, Europe and Australia and the great island groups. Today the world teems with people and they are eating more and demanding more than primitive peoples could raise or find for themselves.

Today the United States has greater population than ever and that population is growing rapidly. Europe's population, despite destructive wars that cost millions of lives, is greater than ever in history, and cannot live upon its scanty agriculture.

America therefore is expected to be the souce of much food for the world and for our own increasing population. Accordingly it is not only a matter of good economics but a matter of necessity if not in fact patriotic duty to produce more food. But more food can be produced only if the arable acres of the country be improved.

At Lehighton next week, farmers will see a vivid demonstration of how this can be done.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To appreciate heaven well
'Tis good for a man to have
some fifteen minutes of
hell. —Carleton

WORSE THAN COAL STRIKE

The people of this country who went thru a recent but comparatively brief coal strike face a strike upon the railroads, beginning two weeks from today, and with good reason they contemplate such a situation as close to a national catastrophe.

When no coal was mined transportation was seriously affected on the coal-burning roads. Industry slowed down because it was dependent upon power produced from coal.

If and when the railroad workers cease work, similar conditions will occur and some of them will be even more serious than during the coal strike. All rail transportation will come to an end as long as the strike is in progress for the men who run the trains will be out and there are none to take their place. Other forms of transportation will be severely taxed and cannot possibly be adequate for the American demand.

Since raw materials and finished products cannot be moved by rail, industry will be affected and unemployment will result. Movement of food by motor trucks will tax the capacity of that form of transportation and it is doubtful whether they can perform the entire job that will be expected of them. So there will be scarcity of food especially for the people of the cities where not an ounce of nutriment is produced.

A national crisis more serious than the coal strike produced will come from a rail strike. It is with the very best reason that President Truman is putting all possible effort to the settlement of the differences between management and men which threaten the strike.

Many means to halt the strike as provided by law already have been exhausted. A few remain. But whatever is done, the demand of the American people upon their political leaders and upon their servants, the railroad workers, is that they be spared the calamity of a strike in the major branch of American transportation.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington.— There's legal trouble and price trouble ahead for producers in the heavy industries who have been in the habit of absorbing the freight rate as a part of the delivered price.

The Supreme Court of the United States, with its New Deal majority, has reversed completely a decision of nearly two decades ago on the matter of absorbing freight rates in the cement industry. The principle applies to steel and materials of all kinds.

The decision is full of contradictions which will require more lawsuits to clear up. Justice Burton, who dissented, did not merely disagree with the opinion but tried hard to state what in his judgment the majority had really decided. He declared that, as he read the decision, the court had not reached the issue of absorbing freight rates in the delivered price where individuals were engaged in bona fide competition but had simply ruled that collective action to fix prices was prohibited.

Unfortunately, a reading of the majority opinion does not disclose any such clarity. The majority opinion first avers that the rule of the court is designed to prohibit uniform prices which are the result of combination or "planned concerted action." Then, however, in a significant footnote the majority say that it isn't necessary for the Federal Trade commission to find the existence of a "combination" of producers as "an indispensable ingredient of an unfair method of competition" such as is banned by the Federal Trade Commission law.

How any lawyer today can advise a client in business after reading the devious reasoning of the New Deal justices is a mystery. The majority opinion declares:

"It is thus apparent that the order (of the Federal Trade commission just affirmed by the court) by its terms is directed solely at concerted, not individual activity on the part of the respondents (the producers). . .

"The paragraph is merely designed to forbid respondents (producers) from acting in harmony to bring about national uniformity in whatever fashion they may seek by collective action to achieve that result."

But, at the same time, the majority implies that even if individuals do absorb the freight rates and make one price to a distant point and the same to a near-by point, this is discrimination in price under the Robinson-Patman act or can be penalized as "unfair competition" under the Federal Trade Commission act.

The absorption of freight in the delivered price is a practice in many an industry. It has sometimes been erroneously called the "Pittsburgh plus" system though this particular practice was abandoned many years ago. The system prevailing in steel and other industries calls not for one basing point but several throughout the country. Because plants are scattered geographically, the producers find it necessary to absorb some of the freight charges that would otherwise be added to the price from the base or point of origin. Thus a plant at Pittsburgh will sell steel at $50 a ton to near-by purchasers and will also charge the same price to a New York purchaser and pay the freight out of the $50. This is done so as to compete with producers who are near enough to New York to pay a lower freight charge.

The underlying purpose is to compete and not to monopolize but the Federal Trade commission, which began the suit in 1936, held that "uniform prices" are in themselves evidence of monoloy. Actually the posting of prices by a leader in an industry is frequently followed by other producers. Thus, a corner grocery sells butter or eggs for the same price as its competitor across the street. Uniformity or identity of prices is characteristic of meeting competition nowadays rather than of destroying competition.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The public used to judge a man on his record. By record was meant his public acts, his achievements, his accomplishments, with a background of his private life to indicate character. His speeches were secondary to character. And while consistency may be little better than stubbornness, inconsistency often is the mark of a baffled mind, a confused personality, an over-anxiety to achieve position without too great regard for principle.

Since 1932, those guides to the selection of public officials have not been as popular as heretofore. The word, glamour, has in many minds become more popular than the record of accomplishment. Glamour has replaced character. Perhaps that is why the gossip columnists have attained to such an importance in journalism; they glamorize the trivial and pander to a lust for egalitarianism, that is, leveling our society at the lowest possible level without absolutely outraging moral opinion to which they give not obeisance but a passing nod.

* * *

Senator Robert A. Taft is to be judged by his leadership of the Republican party in Congress. He has made himself responsible for a labor bill, a health bill, an education bill, a housing bill. He has opposed UMT; he has supported tax reduction without imperiling the national defense. His leadership has required him to take a positive stand on every public measure; in Congress, both parties have come to respect him as possessing intellectual integrity and legislative capacity.

That he lacks glamour is admitted even by his staunchest supporters. He could not compete in that sphere with Van Johnson or Clark Gable. He is not an actor nor a robot, repeating platitudes composed by other minds. He does not shake hands as though that were his most important accomplishment. He does not wear an eternal smirk. If these are requirements for the presidency, Bob Taft is wanting. Lana Turner probably would fill all these requirements, if no others.

* * *

My first impression of Harold Stassen was way back when he proposed limited sovereignty for the United States. It was an immature idea, highly emotional, projected without regard to the dangers facing this country from its principal enemy, Soviet Russia, that had been its enemy since 1917 with no interludes. True, others made the same error, but no matter what has happened since 1917, I, as one citizen, can never respect the mentality that produced so sophomoric a conception of history. Those who will not do the home work necessary to make themselves familiar with public problems, or who sacrifice the public good for their private ambitions, ought to be opposed.

Then came Stassen's proposals for a World Parliament which, while it read like a solon come to life, indicated no realistic approach to major problems. For instance, he desired that the United Nations be authorized:

"To administer the key international airports and airways of the world.

"To administer the gateways to the seas. . .

"To increase the literacy and improve the health of the people of the world."

Just imagine where we should be today if the United Nations controlled the air and the seas! Stassen could say that he had no idea at the time that the Russians would turn out to be so bad and in his interview with Stalin, he as much as said so he finding Stalin almost delectable. But I, as a citizen, am unwilling to vote for anyone for president who misunderstood the well-documented and thoroughly canvassed Russian position. Ignorance may be bliss but it has no place in the presidency.

While Taft was standing up in the Senate for public principle, Stassen declined to come to the Senate but devoted himself to the sole task of running for the presidency. He assumed no public responsibility, except at the San Francisco conference where he was outshone by Arthur Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles, who assumed aggressive leadership on behalf of his party. For nearly three years he has had no occupation except running for the presidency; no calling except the making of speeches.

He may have a very attractive personality and even a beauteous smile—but there is no record of achievement in national affairs.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Wen sotta m'r da onner dawg aw dreffa halb wäigs g'shwishich Drumloch un Egypt, os wie der Oscar Laub, da 6d Obril 88 yohr yung. M'r hen g'shtopt, un gablaudert fer 'n longie tzeit fon socha os worra, ow'r nimmy sin. Sis immer 'n blessier fer blauderra mit 'm Oscar weil er immer in Egypt rum dahame wor, un sich erinnerra kon fon socha os may wenich left heit tzu dawg wissa dafon. Socha fon long tzurick secht er, kent er 'n lot besser erinnerra, os wie socha os yusht kartzlich g'shaina sin.

So im gablauder hut er g'sawt, "Yar, des tzeit fom yohr wor ewwa ols die rinna shail tzeit wie ich yung wor."

Nadierlich hen m'r wissa wolla wos er darta dabei maina dade, un er hut uns fertzailt fon da alta Aaron Kichlines Garverrei nagshd on da Doch Brick. Der Oscar ols 'n buh, hut helfa rinna fon da bleg shaila fer low mocha fer hide garva. Barya, keshd aicha un schwartz aicha worra die habta rinna os gayus'd sin werra, un hut tzimlich nagshd 'n yohr ganumma fer 'n houd tzu ladder draya.

'S airsht sin die hide g'shawbt werra mit grossa messerra fers fet ol runner nemma. Sel fet is ousgabroda werra, un ferkauft werra ols "Drahn" fer shoe un shtivel shmeara. Alla Somshdawg owet hetta sie in ihra familia ihra shoe shmeara missa, un hetta 's drahn hame k'hol'd imma brauna, ardna g'wart gruck.

Die rinna sin gamaula werre mit geils power fer der low mocha. Diefa lecher gakent ols. groova, sin g'fill'd werra mit hide un gamaulna rinna. Noh mit tzwae grossa hund uf ma draiding power, hen sie wosser in die groova gabumb'd bis sie fol worra, un die hide drin leia lossa bis die hoar lose werra sin.

Wie die hoar awfonga sin lose kumma, hen sie die hide rous un sie widder g'shawbt bis ken hoar may druf worra, un sie widder tzurick in die low g'shmissa. Endlich hen sie die hide rous un sie uf lina k'hank'd fer drickla, uns ladder wor so tzimlich nagshd ready fer shoe, shtivel geils g'sharra un so weiter rous mocha. Ladder wie sel wor tzimlich nagshd wosser proof, ow'r hut alla gabut g'shmieet sei missa mit fet, odder is so hard werra wie harn.

Die hoar woh ob g'shawbt sin werra hen sie ferkauft tzu da bleshderrer, woh sie in ihra kollick bleshdering gaduh hen, fer die bleshdering besser on da da wend hanka bleiva mocha.

Der Oscar hut aw fertzailt fon da alta kerricha shule im hous navich da Egypt kerrich. Er secht sie hetta mohl ae winder fer 'n weil, 97 kinner drin kotta, mit 'm fohrsinger Francis Berndt ols shule maishder un woh sei dochter Maria ols kotta het fer helfa die glaina kinner uf sawga. Der Tillie un der Charlie Weaver, tzwilling weara nei bis sie 21 yohr alt gawest weara, un hetta noh alsa mohl sich noch ferhudd'ld im ABC. (Da Mondawg gebt's maener)

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzeit flieg'd so shtarrick os der Oscar maint 's wear airsht geshter gawest os er borefeesich in Egypt rum g'shprunga wear.

Today's Text

By ROBERT R. FRITSCH D.D.

Ezra 2:68-4:6

A complete registry of the company of Jews and Levites who came back from Babylon to Jerusalem constitutes the larger portion of ch. 2. Verses 64-67 give us the total figures, including also the servants, singers, and animals. Having surveyed the ruined temple on their arrival, they at once proceeded to gather the funds for its reconstruction. The first thing they did was to get the altar of burnt offering on its bases, and then to offer sacrifices thereon, although the foundation of the temple proper was not yet laid. Having kept the Feast of Tabernacles (Sukkoth), they then arranged with masons and carpenters to inaugurate the building of the temple itself, ordering cedars of Lebanon for the purpose. An elaborate praise-service, accompanied by musical instruments, marked the completion of the foundation. Weeping and shouting were heard afar off. But as Jews entering Palestine today are confronted with opposition, so were these Jews, ch. 4 hindered by adversaries, who brought an accusation (Hebrew 'sitnah', root of the word Satan) to Ahasuerus against them. Satan is even now girding himself for a supreme effort to prevent Abraham's seed from occupying Palestine, but will be terribly defeated. Armagaddon seems near.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is America!

"Viola Bernabeucci, of Bridgeport, Conn., entertained at a spaghetti dinner at her home. Music was provided. Dancing followed.

"Among those present were: Irene Zaresky, Christine Litzenberger, Betty Solt, Mary Brennan, Marilyn Muffley, Jeanette Kirkland and daughter Linda, Audrey Ritter, Jeanne and Marie Bernabucci and the hostess."

(Society item from the Post-Telgram, published in Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A.)

* * *

A story in the papers tells that the servant shortage is getting worse and worse all the time. Most American women now do their own housework.

Here is an item from Locust Valley, Long Island:

"The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who have been cruising on the yacht Sea Cloud in southern waters as guests of Joseph E. Davies, former U.S. Ambassador to Russia, and Mrs. Davies, took possession today of Severn, which will be their home for two months.

"They had luncheon and dinner and prepared to leave tomorrow for White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where they will be guests for ten days or more of Robert R. Young, chairman of the board of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad.

"The 20 servants lined up inside the French provincial style chateau on Horse Hollow road, owned by Mrs. Brooks Howe, a friend of the Duke and Duchess, who is going abroad.

"As the Windsors arrived, the servants bowed and curtsied and six photographers recorded their arrival. There was one policeman on hand but no crowd."

* * *

This, too, is America:

A New Britain, Conn., manufacturer thinks that Indians are not as rugged as they used to be.

He has just sold an electric blanket to a Sioux Indian in South Dakota.

* * *

And to add to today's collection of Americana:

Andrei A. Gromyko, the man of 23 vetoes, a guest of the United States who lives in a lovely place on Park Ave., and whose boy goes to an American school, continues to insult this country and to accuse us of lies, plots and schemes against his poor little country.

"The Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia," he says, "do not need any self-styled arbiters and will not allow anyone to deal with the question of their obligation."

He announces that he will use "the double veto" to block any action in the Czechoslovakian case.

* * *

And so it goes.

The Bernabuccis and Windsors, the Gromykos and the Youngs — all playing their big little parts, some very useful, some very foolish, but all doing whatever they want to do, however they want to it. And nobody cares. That is America.

25 Years Ago

MAY 1,1923, A TUESDAY

Captain William A. Ruch announced that the highway department would soon complete a paving program for the surfacing of Maxwell and from Union Blvd. to Hanover Ave. The program would still have to receive approval from council.

* * *

Purchase of three acres of land, with dwellings and other buildings, located in Salisbury township on the road from the the Philadelphia pike to E. H. Reninger's Two Pines country home, was reported at a meeting of the trustees of the Lehigh County Humane society. The property was to be used as an animal shelter, and was purchased in accordance with the offer of H. H. Dent to build a memorial of the sort to his wife, the late Jessie Dent.

* * *

The fourth annual banquet of the industrial clubs of the YWCA was held at the Hotel Allen and concluded with a dance. Alice V. Keister, from the traffic department of the Bell Telephone Co., Florence King, of the Rose of Sharons, Florence Deibler, of the Altiors, and Catherine Crouse, of the Secours, were among the several dinner speakers.

* * *

Herbst school pupils of the fifth grade carried off the honors in the first of the group of five track meets to have been held during the observance of National Physical Culture Week. Of the boys in the 50-yard dash who placed at the finish were William Schneck, Cleveland school, first; Henry Held, Stevens school, second; and Charles Apgar, Franklin school, third.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bert Williams, the great Negro comedian, was very fond of dogs, but his wife never would allow one in the house. He finally prevailed upon her to let him bring home a toy bulldog, which he named "Snowball."

"Snowball" soon learned that his master expected him to go through a daily routine. When Williams came home, he would ask the dog, "Did they mistreat you today?" The dog would roll his eyes and whine piteously. Williams would then continue, "Did they lock you up in the cellar?" Again the dog would whine. "Did they starve you?" Williams would then ask. At this point the dog would have broken the heart of an innocent bystander.

One day Mrs. Williams could stand these goings-on no longer. She marched into the kitchen declaring, "That dog's the biggest liar I ever heard."

Ray Montgomery, visiting a fraternity house at UCLA, discovered a sign over the telephone reading, "Kindly limit your calls to three girls."

Horoscope

Important personal changes can occur at this time. It may be a hectic but interesting period. Use tact, circumspection patience and courage in all business and personal affairs during the next year, and be careful of the health of yourself and loved ones.



Es Schneckeharn Verzaehlt

or

The Tale of the Conch Horn

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

(The fourth and last of a series of installments dealing with the canals of eastern Pennsylvania. The conch-horn was used on canal boats to announce their approach to the lock-tenders.)

CANAL LORE IN BERKS COUNTY

Cargoes

The canals carried very little passenger traffic. A man could walk the distance between two given points before the circuitous routes of the canal permitted the slowly moving boats to get to their destination. Occasionally there were travellers who chose to share the unpretentious accommodations that were available in the cabins of canal boats, but most of them preferred the overland routes on horseback or in the relative degree of comfort that could be found in stage coaches. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, made a journey on our inland Pennsylvania waterways, but his chief purpose was to get "atmosphere" for the tales he planned to spin. Heavy freight provided the revenue for those who engaged in canal boating.

The primary purpose for which they were constructed was to tap the agricultural resourses of the interior portions of the new country. Indirectly this objective, if achieved, would lead to increased land values and serve to populate the open spaces. At first the bulk of the freight consisted of wheat, corn, potatoes and bags of wool moving eastward to the harbors on the Atlantic coast while settlers' furniture and farm implements made the return trip.

Iron furnaces and forges then were constructed along the canals and the boats were called upon to carry slabs of pig iron, forged implements and, if near a mine, iron ore.

After the discovery that stone coal, anthracite, could be burned in grates the black stones supplanted agricultural products as the chief form of cargo and with the advance of the industrial revolution during the middle of the nineteenth century the freight carried on the return trips changed too. The farmers wanted gypsum to use as fertilizer on their lands. In Berks the Pennsylvania Germans used the word "gyps", pronounced with a hard "g", to designate the calcium which they converted into a plaster and then applied, in even rows, to their newly plowed fields. As time went on the lime kilns supplanted the use of gypsum.

When the brick-baking industry began in Berks, during the middle of the last century, the canal boats brought clay from Hoboken, through the Raritan Canal to the Delaware and then by way of Philadelphia to the point where the Tulpehocken flowed into the Schuylkill. The largest brick industry in the eastern United States is even now in Wyomissing.

When the Pennsylvania canal system was extended northward along the Susquehanna to tap the rich timber area around Williamsport it was the canal boats that were depended upon to transport the logs to sawmills and lumber for the growing lumber yards in Bernville and other Berks towns which formed along the canal. Such commodities as lumber, coal, clay, iron ore and fertilizers could be hauled more cheaply in still water canals than on railroad cars. They gave the canals a lease on life for half a century after the iron horse began to snort along the steel rails that line the Schuylkill and weave their way through the Lebanon Valley.

There was one very important intangible that the canals carried. That was the news. People gathered at the locks to hear the reports which boatmen would bring and many a lusty tale was told at the little candy-tobacco store that inevitably grew up near a busy canal lock, especially those that were near the taverns.

Boating Hazards

Watson's **Annals**, a chatty compendium of Pennsylvania, records that the Union canal was "frozen over" from November 27th, 1837, until April 4, 1838. Many canal boats were ice-locked and remained "in cold storage" until the ice melted. During the spring thaws and the period of freshets there was always danger that leaks would develop in the sides of the canal and if these were not promptly repaired huge holes would be torn into the banks making canal traffic impossible for several weeks on end.

Even in the summer the uncertain caprice of nature offered the problem of floods. The thunderstorm made progress impossible if the boatman was unfortunate enough to have unruly mules to tow the boat. Heavy rains muddied the tow-path.

Weeds cluttered the sides of the banks and overhanging branches of trees impeded progress. A season of drought might mean that the water level might fall too low to permit the boats to move; locks would fail to operate and this would tie up traffic both ways until the rains came.

Natural enemies had to be fought. Beaver, mink, muskrats, snakes and eels bored holes in the canal walls. Of these the muskrat was the worst and most constant offender. This water rodent likes to pursue his amphibious way through underground channels which have a through route from entrance to exit in the main stream. The canal companies distributed circulars offering bounties for muskrats dead or alive. These circulars offered prizes of ten dollars for muskrats which were caught in the canal, five dollars for those trapped in holes on the bank or tow-path and one dollar for those caught within fifteen feet of the canal. The trapper produced evidence to the lock tender or to the "tow-path walker" to prove the scene of the capture.

The tow-path walker corresponded to the track walker of the early days of the railroad. It was his duty to stroll along the tow-path and keep his eyes open for any sign of leaks in the banks. He carried with him a bundle of hay or straw. Whenever he detected a swirl of water at some spot in the canal sides he would pack the strands of hay or straw into the hole, patting the repairs with the clay which formed alongside the opening. If the canal walker found the break soon enough he could make the necessary repairs. If the break was too large he would send for the canal-repair boat. This craft had the right of way over all other boats on the canal. It carried shovels, picks, straw, stakes, pipes and other repair equipment.

If the break was a large one the method of repair was to drive two rows of stakes into the ground; the stakes were interwoven with ropes and wattled with twigs. Then other stakes were driven on each side, obliquely. Clay and stones were then packed into a solid mass; in this way the hole was plugged.

Boats Passing

The length of the tow-rope was from 60 to 80 feet. When boats going into opposite directions approached each other there was the problem of passing the teams on the same tow-path. The boat that was traveling with the current slackened its rope, permitting it to sink under the approaching vessel. Then the boatmen on the slackened boat used their long stoking-poles to push their craft to the side of the canal which was not lined with a tow-path, while the mules pulled the approaching boat toward its destination. If either or both crews failed to cooperate in this maneuver there was danger that the ropes would become hopelessly entangled.

Competition with the Erie

In one of our earlier sketches we discussed the deadly competition the railroads of Pennsylvania gave to the canals in this state and pointed out that the shrill whistle of the steam engine running on rails sounded the doom of the mule-drawn canal boats. It remains to point out that our Berks canals suffered another kind of competition. The Erie canal in New York State helped to seal the fate of our Pennsylvania waterways. It is almost impossible for the historian to exaggerate the tremendous importance of the Erie canal in the shaping of the nation's destiny. Even today it is a vital link in the network of transportation.

In 1848 the Erie carried nearly 4,000,000 tons of freight. The boats used on that waterway were wider and longer than those used on the Union and the Schuylkill. In order that cargo could be carried from the Erie, along the Hudson, through the Raritan to the Delaware it was necessary to unload and reload if the freight was destined for any point on the Schuylkill and Union Canals because the waterways were not wide enough to permit the passage of Erie boats.

In 1851 the Union Canal Company undertook the task of widening the canal through western Berks. Again the workmen who were hired were Irish immigrants. The writer has learned many of the details of the widening of the Union from Dr. Adam J. Dundore, who as a youth acted as a water carrier for the Irish diggers. Dr. Dundore was born in North Heidelberg Township in Berks. With some of the money he earned as a canal-boy he paid for schooling which qualified him finally as a physician. He attended the wounded at the battle of Gettysburg in 1863. In 1926 he was awarded a medal at the Sesqui-centennial in Philadelphia for the distinction of "having brought more Philadelphians into the world than any physician in the history of the city." He lived to be ninety-four and his memory was clear to the end. His experiences as a canal digger were among his fondest memories.

The advantage gained by the widening of the Union was short-lived. In 1862 the Erie was widened still more and the revenues of the Union did not permit the outlay to continue the competition. The early railroads in New York aided, rather than hindered the Erie. On the Erie there was no mountain portage such as was necessary at Hollodaysburg in Pennsylvania where the boats faced a mountain 2500 feet high. The clogged state of affairs on the Pennsylvania canals led many Philadelphia merchants to ship their freight by railroad to New York, then by another railroad up the Hudson and then by way of the Erie canal to points westward. All of this revenue was lost to the Pennsylvania canals but aided the level water-route of New York.

The result was that year after year the hauls became shorter for those whose boats were built to the size of the Union Canal. While it was possible for the smaller boats to use the wide canals in New Jersey and New York it was not profitable for them to pay the tolls in competition with boats that could carry as much as thirty per cent more freight on each trip. Gradually the circle narrowed against the time when they were forced to lie and rot in the stagnant pools of abandoned canals.

Another factor which played a large part in the success of the Erie was the need for fewer canal locks than were required in Pennsylvania. From the Susquehanna to Hollidaysburg, a distance of 172 miles there were 108 locks, or one for every mile and a half. The Erie's 364 miles required less than 100 locks. This factor alone speeded the transportation on the New York channel by more than 100 per cent over its Pennsylvania competition. In 1863 the Erie earned five million dollars and had 5186 boats in service. In 1872 the Erie carried nearly seven million tons of freight and in 1893 the channel was deepened in order that huge barges could be sent along the canal. By that time the Union had given up the ghost and the Schuylkill was struggling with the problem of moving cracked stones of coal over canals clogged with coal refuse.

DIE FRESCH GREISCHE

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

The frost is out of the ground and the farmer is plowing. The robin in the furrow is gathering up the worms. Spring is in the air. But what is it that gives me that woebegone feeling? **Die Fresch greische!** It must be because I remember that evening at dusk when, as a child of four or five, I came home from playing with neighbors' children and found mother missing from her accustomed place in the kitchen. Had I been older I might have looked for her in the garden. **Wann die Fresch greische iss es Zeit fer an's Gaerdle.**

Nearly everyone has heard **die Fresch**, but how many have seen them? Approach the pond or the marsh where they are piping and their shrill notes will stop immediately. If with a little patience you wait quietly they will perhaps resume their call, but unless your eyes are very keen you will still have trouble seeing them. These little creatures are therefore somewhat mysterious and one often hears the question, **"Was sin die Fresch?"**

Nature books tell us that the "spring peeper"—for that is the popular English name for **der Frosch**—is a little brown tree frog, about the size of the first joint of a man's thumb, that breeds in ponds and swamps in the early spring. Its scientific name is **hyla crucifer**, the **crucifer** coming from the fact that it is marked on the back with a dark-colored cross in the shape of an "X."

Our Pennsylvania German word lists all have the word for this frog. Lambert lists it as **der Frosch** (plural, **die Fresch**); Rauch, Lins and Horne as **der Frush** (u as in Eng. hut), related to the High German **der Frosch.** In the localities where I am acquainted **Frosch** is both singular and plural. These lists also contain the word **Laabfrosch** (or **Lawbfrush**), meaning a tree toad or tree frog. Strictly speaking, the spring peeper is **'n Laabfrosch,** but in the Pennsylvania German this word is used only to designate the spring peeper's cousin that sings later in the year. Only Horne lists a dialect name for bullfrog, using the same name, **der Frush.** Among my acquaintances I have never heard anyone using this word for bullfrog. A bullfrog is always **der Bullfrack.** Brown-spotted pickerel frogs are **Fresch,** but the common green frog is not **'n Fresch** but **'n griener Bullfrack.**

Bullfrogs were unknown to Europeans until the discovery and settlement of America and practically every writer on travel in America during colonial times mentions two animals—the rattlesnake and the bullfrog—probably because these two were the strangest. Some of these descriptions are amusing and all of them are entertaining.

Daniel Falckner in 1702, in his "Curieuse Nachricht", in answer to the question "Was gibt es dann fuer schaedliche Thiere im Wasser?" replied in part, "Auch gibt es dreyerley Art Froesche. 1. Eine Mittelgang, wie die unserige in Teutschland; 2. Eine kleinere Art, welche so fein singet, als wie bey uns die Rotstuertzen; und 3. eine sehr grosse Art, die gibt einen greulichen Gelaut, dasz, wo man des Sommers einen daselbst zum Nachbarn hat, so darff man des Nacht-waechters und seines Horns nicht, weil er fleissig bisz zu Tage aushaelt mit pferren un ruckesen wie ein junger Ochs."

(Sachse's translation: "There are also three kinds of frogs 1. a middle species, like ours in Germany; (2) a smaller kind which sings so fine, as the brown frogs with us; and (3) a very large kind that emits in the summer, there is no need of any night watchman with his horn, as he keeps diligently on until day with a bellowing and roaring like a young bull."

Gottlieb Mittelberger, who is much quoted in Pennsylvania German writings, wrote (in 1750-1754), "And the frogs have a very different voice. They do not croak or quack, but yelp. And this yelping begins as early as March."

Peter Kalm, the Swedish scientist wrote (in 1749-1750) about both the spring peepers and bullfrogs: **"Rana ocellata** is a type of frog here, which the Swedes call **sill-hoppetassor**, i. e. herring hoppers, and which now begin to peep in the evening and at night in swamps, pools and ponds....These frogs have a peculiar note, which is not like that of our European frogs, but rather corresponds with the chirping of some large birds. Bull frogs are a large species of frog, which I had an opportunity of hearing and seeing today. As I was riding out I heard a roaring before me; and I thought it was a bull in the bushes on the other side of the dike, though the sound was rather more hoarse than that of a bull. I was however afraid that a bad goring bull might be near me, though I did not see him; I continued to think so for some hours after, when I talked with some Swedes about bullfrogs, and by their account I immediately found that I had heard them."

Isaac Weld, Jr., a traveller from Dublin, Ireland, in 1795-1797, wrote, "The Frogs in America, it must here be observed make a most singular noise, some of them absolutely whistling, whilet others croak so loudly, that it is difficult at times to tell whether the sound proceeds from a calf or a frog; I have more than once been deceived by the noise when walking in a meadow. These last frogs are called bullfrogs."

With these descriptions coming from educated travellers and scientists we can well imagine the feeling of surprise, and perhaps fear, experienced by our immigrant ancestors **Wie sie der erscht bullfrack heere henn blarre.**

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone No. 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Centre Square—Phone 8622.

Royal W. Weiler, President and Manager; John C. Shumberger, Vice President and Comptroller; David A. Miller, Vice President and Managing Editor; John C. Shumberger, Jr., Treasurer; Donald P. Miller, Secretary and Assistant Managing Editor; Fred W. Weiler, Assistant Manager and Circulation Manager; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.99; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — Sometimes government publicity or propaganda is as confusing as that issued from private sources. The public, for example, has just been given a carefully prepared statement by Secretary of State Marshall on why the veto power should not be abandoned in the United Nations and why the recent proposals to amend the charter should not be pressed.

But General Marshall says one thing and the other agencies of the government, as well as Congress, say quite another. Thus, in his prepared statement, the secretary of state made this very commendable comment:

"The factor of military strength is of immediate and major importance in the present world situation; but is not the element which will be paramount in the long run. The emphasis often placed solely on the military aspects of world affairs does a disservice to the cause of peace. The more that present differences are talked about and treated exclusively as a military problem, the more they tend to become so."

One can only be amazed at the boldness and frankness of this declaration. Yet in the very same day's news comes word of the passage by Congress of billions of dollars for 70-group air force. In fact, the emphasis from the executive agencies of the government on the need for military force has been accompanied by no camouflaged reasons—the officials who testified before Congress pointed openly to the menace of Russian aggression as the basis for military rearmament.

When a federal budget is going out of balance just to build up military strength, it must be a source of wonder that the secretary of state could speak of emphasis on the military aspects as doing a "disservice to the cause of peace" without realizing that the Congress has been impelled by executive recommendations in placing such emphasis on the military aspects.

But this is not all. In his own prepared statement, Secretary Marshall virtually recommended that the United States join in a military alliance to emphasize military strength. He said:

"The United States government is now considering the steps necessary to bring the national military establishment to the minimum level necessary to restore the balance of power relationships required for international security."

Here is perhaps the most important pronouncement on foreign policy made since the close of World War II. It is, in effect, an announcement that, despite the pleas of the late President Wilson against the "balance of power" and despite the arguments of former Secretary of State Cordell Hull in favor of "collective security," The United States government today abandons collective security as impractical and endorses the restoration of the "balance of power" idea in the world.

It is true this alternative to collective security has been in a sense forced by the refusal of Russia to participate in collective-security plans. But at the same moment that Secretary Marshall refuses to sanction amendments to the charter to promote the cause of collective security, he announces that within the United Nations a military alliance against Russia is being formed. He declares:

"The United States is acutely aware that the return of a sense of security to the free nations of the world is essential for the promotion of conditions under which the United Nations can function. The necessary steps for self protection against aggression can be taken within the charter of the United Nations. The charter recognizes in Article 51 the right of individual and collective self defense against armed attack until the Security council has taken measures necessary to preserve peace and security."

Here is more emphasis on "military aspects." If Russia will not play ball and insists on her veto in the Security council and also commits acts of aggression, the "balance of power" will be used to coerce her into agreement.

This is a realistic concept that has long been advocated by those who feel that physical force is the "only language the Russians can understand." But there are many who have grave doubts whether this isn't really the way to bring on war. Certainly there is much merit in Secretary Marshall's naive comment that "the factor of military strength . . . is not the element which will be paramount in the long run."

This must mean that somewhere and somehow a resumption of talks between Russia and the United States leading toward a removal of mutual distrust and suspicion is inevitable.

TOTS TO SEE PRESERVE

By arrangement of the Allentown school district all the children in the schools, according to plans, are to be taken on tour of the Trexler-Lehigh County Game Preserve in the course of the next few weeks.

It can be believed that but a small percentage of the children ever have been inside the Preserve altho it is only about ten miles distant from this city and is an attraction especially pleasing and informative for children.

Thousands of people from distant points have visited the Preserve. Thousands of people right here at home have never seen it. Which is of course the experience of institutions everywhere. Strangers enjoy them. The home folks in large numbers disregard and never enter them.

The schools however will make an excellent start in popularizing, locally, the Game Preserve. Children will go home and talk enthusiastically about their trip. They will prompt their elders to take them on another and another visit. For no matter how often one visits the vast enclosure, pleasure always is to be had at viewing this exceptional and delightful public place and its interesting big game, natives of America.

GET TENT CATERPILLAR NOW

The season for the tent caterpillar has opened and this offensive tho not widely harmful insect is agitating the owners of fruit trees who know that just one nest of the pests can strip a tree of foliage in a few weeks if it be strong as to population.

On the wild cherry trees where it flourishes the harm done to the early foliage is not a matter of concern for the tree itself is virtually useless since so few persons make any use of its fruit. Furthermore, after the caterpillar has done its worst, such trees for the most part refoliate and close the summer with abundance of leafage.

The pest however is a deterrent to fruit trees, particularly the apple whose leaves it loves and upon which it fattens to ugly proportions.

The time to check its ravages is immediately and while the commercial orchardists control the insect thru poison sprays, those persons who have but a few trees and do little or no spraying must resort to other means. From time immemorial the custom of many has been to burn them out of their nests in the crotches of trees. But this practice is time-consuming, dangerous often to those who are following it and often more harmful to the tree by destruction of the bark than the insects themselves. So for many the speediest and most effective solution for the problem is removal of the nests from the trees, using a pointed stick or even a stick with a small crotch, into which the web of the nest can be transferred from the tree by a simple twist. Then it can be removed from the stick and burned. This process saves the tree from harm both as to insects and fire. And it is safe, whereas the firebrand method is dangerous and has resulted in injury to many persons.

LITTLE COMFORT IN OHIO

The Republican primary elections in Ohio on Tuesday were watched with much interest by the electorate thruout the nation but it can be said that little if anything was decided altho both Senator Taft and ex-Governor Stassen's friends are trying to get some grains of comfort out of them.

For only 23 out of the 53 delegates to the national convention did Mr. Stassen's friends put up candidates. Thirty pledged for Mr. Taft were unopposed. In the delegate-at-large fight there was but one candidate pledged to vote for Mr. Stassen, if elected.

Inasmuch as this candidate lost against the field, the result is regarded as not too favorable for the Minnesotan. And since he won only nine out of the 23 district delegates for which he battled under the best possible circumstances that also is not too favorable.

But the very fact that Mr. Stassen made inroads upon Mr. Taft in his home state, which had a solid delegation in both 1940 and 1944, is the basis of some satisfaction for the Stassen backers.

'PLOWING UNDER' OLDSTERS

Dr. Theodore G. Klump's admonition to the National Health Assembly that we can't "plow under" the increasing number of older people who are being shut out of jobs in industry by arbitrary and unsound employment practices is well taken.

If present life extension trends continue, by 1980 there will be 60,000,000 Americans over 45 years of age and 21,000,000 over 65. That is a huge and valuable fraction of American manpower and in many ways the steadiest and most productive group in the country. It is bad business for everybody to neglect using the energies of such a powerful and willing portion of the population.

That is quite aside from the manifest injustice of casting these people on the scrap heap the instant their youth has been used up. They are just as deserving at 60 as at 30, or 21, and they have had the opportunity to acquire a seasoned judgment not given to most younger persons. It has been thoroughly established, moreover, that they are just as productive workers.

Insurance companies especially have delayed too long in recognizing this fundamental problem of American society. But industry, Congress and the research groups which are increasingly influencing the patterns of employment practice, should face the issue, too, before it develops into a major crisis, as it surely would if an economic setback were to occur.
—Philadelphia Inquirer

Thought For Today

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius.—Dobson

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

The chances are that you are running for some kind of office this year.

Almost everybody else is.

So please let me give you a bit of advice:

When the newspaper photographer comes around to take your picture, don't grin.

* * *

That same advice, by the way, goes not only for political candidates but for everyone else who is having his picture taken for publication.

Just look at your newspaper today.

Or look at almost any magazine.

From left to right, it says, and then it shows a group of people grinning inanely at the camera.

Why are they grinning?

I don't know.

A few days ago I saw a picture of a fellow who had just been sentenced to death for murder.

With him was his attorney.

I can't see for the life of me what reason the condemned man had to grin, or the attorney who had just lost the case for his client.

* * *

Another picture showed a funeral cortege coming out of a church. Two of the pallbearers were grinning.

Almost every picture of President Truman I have ever seen shows him with a big grin on his face. Henry Wallace is always grinning.

One thing I used to like about President Coolidge was that grouchy expression of his. He looked grouchy even when they showed him in that silly Indian headdress and when he was shown fishing in hip-high rubber boots, a blue serge suit and stiff collar.

* * *

And just look at those society pictures. Everybody grins.

The only society picture I ever saw where the fellow wasn't grinning was the one where a married man was caught by the photographer in a nightclub with a very enticing young blonde.

But I saw that picture only in the newspaper office. It was never published and thus a happy home was saved.

* * *

Here is another suggestion for you candidates:

Get it out of your heads that all your voters have the minds of 12-year-old children.

Today's voters are just as smart as most of the candidates. That is one of the reasons why so many candidates are defeated.

Give them all the hot air you want when you make your preelection speeches.

But when you do, don't think for a minute that they believe you. People don't vote for you because of what you promise to do in the future but because of what they know you have done in the past.

* * *

And may Heaven have mercy on many of you candidates when you have to go on television where every physical weakness and every hypocritical glint in the eye shows as plain as day.

A million votes will go to the invisible man.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

MAY 8, 1923, A TUESDAY

The evening meeting of the Four Square club was in charge of L. Marvin Larned, of P. W. Brooks and Co. Prof. William M. Tinker, of the High school faculty, delivered the address. Morton F. Towle, the club's song leader, provided the entertainment which featured a minstrel performance.

William H. Taylor and Co. was awarded the heating and ventilating contract for the Francis D. Raub school building under construction at St. Cloud and Walnut Sts. The school board also accepted the low bid from the E. P. Saeger Co. for the plumbing contract for the same building. The meeting of the board was enlivened when fire broke out in a metal waste basket due to a lighted cigar.

The Musical club sponsored its first music memory contest at the high school. Harry Filer, a junior who lived at the Good Shepherd Home, won the Rotary club's first place award in the competitive singing. Other contestants were Dorothy Baer and Bertha Starner, seniors.

Horoscope

The solar eclipse in your sign brings changes and alterations in your life. Do not spoil your chances of success by obstinacy and self-will. Be tactful, especially with elders and those in authority, and watch the health of yourself and family.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'S HUT NET G'SCHNIDDA:

Der Harry Lichtenwalner fon drous nagshd om Insha Dom gaeich Macungie tzu, hut da onner dawg wie er hame kumma is fom hospital gor net fershtae kema ferwos sei bolvier messer net schneida wot. Der Harry wor awenich shtubblich wie er der hospital ferlossa hut ow'r hut ous gamocht er kent mohl fer 'n weil nix shoffa won er hame kaimt, un het blenty tzeit fer sich selwar bolvierra.

Un er hut sich aw gabolviert, ow'r net bis er airsht 'n lot druvel kotta hut. Die fraw uh kinner hen 'm arrick shae ob gawort, un sei bolvier socha bei gabrocht wie er g'sawt hut os sie sotta. In blotz fon ow'r sei box safa shmear bringa woh er ken barshd yusa brouch, hen sie 'n letzie box ferwish'd un 'm Harry 'n box weissie shoe polish gabrocht. Der Harry huts g'sicht gute ei, gariva, un shtarta bolvierra. Ow'r shtorra - wedder's, hut garubb'd wie wons messer 'n tzong wear, un dade yader barsh'd laenich rous rubba. 'N mensh kon so fiel shtanda un net may, un wie der Harry mohl die box recht badrocht hut woh bolvier safe sei hut solla, ferhoftich sei wons net weissie shoe "black" wor.

HUT SHNELL OUS GAPOCK'D:

Soicha os'm onnerra Somshdawg owet on da Lechaw Kerrich worra fer da "Ead" Fink ihra "Fergesslicher Mon." sehna, un hen 's glick kot fer dabei tzu sei, on da rechter tzeit hen der graimer Irvie Kerchner fon Macungie tzwae mohl sehna kenna ous un ei pocka. Der Irvie is der Graimer im g'shpiel un hut gute gaduh, wie aw ol die onnerra hen. Ow'r die g'shpass is noch 'm g'shpiel ob gonga drous in da shtross wie 'm Irvie der bind'l uf gonga is, un allas is in die shtross g'falla. 'S wor yusht gute os es windshtil wor, odder der Irvie wear ferleicht ols ols noch on dale fon seim gagrawm sucha.

WOR ABISSEL SHPOTE:

'M Emmaus drucker Armond Milton James Moyer sei fraw die Winifred fon da Fled, hut sich 'm onnerra Sundawg morya ae shtun ferseim'd darrich die narrish shtarrick tzeit. Der Armond Milton James, 's same wie aw die Winifred hen all'm noh fergessa die uhr fohr draya, un sie un die kinner sin ewwa on da gawainlicha tzeit uf ihra uhr, noch da Wescosviller Sundawg shule.

Sis da Winifred un da kinner kayose fohr kumma-wie sie in der chapel sin, os die os drin worra nous sin. Bis es fartich wor, wor der salgashpruch shun g'sawt, die sundawg shule wor ous, un die Winifred un kinner hen allas ferseim'd weil sie owets dafor fergessa hen kot ihra uhr 'n shtun fohr tzu draya.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Kinner heit tzu dawg in shula, wissa net wie glicklich os sie sin gaeich soicha fon uns os 40, 50 yohr tzurick in da shule worra.

'M midwoch owet worra m'r noch da St. Johns Ludderisha kerrich in Fogelsville, fer da Ewwer Macungie township shule kinner ihra Free Yohrs Musick Fesht ei nemma.

Unser kindskindt, der Thomas William, sei airsht yohr in da shule wor dabei, un hut shtecka gaglubb'd, -wor ainer fon 21 "Rhythm Stick" shpieler in da Rube Band, uf gamocht fon 60 kinner, galead beim Floyd Moyer, mit da Nancy Lee Wagner om glofier.

'S wor 'n foller owet singas un shpielas, die kinner ol aw gaduh wie bauer, un hen noch so gore 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shtick g'sungaebbes undenboras 50 yohr tzurick.

Unser hute is ob tzu da Mrs. Norma Gross, fohrganger, un ol da shulemaishder un onnerra fon Ewwer Macungie township woh helfa hen der koncert uf griega.

Der same koncert wert danovet nocha mohl k'halta in der Trexlershteddle kerrich, un ol os kenna, sotta 'n ei nemma.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Text

Haggai 1.

Those who have recently been reading the book of Ezra will recall that work on the rebuilding of Zerubbabel's temple in Jerusalem was hindered by the enemies of the Jews for almost 20 years (Ezra 4:24). At the end of that time, however, two prophets appeared, speaking for God, commanding the people to rise up and complete the work which had been abandoned (Ezra 5:1). It is for this reason that we are asked at this time to read the short book of Haggai, one of the two prophets just referred to. Speaking for the Lord to the people (which is the mission of a prophet) Haggai asks them whether it was right for them to be living in ceiled houses, whereas the house of the Lord was lying waste. Go up, therefore, to the mountains, saith the Lord, bring wood and build the house (that is, the temple). Neglect of God's house implied neglect of God Himself, hence they were not living under His blessing, vs. 6.9-11. So Zefubbabel and his helpers, together with the people, responded to the message of the prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, and renewed the work on the temple in the second year of Darius, king of Persia.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

There's a character you ought to keep your eye on.

When the CIO first moved into his west coast territory, he ordered 3,000 of his biggest and toughest teamsters to train immediately in jiu-jitsu, boxing and wrestling classes so they could repel the invasion.

When this labor leader's reputation for toughness became too lurid, he stepped out of the denim class, went in for expensive suits and joined the local Chamber of Commerce. And just to show his good will he signed up several of his union business agents in the C. of C.

But others of his "lieutenants," according to the police records I've studied, still roughed things up in Oregon and were jailed in such quantities that they could hold a good-sized "class" reunion after they were let out.

So, for years, whenever this powerful union chief wanted to fly fom Seattle to California, he would detour via Boise, Idaho, just so he wouldn't even speed through Oregon air and perhaps be forced down in the state which might want to talk to him about the blood, riots and bombings that had smeared up its labor relations. It's all in the official records.

* * *

That's the kind of labor leader Dave Beck is—methodical and cautious. Although disliked by other union chiefs and shunned by many of them, he's powerful.

And about to become more powerful any minute—in fact, America's most powerful union man. He's got a timetable. It calls first for domination of the world's biggest union, the 1,100,000-member AFL Teamsters Brotherhood.

At this moment his men are touring city after city pressagenting him. Some of them carry a movie he had produced glorifying safe highway driving and, of course, Dave Beck, newly appointed executive vice president of the teamsters. The film was shown in Pittsburgh the other day and is now due in New York. In a few months Beck will have charge of building the teamsters' new multi- million- dollar Washington headquarters.

Watch Brother Beck. Control of the Teamsters' Brotherhood is within his reach. While elderly Dan Tobin, the teamsters' president, is busy with other organizational activities, Beck's building his machine to control the union's 11-man executive board.

* * *

Capture of the teamsters by an ambitious man—and Beck's ambitious--would mean dominance in the huge AFL, because no other union chief would dare defy a truckmen's chief. He could make or break any strike simply by paralyzing, or refusing to paralyze, truck deliveries.

Control of or dominance in the AFL by anyone as bitterly anti-CIO as Beck would mean fiery labor civil war, raidings and consequent trouble to the industrialists caught in the middle.

And this is the moment to worry about Brother Beck. For the first time in years there's really a chance for the AFL and CIO to merge peacefully. Some of the nation's top labor men, sincerely interested in seeing all labor outfits live peacefully among themselves for the first time in 12 years, are talking seriously these days about a merger now that John Lewis is isolated and can't make trouble for them.

Only a few days ago, AFL President Bill Green went to Boston to tell regional labor people that the bullet-ridden Walter Reuther is "the man most likely to successfully effect a merger of the ALF and CIO."

"If anyone can bring about a merger Reuther is the man," Green said. "We can get along with him better than anyone else in CIO."

* * *

Within a few days after this was said, slim, wing-collared Matthew Woll, one of the AFL's intellectual leaders, wrote to Philip Murray asking him to start things rolling for a merger. Now that Lewis no longer is in the Federation to needle Murray and try to destroy CIO unions, there's a good chance Murray will go for the idea.

This would mean that virtually all the powerful men in the AFL and CIO would be for it, including Reuther and the Teamsters' Dan Tobin who is fond of Reuther. These leaders believe they must be united in a bloc of 15,000,000 union members now that their showdown with industry is coming like an express train.

But if the CIO-hating Dave Beck seizes power in the AFL, as his personal timetable calls for, he'll break up those labor peace-parleys before they start. And there'll be civil war again.

That's why I say, keep your eye on the gentleman.

Copyright 1948

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The London Evening News recently carried this story on its front page: "The ancient industry of peat-digging around the hamlet of Toys Hill, near Sevenoaks, is likely to close down at the end of the year because there is no more peat to dig." Punch's laconic comment was, "A case of sheer defeatism!"

* * *

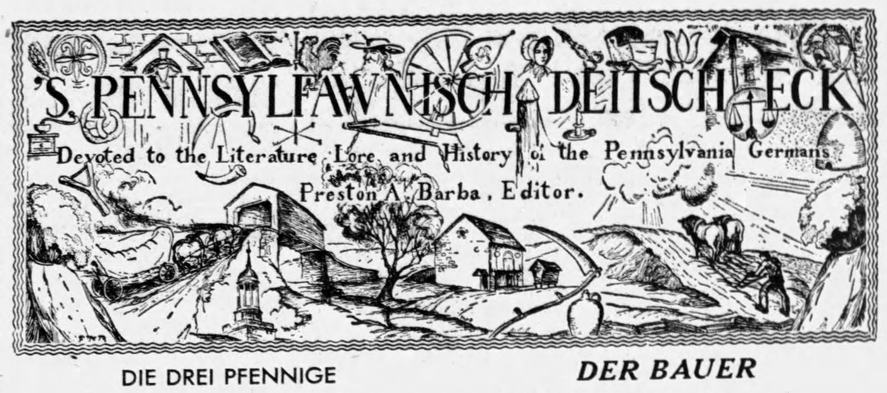
When Charles II of England passed on to his just rewards, Rochester (the poet, not the radio comedian) composed this epitaph:

"Here lies our sovereign lord and king,
Whose word no man relied on.
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

* * *

An absent-minded professor nearly drowned at Atlantic City. A lifeguard rescued him in the nick of time. While he was being revived on the beach, he suddenly remembered he was an excellent swimmer!

George Bernard Shaw, who is encouraging development of the Irish film industry, declared: "The domination of Hollywood over the mind of the world to me is deplorable; it is creating a barbarous sock-on-the-jaw morality."



DIE DREI PFENNIGE

The Story of the Three Pennies

In den alten Zeiten hatte man drei Pfennige, welche sehr merkwuerdig sind.

Der erste hiess Nothpfennig

(This was the penny put aside for a rainy day)

Der zweite hiess Nachrpfennig

(This was the penny used in business and investments.)

Der dritte hiess Zehrpfennig

(This was the penny used for support and sustenance.)

Der erste wurde sorgfaeltig zurueckgelegt, und nur in der aeussersten Noth gebraucht; der Zweite war im Geschaeft und muszte verdienen; der dritte aber wurde verzehrt.

Wie steht's mit diesen drei Pfennigen heutzutage?

An den ersten wird nicht mehr gedacht,
Der zweite hat dem Credite Platz gemacht,
Der dritte florirt im Lande mit Macht!
D'rum habet Acht,
Seid auf der Wacht!
Zu frueh gethan, zu spaet bedacht,
Hat Manchen in grosses Leid gebracht.

(This sermonette was found in DER WELT-BOTE Calendar for the year 1892, published by Trexler & Hartzell, Allentown, Pa. Is it not just as applicable in 1948?)

ECHOES FROM THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

THE TREASON TRIAL—1851

Historians are convenced that the treason trials growing out of the Christiana Riot in Lancaster County proved to the nation that the hated Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 could not be enforced. It was in the federal district courts of Philadelphia that 38 men, negroes and whites, were tried after true bills of treason were found against them for resisting a United States marshal in his efforts to apprehend a runaway slave. The charge of treason was absurd. Feeling ran high against the law which made it obligatory for a northerner to assist in the recapture of a slave.

Judge Grier found it difficult to secure a jury to try the case. Many members of the panel became suddenly afflicted with deafness and other and sundry ailments, which rendered them unfit for jury service.

Among the members of the jury panels there were a number of men from Berks and surrounding counties, citizens of the federal district in which the trials were being held. Among them were:

Peter Adams, farmer, Mohns Hill (Mohnton), Berks County, the first juror summoned. Rejected.

John Beck of Lititz. Excused because he was principal of a school, and Thaddeus Stevens, lawyer of the defendant, pleaded that he be excused. Beck was the father of the late James M. Beck, distinguished statesman.

Samuel Bell, Reading. Excused.
Jonathan Cook, Allentown. Challenged and excused.
Edward Davies, Churchtown. Stood aside.
Solomon Diller, New Holland. Stood aside.
Jacob Dillinger, Allentown. Excused. Kidney trouble.
Jacob Hammer, Orwigsburg. Excused because wife was ill.
William H. Keim, Reading. Stood aside.
John Krause, Lebanon. Conscientious scruples.
Luther Diller, Reading. Challenged and stood aside.
George Mark, Lebanon. Stood aside.
Peter Martin, surveyor, Ephrata. Was accepted.
John Miller, Reading. Excused.
Mathias Richards, Reading. Challenged.
John Reynolds, Lancaster. The father of Gen. John F. Reynolds, of Gettysburg fame. Peremptorily challenged by Thaddeus Stevens.
Lester Trexler, Allentown. Stood aside.

In all 115 jurors were examined before 12 were selected. Of those chosen the names were strongly Scotch-Irish in flavor—Wilson, Elliot, Smith, Connelly, Hopkins, Saddler, Wainwright, Fenton, Cowden. Only two were Pennsylvania German—Martin and Newman, the latter from Northampton.

The defendants were found not guilty of treason. Then the South knew that their success in passing the Fugitive Slave Act was an empty victory.

FROM PRIVATE TO GENERAL

Brig. Gen. (Brevet) Theodore Shelton Bowers was born in Hummelstown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in 1832, the son of Pennsylvania German parents. His rise in rank in the Army of the North during the Civil War is matched only by that of Gen. U. S. Grant, a warrior with whom Bowers was closely associated.

During his boyhood Bowers left his Pennsylvania home to try his fortunes in the new state of Illinois, where in Mt. Carmel he was employed as a printer's devil. When hostilities broke out between the North and South Bowers enlisted as a private in the Illinois infantry. In January, 1862, he was detailed as a clerk in General Grant's headquarters. There he applied himself diligently to his duties and attracted the attention of the Union commander. In March he was appointed as a lieutenant and detailed to Grant as an aide. From that time onward Bowers became a part of Grant's official family. In November of the same year he was promoted to a captaincy.

One month later Bowers was captured by the Confederates in a raid near Holly Springs, Mississippi. By ingenious methods he managed to escape from his prison camp and found his way back to Grant's headquarters. In February, 1863, he was commissioned as a major.

Students of the life of General Grant have paid great tribute to Adjutant General Rawlings, Grant's chief aide. It was Rawlings who was skillful enough to save Grant from himself and his vice of drinking hard liquor. After the battle of Vicksburg, July, 1863, Rawlings was transferred from Grant's staff and the duties which he had had fell to Bowers, now elevated to lieutenant colonel.

When Grant was placed in command of the eastern armies along the Potomac Bowers came with him and served throughout the Virginia campaigns of 1864 and 1865. He was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.

Death came to Bowers while he was returning with General Grant after a visit to West Point. At Garrison, New York, Bowers left his train to superintendent the removal of baggage and in attempting to climb aboard the moving train he fell under its wheels. Four posthumous awards were given him, the last of which was brigadier general. The G.A.R. post of Mt. Carmel, Ill., is named for him.

(Adapted from the Journal of the State Historical Society, Illinois, Vol. III: 407-411.)

OF GOATS AND COATS

(A true story with authentic names)

Levi Kalbach of North Heidelberg Township, Berks County, retired from farming early in the present century. He became a resident of Bernville, where for the most part he took life easy. But the love of the soil was in his blood and often it called him back to the acres which he had tilled for so many years. The tenant who operated the Kalbach farm was glad to have Levi lend a hand now and then to lighten the chores.

It was September. An early frost had put a nip into the morning air when Levi set out from his Bernville home one morning to lend his tenant a hand in the task of cleaning seed wheat. Yes, the morning was chilly and he put on his coat and vest.

The brisk walk of two miles from Bernville and rising power of the sun's rays warmed Levi and when he reached the threshing floor where the seed cleaning was to be done he removed both coat and vest and hung them on a peg of one of the barn floor partitions. True, he had a large wad of money in paper bills tucked away in the pocket of his coat, but everyone was honest and Levi need fear no thief.

Now, the tenant farmer owned a pet goat, whose name was Nan. Nan had the run of the premises. The whirring sound of the farming mill and the rustle of sliding grain brought Nan to the barn in search of adventure—an adventure which proved to be her undoing.

The turning of the fanning mill did not hold the she-goat's attention very long. But oh! there was something else more to her liking. A coat and vest suspended, and within easy reach! Nan went to work, munching, crunching the woolen fabric. This was so much fun.

Levi and the farmer paused for a brief rest. A grinding noise attracted their attention. There stood Nan, grinning as goats can grin after the perpetrated crime.

"Donnerwetter!" We don't know which of the men said it. Both made a dash for the scene of destruction. The vest was in shreds, one sleeve of the coat was gone, and the pocket, yea, even the pocket in which the money was, or had been, was no more to be seen. It was inside Nan.

It was a moment for decision. Levi Kalbach thought fast.

"Hol's Butschermesser," he commanded his farmer. Without delay Jim Brossman hurried to the house and brought with him a huge butcher's knife as commanded. Nan's days were ended. The incision was swift and sure. By probing all of the goat's entrails every bill was retrieved, wet, mauled and torn.

With no obsequies for the goat Levi Kalbach hurried to the bank in Womelsdorf, where he piled the crumpled mess of bills on the cashier's window ledge. Mr. Charles P. Schaeffer, cashier of the bank, reconstructed the pattern of each bill; identified each serial number and credited Levi Kalbach's account with the full amount. Later the federal treasury redeemed each bill and tragedy was averted, that is, for all except for mischievous Nan and Levi's outer vestments.

DER BAUER

Der Bauer iss en guter Mann,
Sei Fraa iss yusht so gut;
Un die Kinner—wann sie hen—
Sin immer gutes Mut.

Sie schaffe hart, sell iss wohr,
Oftmols bis in die Nacht;
Un wann der Daag vergange iss,
Hen sie gut Aerwet gschafft.

Der Sume, der muss naus in Zeit,
Schunscht wachst er net im Summer;
Er blanst sei Sach der rechte Weg
Un hot gute crops am Kumme.

Er muss net yusht es Blanse duh,
Es muss aa gut geschafft sei;
Es Ungraut muss verdillicht sei,
Er waerd yo gor net frei.

Noh wann die Sache wachse duhn,
Was iss er doch so froh;
Wann's schaffe ihn aa mied macht,
Dart denkt er gor net draa.

So geht es uff der Bauerei,
Es hot yeders viel zu duh;
Un wann der Daag vergange iss,
Dann geht er in die Ruh.

Der Daadi macht die Felder naus,
Er weess was gut nei fit;
Er gebt de Yunge Aerwet aus,
Des gebt ne Abbeditt.

Es Bauere iss net wie's als waar
'S waerd viel gschafft mit Maschine;
Un die wu so Maschine hen,
Die helfe 's Geld verdiene.

Sie hen tractors as mer reide kann,
Mer grickt ken miede Bee;
Mer hockt sich druff un faahrt yuscht fart,
Ich heess sell arrick schee.

Sie henke alles hinne draa—
Blick, Schaufle un aa Eege;
Mer braucht sie aa fer Keffer schpreeye
Un noch viel annere Wege.

Es waar net so in alde Zeite;
Mer iss yo immer geloffe;
Un wann mer yuscht en Reit grickt hot,
Dann hot mer's gut gedroffe.

Nau hen sie'n wunnerbaari Maschin,
Die maeht un drescht die Frucht;
Es dutt die Frucht graad in die Seck,
Der Bauer laad's un macht ken Zucht.

Der Bauer schafft es gans Yohr rum,
Im Winter net so hart;
Er fiedert doch sei Geil un Vieh,
Un oftmols geht er fart.

Im Summer geht er net viel fart,
Er muss sei Sache tende;
Wann er net acht gebt druff,
Dann kann er net viel schpende.

Er geht aa oftmols an der Marrick,
Deelmols geht aa die Fraa;
Un wann sie grosse Buwe hen,
Dann gehn die Buwe aa.

Der truck iss immer schwaer gelaade,
Vum beschte frische Sach;
Ebbel, Buhne, Riewe un Graut,
Vum floor bis nuff ins Dach.

Der Bauer noh verkauft sei Sache,
Es bescht Sach in der Welt;
Un wann er's gut verkaafe kann,
Dann hot er 'n Sack voll Geld.

Er nemmt awwer's Geld net all mit heem,
Deel muss er as noch schpende
Fer Zucker, Kaffee un aa Gleeder,
Schunscht kenne sie's net schtende.

Wann's awwer gege Schpotyohr geht,
Noh iss die Aerwet do;
Wann alles gut gerode iss,
Dann iss der Bauer froh.

Die Frucht un Hoi muss in die Scheier,
Die Grumbiere aus em Grund;
Do muss mer immer am Schaffe sei
En liewi langi Schtund.

Im Winder hen sie en gudi Zeit,
Wann's Butschere ball abgeht;
Die Sei sin gross, der Ox iss fett,
Er waggelt, wann er schteht.

Der Butscher kummt in aller Frieh,
'S iss yeders uff em job.
Die Daageshelling—wann sie kummt,
Dann geht des Butschere ab.

Es Fleesch waerd in der Keller geduh
Un dart waerd's all uffgschafft;
Zu Schunke, Warscht un wennich Flitsch,
Un Pannhaas waerd gemacht.

Im Keller iss en Seiderfass,
Der Seider nimmi siess;
Un wann mer zu viel drinke duht,
Dann kummt's em in die Fiess.

Noh schteppt mer ewwe mol eens ab—
Es glebbert uff em floor;
Die Weibsleit schaffe in de Kich,
Die Brodwarscht iss ball gor.

Noh geht mer ewwe an der Disch—
Es iss yo blohti druff;
Mit alle Sarde gude Sache
Noh laad mer der Deller uff.

Nau uff des Land geb yo gut acht,
Es iss meh wert wie Geld;
Mer wisse yo dass aus em Grund
Kummt's Esse fer die Welt.

Summit Station, Pa.—OSCAR C. MOYER.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 1-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 32 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weiler, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34. One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c. One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

AFTER 1900 YEARS

When Roman legions in the year 70 took the city of Jerusalem, and destroyed the Temple, the Jewish State which had existed variously as a monarchy and a theocracy came to an end, and a people of great achievement and talents over many centuries in the Near East became dispersed thruout the then known world.

While the physical Temple in Jerusalem had been the center of Jewish life and faith, the Jews then were brought to realize that in schools and synagogues wherever they might go the burning flame of their religion and culture could be kept burning even tho the Temple had been reduced to dust.

Thus the miracle of a people scattered thruout the world but retaining their identity and unique singleness of purpose for almost 1900 years, has been achieved to the wonder of every generation of mankind during that period. Tho harried, persecuted, and destroyed in unbelievable numbers they have persisted as a distinct and distinctive people.

Now, in our own time, we shall witness the restoration of the Jewish State for during this day or at its ending at sundown there promises to be proclamation of its birth and the day ill come to be known and treasured in religious and patriotic sentiment as Independence Day for Israel.

In this realization of a great people's dream for centuries many believe there will also be realization of Biblical prophecies which have been among the most treasured possessions not only of the Jews but of all Christian people.

In the achievement the Jews of the United States will have the great satisfaction of having contributed so much during the years. This has been true especially in recent years, or since the Balfour Declaration which brought them the greatest hope that their people had had in centuries. And it can be believed that from no quarter of the world have the pioneers for a Jewish State in Palestine received so much material and moral encouragement as has come from American Jewry.

The destruction during the recent war of an estimated six million Jews in Europe — the work of that arch- fiend, Adolf Hitler — and the scattering of the remnants of this people some 1,600,000 thruout Europe and their internment like animals in foul stockades, made it imperative that some place in the world should be prepared where they might again have some hope as to the future and be able to live as normal persons wish and have a right to live.

Palestine was the answer and while the movement to establish a Jewish State preceded Hitler's slaughter, the necessity for the creation of such an institution became all the more imperative by reason of the results of the war to the Jews.

But the work was far from easy. While the Jews emigrated to Palestine in large numbers and bought land at exorbitant prices; while they repopulated a land that had been sparsely inhabited by Arabs and developed it to an extent that has been the marvel of all travellers, they have had to fight to hold what they made.

Their courage and tenacity in the face of physical attack by their neighbors and in the face of betrayals by those who had professed friendship in the political field, has won the grudging admiration of their enemies and the enhanced support of their friends.

It can be said that among those friends are the American people, successive bodies of Congress and every President of the United States since President Wilson — all of whom at some time endorsed the aspirations of the Jewish people as to Palestine. Like - wise American Jewry, for the most part, has carried on a riety of work. For 36 years the organization of Jewish women known as Hadassah has carried on non - sectarian health and social services in Palestine from which Arabs have profited as much as Jews. It has built hospitals and has developed facilities for the people in every phase of physical and social welfare. Health conditions have been improved so greatly as to be the wonder of Asia.

So the Jewish State, which soon will be knocking at the door of every country and asking for recognition, promises to be an honored and honorable member of the society of nations. Small tho it may be in population and territory it will be mighty in its influence for good. It will be a democracy in an area of the world where feudalism persists. It will be a nation possessed of modern scientific knowledge and its applications for the benefit of mankind. It will be a godly and a God - fearing natio , dedicated to peace among mankind if only permitted to pursue in peace the century-long dream of uniting a great people in the Promised Land.

LOSING BASIC WEALTH

The recent statement of a soil conservationist that an average of nearly a thousand tons of slit, or 300,000 tons per year pass Bethlehem (and nearly the same amount must pass Allentown) should stimulate additional thought and activity by landowners thruout this area to save the only thing that brings value to any farm-namely its top soil.

In the few inches of top soil which cover the hard pan and rock lie virtually all the minerals and other plant foods which are available for vegetation. When that is stripped from the soil by erosion nothing will grow and there will be a desert, distinguishable from natural deserts only by the fact that no matter how much water and labor be applied to it, little or nothing can or will grow.

Much of America has already become or is approaching such desert conditions. Abandoned farms thruout many parts of the country are proof of this.

Agriculture in the Lehigh Valley will progressively retrograde unless soil conservation be practiced extensively. Land owners will lose their investments and the soil will lose the population that happily and productively lived upon it.

Thought For Today

The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson learned that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their Government, its functions do not incude the support of the people.
—Cleveland.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

No one wants to slug it out at Chrysler. Both sides tell me they're ready to wait it out peacefully—for a long time.

From auto union headquarters, where the problem is complicated by the need to keep bed-ridden Walter Reuther from getting excited (he still reads no newspapers but listens to the radio), word comes that only token picket lines of some four or six men will be used at each Chrysler plant gate from Detroit to California.

At the same time the United Automobile Workers (CIO) is going after every possible dollar, so it can raise some $10,-000,000 to finance this make-it or break-it campaign to crack the entire auto industry.

For the duration, officers' salaries will be cut. Reuther and his top echelon leaders will throw $30 a week into the strike kitty. International executive board members will toss in $20 a week. And the several hundred organizing staffers will cut some $10 to $15 apiece off their pay. These salary cuts may save as much as $40,000 a month.

* * *

But that's penny-ante stuff. The big strike funds will come from assessments. By the end of May the mother union will have about $1,500,000 in its treasury. And it has asked its locals to get $2 apiece from each of their 900,000 men and women in June and $4 per member in July.

All this would give the UAW some $6,900,000 if the drive is successful. And it probably will be, for acting President Emil Mazey is a militant, venturesome leader— one of the nation's toughest strike experts.

Add to this the $3,500,000 which auto union locals all over the country already have in their strike chests and you get a fast picture of just how much the auto union is ready to spend on cracking Chrysler —for they feel that as Chrysler goes so go the Big Two, GM and Ford.

* * *

And that's why Chrysler became the target for the bright young auto union leaders. They figured that striking Chrysler instead of GM or Ford would mean supporting fewer strikers. There is no unemployment insurance for pickets, and Chrysler has 75,000 men while GM employs some 250,000, and Ford pays some 107,00 workers.

Furthermore, GM people still remember the 1945-46 stoppage that lasted from Thanksgiving almost to Easter. And Ford has been hit over the years by scores of wild-cats. Chrysler hasn't had a serious strike since 1937 when the sit-downers telephoned John Lewis from inside the plant and told him to go to hell and not try to end that walkout.

Furthermore, the Chrysler car people were just hitting their stride by reaching 80 per cent of capacity in the past few weeks. So eager for continued production was the company, it didn't stop to retool for a new model.

* * *

From the company I hear that there will positively be no strike-breaking.

"We don't work that way," I was told by Detroit Chrysler officials. No effort will be made to operate the plants in the face of pickets—nor will a back-to-work movement be promoted. The company apparently is ready to negotiate and give slightly more than the six cents an hour or $10,-000,000 a year in pay increases which it has already offered.

Since the UAW demand has come down to $28,000,000, the difference between the union and the company is $18,000,-000 or about 11 cents an hour per man.

There's bitterness on both sides. High union officials say that the nation's industrialists are ganging up on the CIO "because Chrysler withdrew its offer of six cents on the same day that U. S. Steel Corp. turned down Phil Murray's bid for higher pay."

When I put this charge to a high Chrysler official he pointed out with considerable indignation that GM and Ford haven't exactly shut down their plants and refused to sell cars because Chrysler can't compete with them during the strike.

Despite the bitterness, both sides are intelligently peaceful. So it will be many quiet weeks before we see which side caves in first.

(Copyright 1948)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Butzamon In Shtyle: Won aenich ebber 'n blutzmon sehna wil in shtyle is, brouchs ken shrit weiter gae os wie tzu da nurse Annie Kreiss un ihra schweshter da Abbie Warmkessel in Fogelsville. Die Annie wie 'n lot leit wissa, is 'n nurse om Allentown hospital, un sie un ihra shweshter Abbie wohna bei nonner in Fogelsville, un woh sie aw 'n gorda hen. Die Annie maint, 's wear gute fer die g'sundhate fer 'n gorda howwa, ow'r sis net tzu gute fer der gadult won die fegel kumma un fressa ol die arbsa un tzalawdt shteck wie sie ous 'm budda shluppa. Die weil os die Annie un die Abbie net die tzeit kotta hen fer sich selwar nous in der gorda hucka die fegel watcha, hen sie ous gamocht fer 'n butzamon uf duh.

Now butzamanner sin glei gamocht, ow'r net die ort woh sie in Fogelsville howwa wolla. Wos noch mainer is, der Dr. Bob Schaeffer kumt ragler ae mohls die woch nous uf sei bauerrei, nagshd woh die Annie un die Abbie wohna, un sie wotta sich mohl shure net shamma fer yusht 'n halb g'shefticher butzamon im gorda shtae howwa. Won sie sel dada, wase die Annie gute ganunk os der Dr. Bob sich die feisht fol locha dade, un sie hut fer sellie uhrsoch 'n gons arbadicher shainer blutzamon in der gorda g'shtel'd-'m evens 'n glae shwartz, heet'l un der kup k'huck'd.

So shtoltz os die Annie un die Abbie worra mit ihr'm butzamon, is es leicht tzu fershtae os der fershtond na mohl ae morya bol shtae gabliva is wie sie nous gaguck'd hen, un hen g'sehna os der butzamon aw noch blumma uf 'm hute hut. Woh die blumma bei kumma sin kenna sie net denka, ow'r hen so halver 'n maining sie hetta mohl die Lena Mohr, odder da Lena ihra sohns fraw, die Lottie, sehna rum lawfa mit blumma wie sel uf ma Sundawgs hute.

Aenicha waig, 's wor 'n aryer uf ruhr im shteddle wies rous kumma is os die butzamanner now aw noch blumma uf da heet hetta fer die fegel halta fom gorda socha fressa. Soicha os gleicha dada so 'n stylisher butzamon sehna, sin ei galawda fer ob shtoppa bei da Annie un da Abbie, 's kosh'd nix fer 'n sehna-sis allas frei.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber im marrick is fer kotza, der Milt Leibensberger fon nagshd on Nei Schmidtsville is in da kotza bisnis-hut yusht 'm Clarence Deitrich fon hinnich Kutztown drunna 'n truck load fer-hond'ld, un hut ols noch blenty uf hond.

PUMPERNIKLE BILL

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Please don't misunderstand me.

Like all human beings I have a certain amount of vanity, and approbation and applause are wonderful stimulants for any human being's ego.

The best sign of approval and applause in a columnist's work is the amount of mail he receives from his readers, and I receive a lot of it and enjoy every one of the letters I get.

Yes, I even enjoyed the letter that came to me a couple of days ago from South America. It was written in Spanish and, my knowledge of Spanish being very sketchy, all I could make of it was that the writer wants to know whether I can recommend a mailorder treatment for acne.

* * *

Yes, I do enjoy those letters and I hope they will keep on coming.

But here is something that worries me, because it is a danger signal:

People think entirely too much of themselves.

Much too much importance is placed upon comparatively unimportant matters.

There isn't enough self-reliance among people and too many expect others to solve problems that only they themselves can solve.

* * *

For instance:

Frequently I get requests from women who don't seem to be able to retain the love of their husbands.

They want me—and, I suppose, other writers—to tell them how to keep their men at home and make them love them again.

Nobody on this green earth can tell you how to keep a man's love or how to regain it.

(The same statement applies to a woman's love; only men never ask writers about such things, so there isn't any need of answering them.)

I can give my inquirers only one hint.

Do you remember the kind of person you were when your husband married you? Are you as pleasant, as neat, as interesting today as you were then?

* * *

Another question that I am asked so often is what to do about loneliness.

Usually the question comes from people who have lost their mate either by death or divorce.

That, too, is an extremely difficult question to answer. An introvert's solution of that problem will be differe t from that of an extrovert.

Loneliness in a big city is different from loneliness in a small community, where personality is so much more important.

* * *

I wish you could see the pile of mail I found on my desk when I returned from my recent Florida trip!

But I am going to try to answer every bit of it. However, if I should miss out on a few of the letters, and yours—if you wrote one—is among them, let me say here and now:

"Dear Friend: Thank you very much. Sincerely yours,"

(Copyright 1948)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Members of Congress have been talking a good deal among themselves about the exchange of notes between the United States and Russia and their reactions range all the way from puzzlement and dismay to grave concern.

The main preoccupation seems to be that at a critical moment in the history of the United States, when billions upon billions of dollars are being appropriated to strengthen defenses and a peacetime conscription bill is under consideration, there should be such confusion about American foreign policy.

To agree that the Russians indiscreetly made a note public that should have been kept confidential merely implies that perhaps the American government was trying to do something clandestinely which it was not willing to avow publicly. To say that the outstanding differences can best be approached through the machinery of the United Nations is to allow the impression to be built that questions which have hitherto been regarded as outside the U.N. and subject to four-power or five-power consideration now should be taken up by the U.N. Both implications are erroneous but they could be derived from the administration's clumsy statements.

The fact is that the president and the secretary of state were caught off base. Even if the publication by Russia of the notes was a clever piece of propagandizing, the administration showed itself not quick-witted enough to take the ball on the rebound and turn it to the advantage of this country in public declarations.

* * *

What is lacking is vision and imagination — both of which are the primary attributes of statesmanship. The spectacle of the president and the secretary of state quibbling as to what was meant after months of a "cold war" by a direct statement that "the door is wide open to discuss differences" is not likely to inspire confidence either here or abroad.

Too much has been made about the Russian action in making public a confidential exchange. There was no agreement in advance to keep the notes confidential. There is always a risk that things put in writing will become public. And even if they are, cannot the American government stand by what it wrote? If not, it will be the Russians who will be saying that the American government doesn't believe one day in what it writes the previous day.

Had the president and secretary of state welcomed the publication of the notes and then promptly given to the world a list of the outstanding questions on which there are substantial differences of opinion, the public generally would have seen at a glance that mere decision to sit down and talk does not convey much of an idea as to what kind of agreements are going to be made and what quarantees are forthcoming as to how the agreements will be fulfilled. It was a splendid chance for the American government to re-state its whole case.

* * *

But the American government overlooked something else. It seems to have missed the whole point of the Russian action. Why did the Soviets make public the exchange? Obviously there could have been only two reasons — to start a "peace offensive" for propaganda purposes without any sincere intention of carrying it out, or else really to find an honorable way of extricating itself from the "cold war."

There is much evidence to support the latter view. The very manner in which the news was handled in Russia—the absence of attacks on the U. S. in the propaganda and the manifest attempt to clam the fears of the Russian people with respect to war indicate that Russia had her own internal situation in mind in trying to find a way to reverse her external policies.

If this is the basic purpose then the giving of publicity to the notes was the only quick way the Russians could show the whole world that they were changing their approach. If they didn't intend this, then subsequent inaction or failure to agree would readily expose the artificiality of the device in a few days. Hence the belief that the Russians intend to follow up the peace approach with some action seems more logical than the theory that the whole idea was merely a trick.

* * *

The point that the state department failed to advise Britain and France in advance is a labored one. The United States didn't intend to make the notes public and presumably in due time would have confidentially advised the allies. The latter now understand that the Russian decision to make the notes public prevented earlier dispatch to London and Paris of these notes.

But even if the United States desired to initiate informal discussion alone at Moscow, there is certainly no rule in diplomacy which requires that such decisions be made known in advance. Sovereign governments have the right of independent action in the discussion stages. It is only when commitments or agreements are about to be made that consultation is necessary for allied harmony.

The whole episode now will be debated inside Congress and by the people. The administration seems to have been bewildered by the incident and public opinion may have to crystallize before the president and Secretary Marshall will realize that what they started to do—talk things out with the Russians—is not a sin and should not be disavowed. Nobody meanwhile is suggesting that armament preparations really necessary for defense be abandoned. The American people don't want to see any weakening where America is in the right, but they also don't want their leaders to be intransigeant when the other side shows an inclination to grasp at an opening for discussion and negotiation.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

25 Years Ago

MAY 15, A TUESDAY

A committee of citizens met in Temperance hall to discuss the beautifying of River Front park. Work had already been started to improve the ball park.

A colonial concert was given by the Ladies' Guild of the Church of the Mediator in the rose room of the Hotel Traylor. Everyone taking part wore colonial customes. Joseph Baker was tenor soloist and Ruth Sipple gave several selections on the harp.

A short circuit in the fire-alarm system caused several false alarms. Fire companies kept their trucks on a futile search for some time before the difficulty was discovered.

The Christian Endeavor society of St. John's Reformed church gave a concert in the chapel of the church. Ruth Becker and Pauline Michel gave piano and violin solos.

Ex-Congressman and Mrs. A. G. Dewalt arrived home after spending a few days in Atlantic city.

Mrs. Charles Ettinger and her son, John, left for Washington, D. C. to visit friends.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

By BENNETT CERF

Somebody asked Song-writer Harry Ruby to tell him what the pancreas was. "It's a gland situated somewhere near the stomach," asserted Ruby. "It secretes a juice and distributes it through the system." Groucho Marx cut in with, "That's only in California. I know the fellow who has the rights in the Middle West."

* * *

Irving Hoffman reports a characteristic gesture of Monty Wooley when the pair visited Palm Springs recently. Woolley ordered a bouquet of flowers to be sent to the girls who operated the hotel switchboard. "They'll appreciate the thought, I'm sure, Mr. Woolley," purred the cashier. "Appreciate my foot," snarled Woolley. "I thought they were dead!"

* * *

College joke - of - the - week (from the Mississippi Spectator): He: I'll stick to you like glue, my love. She: The feeling's mucelage!

Today's Text

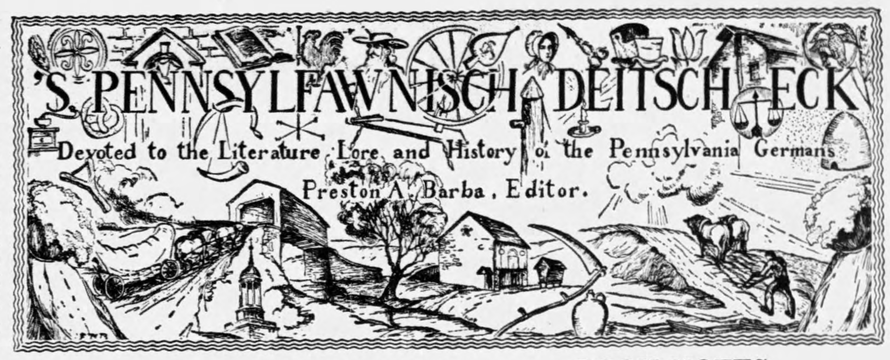
By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 7:1-6,66-73

After the wall had been completed, the gates were put in, and Levites appointed for the Temple services. Two men were appointed as governors of the city, Hanani, the brother of Nehemiah, and Hananiah (same word as Johanan, that is, John), who was eager to do God's will at all times. The gates were to be kept closed except during the hours of full sunlight, and guards (policemen) appointed to keep the peace, and to be on the lookout against approaching enemies. The population was, however, not so large at this time, in view of the area enclosed by the walls. One of Nehemiah's projects was to get people from the country to move into the city, to discuss which plan he called an assembly of the leaders of the people. This affords the writer an occasion to give a registry of the people who had come up with Zerubbabel several years before, from the descendants of whom he would select those he wished to take up residence in the city, which plan at the same time involved the matter of a house shortage. Finally we read of the willingness of the people and of the Persian governor of the territory to contribute funds for the expenses involved in the rehabilitation of the city in general.

Horoscope

Changes may be in store for you now. Business success may be deferred, and your path beset with pitfalls, but avoid overstrain; refuse to take unnecessary risks, avoid quarrels and disputations, and keep a stiff upper lip.



Friehyohr im Land

Des Friehyohr iss do
Un alles iss froh,
Die gans Nadur widder wackrich zu sehne;
Die Blumme un Graas, wie schee sie do schtehne.
En gans annres Lewe
Dutt sich widder bewege.

Der Piewie so schlick
Iss schon lang zerick,
Un sei Maryelied macht widder bekannt,
Dass der Winter iss voriwwer in unserm Land.
Der scheene Piewie
Singt maryets so frieh.

Die Amschle 'n Laerrich
Singe doch haerrlich
Iwwerall uff de Baem un drauss in dem Feld.
Es kummt mer gwiss vor wie'n annri Weld,
So grie un so schee
Dutt alles do schteh.

Des Frieyohr im Land
Iss yeder bekannt,
Macht en viel schennre Eidruck wie in der Schtadt,
Wo die Leit sin umringt mit allerlei Sart
Unnadierliche Sache
Die viele schlecht mache.

Wenn ich nau ins Land geh
Un um mich rum seh,
Wie reichlich un schee die Aerd iss bedeckt
Mit allerlei Farwe so brachtvoll gefleckt,
Dann muss ich doch glaawe,
Sin alle Gottes Gaawe.

Den liewe lange Daag
Heert mer nix als Gesang.
Wo mer hieguckt, findt mer alles lebhaft
Un voll vun derselwe nadierliche Kraft
Die alles regiert
Un niemand verfiehrt.

Was en lustiches Chor
In dem neie Friehyohr,
Sin die Veggel die der ganse Daag singe;
Uns immer erinnre an bessre Dinge
In sellm Paradies,
Wo alles iss siess.

Iwwerall uff de Baem
Sin die Veggel deheem,
Dart baue sie widder ihre Neschter;
Sehnscht, wie naecher am Gippel wie feschter;
Sie wisse gans gut,
Wie mer's mache duht.

Muscht sie yo net verschteere,
Dann waerscht du gleich heere
In sellm Voggel sei Nescht en grosses Gelaerm,
Wenn die Yunge widder kriege ihr Waerm.
Nau sin sie ruhich im Nescht
Un ball schlofe sie fescht.

Wenn ich alles dieses seh,
Dann brauch ich net meh,
Zu glaawe an'n Allmechtiches Wese.
'Siss so glor, dass en yeder kann's lese,
Dass der himmlische Gott
Sell alles gmacht hot.

Des Buch der Nadur
Saagt deitlich un schur,
Dass Gott der Allmechtich hot sell gemacht,
Wenn schon der Unglaawiche iwwer mich lacht.
Wie glicklich der Mann,
Der sell glaawe kann.

Es kummt mir doch vor,
Seller Mann iss en Tor,
Der net glaawe duht an'n Heecheri Gwalt,
Wu er seht der Nadur ihr scheenes Geschtalt;
Wie gut sie regiert
Un niemol verfiehrt.

Des Friehyohr iss do,
Un yedes iss froh
Un dankbaar zu Gott fer die Friehyohrszeit;
En frischer Beweis seiner Barmhaerzigkeit—
Der liebreiche Gott,
Der's Friehyohr gmacht hot!

—GEORGE MAYS

Der Gaeulshandel am Sonntag

The following narrative appeared in the NEUER GEMEINNUETZIGER PENNSYLVANISCHER CALENDER Auf das Jahr unseres Heilandes Jesu Christi 1877, Lancaster, Pa. (Johann Baer's Soehne). It is here reprinted as found. Students of our dialect will be interested in the form and orthography of 70 years ago.)

Dasz net alle Lent Sundags noch der Kerch gehn, for das Evangelium gepredigt zu hoeren, wiszt ihr un plenty anner Leut vielleicht so gut wie ich selber. Do is zum Beispiel ken hunnert Meil von do en Gaeuls-Jockey, seller versaeumt ken Sundag im ganze Johr noch der Kerch zu gehen, un er daeht for en arg frommer Mann gelte, wann er net for etliche Johr zurueck, wie er emol en Dag uf a klehne Sprih war, in dem Werthshaus demit gebraeckt haett, dasz Sundags sein bester Handelstag in der Woch waer, un dasz er die beste Costumers for kammon in der Kerch antreffe daeht.

Well, der anner Sundag is er mit wer sehme Absicht wieder noch der Kerch un trefft desmol der Saem Tackel an, der arg nothwendig en Gaul gebraucht hot. Unser Gaeuls-Jockel hot sell gewiszt, un es hot net lang gedauert, bis die Zweh im Gespraech un im Handel for en Gaul waren. Noch eb die Kerch angange is, waren sie wegen dem Gaul, wu der Gaeuls-Jockey noch der Kerch geritte kat hot, von wege dem Preis ehnig, un der Saem bezahlt geradeswegs zehn Thaler uf der Gaul, so dasz der Gaeuls-Jockey sei Worte net wieder zurejcknemme kann.

Am naechste Morge in aller frueh schickt unser Saem sei Knecht for der Gaul, un um 9 Uhr steht er schon im Scheuerhof. "Well," sagt der Saem, "ich denk du dust grad das Gescherr uf ihn un gehst dran un rechst sell Timothy-Felt vollster fertig. Der Reche steht noch im Feld." Gesagt, gethan. Der Knecht scherrt der Gaul uf un spannt ihn in der Heureche. Soweit is alles gut gange, wie er aber hot staerte wolle, werd der Gaul uf emohl hinne zweh Fusz hoeher wie vorne un schafft just blos mit seine Hinnerbeh un hoert ah net uf bis er der Heureche all in klehne Splinters geschlage hot. Der Knecht hot herly die Straeng wieder los kriege koenne un kommt en Stund nochdem er gestaert war, mit 'n verschunnene Nahs un Backe wieder hehm.

"Was is nau letz?" ruft ihm der Saem zu, der drowe im Hof Feuerhols gehackt hot, "will der Gaul net schaffe?"

"O du liebige Zeit!" fangt der Knecht an, "des Luder hot der Heureche all in Stuecker verschlage un die Splinters hen mei Gesicht verschunne, dass ich schier net meh aus den Ahge sehne kann."

"Well," sagt der Saem, "vielleicht fercht er sich vor'm Reche, es is ewe noch a neu patent—ich will ihn emohl in der Ehngaeulswage spanne un sehne, wie er do duht." Herly war aber der Gaul eingespannt un der Saem im Zoppe mit der Lein for ihn geh zu macha, do kracht's un des frontbord fliegt aus'm Wagenbody.

"Sell duht's net," sagt der Saem, "der Gaul wird wieder hehm genumme," un staert gradwegs ab mit ihm. Awer der Gaeuls-Jockey war zu gescheid for der Saem un sagt: "Ich had dir der Gaul ohne ehnige Condi schens verkahft un du host ihn genumme wie er is—ich nemm ihn nit zurueck."

Offkohrs hot dernoh der Saem kehn annere Weg gehat, wie zum Squeier zu geh un der Gaeuls-Jockey zu verklage, der dernoh die Woch druf mit dem Saem un dem Knecht vor dem Squeier erschiene is.

Nachdem dem Squeier eksplehnt war, wie, wo und wann der Handel for der Gaul gemacht war, putzt er sei Brill un schlagt's Lawbuch uf, lest en paar Artikel draus vor, un stroft sie Jeder fuenf Thaler for uf der Sundag Gaeul zu handle, un sagt dem Saem, dasz er wege dem Gaul niks duh koennt, ekssept er daeht en Klag for en Demetsch einbringe.

Sell hot der Saem nau im Sinn zu duhn un ah sei Knecht verlangt Demetsch un Schmerzensgelder for seine verschunnene Nahs un Backe, un ich musz arg mistaeken sein, wann die Schmier net am End noch ver die Court kummt un die Lawyer der Gaul unner sich verdehle.

Der Gaeuls-Jockey will's pruhfe, dasz der Gaul kitzlich unner'm Schwanz is, un dasz der Saem der Schwanzrieme zu teit gespannt gehat hot—un der Saem sagt, dasz er mit seim Knecht beweise kann, dasz der Schwanzrieme weit genung nunner gehonke hot for en Hand dazwischen zu stecke, wenn der wuest Gaul epper gelosst haett.

MORAL: "Gedenke des Sabbathtages, dasz du ihn heiligest."

BOOK NOTES

IT HAPPENED IN PENNSYLVANIA, by Arthur D. Graeff. Illustrated by Betty S. Hessemer—The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, 1947. Pp. IV, 183—$2.00.

Surely only a devoted son of Pennsylvania could have fathered this book. Dr Graeff, well known to the readers of the ECK as the author of CONRAD WEISER (Vol. VIII 1943, Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, and **The History of Pennsylvania** (Winston, Phila., 1944) and for his many contributions to the ECK, has here stepped aside as an historian and related thirty-one less familiar tales about Pennsylvania, rooted in history, but told with that freedom of fancy which we readily grant the story-teller as his particular prerogative. Here romance, legend and history are pleasantly combined. The tales selected for IT HAPPENED IN PENNSYLVANIA were designed, the author points out in his Preface, "to portray the pertinent characteristics of the commonwealth's past—her heterogeneous ethnic pattern, her strategic location as the Keystone of the colonial arch; her natural resources and the challenge they offered; her influence in national affairs." The tales are based on actual happenings and the major facts are true in chronology and location.

Dr. Graeff, as Head of the Department of Social Studies in the Overbrook Senior High School, has through classroom experience acquired an understanding of the significance of such material as supplementary reading in the classes of history and social studies of our schools.

The author has divided these stories into three groups according to their respective background: 1. History (9 tales); 2. People (10 tales); 3. Industrial and Cultural Development (12 tales.)

To the readers of the ECK the following will be of particular interest: A Belt of White Beads, the tale spun about that string of 186 beads which can be seen in the Tower of London, bearing the label "Wampum Belt Given to Count Nicholaus von Zinzendorf at the Treaty of Heidelberg, Pennsylvania"; Sisters in Captivity, a new telling of the controversial Regina Hartman-Leininger material; Bells on Wheels, relating the memorable journey of the Liberty Bell and other bells from Philadelphia to Allentown where they were concealed under the floor of old Zion's Reformed Church; The Gingerbread Baker, that inspiring story of our own Christopher Ludwig; and The All-seeing Eye, the story of Liesel Beckel, the Moravian girl who nursed the wounded young Marquis de Lafayette in her parental home in Bethlehem. These and the other tales in this collection reveal in their own way the varied and colorful pageantry that marks the progress of our state beginning with Penn's noble experiment and continuing down into our own days.—P.A.B.

* * *

BERKS COUNTY. An Historical Map. Written and Edited by Raymond W. Albright. Designed and executed by Ralph D. Dunkelberger. W. T. Peck & Co., Philadelphia, 1947.

Residents of old Berks as well as those touring through the lovely countryside of that county will welcome the beautiful map published recently to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the City of Reading. This map contains a mass of historical information, depicted objectively by many colorful drawings. What county can list more notable citizenry? We find on the map, portraits, or the scenes of their activities, of such men as Daniel Boone, Conrad Weiser, Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg, "Baron" Stiegel, Dr. Bodo Otto, and Governor Hiester. Scattered over the map are colorful drawings of Trinity Lutheran Church, Conrad Weiser's store, Zeller's Fort, the first pipe organ built in America, a carding mill, the Hiester and the Fisher mansions, the Boone homestead, the de Turk house, and a mass of details—Conestoge wagons, canal boats, covered bridges, objects illustrative of trades and occupations, etc. Has anything been overlooked? Not even the hanging of Susanna Cox! And this mass of objects is set within a framework of Pennsylvania German art motifs. We can only hope that similar historic maps of our eastern and southeastern Pennsylvania German counties may be published in the near future. The Map measures 22 by 28 inches and is lithographed in 9 colors.—P.A.B.

* * *

In Max Eastman's book "Enjoyment of Living," published recently by Harper & Brothers, New York, there is an interesting passage which would seem to refer indirectly to that large group of Pennsylvania German sectarians who became the ancestors of so many of us. We read: "Early America, as is well known, was the most virtuous country in history. No such crowds of people enthusiastically interested in being good ever gravitated to one place before. Duty and the Deity were never more closely united. And, moreover, if you make a moral and religious map of the United States, you will find the heavy shading—the center of gravity, so to speak, for a grave business it was—in eastern Massachusetts and southeastern Pennsylvania. I draw from these two regions not only the blood in my body, but the atmosphere of my early home....."—and again "To get the full weight of my native load of virtue, you must now turn back to those pietistic pilgrims who settled in southeastern Pennsylvania. They had a pleasanter kind of virtue than the Puritans had; they meant something by freedom besides having their own way."

* * *

Have the readers of the ECK read the article "The Brubakers of Lancaster County" by Howard Bloomfield in the Country Gentleman for May, 1948?

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 800 Main St.—Phone 1-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

LEARNING TO READ

Such a vast volume of reading matter challenges almost every American every day and in his every waking hour that the average person must despair for he has but limited time for it all, no matter what its importance may be. This situation explains in part the popularity of the many "digest" magazines which sift and winnow books, magazines and newspapers and pick out the particular kernels of grain which their species of readers favor.

Many persons know that apart from their limited amount of available time for all the "must" reading, there is something wrong within themselves which retards their reading without necessarily aiding or improving comprehension of what they are reading.

The trouble may be physical, (eyes for example,) as has been discovered so frequently among children in the schools. It may be mental, for power of comprehension has not been distributed equally among human beings. It may be a matter of training and the formation of poor and inefficient reading habits when good ones could just as easily have been formed. Almost any one can furnish examples from his own experience as to efficient ways of doing a piece of work as against inefficient but equally time-consuming ways.

The schools some years made definite attack upon the problem as it was affected by the physical element. Physical examination of children became a part of the program in every child's school life. Let it be said here to the credit of the American business Club of Allentown that when the schools were not ready nor able to follow thru with this program—namely equip defective children defective as to eyesight with the proper glasses—this club stepped in and thruout the years has furnished the money to buy thousands of eyeglasses for underprivileged children.

Now the public school system of Allentown is about to attack the two other problems that have retarded reading ability, namely the mental and the matter of training for the mental faculties. For this purpose a clinic is to be set up and be it said again to the credit of the same Allentown Business Club that it has volunteered to equip this clinic and have it ready for use when the next school term begins.

During the year the Allentown School District has assigned a competent and progressive young teacher, Miss Ruth Berg, to prepare herself for the operation of this clinic which is to open in September. To it will be referred the children who are retarded as to reading. Tests will be given in order that diagnosis of the individual's difficulty or difficulties can be made and the proper steps be taken to correct them.

It can be believed that this is going to be not only a difficult but a huge job. Miss Berg reports that educators believe up to 40 per cent of the nation's school children are retarded in reading. Even if Allentown is far better off than the national average, the number of children who will benefit from diagnosis and help will be very large.

This is an intelligent approach to an educational problem that is just coming to be understood. This is indicated by the fact that only last year New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver began their programs of reading clinics, while many cities far larger than Allentown have not even considered the problem.

If the figure 40 per cent for children retarded as to reading has prevailed in the past, the thought is suggested that probably as much as 40 per cent or more of our adult population never learned how to read swiftly and comprehendingly.

Perhaps the Allentown School system, which has evidenced much interest during recent years in the education of ambitious adults, will give adults an early chance to brush up on better reading methods. Certainly many adults are aware of the fact that they read too slowly and are able to cover far less ground than they desire to do in their reading for information and entertainment.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good. —*Housman*

GADGETOLOGY

A leading shirtmaker says that buttons that laundries can't tear off shirts have already been invented. Had you noticed? Anyway, the announcement suggests a number of other gadgets that would make the machine age a smoother one to live in. Such as:

Phones that can't ring while you're in the bath.

Doorbells with electric eyes and speaker systems to say, "No, we don't want any more magazines until we have worked our own way through college."

Auto horns that won't toot good - by as guests leave a house at 3 a.m.

Streetcar doors that can't be closed in a would-be passenger's face.

Ash barrels that won't bounce, thereby reducing ash collectors' pleasure to one bang per throw.

Theater seats that won't remain empty in the middle of the row after the picture

Shoes that can't be moved—not even by pedestrians—against a red traffic light.

Radios that get loud enough for their owners before getting too loud for the neighbors.

Alarm clocks that get you up in plenty of time for the Early Commuters' Special without waking you until you're ready.

Typwriters that won't write drivel! Christian Science Monitor.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

When Jimmie Petrillo went shopping for his own New Look, it was only natural that he turned to the same outfit which put the long drape on America's skirts.

One day, not too long ago, Petrillo phoned the jovial David Dubinsky over at the ladies garment workers' ultra-modernistic, glass - walled headquarters.

Then the expert in high notes asked the expert in low skirts just how a big time labor leader gets himself a good press. And Dubinsky was just the union chief to ask. Of all America's labor powers, he's had the most favorable newspaper space over the past two decades.

* * *

"D. D." told Petrillo — and a committee of musicians who later visited the garment workers headquarters — that it wasn't the publicity machine which did it: it was the labor leader himself. The man's policies, his respect for a "decent attitude towards the public" and the employers in the industry. If you have a good story to tell, Dubinsky advised, the newspapers will tell it, for they're anxious to praise as well as criticize.

It was this Dubinsky policy which once provoked John L. Lewis (he of the eight new press agents) to ask:

"Dave, when I call a strike I'm a labor dictator; when you do, you're a statesman. Why?"

I'm not trying to edge those eight new publicity geniuses out of their new account. But, if John L. would drive his old coupe up to Pennsylvania's Pocono mountains and the garment workers' lavish summer vacation playland this weekend, he'd get part of the answer.

* * *

There, high on a mountaintop, where Dubinsky's union has built, around a large lake, a vast modern resort for its members, the garment workers will be host to some 400 manufacturers (and their wives) who represent the core of America's $2,000,000,000 ladies garment industry. It isn't just that the union is picking up the tab, or that everything at the barand dining room is free for the weekend—that's just a $12,000 to $15,000 tab for a $50,000,000 outfit.

The point is that the industry's leading employers and the union's officials will be eating, drinking, swimming, "pinochling," canoeing and playing tennis together. On the acre-sized dance floor at the lake's edge, or on the modernistic stone-flagged patio, they'll get to know each other, not as rivals but as social companions.

It pays off—for the working people, the "bosses" and the style conscious ladies of the land.

Dress, cloak and suit making from New York's bustling "mar ket" to the exclusive Beverly Hills dress shops, is a virtually strikeless industry. Furthermore, contract negotiations may raise a little blood pressure here and there, but everybody goes home happy—and I'm not being pollyannish.

One of the locals erected a large, many - roomed "cottage" on the mother union's resort grounds. Shortly afterwards, the local invited its group of employers up for a weekend. One manufacturer before accepting sceptically asked whether the place had hot water.

* * *

The industrialists were amazed at what they found the local doing for its members. A short time later the employers donated art work and radio equipment for the "cottage." Subsequently, contract negotiations came up. And where, the year before, there had been tough bickering, this time the new contract was signed quickly — both sides being reasonable.

So I say, naturally the genial Petrillo came to the right union for the New Look. John L. please note!

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

At last the Atlantic Monthly has found me!

They told me so themselves in a multigraphed letter soliciting my subscription.

And listen, they haven't only found me, but they know definitely that, from the source that gave them my name, I have an above - the-average MIND (and the word MIND is spelled in capital letters.)

* * *

The New Yorker Magazine has an interesting little feature entitled "Letters We Never Finished Reading".

And this letter from the Atlantic Monthly certainly is one of them.

It is a very personal letter.

They have heard some distinctly complimentary things about me, they tell me.

They must know me intimately, to have heard all those wonderful things about me.

Then they go on:

"You may be an ex-marine, a career woman, a renowned lawyer, or a door-to-door salesman: a commercial pilot, a village schoolmarm, a struggling writer, perhaps a cum laude, even a Rhodes scholar. That part we don't know."

* * *

"Don't reach for your checkbook", the last paragraph of the letter starts.

I certainly shan't.

And I certainly hope that a magazine as good as the Atlantic Monthly will find better ways to get subscriptions than by a lot of two-colored hokum such as this.

* * *

While I'm in the mood for criticism, here is another appeal which I shall disregard.

It is from the National Father's Day committee and it tells me that "Good Citizenship begins at home. Honor Father, Builder of Our Children's Future."

So how are you supposed to honor your father?

By giving him a necktie or a bottle of shaving lotion?

By setting one day a year aside to think of him and letting him be "Papa Pays" for all the rest of the year?

* * *

Mind you, I am all in favor of advertising.

I am sure that advertising has brought down prices of everything advertised, because it creates demand and demand creates mass production.

But if Father's Day is a darn good advertising scheme for haberdashers and toilet-goods manufacturers, why not say so?

Will father's lotion smell any the worse because it has been bought in an advertiser's store?

* * *

My father has a monument in my heart 365 days out of the year and 366 days in leap years.

My mother, also departed, will never be forgotten even if there should never be another Mother's Day.

* * *

I have nothing against Father's Day or Mother's Day.

But let us admit frankly what they are —unnecessary reminders of a self-evident love, and a gold mine for the stores.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZWAE WAEA TZAEA: Fermuthlich kenna noch 'n lot fon unserra laiser sich erinnerra on sel alt lied'l woh gonga is ebbes wie des:

"Hei Diddle dom
My fraw is gronk.
Sie hut 'n wae'r tzaea.
Sie hupst in da shtub rum
Un greish'd yum, yum."

In dem fol wors net 'n weibsmensch os der wae tzaea kotta hut, ow'r so gore tzwae monsleit, un inshtadts fon in da shtub rum hupsa, sin sie im hinkle shtol rum gadonst wie won sie "Happy" werra wotta.

Fer die socha recht fertzaila, 's wor der Eddie Gardner fon Northampton, un der Harland Hummel fon Scheidys woh die donserrei gaduh hen, im yunga Eddie Gardner nagshd on Ballietsville seim hinkle shtol. Un die socha sin ol ob gonga darrich 'n rot.

Der yung Eddie bauert uf 'm alta Eddie seinra glaina bauerrei wos ols die Frank Schnecka hamet wor. Doh net long tzurick hut der alt Eddie un sei Ellen 300 yunga hinkelcher nuf tzum yunga Eddie ganumma. In ra gons kartza tzeit huts g'sheind wie won die drup hinkelcher's ob nemmes het-sin dawg fer dawg wenicher un wenicher werra.

Mohl ae owet wie bout 'n bunnerd hinkelcher fert worra, huts gadroffa os der Harland Hummel un sei Edith fon Scheidys nochs yunga Eddies kumma sin wie aw 's alta Eddies' darta worra. Die Ellen wor im hinkle shtol un hut gamaint sie het 'n beeb'l hoerra greisha in da wond from hinkle shtol.

Der Harland hut noh g'sawt er dade bei golly glawwa os 'n rot, 'n beebl'l darta hinna nei g'shlaift het, un hut gawunnert wies wear fer dale fon da wond rous reisa, brovierra fer die rot sucha. Die Ellen is ous gagliert, ow'r der alt Eddie is drin gabliva, un hut 'm Harland g'sawt er sot uf der chob gae - besser ken inside hinkleshtol wond os wie ken hinkelcher.

Eb der Harland recht awfonga hut kot die wond rous reissa, is shun 's beeb'l garoll'd kumma woh die Ellen hoerra hut kot greicha, un grawd druf is aw 'n rot gabartz'ld kumma. Der Harland, woh 'n balla hommer in da hond kotta hut, hut g'shloga fer die rot, un 'm alta Eddie doch noch now fireich uf der tzaea g'shloga. Os der Eddie net mit 'm kup owwa tzum doch nous is wor allas, un is awfonga im hinkle shtol rum donsa wie 'n wilder.

'S nagshd os wor, is der Eddie 'm Harland uf die tzaea gajump'd, un noh hut er aw awfonga donsa. So wie m'i fershtain, wors hard tzu sawga welar fon na os es arrickshd gayaimer'd hut, un wissa aw now noch net welar fon na os es arrickshd gajump'd is. Ow'r so in da shmartza odder shracka-wel ever os es graish'd wor, mus ainer fon na uf die rot gajump'd sei. Aenicha waig, wie sie shtoppa hen rum harmanierra, wohrhoft won die rot net im hinkle shtol galaiga hut-mous rocka dote. Ferol os m'r wase, mawgs ferleicht aw sei os die rot dote gonga is fon louder laedich shracha -sei lebdawg sawga sie wear noch niemond uf sel'm blotz aryer gajump'd, os wie der Eddie un der Harland gajump'd sin darrich ihra tzaea shmartza.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Die maining wor, der Jake Christman sot 'm Paul Held fon Trexlershteddle 'n grund kaller baua fer sei ebbel un grumbierra drin halta, ow'r now bis es fartich is, gebts 'n blotz fer shwimma, inshtadts.

Sie hen aw shun 'n lot g'fish'd im kaller- g'fish'd fer die ebbel un grumbierra woh g'shwumma sin wie fish, un so g'shwind os sies doch fom grund kaller garissa hen, is es 'n shwim loch in blotz fom kaller, wohs sei hut solla.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,—It's almost certain there will be a coal strike beginning July 5.

Whether it can be ended by a federal injunction seems doubtful, for the circumstances will be somewhat different from any that have occurred before.

Back of the decision of John L. Lewis to refuse to bargain with the coal operators because they will not let him veto the list of personnel representing the employers in the negotiations is a deeper and more fundamental piece of strategy. He objects particularly to any representative from the Southern Coal Operators Assn. This happens to be the largest single group of coal operators in the national conference.

The total tonnage mined by the southern group is about twice that of any other single group. As a matter of fact, they would like to bargain as a separate group anyway as they prefer differentials in wage rates and different clauses in their contracts, but inasmuch as Mr. Lewis negotiated separately with the northern group last year and then compelled the southern group to accept the same terms, the southern companies decided they had better have a voice in the original negotiation.

It is technically true that last year the southern group was not a party to the original contract and that they made a settlement along the same lines separately. It is also true that in certain of the previous years the southern group joined with the northern group in making the initial contract. There is no rule of law permitting the bargaining agents to be permanently determined through an agreement between certain employer groups and the union. Each year presents different questions. A contract can be signed between unions and employers agreeing to exclude others from participating, but under the Taft-Hartley law such a contract cannot supersede the collective bargaining responsibilities and obligations of a union. No private contract can supersede the law of the land.

Whenever the operators wish to bargain as a group they alone have the right to say who shall sit in on the negotiations.

When Mr. Lewis named three men who, he says, have it within their power to prevent a coal strike, he is merely trying to get those same three men to take the responsibility for an initial contract which could be forced on the other operators without giving the latter a voice in the negotiations. But the three men—Messrs. Fairless of U. S. Steel, Humphrey of Consolidation Coal Co. and Francis of Island Creek Coal—are not likely to break away from their own employer group and negotiate a separate contract no matter how Mr. Lewis may urge such a course of disunity.

If any of the coal operators said they would like to negotiate a separate contract with miners in certain states and negotiate with another group of coal unions in other regions and ignore the top miners union, the speed with which the miners union counsel would run to the National Labor Relations Board to get an injunction would be record - breaking. Although the union bosses prate loudly on the subject of injunctions, they never seem to mention that the Labor Board has been issuing injunctions against employers under the Wagner act ever since 1935.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Lewis really isn't interested in early negotiations with the operators and that he never would have begun negotiations at all had it not been for the notice given by the coal operators of the termination of their present contract. The rumor is that Mr. Lewis never intended to give notice of termination as required under the Taft - Hartley law, but was forced into it because the operators did so, as they were advised by counsel that both parties had to give at least 60 days notice when a contract was approaching its end.

The present contract in the coal mines ends June 30 but from June 26 to July 5 the present contract provides for a "vacation" during which time the miners get $100 each Since there are 400,000 miners the vacation money amounts to $40,000,000 which the companies really contribute toward financing the miners on their "holiday" or on their strike if the "holiday" is extended.

But once the miners are out and the contract has expired, how can the government by injunction get the miners back to work? If there has been no settlement in accordance with the Lewis demands — and he probably will raise the pension issue again — the strike will continue through the summer. There is talk of another federal injunction on the ground that the union can be held responsible for the fact that the miners stay away and that Lewis can be ordered by the courts to instruct the men to go back pending the usual negotiations required by the Taft - Hartley Act.

But there's a strike ahead and it will come just before the president is up for renomination at the Philadelphia convention on July 12.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D. D.

Nehemiah 13.

Now that normal conditions were being restored, certain details had to be rectified. The Moabites and Ammonites, who had hindered the progress of Israel from Egypt to Canaan, were not to be admitted to the Temple services (Deut. 23:3,-4:. The King of Moab had hired Balaam to curse Israel, but Gor did not allow that, so his oracles really became divine blessings. A friend of Tobiah, the latter one of the personal enemies of Israel, had installed him in one of the rooms of the Temple. Nehemiah promptly set him out on the street, with all his household stuff (old English word for furniture). Tithes, which had been neglected, were now required to be brought in. Sabbath breakers were causing trouble, bringing in wares for sale on that day. Nehemiah warned them, and had the gates of the city closed on the Sabbath. But they continued to hang around for several weeks, whereupon Nehemiah threatened them with arrest. They then came no more on the Sabbath. In v.28 Nehemiah chased a relation of the high priest away, because he had married a daughter of Sanballat, an enemy of Israel. Nehemiah was a strong and vigorous law enforcement officer. It can be done.

25 Years Ago

MAY 22, 1923, A TUESDAY

James F. Brown presided at the meeting of the Allentown Real Estate board. Elmer E. Rahrig, a member of the Bethlehem Real Estate board, spoke of the good relations existing between the two real estate groups and suggested working together toward a better Lehigh Valley.

Laura V. Keck, treasurer, reported to a special meeting of the Ladies Senior auxiliary that proceeds from "Tag Day" totaled $3,527.27. The campaign was considered very successful in light of the fact that it had rained on "Tag Day."

It was reported that approximately 25 calves were born during the spring in the herd of buffaloes in the Trexler game preserve. The herd, totaling one hundred had been started fifteen years previously with eight bulls and cows.

Herbert Paul Lentz Post No. 29, American Legion, opened its three day carnival and dance in the Odd Fellows temple. Recipients of special awards on opening night included Earl Koch, Harold Werst, Mrs. C. E. Reed, Leslie Ettey, and Lillian Kutz.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of The People

HOUSE CLEANING

Paint and paper and the will,
Plus, of course, the needed skill,
And the weathering of the years
From the dwelling disappears.

Seed the lawn in patches bare,
Youth once more will flourish there.
Once the rose bed's newly made,
All the scars of winter fade.

Brush the walk and wash the pane,
Home is fair to see again.
Age is something houses bear
Bravely under tender care.

Would that I so soon could be
Fashioned fit for all to see,
And with faith refurbished so
Not one line of care would show.

(Copyright 1948)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

George Jean Nathan tells of a law case where opposing counsel found only one juror upon whom both could agree. Hopelessly deadlocked, they finally agreed, with the court's permission, to dispense with the other 11 and leave the verdict to the tender mercy of their single selection. When the trial was finished, the lone juror gravely retired to meditate. After some hours he returned to the jury box.

The judge asked, "Have you arrived at a verdict?" The juror answered, "I have, Your Honor." The judge said, "Well, is it guilty or not guilty?" The juror announced, "I disagree."

* *

A candidate for the Edinburgh police force was asked, "How would you disperse a crowd quietly and quickly?" He answered, "I'd pass the hat." They made him a sergeant right off the bat.

(Copyright 1948)

Horoscope

You may make some geographical move — change of residence, office or summer vacation — on the full moon, or within a few weeks. Do not let excessive pleasure seeking arouse hostility, thus incurring financial loss.



SELLER NIXNUTZ

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

The Pennsylvania State College

Since October, 1946, a Pennsylvania Dutchman who calls himself der Nixnutz has been presenting every Sunday over Station WKOK, Sunbury, a 15 minute all Pennsylvania Dutch broadcast.

For a long time the identity of the Nixnutz remained a secret to most of the listeners, but now (particularly after a number of personal appearance this past summer) it is generally known that the Nixnutz is "eens vun denne vergessliche 'College' Brootfresser, ass tietsche dutt drowwe an der Pennsylvania State College."

WKOK is not a powerful station and does not cover more than a radius of 50 miles, but almost all of this entire area surrounding Sunbury is **Deitsch.** Indeed, some of these sections are just as **Deitsch** (if not more so) than Lehigh and Berks and the immediately adjoining counties. When I spoke over at the Schwoower Grick in Northumberland County at the Himmelskarrich ihre Sunndaagschul 'Picnic this summer, I had children come up to me and say, "Hei, Nixnutz, wie bischt?" And when I asked, "Duhne all die Kinner doo Deitsch schwetze?" they said, "Oh, ya, mer kenne besser Deitsch ass English schwetze." And one little fellow about eight years old said, "ich hab gaar ken Englisch schwetze kenne, bis ich in die Schuul gange bin."

In view of this preponderance of Deitsch-speaking people in the area it is not surprising that the broadcasts of the Nixnutz have been received with tremendous enthusiasm, as indicated by my large "fan" mail and my reception at my personal appearances this summer (at one place I spoke to an estimated crowd of 12,000 people.) I do not attribute this enthusiastic reception to my broadcasts to any special ability on my part but rather to the readiness and eagerness of these people to hear a broadcast in their own vernacular.

Too many of the Pennsylvania Germans in this area had been suffering from inferiority complexes. Many of them had even come to the point, "wuu sie sich rieli g'schemmt hen uffzueegne ass sie Deitsch waere un Deitsch schwetze un verschdeh kenne." And, indeed, they were hardly to be blamed. In their schools they were taught all about the "great" deeds and achievements of such men as John Smith and Paul Revere and Miles Standish, but of their own forebears who had done so much for this country (e.g. Francis Daniel Pastorius, Conrad Weiser, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg) they had learned nothing. "Sell iss verflammt sei waahr!"

Thus one of the first objectives of the Nixnutz has been to tell the Pennsylvania Germans in the area covered by his broadcasts something about their European origins and their history in this country, a history of which they have a right to be proud.

A second primary objective has been to introduce to the people of this area the representative poetry and prose writings of our Pennsylvania German dialect writers. Much of the better poetry, e.g. of Charles Calvin Ziegler, John Birmelin, etc., was unknown to these people.

Many other aspects of the culture of the Pennsylvania Germans had been practically unknown to the people in this area, and therefore, another objective has been to increase their knowledge of these things.

Of course it must be admitted that the motives of the Nixnutz have not been entirely altruistic. The Nixnutz not only gives information but he takes advantage of the opportunity to get information. He is always urging his listeners to send in verses, ballads, anecdotes, and other data.

From the foregoing remarks one might assume that the broadcasts of the Nixnutz must sound like the dry lectures of an erudite college professor. "Gott bewahre!" The following scripts of broadcasts selected at random from those given throughout the year will attest the fact that such is not the case. I believe that a large percentage of the material must be entertaining rather than educational otherwise people will stop listening to the broadcasts. In preparing my scripts I have kept in mind the words of the Director in the "Vorspiel auf dem Theater" in Goethe's **Faust:**

Die Masse koennt ihr nur durch Masse zwingen,
Ein jeder sucht sich endlich selbst was aus.
Wer vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen;
Un jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.

And I have not forgotten the old Schprichwart: "Es recht zu mache far yedermann iss en Kunscht, ass niemand kann;" or the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln when he said, "You can please some of the people some of the time but you can't please all of the people all of the time."

Readers of the ECK will be interested in seeing one of Professor Buffington's broadcasts in script. The following was broadcast over Station WKOK, Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 3, 1946.—ED.

NIXNUTZ: Seller Nixnutz is yoo widder uf der Luft!

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record. No. 2 of 4. 4. Record plays from inside to outside.)

STATION'S ANNOUNCEMENT: The Nixnutz! A Pennsylvania Dutch program, dedicated to the good Dutch people of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Dauphin, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Snyder, and Union counties. This broadcast is brought to you through the courtesy of Rea and Derick, Inc. and E. R. Squibb and Son.

NIXNUTZ: Well, wie seid der de Nummidaag, dir liewe Leit? Ich hoff der seid all g'sund. Un wann der draurich seid, hoff ich ass ich eich wennich lache mache kann. Ich wees doch gut genunk, ass es net immer geht, wie mer winscht. Oft meent mer, der Deiwel waer los un alles geht lets. Awwer vergesst net, es nemmt alles Mool en Ent!!

Unsell gemaahnt mich an en Schdori.

Der glee Dschecki iss moll ee Sunndaag mit seinre Mammi in die Karrich gange. Un nooch der Breddich, hott der Parre Hends g'schittelt mit der Mammi, un hot sie g'frookt, wie alles waer deheem. "Well," hott die Mammi geglaakt, "letscht Woch iss alles lets gange. Es G'widder hott in die Scheier g'schlagge. Der Paep hot sei Bee verbroche. Un mei yingscht Meedel hott der Bloohuuschde." "Well," saagt der Parre, "Du hoscht awwer viel schlecht Glick g'hatt. Awwer halt yuscht aa beede, es nemmt alles Mool en Ent." Der glee Dschecki hott alles eigenumme, was der Parre g'saat hott, un er waar abbadich geindrescht, wu er g'saat hott: "Es nemmt alles Mool en Ent." Sie sin heemgange, un die Mammi hott's Middaagesse gemacht, un der glee Dschecki iss arriyets fattg'schbrunge. Awwer er is widder zerickumme in ebaut en halwi Schdunn, un hott en feddi Ent unnich em Aarem gedraage. "Well Dschecki," greischt die Mammi, "was duscht mit sellre Ent unnich em Aarem? Wu hoscht sie grickt?" "Ei, doo driwwe ans Kehlers," saagt der Dschecki. "Der Parre hott yoo g'saat: "Es nemmt alles Mool en Ent. Ich hab gedenkt, Ich nemm meini graad—no hawwich sie." Ich gleich selli Schdori.

Heit will der Nixnutz sei Braatkaescht zum Parre Henry Harbaugh dedikeete. Der achtunzwansischt Oktoower waar sei Gebottsdaag. Ich wees, ass deel vun eich schun vum Parre Harbaugh g'heert hett, abbaddich wann der Reformiert seid. Der Henry Harbaugh waar im Yaahr acht-zeh-hunnert-siwwezeh in Franklin Kaunti net weit vun Waynesboro gebore, awwer er hat in Lewisbarrick, Lengeschder un Lebnenn gebreddigt. Der Parre Harbaugh waar net yuscht en wunnerbaarer guder Breddicher, er hot aa viele Bicher g'schriwwe in Englisch, Hochdeitsch un Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch. Er waar eens vun de aerschte, ass browiert hott, "poems" in Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch zu schreiwe. Un deel vun seine Schdicker sin iwweraal unnich die Pennsylfaanisch Deitsche bekannt warre, abbaddich **Heemweh** un **'S Alt Schulhaus an der Grick.** Heit will ich sei Schdick **Heemweh** gewwe. Der Parre Harbaugh yuust en paar Hochdeitsche Wadde, ass deel vun eich vielleicht net verschdeh kennt, awwer ich denk der kennt's mennscht dervun verschdeh.

HEEMWEH, P. 77 of Harbaugh's Harfe.

Sell iss em Parre Henry Harbaugh sei Schdick Heemweh. Ich hoff der hett's verschdanne un gegliche.

Un nau, dir liewe Leit, deet ich gleiche eich ebbes zu frooye. Misst der allegebott en Laxiering nemme? Wann mer en Laxiering kaaft, will mer doch ebbes grieye, ass mer depende kann druf, un ass aa "easy" iss zu nemme. Kaaft Squibb Mineral Oil. Sell hott Geruch, un losst aa ken eelicher G'schmack im Maul. Grick en Boddel heit. Memm's den Oowet, un sehn wie schee ass es schafft. Der kennt Squibb Mineral Oil un all die annere Sache, ass vun Squibb gemacht warre, an eens vun de Rea un Derick Schdors in eire Nochberschaft kaafe.

Die Woch, wie schier alle Woch, waar der Nixnutz arrick bissi. Ich hab en paar "Speeches" gewwe. Dinschdaag Oowet hawwich en "Speech" gewwe amme groos Esse, ass sie g'hatt hen drowwe in State College. Sie hen mich g'frookt, ewwich kumme deet, ne ebbes saage vun de Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche. Es waare iwwer en hunnert Brootfresser un ihre Weiwer an demm Esse—Noochdemm ass ich mei "Speech" gewwe hab, hawwich g'saat, sie kende "Questions" frooye. Well, dir liewe Leit, es deet eich erschdaune, wie wennich deel vun denne Brootfresser vun uns Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche wisse. Eens vun de "Questions," ass eener vun de Brootfresser g'frookt hot, waar: "Gebt's viele Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche, ass gaar ken Englisch schwetze kenne?" Nee, hawwich g'saat. Es dutt net. Mir Deitsche sin viel g'scheider, ass dir meent. Die mennscht vun eich hen yuscht ee Sprooch gelannt, awwer mir hen net yuscht Deitsch gelannt, mir hen aa Englisch gelannt. Deel Leit meene sie waere arrick g'scheit, weil sie so gut Englisch schwetze kenne, awwer mir kenne aa unser Mudderschbrooch guut schwetze, un in der Barriye kenne mer aa ziemlich guut Englisch schwetze. Yusht weil en Mensch "perfect" Englisch schwetze kann, meent net, ass er g'scheider iss ass eenzichebber schunscht.

Un nau, ewwich's vergess, will ich mich vielmools bedanke far die scheene Kaarde un Briefe, ass der mer die Woch g'schickt hett. Ich bin froh, ass so viel Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche vun iwweraal in Northumberland, Dauphin, Union, Schneider, un Schuylkill Kauntis sich baddere mer zu schreiwe, ass sie am harriche sin. Der George Zeckman vun Lewisbarrick un der Reid Ettinger vun Troxelville hen mer schunn sweemool g'schriwwe. Sell iss arrick schee Buuwe! Vun Zeit zu Zeit will ich browiere alles zu gewwe, was der frookt devor. Der wisst, ich muss die Dinge neischaffe, wuu sie es bescht basse. Un so, wann der ebbes net graad heert, waard yuscht, ich geb's uf're schbeedere Braatkaescht.

Un noch ee Ding, wann der mer schreibt, vergesst net eire Naame zu seine. Ich gleich immer zu wisse, vun wemm die Briefe un Kaarde kumme. Mei Address is Nixnutz (sell schbellt mer N-I-X-N-O-O-T-S odder Nixnutz), Station WKOK, Sunbury, Pa. Schreibt Englisch odder Deitsch. Eenzicher Weg. Ich kann's ausmache. Ich bin rieli net ganz so dumm, ass ich mich alsemool aaschick.

Der Emory Seaman vun Dalmatia, R. D., hott mer en Parreschdori neig'schickt, ass ich heit gewwe hab welle, awwer sis net genunk Zeit iwwerich. Veilleicht kann ich sell neegscht Sunndaag duh.

Die Mrs. Charles Cole vun Wiconisco deet gleiche zu wisse, was es Deitsch Watt far "undertaker" iss. Well, ich hab acht differente Wadde g'heert devor in de differente Kauntis, wu die Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch schwetze. Doo sin se: Laademacher, Leichamann, "Undertaker," Begraawer, Vergraawer, Doodeausleger, Doodemann, un Leichtversarriyer.

Ich sehn mei Zeit iss nau schier uff. Der Nixnutz muss "good-bye" saage far heit. Un so, macht's als gut bis negscht Sundaag!

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record. No. 2 of 4. Record plays from inside to outside.)

STATION'S ANNOUNCEMENT: Ladies and Gentlemen! You have been listening for the past fifteen minutes to the Nixnutz. Tune in at the same time next Sunday, when Rea and Derick, Inc. and E. R. Squibb and Son will again present the Nixnutz in an all Pennsylvania Dutch Broadcast.

MUSIC: (A few more measures of the record.)

To Be Continued

UNSER PARRE

Do kummt der Parre! Nau beheeft eich;
Losst eier "monkeyshines" eweck.
O ye!—kummt aa immer yuscht sogleich,
Wammer alles hot im Dreck.

Laaf—geh helf em Parre mit seim Gaul.
"Beiss dei Zung un watsch dei Maul."
Hans, gschwind, schpring naus un schlacht der Haahne—
Net seller mit de lange Schpore.

Sabina, geh un butz dei Kammer—
Dummel dich un kumm graad runner;
Mer misse bissel ebbes backe—
Wennich Zeit viel Foss zu mache.

Nau, Kinner, wescht eich—'S iss ball Middaag;
Ruf em Daadi un em Gnecht.
Die Kinnerlehr iss heit nochmiddaag;
Kenn' ihr eier Sache recht?

Friehyohrs, Schpotyohrs, Summer un Winder,
Faahrt der Parre darrichs Land;
B'sucht die Granke, daaft die Kinner,
Biwel-Hoffnung in der Hand.

Nee—Unser Parre hot ken Schtell,
Geld hot er aa gans wennich.
Larning? Well, genunk fer uns, dewell
Sei Breddich iss verschtennich.

Er legt so schee die Biwel aus,
Mer kann's gor net vergesse;
Deheem odder in dem Gotteshaus
Macht's unser Lewe besser.

Der Parre iss en kammener Mann,
Er iss ken Doktor warre;
Iss immer gemiedlich, gut un fromm—
Ya, sell iss unser Parre.

Gettysburg, Pa. —BERTHA REX

DIE GREMMI

Hen ihr schunn gedenkt an die Gremmi?
Vergessen sie yo net!
Sie waar yo em Daadi sei Mammi—
Unne sie hett' mer ihn yo net!

Aa sie waar mol en lieb Bewi,
Graad so wie du odder ich;
Un doch gebt es Leit, as meene
Die Gremmi waer iwwerich.

Die Grossgremmi waar aa gut zu ihr,
Graad wie dei Mammi zu dir;
Es kummen so wunnervolle Gedanke
An mei eegni Gremmi zu mir.

Fer sell wollen mir sie aa ehre
An dem scheene Mudderdaag;
Sie hot yo der Daadi gedraage;
Hot g'sunge, gelacht, sich geblogt.

An Bezaahling waar gor ken Gedanke—
Viel Lieb waar in ihr'm Haerz drin;
Die Gremmi waar aa mol en Mudder—
Gewwen Acht, ass ner gut zu ihr sin.

Locus Daahl, April, 1948 ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

The above verses arrived too late to be published for Mother's Day, but the sentiment expressed therein is good on any day.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 800 Main St.—Phone 1-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 32 Center Square—Phone 8612.

PUBLISHERS

Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Memorial Day is not a one-day holiday for Americans. We never forget our veterans—the veterans of any of our wars. Memorial Day was instituted by General John A. Logan in 1868 for the purpose of decorating the graves of Civil War veterans. It is often called Decoration Day. In recent years, it has come to be celebrated quite apart from the Civil War; for to this generation, World War I and World War II are closer in our sorrow.

Although we love those who gave their lives for our country and for us, we do not like war. We are not a militaristic people. The nomadic races needed war to help them push into new lands; we are a sedentary folk: farmers, industrial workers, professionals, service workers, artists. Such a people thrive in peace; war places upon them heavy burdens which often leave them weakened and confused.

We have always felt that way about war and that is why George Washington not only warned his countrymen against the dangers of entangling alliances which lead to war, but he also became the first president of the Society of the Cincinnati who literally cast aside their swords and turned to the ploughshares. The glory of war is the mood of dynasts; those who thrive on the arts of peace find more glory in a Thomas Edison or a George Westinghouse than in a Gustavus Adolphus or even in a Julius Caesar or a Napoleon.

• • •

The present generation of Americans has lived through two wars in a quarter of a century. Both have been devastating not only in lives and wealth but in human values. Even our traditional concept of what we so glibly call "The American way of life" has been radically altered. We no longer think of ourselves as independent individuals: instead we place an emphasis on government, its authority and its services, which are becoming more akin to the European countries whence every American's ancestors fled here to find liberty.

Slowly we are developing a huge veteran class, subsidized out of taxes, receiving enormous benefits (slight perhaps for the individual; an unbearable burden in the aggregate). No one can gainsay a moral or even a financial recognition of the men and women who risked their lives that their country might not be conquered. And no one does. Yet, they, the veterans, will one day become conscious of the fact that a national budget which runs between $30,000,000,000 and $50,000,000,000 annually—and the latter figure may come sooner than we expect—deprives them of opportunities in life and of individual liberties which make the small veteran benefits they, as individuals, do receive not worth-while.

Their generation and their children's will have to deal with that problem. No one, today, seems to be willing even to discuss it. A slightly thrifty and economical House of Representatives has been negatived by a vote-conscious Senate which adds appropriation upon appropriation without counting costs today or in the future.

• • •

But Memorial Day is really not for such a discussion as this. Let us rather think of that short-sightedness of a nation which would reduce in rank Admiral Raymond Spruance, Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, Admiral Thomas Kinkaid, General Omar Bradley, General Mark Clark, General Jacob Devers, General Thomas Handy, General Courtney Hodges, General Joseph McNarney, General George Kenney and General Carl Spaatz, Generals Bradley, Devers, McNarney, Kenney and Spaatz hold positions which carry with them the rank of full general, but once removed from these duties, they too will lose a star because the armed services must reduce by July 1 a specified number of four-star generals and equivalent admirals.

It seems to me all wrong that those who received their four stars in fighting a war should be deprived of rank and pay by a government which is profligate in its expenditures on the trivial, and parsimonious on the essential.

I speak in particular of General Mark Clark whose heroism in the war deserves better consideration from his fellow countrymen. And this is a good day to remember his record on the field of battle.

Let it not be said that America forgets.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It always makes me laugh when I read the interviews with sweepstakes winners, or listen to those folks who "break the bank" or "strike it rich" on the radio.

Invariably what they intend to do with their newly acquired money is very noble, and undoubtedly their intentions are very good.

But how many of them start that little business of their own or make that big contribution to their church, that contribution which will build a new vestry or whatever it is supposed to do?

In other words, do those sudden windfalls do any permanent good, or are they gone with the wind as quickly as they came?

• • •

Take that recent Mexican International Sweepstakes.

A $100,000 prize was won by a machinist who makes $56 a week. When the news of his good luck came in he was out fishing, but his wife spoke for him.

What would they do with the money?

(I don't know whether the reporter told her how much the Mexican government would take out; how much Uncle Sam would collect for taxes; how much it would cost to collect the money — and how much they would finally get.)

But they would stop paying rent, she told the reporter, and buy a house. They would buy new clothes for themselves and the children. They would buy a new car. They would take a vacation trip. They would establish a trust fund for the kids.

"But first I'm going to let my husband take a day off to see the Giants play. That's where we met seven years ago — at a Giant game."

Well, good luck, and may all your dreams come true!

• • •

A $40,000 prize was won by a 61-year-old Brooklyn metal coverer.

According to the reports, the entire family had been celebrating ever since they were notified that his ticket had been drawn.

There were the winner himself and his wife; five daughters with their husbands and eight grandchildren.

What was he going to to with his $40,000 — or rather with what was left of it?

"The first thing Mother and I are going to do," he told the reporter, "is to take a trip to Mexico so I can kiss Jackstraw." (That's the name of the winning horse.)

After that he is going to retire, to buy a small house and to "help out the children."

Good luck to you, too, and may your dreams come true.

• • •

The third hero of our story won $20,000.

He is a waiter. He will keep his job. But he is going to buy his little daughter a pony, a bicycle and a television set.

This fellow lives in the thickly populated Bronx where you have to pay good money to house ponies, and where feed for horses is pretty much of a load on a $50 a week wage.

But, good luck, and may your little daughter enjoy that dream pony!

• • •

But will those dreams come true? Will those good intentions become realities?

I haven't done so lately but some years ago I collected the names of a few winners and then I looked them up a few months later.

Most of the winners had nothing left. Some of them had been taken in by shysters, others had just played millionaires for a spell.

But practically all of them were buying more tickets and waiting for Lady Luck to come around again.

Suckers? Dreamers? Aren't we all?

(Copyright 1948)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

MONEY

The miser hides it'neath his bed.
The spendthrift for some pleasure spends it.
The wicked plot and plant to thieve it.
But when death summons, all men leave it.

Money is noble, nobly used:
Good when it helps the weak and needy;
Bitter when kindness is refused;
Bad when it's worshipped by the greedy.

But howsoever men receive it
Behind them at their death they leave it.

Money can pain and suffering ease.
The old and broken it can pension.
'Tis pleasant when it's used to please.
But ugly when it breeds dissension.

But when is stilled the pulse's rhythm,
The dead don't take one penny with 'em.

(Copyright 1948)

USE CARE AND LIVE

A two-and-a-half day holiday period lies ahead of thousands of Americans, many of whom can take advantage of it to enjoy an extended motoring trip. This undoubtedly means that, with fair weather, the highways of the nation will be crowded with cars. It means too that, if history be repeated as to the times when the highways are crowded with fast cars loaded with passengers in a hurry to go places, there will be many accidents and fatalities.

It will be the hope and wish of all motorists to escape participation in such accidents and their prayer that they will not be among the many hundreds of fatalities which are almost certain to mar the memory of the holiday period.

If the hope and prayers be sincere, they will be accompanied by another thought, namely that driving shall be careful and be governed by road and car conditions. Crowded highways reduce speed. Accidents are multiplied when this fact is overlooked and chances are taken with throttle-foot down to the floor-boards. Chances too are taken when high speeds are attempted with cars defective in some respect or other.

If all motorists will exercise care during the weekend, accidents will be limited to "accidents", or incidents that can occur despite all care and foresight. Most motor car accidents are not "accidents." They are the natural result of indiscretions by some one who is back of a wheel that is directing power equal to that of a score or more horses and speed more than twice as great as any race-horse ever has run.

RUSSIA'S EGOTISM

The egotism that is the core of totalitarian government and those who comprise it was illustrated thruout the periods of Mussolini's rule in Italy and Hitler's in Germany and again is being emphasized by Russia in pronouncement after pronouncement upon a variety of matters.

Several months ago this egotism was expressed in the cultural field of music. Then Russian composers were told what kind of music to write and what kind they were not to write because it would be a reflection of the music of the capitalistic world.

Another step in the Soviet's campaign against what it terms "fawning before things foreign" is reported by Textile World which says that the terms "American" and "Egyptian" for certain cottons are regarded by Russians as "unbecoming to our advanced science." The cotton expert, who spoke for his government in this wise, went on to say: "Soviet cotton growers who produce the best-quality cotton in the world, cultivate exclusively native-selected varieties. These varieties are related to two botanical sorts discovered and first named by Linnaeus: (1) gossipium hirsutum and (2) gossipium barbadense, "the former essentially American-Upland, the latter Egyptian. So long as the American-Upland and Egyptian cotton types were sown here without any kind of variation, the names were essentially correct" says the expert, "but now these names are antedated since during Soviet power, the creative work of Soviet selectors developed our own remarkable types of hirsutum and barbadense sorts. These varieties have nothing in common with the American-Upland and Egyptian types."

While the rest of the world probably doesn't care a snap of the fingers what Russia calls her cottons, it does care about the spirit that is back of the change.

But the outstanding example of this egotism is provided by exhibits in a current display by the Soviet electrical industry in Moscow which will amuse the world. In one of the exhibits are documents intended to prove that a Russian named Lodygin invented the electric light bulb, not Thomas Alva Edison as all the rest of the world has been wont to believe; that another Russian invented the flashlight, another the electrical transformer and that a Mr. and Mrs. Lazarenko discovered electric welding. Recently too the Russian news agency, Tass, made the assertion that radio, radar, the steam engine, jet engines and penicillin had been discovered by Russians.

We do not imagine however that the scientific books of the world are going to be changed in order to throw out the names of Edison, Faraday, Marconi, Tesla and many others who have been regarded as the discoverers of advances to which Russia now lays claim. The rest of the world may well ask why, if all these things are Russian, that country has so little of the things which they developed and has employed so little for the country's advancement?

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Is the load heavy? Listen to what seems a paradox: To make your own load lighter, bear another's burden! With all your own cares and anxieties, go out today and find someone who has more than he can bear and carry his load for him. Strangely enough, it will not add to your own.

IN MEMORIAM

The annual observance of Memorial Day is so widely practiced that its spirit spreads not only over a single day but laps over a week or more. Patriotic and religious organizations which cannot make all the visits to the graves of the honored dead upon a single day select both the Sunday before and the Sunday after Memorial Day for programs in the cities of the dead, when Memorial Day falls upon a weekday. This year when the day falls upon Sunday, observances in some cemeteries preceded the calendar day of the event by a week, while some dim echoes of the day will even be heard on the first Sunday in June.

It is a beautivul thought that lies back of the day which is a holiday in most parts of the country. Adopted originally in remembrance of the dead of the Civil War, it has been extended during the years not alone to remembrance of the dead of subsequent wars but to all the departed.

So it is that the sacred burying grounds of our people flower with the most beautiful of nature's adornments thruout this season — a tribute from those in the land of the living to those in the land of the dead.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — Recurrence of rumors about the health of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan are regarded here as a convincing sign that he is attracting extraorinary attention as a possible compromise choice for the Repulican nomination.

The facts about Mr. Vandenberg's health have been given frankly by his physicians, and a recent reference in an article in Life magazine, written by James B. Reston of the New York Times staff in Washington, indicates that the Michigan Senator himself was in favor of publishing the truth. The article says that Mr. Vandenberg has had what is called a "slow heart," but that his physician declared in a statement that this is no barrier to the continuance of his work in public life.

The Michigan Senator is plainly favored by more and and more Republicans, and the talk in Washington is that he is likely to be chosen after a deadlock between the Dewey and Taft factions.

Such a deadlock can only mean that the rank and file of the delegates are skeptical as to whether either Taft or Dewey can be elected. Up to now, the Republican talk has been that anyone could be elected. But this is usually qualified by doubt the moment any mention is made of a draft of General Eisenhower by the Democrats.

• • •

As one Republican from the middle west put it: "Suppose we nominate a man who hasn't the record in favor of the international program that Senator Vandenberg has. Suppose the Democrats appeal to Eisenhower that he must, as a duty to the troops he led overseas, carry on the policies of international action which the present administration has sponsored. Against some of the men now being mentioned for the presidency this might be a potent argument with the voters. The Republicans therefore must choose a candidate whose record on international affairs cannot be attacked by the Democrats."

The plain implication of that argument is that Dewey and Taft are not as acceptable as Vandenberg on matters of foreign policy and that, unless Vandenberg is chosen, foreign policy will become an issue and the pressure to name Eisenhower will be intense.

There is also the possibility that Wallace might withdraw. Arthur Krock, the able chief of the Washington bureau of the New York Times, in a speech this week in Chicago predicted that Wallace might at the last minute pull out of the race and throw his strength to the Democratic nominee provided Mr. Truman withdraws.

• • •

Henry Wallace denies that he has any such plan in mind. At the moment this is probably so. What the situation might be after the Republican national convention if the Republicans have nominated Senator Taft or Speaker Martin, for example, is something else again. The labor-union influence might be strong enough to induce Wallace's withdrawal since a three-party contest, according to all polls, indicates a Republican victory no matter who the candidate is.

The Republican convention must therefore take into account all the possible consequences of its decision. The Democrats, meeting two weeks later, can make a drive to persuade President Truman to withdraw and ask Eisenhower to run. Such a request might cause the General to modify all previous declarations. If the Republicans, on the other hand, have named Vandenberg, the argument to put Eisenhower in the race will certainly lack conviction, and it is more than likely that under such circumstances the General would adhere to his previous announcements.

25 Years Ago

MAY 29, 1923, A TUESDAY

Rev. Raymond C. White, pastor of the Bridge St. Presbyterian church, Catasauqua, was guest speaker at a meeting of the Four Square club held at the Hotel Allen. His subject was "Spiritualizing of Democracy".

Four nurses were graduated from the Sacred Heart hospital School of Nursing at exercises held in St. Francis hall. Dr. James A. Kelly, surgeon at Misericordia hospital, was the principal speaker.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Tzeit Flieg'd. Tzeit Gait. Fer die wohret tzu sawga sie flieg'd so shtarrick os m'r's shier net glawwa kon os m'r heit 'n woch tzurick unser 35d yaeich KSNS klass reunion kotta hen on da Teachers College, Kutztown. 'S wor in 1913 os m'r ousa nonner sin-wenich iwwer tzwae hunnerd gleader fon da klass fon 1913, ol galehrt ols shule maishder, un heit 'n woch tzurick worra 78 tzurick fer die reunion 'S sin noch 'n lot om shule halta un in shule arwet, ow'r die gross mehrtzahl sin in onnerra g'shefta. Dale sin aw fert-hen ihra lednhde shule tzu arder garufa, un sin om worta fer die iwwericha fon uns tzu ihna kumma reunion halta.

M'r sin shpote 'm Somshdawg noch da Kollege kumma, ow'r worra ols noch in tzeit fer urser supper ei nemma om sex uhr in da grossa ess shtub woh ols der Chapel wor. M'r sin widder die alta gank galoffa, un hen in die alta klass shtubba gaguck'd woh m'r fon unserra larning grick'd hen-odder ewwa der waig gawissa hen grick'd wie larning tzu griega. 'S worra aw noch paar fon da alta Professors darta, ow'r hen selwar yusht ainer tzu sehna grick'd, der gute bakont, un gute gaglicha, Prof. Sharidan, woh tzu uns net 'n yohr elter guck'd wie er hut 35 yohr tzurick.

Unnershtittlicha shtubba worra gamarrick'd fer unnershittlicha klassa woh reunions kotta her, odder howwa hen solla. Ow'r shtub 125 wor die aintsich'd shtub, woh aenichie tzucht un yocht om gae wor, 's wor die shtub woh unser klass sich fersomm'ld hut. Wie m'r nei kumma sin huts fol g'shtonna, dale so wies Russel Yohes fon East Texas, der Jimmy Bowers fon Oley, der der Porra Paul Stoudt un der Lyman Koehler fon Quakertown woh m'r alla gabut sehnt, hen em ken druvel gamocht for kenna. Evens der Harvey Kauffman 'n gons nagshder shtubba nochber die tzwae yohr on da shule, hen m'r gakent die sagund os m'r 'n g'sehna hen, ferol os m'r 'n shun fer yohra un yohra net g'sehna hen kot. So wors aw mit da Carrie Pilz Lawfer fon Packerton, da Miriam Fox Himmelberger fon Tulpenhocken, da Bertha Harnish Sensinger fon Lehighton drous, un da Laura Hoffman Himmelberger fon Lebanon, sellie hen sich aw sare wenich feranner'd un het sie aenich aryads kenna, kenna. Ow'r onnerra hen em gahairich kunsiderra mocha, fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen die Stella Mathias Blatt fon Milford, Virginia; die May Mattes Welby fon Robersonia, die Loretta Maginnis Houtz fon Sunbury un noch onnerra ihra nahma froga missa die g sichter worra uns ous g'falla, ferol os sie net 'n dawg elter gucka wie sie hen 35 yohr tzurick.

Yaders is g'fronk'd werra noch 'm essa beim John Esterly, fer 'n glaenie bakentniss speech mocha, sawga wies ous gamocht het im lava in da fergongna 35 yohr. Dadarrica is es rous kumma os 9 Grammams darta worra, un aw 9 Grampaps. Der George Schuler sawga wie Deitsch os er wear, hut uns so uf g'shoft os m'r fergessa hen tzu sawga, os m'r unser Katerinah bei uns kotta hen, un ae boo hen, un tzwae kindskinner.

Ow'r so kent m'r 'n buch schreiva won m'r allas sawga wot os aw gonga is bis m'r widder ousa nonner sin os uhra tzaea. Der klass bresident J. Harold Klopp fon Reading wor fohrmaishder im Stewart Prutzman fon Mauch Chunk seim blotz, woh net bleiva hut kenna fer die reunion. On unser'm dish worra 's Charlie Klappa fon Bernville, die Mae Knappenberger Gery un ihra Donald fon Reading, un die Florence Happle Grubb un ihra Robert, un dochter, fon Birdsboro. Omma nagshda dish hut der Dr. George Leibensperger un sei''Jen'' k'huck'd, un so aw fert. 'S wor 'n iwwer rousie shaenie tzeit, un hoffa ol maiga widder tzomma kumma finf yohr shpaiter fer die 40d yairichie reunion. Whee, wert 'n mensch net shtarrick alt.

Ae klassmate hut net kumma kenna darrich gronkichkate, die Mary Dries fon Maidencreek posht offis, Barricks kounty. Ol sin g'frok'd werra fer ra schreiva, un hen aw blumma g'shick'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla donk sawga tzum klassmate Porra Luther Klick fon da Windkoft seinra fraw, fer draw denka os m'r ferleicht 's shtick schreiva maichda in unser'm kolumn fon da reunion.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Esther 8.

The relation between Mordecai and Esther had been revealed to the king, who shortly thereafter elevated Mordecai to Haman's former rank. The king also extends to Esther his sceptre, as she appears with tears to make a further plea before him in behalf of her people, hoping to have the decree for their struction reversed. The king grants the petition in so far that he commands Esther and Mordecai to send orders, sealed with the king's seal, to every province of his realm, bestowing upon the Jews the right to stand for their lives, to destroy and slay every one who might attempt to assault them, and thus to avenge their enemies. Mordecai lost no time getting these orders 'in the mails', for the posts rode forth, hastened and pressed by the king's commandment. Then was there great rejoicing in Shushan, the capital, and in every province throughout the kingdom, for the Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honor. Indeed, many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them, evidently because they realized that God was with them

Horoscope

Use your personal appeal to win friends; go shopping and have some good talks and mental stimulation. Some good fortune will come to you in the next 12 months. Your finances will increase, but do not be careless and improvident in business matters. Also do not allow yourself to be deceived in love or friendships.



SELLER NIXNUTZ

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON

The Pennsylvania State College

Continued

(Since October 1946 Professor Buffington has been presenting every Sunday over Station WKOK, Sunbury, a 15 minute all Pennsylvania German broadcast. Through the courtesy of Dr. Buffington we present to our readers two more scripts of these broadcasts. —ED.)

WKOK—June 15, 1947—8:30.

NIXNUTZ: Seller Nixnutz iss yoo widder of der Luft!

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record: No. 2 of 4 Record plays from inside to outside.)

STATION'S ANNOUNCEMENT: The Nixnutz! A Pennsylvania Dutch program, dedicated to the good Dutch people of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Dauphin, Northampton, Schuylkill, Snyder, and Union counties. This broadcast is brought to you through the courtesy of Rea and Derick, Inc.

NIXNUTZ: Well, wie seid der de Marriye, dir liewe Leit? Heit guckt's wennich besser, ass es hott letscht Sunndaag Marriye, awwer ich meen es waer nau schee, wann die Sunn moll scheine deet eens vun denne Sunndaage. Ich wees ass der Regge viel vun eich wegg'halde hott vun Rolling Green Park letscht Sunndaag, awwer ich waar doch froh ass aardlichi kumme sin ennihau, un ich hab en rechti guudi Zeit g'hatt; un ich waar froh, ass ich en dschens g'hatt hab so viel vun eich zu miete un mit eich zu schwetze. Nau wees ich ennihau wie deel vun de Leit gucke, ass em Nixnutz sei Braatkaeschts heere alle Sunndaag. Neegscht Munnet, am dreizehte Dschuulei, welle mer des iwwermache, un noo hoff ich ass der liewe Gott uns schee Wedder gebt.

Heit will ich wennich Schuul halde. Ich hoff der hett nix dageeye. Mei "Subject" is: **Was is Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch?** Ich wees nau graad, was deel vun eich denke. Dir denkt: "Huh, seller Nixnutz brauch net browiere uns zu saage, was Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch iss. Mir hen Pennsylfaanisch Deitch schun viel lenger g'schwetz ass er hott. Ya, sell iss vielleicht waahr. Ich hab Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch gschwetzt far yuscht ebaut fazich Yaahr, un ich wees, ass deel vun eich es schun viel lenger g'schwetzt hett. Awwer far Yaahre lang, wann ich aa Pennsylfaanisch Deitch g'schwetz hab, zidder ass ich en gleener Buu waar, hawwich net rieli gewisst,was Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch iss. Sell hawwich yuscht ausg'funne in die letschte paar Yaahr, wie ich die Dinge unnersucht hab.

Yuscht der anner Daag hawwich ebber heere saage, "Ya, Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch iss ewwe yuscht schlecht Deitsch mit en paar Englische Watte drin uffgemixt." Nau ich saag eich liewe Leit, sell iss verflammt sei net waahr. Noo, hawwich aa Leit schun heere saage: "Ya, Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch iss ewwe ken Schbroch. Sis yuscht.Nidderdeitsch mit en paar englische Wadde drin." Nee, sell iss aa net waahr. Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch iss gaar net wie Nidderdeitsch. Well, frookt der, was der Deixel iss dann des Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch, ass mer nau am Schwetze sin zidder ass mer schwetze kenne?

Loss mich eich 's aerscht verzeehle, wie unser Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch sich entwickelt hott. Vum Yaahr sechzehhunnert drei un achtzich aa uff zu der Zeit vum Revolutionary Griek sin Dausende vun Deitsche, ass in Middel un Sied-Deitschland un in der Schweiz gewuhnt hen, doo riwwer noch Amerika kumme un hen in Pennsylvania g'settelt. In ihre Schuule un in ihre Karriche hen die Leit Hochdeitsch odder Schriftdeitsch, wie sie's g'heese hen, geyuust, awwer deheem un unnich ihre Nochbere hen sie selle Hochdeitsche Dialekte geyuust, ass sie g'schwetz hen g'hatt, wie sie noch driwwe in Deitschland un in der Schweiz waare. Es waare aardliche groose Unnerschidde g'schwischich die Dialekte, ass die erschte deitsche Aasiedler in die diffrende Kauntis vun Penna. g'schwetzt hen.

Doo hen aa die Deitsche viele neie Dinge far's aerscht Mool g'sehne, un sie hen ken Wadde far die Dinge in ihre Deitsche Dialekte g'hadde, un so hen sie die Dinge yuscht bei ihre Englische Naame g'heese. Sell iss ee Ursach far was mer Wadde vun Englisch gelehnt hen. Noo hen aa viel vun denne Deitsche Nochbere g'hadde, ass Englisch odder Eirisch waare un as ken Deitsch schwetze hen kenne, awwer sie hen Bisniss duh misse mit denne Leit, un seller Weg hen sie viele Englische Wadde gelannt, ass sie dann allegebott aa geyuust hen, wie sie am Deitsch schwetze waare. Awwer wann sie die Englische Wadde geyuust hen, hen sie sie immer verdeitscht. Well, sell iss far was mer Englische Wadde in Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch hen.

Mit der Zeit, hen die Unerschidde g'schwischich die diffrende Deische Dialekte, ass g'schwetzt sin warre in die diffrende Kaunties, sich ausgegliche. Die Unnerschidde sin ausgelewwelt warre, un en Deitscher in ee Kaunti hott net viel annerschder g'schwetzt, ass en Deitscher in en annrer Kaunti. Awwer deel vun deene Unerschidde sin bis heit gebliwwe, un ich brauch net lang mit en Pennsylfaanisch Deitscher zu schwetze, ewwich saage kann, vun wellem deel vun Pennsylvania ass er beikummt. Die letschte paar Yaahr hawwich die Unnerschidde unnersucht. Ich bin iwwer vier Dausent Meil gedraewelt darrich schier all die Kauntis, wu sie Deitsch schwetze, un neegscht Sunndaag will ich verzeehle vun deel vun denne Unnerschidde, ass ich g'funne hab. Mer muss oft net weider, ass zehe Meil geh, far Unnerschidde zu heere; un deel vun denne sin yuscht gleene, un wann mer net abbaddich guckt far sie, heert mer sie net. Ich hab aerscht paar Muunet zerick genootist, ass en Unnerschitt iss g'schwischich es Deitsch, ass mei Daadi schwetzt un es Deitsch, ass mei Mammi schwetzt. Mei Daadi waar gebore un uffgebrocht warre in Pillow. Mei Mammi waar gebore un uffgebrocht warre wennich weider drowwe in der Machedungi Valley, net weit vun Pitman. Wann mei Daadi saage will in Deitsch "I am thirsty" saagt er: "Ich bin **daschderich,**" awwer mei Mammi saagt: "Ich bin **daschdich,**" un sell iss was sie saage drowwe in der Machedungi. Drunne in Pillow saage mer: "Es Wedder iss awwer **schmuudich** heit"; drowwe in der Machedungie saage sie: "Es Wedder iss **schmoodich**"; In Pillow saage mer "dir zwee mecht geh, wann der wett"; in der Machedung,e: "dir zwee mecht geh, wann der wott"; in Pillow saage mer: "Er hott's net duh welle"; in der Machedungie heere mer: "Er hott's net duh wolle"; far Englisch "the plow" saage mir "der Bluuk", awwer in der Machedungi saage sie "der Bluck"; bei uns in Pillow dutt der Hund **gauze,** awwer drowwe in der Machedungi dutt **er blaffe.** Neegscht Sunndaag will ich eich mehner vun denne Unnedschidde verzeehle.

Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch, wie der nau sehne kennt, iss net yuscht schlecht Deitsch mit en paar englische Wadde drin uffgemixt, un sis aa net Nidderdeitsch. Pennsylfaanish Deitsch iss en hochdeitscher Dialekt mit en paar englische Lehnwadde, (sell iss was mer die Wadde heese, ass wer vun Englisch gelehnt hen,) un wammer die englische Lehnwadde wecknemmt, iss ken grooser Unnerschitt g'schwischich Pennsylfaanish Deitsch un es Deitsch, ass noch heitichdaags in der Rheinpfalz in Deitschland g'schwetzt watt. Ich wees was ich schwetz devun. Ich hab datt driwwe in der Rheinpfalz gewuuhnt in neinzeh hunnert fimf un dreissich, yuscht far die Dinge zu schdoddiye.

Well, ich denk sell is genunk Schuul g'halde far de Marriye.

Heit hawwich widder ebbes arrick Importentes zu saage zu all eich liewe Leit, ass geindrescht sin in guudi G'sundheet. Viel Leit grieye net genunk "Minerals" in ihrem Esse. Sell is far was sie "Indigestion" Verschtopfing, "Neuralgia," un Gaes uf em Maage grieye; aa far was sie ken Leewe un "Pep" hen; un aa vielleicht farwas sie Koppweh un Rheumadis grieye. Well, ich hab eich schun devor g'saat, was der duh sett, far schur mache, ass der selli "Minerals" grickt, ass der hawwe misst far g'sund bleiwe, Nemmt Bio-Mineral. Sis ken "Alcohol" in Bio-Mineral un aa nix, ass "habit-forming" iss. Browier Bio-Mineral heit. Des kannscht du kaafe an all die Rea un Derick Schtores. Die Leit, ass die Rea un Derrick Schdors eegne, glaawe ass Bio-Mineral eich graad besser fiehle macht; schunscht deede sie gaar net affere eich eier Geld zerick zu gewwe, wann der net g'saetisfeit seid. Nau nemmt en Pensil un schreibt seller Naame graad nunner, so ass der's net vergesst, un noo geht so g'schwind ass der en "chance" hett noch eens vun de Rea un Derick Schdors un kauft en Boddel odder zwee odder drei vun dem Bio-Mineral.

Un nau denk ich, verzeehl ich en paar Schdories. Heit, wie der wisst, iss en Feierdaag. Siss em Daadi sei Daag, un ich denk die zwee Dinge in der Welt, ass mei eegner Daadi es bescht gleicht, sin Beesballe un Fische. Un so will ich en paar Schdories verzeehle abbaddich far mei eegner Daadi.

Etliche Yaahr zerick waarich drowwe in Boston, Mass., un ich bin gange en Beesballegehm sehne. Die Boston Red Sox un die Philadelphia Athletics waare am Schbiele. Un graad neewich mer uffem Grentschtent hott en alder Mann g'hockt. In der aerscht Inning hen die Athletics drei "hits" grickt, un allemool, ass sie en 'hit'" grickt hen, hott der alt Kall geyoolt un gedschiert wie net g'scheit. Noo sin die Red Sox uffkumme zu "bat," un die hen zwee "hits" grickt, un allemool hot der alt Mann gegrische un gedschiert.

Un so hott er aag'halde dschiere far alle zwee "Teams." Endlich hott der Wunnerfitz mich grickt, un ich hab en g'frookt, far was er fa rdie zwee "Teams" am Dschiere waer.

"Well," saagt er, "du kannscht des vielleicht net verschdeh, awwer ich grick en Dschens far yuscht ee Ballegehm zu sehne imme Yaahr, un so will ich verdollt sei schur mache, ass ich am Dschiere bin for die "Team" ass gewinnt.

Letscht Summer iss en Freind vun mir nuff noch Kannadaa gange far Fische. Wie er zerickkumme iss, hawwich ihn g'frookt, wie's Fische gewesst waer datt drowwe.

"Ei, ei, ei," saagt er, "so ebbes hoscht du deileewe net g'sehne! Es hott Millione vun Fisch!"

"Well duhne sie gut beisse?" hawwich g'frookt.

"Duhne sie beisse? Harriyessus! Die sin gans wiedich. Mer muss sich yoo hinnich en Baam verschdeckle far Beet uf die Angel duh."

Well, der Nixnutz muss "Good-bye" saage far heit. Vergesst nau net, grickt eich en paar Boddel vun sellem Bio-Mineral an eens vun de Rea un Derick Schdores. Un so, macht's als gut bis neegscht Sunndaag-Marrieye um halwer neine.

To Be Concluded

DER 30. MOI

Harrich, Polly, harrich,
Was geht aa im Schtedtel heit?
Heerscht die Musik fun de Band,
Un sehnscht die fiele Leit?
Guck mol im Kalenner gschwind,
Iss des en Feierdaag?
Geb en hardich mol do haer,
Loss sehne was er saagt.
Ach, ich kann net lese
Wann die Band ans Schpiele geht;
Musik macht mich fiehle,
Wie en Haahne wann er kraeht;
Nemm der alt Kalenner weck,
Ich kann net ruhich hocke;
Mei padriodisch Blud ferschpritzt,
Ich schpier 's schunn in de Gnoche.

Harrich, Polly, harrich nau,
Do kummit die Drumm un Peif;
Guck mol selli alde Chaps,
Sie sin yo laahm un schdeift!
Sie schpiele yo en Drauerlied,
Un 'n macht mer Haerzeleed,
So 'n draurich Schdick un alde Chaps
Am martsche im Parade.
Dart kummt der lieb ald Banner nau,
Was iss er doch so schee!
Sell weckt die alde Buwe uff
Un dutt Schprings in ihre Bee;
Was martsche sie so schtols do hie
Mit sellem Flag in Hand,
Rod, Weiss un Blo, der Glory do
Fun unserm Freiheetsland.

Un Blumme, Polly, guck emol,
Was denkscht as des bedeit?
Die nemme sie schur aryets hie
Far 'n Hochzich odder 'n Leicht!
Un selli alde Chaps hen all
So blooe Gleeder aa,
As wie Soldaade waere duhn
Mit Brassgnepp fornedraa;
Un yeders hot sei Schdock in Hand,
Sie sin aa nimmi yung;
Awwer watsch wie sie noch martsche
Zu de alde Peif un Drumm!
Sie hen's noch net fergesse
Un sie halde sich in Lein,
As wie sie hen far unser Flag,
Far dei Recht un far mein.

Ei, des iss yo der dreissichscht Mol,
Der Decoration Daag!
Heit legt mer Blumme schee un sies
Uff alle Soldaade Graab.
Heit denkt mer an die Menner,
Wu mit schdandhaft Haerz un Mecht,
Der lieb alt Flag gedraage hen
Darrich mancher harter Fecht.
Mer lowe sie far schdandhaft sei
In de Gerechtichkeet—
Far Freiheet do zu alle Leit
Mit dankbarlich Gebet.
Awwer loss uns net fergesse
Yuscht so padriodisch sei,
Far Recht zu duh in Friede,
Wie im Fecht un b'schteh debei.

Heit geht der alt Soldaad wu noch
Bei Lewe bei uns iss,
Un legt am Graab fun seim Kumraad
En blummich Koppekiss;
Heit martscht die alt Grand Army
Zu de alde Peif un Drumm,
Anschtatts fun Bichse in de Hend
Draagt yeders nau en Blumm;
Anschtatts fun noch em Battlefield,
Geht's nau zum Karrichhof
Wu dausend fun Kumraade nau
Sin schdill im letschte Schlof;
Anschtatts fun Yacht un Grach un Schmaers,
As wie es waar im Grieg,
Waerd sachdich gschpielt mit Schmaerz im Haer
En weinlich Drauerlied.

Nau bring die beschte Blumme bei
Un leg sie schee do hie,
Uff jeder Graab fun me Soldaad,
Un dank lieb Gott far sie;
Un duh en Mark uff seller Grund,
En scheener Flag dezu;
Un seller Blatz halt hoch in Acht
Un winsch ne siessi Ruh!
Doch iss ken Dol as ich un du
Do bringe kenne heit,
Ken Opfer as dankbaarlich iss
An daere schpode Zeit;
Except wie sie, schdandhaft far recht,
Nemmt yeders sei Pflicht uff;
So hot der Lincoln g'saat un nix
Sunscht hebt der ald Flag uff.

Un weil mer schtehne dart am Graab,
Fergess die Mudder net,
Wu ihre Bu uffgewwe hot,
Dass des Land bleiwe sett;
Denk an die Fraa un Kinner, wu
Gelidde hen deheem,
In Engschte un in Hungersnot—
Hilflose Patriots unne "fame!"
Un wann die Band "Amerika"
Gschpielt hot im siesschte Ton,
Noh loss uns Musik heere
So wie "Home, Sweet Home!"
Un schpielt's e paarmol iwwer,
Bis es greift uns dief ins Haerz,
Far all die

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 1-0711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34. One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c. One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98. Three Months, $2.99. One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

COLLEGE CENTENNIAL

Festivities in honor of the centennial anniversary of the founding of Muhlenberg college have begun and will be in progress during the weekend, cluminating with the commencement exercises on Monday morning.

It is an occasion upon which not only the sons of Muhlenberg in this community and thruout the country can rejoice but the entire people of this city. Muhlenberg certainly has brought name and fame to this city. It has been an adornment to our history.

Thruout its years the ambition of the institution has been to be and remain a "small college" and to develop and retain thereby many of the advantages that an institution must surrender when it becomes a very large one.

The recent war strained that desire. The dire need of the nation's armed forces for men trained for special duties could and would not have been denied by a college whose highest traditions include the deepest loyalty to country and the highest sense of patriotic duty. The college during the war mustered all its strength and surprised even the most optimistic by the extent to which it was able to answer the national call. Tho its facilities threatened to crack at the seams as its walls bulged with students from far and wide. Muhlenberg performed one of the greatest jobs performed in any institution in the country during the war, as recognized by the U. S. Government repeatedly.

Ordinarily respite might have been expected following the war. But that did not come. The Government program of education for veterans gave the institution no time to catch its breath. So, in peace as well as war, the college continues to be far larger as to student population that the institution ever contemplated and prepared to educate and house. But again in peace, as in war, the college is revealing its strength and virility, its adaptability to meet difficult situations and to solve its problems as they are presented to the institution.

Muhlenberg men everywhere may well be proud of the institution which has demonstrated such extraordinary capacity for doing the apparently impossible things. The community, to which the institution adds lustre and gives the highest prestige, is inordinately proud of Muhlenberg.

The first century of life has been a glorious one because it has been a useful one. But the experience of the past decade indicates that Muhlenberg is not merely a name, nor a set of buildings upon a beautiful campus, nor a history of a century. It is a group of men—intellectual, imaginative, progressive, fore-sighted, ambitious men, with modern out look for whom no problem is too great. There is no challenge that their daring spirit will not answer.

Memory of the experiences of the past six years and the lessons learned therein have been invaluable. They can be of the greatest inspiration to all who are concerned in the college as it enters its second century of life and usefulness to individuals, to the community and to the nation.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I never seen a night
So dark there wasn't light
Somewhere about if I took care
To strike a match and find out where. —Bangs.

GOOD OUTLOOK FOR COAL

Altho the development in oil production threatened the anthracite industry for a time, there are indications from some current trends that should provide a brighter prospect for the people in our nearby hard coal fields in coming years, in fact at once.

Before the discovery of vast oil reserves about quarter of a century ago, anthracite was the almost universal fuel for home heating purposes in the eastern part of this country. That meant that miners were fully employed and invested capital earned substantial profits.

Cheap oil brought evil days for anthracite. Competition by oil resulted in decrease in production by almost fifty per cent. The depression accentuated the anthracite area's difficulties. In 1939 the average value of coal f.o.b. mine had declined to $3.79 a ton, compared with $5.92 in 1924

Faced with that situation, the anthracite industry organized a voluntary program of curtailment. Then came world war II in Europe in 1939 That year marked a turning point for the industry. The war eliminated foreign competition, the enormous demand for oil for war purposes restored a market for coal, prices improved with the result that the mining industry got back on full time operations.

Since the war the oil shortage has been intensified because of unprecedently large peacetime consumption. Moreover, effective January 1, 1948, Canada revoked an import duty of 50 cents a ton on anthracite, thus admitting American coal to free competition with coal imported from England. The outcome has been that fears of a slump in the anthracite industry have proven groundless. The industry continues to operate on a profitable basis, because of favorable competitive conditions.

It has been estimated that to heat a six room house in New York city it costs $67.57 if anthracite be used, $113 for cheap oil, $146 for more expensive oil and $139 for gas, at present rates, and $200.24, if proposed gas rates go into effect in that city. The conclusion is therefore arrived at that anthracite will undersell all other fuels for some time to come.

LOWEST DEATH RATE

Another record year as to death rate among the American people was experienced in 1947, if the figures as to people who carried insurance be an index as to conditions general thruout the country, which they usually are.

The insurance companies, which naturally keep the most complete records of their policy-holders and what happens to them, report a new low in 1947 as to deaths, namely 737.9 per 100,000, or 7.37 per thousand.

What is also interesting is the report that a decline was shown in the number of deaths caused by cancer and heart disease, suggesting that more people are going to their surgeons in time to halt the ravages of these diseases and prolong life by years. This new low figure of 737 compares with such previous low rates as 773 in 1946 and 763 in 1942.

Tho the number of deaths from heart disease declined, this type of ailment continued to lead as the destroyer of American lives among the country's insurance policyholders.

Nearly half of all the deaths included in the survey were attributed to heart diseases, cerebral hemorrhage and nephritis which together make up the principal diseases in the group called cardiovascular-renal diseases. The combined death rate from these causes in 1947 was 361.5 per 100,000 policyholders. This was about 1 per cent lower than the corresponding rate in the previous year, due chiefly to improvement among industrial policyholders. If the 1947 rate is taken as indicative of experience among all policyholders it may be estimated that approximately 600,000 policies became claims from the principal cardiovascular-renal diseases last year.

Cancer, the second leading cause of policyholder deaths, also declined during 1947, the first drop in several years. The 1947 death rate of 114.8 compares with 116.9 in the previous year and 106.8 in 1942. Cancer deaths terminated an estimated 200,000 life policies last year.

Practically all of the other important death causes showed a lower rate in 1947. The accident death rate among policyholders last year was 45.8 per 100,000, compared with 49.3 in 1946 and 53.3 in 1942 The death rate from tuberculosis declined to a new low of 26.1, nearly one-quarter lower than that for 1942.

The death rates differ between ordinary and industrial life insurance policyholders. In almost all cases, the death rate is higher for the industrial life insurance policyholders than for ordinary insurance policyholders. In the case of tuberculosis and diabetes, the industrial rate is strikingly higher.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States, called the Bill of Rights, are clear. The 33 articles of the "Draft International Declaration of Human Rights" drawn up by Eleanor Roosevelt's committee of the United Nations, is a hodgepodge of ideological contradictions, beyond the possibility of enforcement anywhere. Take Article I as a starter:

"All men are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed by nature with reason and conscience, and should act towards one another like brothers."

We can agree that all men should be born equal, but are they born free? Freedom is a juridical term of variable interpretation. Is a man born free if he is born in a country where freedom of movement, or freedom of choice in political ideas, is prohibited? Does this article then advocate a revolution against the take another view: All men should e entitled to respect in the realm of human dignity because they are so graced by God. Does that mean that U.N. solves the Negro problem in the United States by the ipse dixit of Article I of its Declaration of Human Rights?

Further, how does one define in law the phrase that all men "should act toward one another like brothers?" If this is a homily on good conduct, then we understand what is meant and praise Mrs. Roosevelt for the virtuous intent of her committee, but if this draft is eventually to be a treaty and the law of the land, the phraseology needs to be closer to an enforceable criterion.

Article 2 is even tougher. Here it is:

"In the exercise of his rights, everyone is limited by the rights of others and by the just requirements of the democratic state. The individual owes duties to society through which he is enabled to develop his spirit mind, and body in wider freedom."

Freedom of speech and the press is a categorical right, but it may also be a nuisance. I might write something in this column which definitely interferes with some rights of others. Westbrook Pegler does it all the time with rare facility. For instance, his exposure of the Guru letters put a crimp in Henry Wallace's status. Does not this limitation—so broadly stated—really negative all human rights? For instance, Zhdanov, one of Stalin's proposed successors, recently forbade Soviet composers to write music which displeases him. Would he be forbidden to do that under this provision? We limit freedom of expression on four grounds: it must not be libelous, scandalous, salacious or malicious—and it is still unsettled after many centuries, what these limitations really are.

Also, what are "just requirements of the democratic state?" In the first place what is a democratic state? By no definition is the United States a democratic state. It is a representative republic, living within the margins of a written Constitution which establishes limitations upon the powers of government in defense of the inalienable rights of the individual. This country does not live by majority rule, but rather by compromises among varieties of geographical, economic and social groups. Certainly Soviet Russia is not a "democratic state." It is an oligarchy ruling through the agency of an elite to which a total population is bound by iron law.

In Article I, we are told that "All men . . . are endowed by nature with reason and conscience," but in Article 2 it is "society through which he is enabled to develop his spirit, mind and body in wider freedom." "Reason and conscience" include "spirit, mind and body;" so we are talking about the same thing.

Nature, however, is a very broad term which may be translated variously. Suppose we assume the Christian term, God, to be equivalent to the United Nations term "nature." That term is cosmic and includes all that was, is or ever will be and therefore what is generally called society.

Furthermore, in the history of man there have been many varieties of "society," some as evil as the Devil. Was the Russian Revolution against the Romanovs, the Turkish revolt against the Sultans, the Chinese revolt against the Manchus an infraction of duties?

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N PICKNICK UF RADDER: Des is die tzeit fom yohr whos alla orta picknicks gebt, ow'r glawb wohrhoft net os sei lebdawg 'n picknick uf radder wor wie sellie Niagara Falls exkursion aenie gebt da 19 un 30d Yunie. Sis siva yohr tzurick os m'r heifa hen 'n train laod noch da Falls nemma, un wos wor sel net aw 'n tzeit. G'shpass fon da tzeit os m'r Allentown Somshdawg owets halver tzaea ferlossa hen, bis m'r widder die nagshd nocht tzurick kumma sin. Die gons train wor 'n picknick grund, un der aintsich glawk os wor, der ess kerrich hut net ganunk laves middle mit kot. Die trip sawga sie, wotta sie ow'r sehna datzu os sie ganunk fon allas hetta-sie wista now wos fer erres os die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha weara won sie fon hame gangda.

Die Niagara Falls exkursion ferlust Allentown on halver tzaea owets da 19d Yunie, uns wert g'shtopt on Slatington, Lehighton, un Mauch Chunk. 'S werra kerrich k'halta fer die ewwerlanner, uns sol ken mongel gewwa waeich sitza. M'r kumma noch da Falls moryets so uhra sexa, sin darta bis drei uhr nommy dawgs. Bis so uhra elfa sin m'r widder tzurick in Allentown noch wos m'r glawwa os ains fon da shanshda exkursion trips gebt os m'r hoffa koo tzu mocha.

BOL GEBTS FISH: Bol werra die fish gross ordich runner kumma in grossa marrick. Der geils docktor Werley fon Mickleys, un der Harvey Shireman fon Point Phillips, hen im sin fer 'n fisher kumpany organiza fer der fish marrick bracha. Un sie tzaila aw weiter tzu gae fer fisha os wie yusht noch Ironton un Chubbeville-sie wolla ferhoftich sei noch 'm sae gae.

Wons lose bracht kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r der Harvey wor geshter in da shtadt ongla un lina kaufa, un hut aw shun drei beck weissa huls waram, un paar beck raya waram g'such'd fer bait. Der "Dr." maint ow'r net os sel bait fiel nutz wear om sae, ow'r der Harvey Klaimt, unna gabrovi-ert dade m'r nix ous finna. Dear Harvey het die waram fermuthlich net won sei 15 yairicher hund der Max net so'n guter grawwer wear.

Der Harvey un der "Dr." wolla die fisherrei duh, un sie wolla der Jimmy Boyer fon da Liberty shtross doh in da shtadt mit nemma fer die fish fon da ongla mocha,un die Annie Bitz fon Pen Argyle fer reckord halta wie fiel fish os yaders fong'd. 'S sol allas ehrlich har gae, so os es hinna noh ken dishbadawt gebt wons gelt gatzailt wert. Der Jimmy wert batzawlt beim shtick, die Annie grick'd kommission, un der Tom Buskirk wil sich 'n truck griega fer die fish peddia.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET. OW'R Shunshd im heits Call is tzu sehna woh die tickets tzu griega sin fer die Niagara Falls train exkursion, da 18 un 20d June,-odder ewwa danovet tzwae wocha.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Oh, Mr. Truman.

Oh, Secretary Marshall.

I think I have discovered how to deal with the Russians.

So if you have any ideas about having a conference with Comrade Stalin or Comrade Molotov, don't either one of you go to meet them. Don't send Mr. Dulles or any of your other very dignified dignitaries.

You'll never get anywhere that way. Not with the Russian rulers.

• • •

Now I'll tell ou why.

The Russians have absolutely no sense of humor.

Look at your pictures of Russian statesmen.

The only picture of Stalin that even suggested a smile didn't really show a smile at all but looked as if Stalin had just swallowed a cockroach and was trying to make the best of it in public.

And I dare any one of my readers to tell .ie of a single picture of Molotov or any other —ev or —vich or —sky that showed even a trace of gaiety or humor.

Before I give you my suggestion, Mr. Truman and Mr. Marshall, let me call your attention to two typical newspaper items from Russia.

The first tells us that a girl translator, who allegedly misquoted a Russian general into charging that United States soldiers went about Berlin biting old women, had been discharged from government service and that her whereabouts is unknown.

The general, it was officially announced, had charged our soldiers with "beating" old women, not with "biting" them.

In the American and British section of Berlin, the whole thing had been taken as a huge joke, but in Russian circles the matter had become a matter of great official indignation and extreme seriousness.

• • •

Here is another item.

A semi-scientific popular American magazine recently published—as pure fiction—a story about a new method of examining new-born babies.

The whole thing was obviously the figment of some writer's prolific imagination.

But the Literaturnaya Gazeta of Moscow, a very serious and learned literary magazine, published a long article telling its readers that here was another proof of sinister imperialism and the pernicious activities of American science.

In America the article was taken as entertainment, and people laughed at it. In Russia it became a sinister plot.

• • •

So you see, what we have to do in our conferences with the Russian government is to make them laugh.

I therefore propose that in any meetings with Stalin our two ambassadors extraordinary should be Sophie Tucker and Irving Berlin.

Both are Russian-born and can speak to the Russians in their own language (I hope).

Sophie is not only a singer but a top comedienne and instead of arguing with Stalin she can tell him some of those hefty jokes that have made millions laugh.

And if Irving Berlin can't move Stalin with one of his lovely songs, such as "Not for just a day but always"—then I give up. And turn statesmanship back to you, gentlemen.

(Copyright 1948)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — While almost everybody is talking or thinking about presidential candidates, the task of writing a platform that doesn't repudiate one's own party members emerges as likely to cause plenty of trouble at both national conventions.

Whatever committee writes the Democratic platform will not be able to pay tribute to the gods of consistency on the matter of labor legislation. Thus, President Truman not only vetoed the Taft - Hartley bill but has denounced it several times since it became law over his veto. Yet 107 out of 178 Democrats in the House of Representatives voted to override that veto. So did 20 Democrats out of 42 in the Senate.

A platform plank condemning the Taft - Hartley Act might be very pleasing to the "left wing" of the Democratic party but it certainly would antagonize a majority of the Democrats in the House running for re - election. As for the Senate, eleven seats up for election this year whose occupants voted to override the veto are in southern states where winning the Democratc primaries is equivalent to election. All northern Democrats up for re - election in the Senate this autumn voted to sustain the veto, so there is less embarrassment on that score.

• • •

In the matter of the veto of the tax bill, too, the writers of the Democratic platform will have to watch their phrasing lest they condemn a majority of the Democrats in both Houses. Thus 88 of the Democrats in the House are recorded in favor of the tax bill that became law over the veto and 91 against. But in the Senate there were 28 Democrats recorded in favor of overriding the veto and 11 to sustain. The combined vote of both Houses among the Democrats was 116 as voting to override the veto and 102 to sustain.

If the Democratic platform attempts to condemn the passage of the tax law, it will be reflecting on many members of the House and Senate. Many of these are in the southern states, of course, which means that the rift between the administration and the south will become deeper as the platform writers ignore the votes of a substantial number of Democrats in Congress.

• • •

The Republicans are not without a problem, too. Here the cleavage is between isolationism and internationalism. There have been a number of votes in Congress on Marshall Plan aid and there will be some yet on the draft which could prove embarrassing to any platform writers. The chances are that the Republican platform will approve the Marshall Plan and will point to amendments already inserted to safeguard the plan against waste and maladministration. It will be recalled that only at Republican insistence was the plan divorced from State department control and placed in the hands of a business administrator.

There is, of course, a sharp difference of opinion among Republicans on international issues. The keynote speeches will have to be carefully worded to avoid embarrassments. If the convention gets into a platform fight on the wisdom of the bi - partisan policy in foreign affairs, it could mean plenty of ammunition for the Democrats, some of whom are quietly thinking already that if Senator Vandenberg, for instance is not nominated, it will afford an opportunity for attack on the ground that the bi-partisan policy will have been repudiated.

It is generally agreed, on the other hand, that any Democratic attack on international issues will be rendered impractical if Vandenberg is the nominee. The issues then will become largely domestic and veer toward a "left" and "right" debate. Inflation and the cost of living will be played up by the Democrats as their principal point with an attempt to persuade the electorate that price - fixing by OPA should have been retained.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Daniel 3:26-4:18

Nebuchadnezzar, astonished that the three Hebrews had not been harmed by the fire, ordered them to come out of the furnace. All the king's court saw that the fire had no power on them (see Heb. 11:34), and that not even the smell of fire had passed on them. The king then blessed their God and made a decree that no one should speak a word against Him, for if they did, he would have them cut to pieces and their houses destroyed. He also advanced the men in the province of Babylon. In ch. 4 the king has another strange dream which he asked his soothsayers to interpret, but they could not. So he summons Daniel, 'the master of the magicians', v. 7, (his name is Belteshazzar, 1:7), and told him his dream; that of a very tall tree, spreading its blessings over the earth. A messenger from heaven then appeared, ordered the tree to be cut down except for the stump, which was to remain wet with the dew of heaven. Then the pronoun is changed to the masculine gender. Let him have a beast's heart, the messenger says, and eat grass with the beasts of the field. This dream he asks Daniel to interpret for him.

Horoscope

Take things easy right now. Do not overwork but expedite your business.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mrs. Bibbledook was one of the best drivers in New Jersey. She admitted it herself. The 39 accidents in which she had been involved were all the fault of the idiots who were at the wheels of the other cars, and Mrs. Bibbledook could prove it to anybody who would listen to her.

She never had a chance to explain what happened in her 40th collision, however, because this time it was with the Twentieth Century Limited, and pieces of Mrs. Bibbledook were scattered over an area comprising roughly three quarters of an acre.

The story does not end there. Mrs. Bibbledook went straight up to Heaven. On her way in, she knocked over one of the Pearly Gates.

• • •

A consoling thought from Sunshine magazine: None of us is entirely useless. Even the worst of us can serve as a horrible example.

25 Years Ago

JUNE 5, 1923, A TUESDAY

Several piano pupils of Clark V. Johnson gave a recital in the chapel of Zion Reformed church. Feature number was the playing of Behr's "In May" by Marguerite Mest, a three-year-old tot. Ruth Sipple assisted in the recital.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Senior auxiliary of the Allentown hospital was held at the Nurses' college. Mrs. G. M. Kunkel and Mrs. John Blank were named the auditing committee. Mrs. Ida Lawfer was elected president, and the officers chosen to serve with her were Mrs. Mary G. Heilman, Mrs. J. W. Mattern, Mrs. D. Hayes Keech, Mrs. Elmer A. Guth and Laura V. Keck.

At a meeting in the Hotel Traylor 75 stockholders of the defunct Allen Tire and Rubber Co. gave their unofficial endorsement to a plan for financing and reorganizing the company. The plan was presented by Atty. John L. Jordan, who represented a large number of stockholders.



SELLER NIXNUTZ

By ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON
The Pennsylvania State College

Concluded

(Since October 1946 Professor Buffington has been presenting every Sunday over Station WKOK, Sunbury, a 15 minute all Pennsylvania German broadcast. Through the courtesy of Dr. Buffington we present to our readers one more script of these broadcasts. —ED.)

WKOK—June 22, 1947—8:30.

NIXNUTZ: Seller Nixnutz iss yoo widder uf der Luft!

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record: No. 2 of 4.) Record plays from inside to outside.)

STATION ANNOUNCEMENT: The Nixnutz! A Pennsylvania Dutch program, dedicated to the good Dutch people of Pennsylvania, and particularly of Dauphin, Northumberland, Schuylkill, Snyder, and Union counties. This broadcast is brought to you through the courtesy of Rea and Derick, Inc.

NIXNUTZ: Well, wie seid der de Marriye, dir-liewe Leit? Ich hoff der seid all g'sund un munter.

Ich denk mer fange aa mit en gleene Schdori de Marriye. Siss en reicher alder Bucker in unsrem Schdeddel, ass nie net in die Karrich geht, un as aa ken rooder Cent zu de Karrich gebt. Der anner Oowet waar ich amme groos Esse, wuu ich neewich daer Kall hocke hab misse. Un ich wees net, wie mer uff die Sobbdscheckkt kumme sin, awwer daer Mann hott g'saat: "Vielleicht hoscht du schun genootist, ass ich gaar net in die Karrich geh."

"Ya," saaich, "ich hab sell genootist."

"Well," saagt er, "ich will der saage far was ich net geh. Es sin zu viel "hypocrites" in der Karrich.

Sell waar mer yuscht zu viel, un ich hab g'saat: "Oh, loss sell dich net weckhalde; sis immer Blatz far noch eener."

Letsche Sunndaag Marriye hawwich wennich Schuul g'halde, un mei Subject waar: **Was iss Pennsylfaanisch Deitsch?** Un ich hab g'schwetzt vun de Unerschidde im Deitsch, wie es heitichsdaags g'schwetzt watt in die diffrende Kaunties un in die diffrende Paerts vun de diffrende Kaunties. Ich brauch net lang mit en Pennsylfaanisch Deitscher zu schwetze, ewwich saage kann, vun wellem Deel vun Pennsylvania, ass er beikummt. Die letschte Paar Yaahr hawwich die Unnerschidde unnersucht.

Ich will eich saage, wie ich des geduh hab. Ich hab en "Questionnaire" uffgrickt mit drei hunnert un fimf un zwanzich "Questions" iwwer schier alles was ich denke hab kenne; un in yeder Kaunti, wu ich waar, hawwich vier alde Leit uffg'sucht, ass ihre gans Leewe in sellri Nochberschaft gewuhnt hen; un ich hab sie all die seeme drei hunnert un fimf un zwanzig "Questions" g'frookt. Seller Weeg hawwich en Vergleich mache kenne g'schwischich's Deitsch, 'ass g'schwetz watt in die diffrende Paerts vun Pennsylvania.

Ich bin iwwer vier Dausent Meil gedraewelt darrich Monroe, Northampton, Lehigh, Montgomery, Berks, Schuylkill, Lebanon, Lancaster, York, Dauphin, Northumberland, Center, un Clinton counteis. Un ich bin noch net faddich mit meinre Unnersuching. Ich hab noch net genunk "Interviews" g'hatt mit alde Leit in Carbon, Snyder, Union, Mifflin, Juniata, un deel vun de annre Kaunties, wu sie noch Deitsch schwetze. Sell hoff ich des Yaahr zu duh.

Un nau will ich eich verzeehle vun deel vun denne Unnerschidde, ass ich g'funne hab.

Far Englisch **cradle** saage mir die **Wiek**, awwer in Yarrick, Lecha, Monroe, un deel vun de annre Kaunties saage sie **es Schockel.**

Mir saage: Ich meeh die **Wiss**, awwer in deel Kaunties yuuse sie sell Watt **Wiss** gaar net. Datt saage sie: ich meeh **der schwamm.**

Unser Deitsch Watt far English **Bucket** iss **der Eemer**, awwer in Yarrick, Lengeschder un Lebnenn Kaunties saage sie **der Kiwwel.**

Far Englisch **lantern** saage mir **en Ladann**, awwer in Monroe, Lehigh, Northampton, un Montgomery Kaunties iss en Ladann **en Lutzer.**

Bei uns dutt der Hund immer **gauze**, awwer in deel vun de annre Kaunties dutt er immer **blaffe.**

Mir saage **Buhne, Gnowwlich** un **Grummbiere**, awwer in Monroe, Lehigh un deel annre Kaunties saage sie **Bohne, Gnowwloch,** un **Grummbeere.**

Far unser Englisch Watt **Orchard** heere mer paar diffrendre Wadde, zum Beischbiel: **Boomgaarde, Bammgaarde, Bungert** un **Bummert.** Mir saage geweehnlich **Boomgaarde;** in Yarrick, Lengeschder, Lebnenn, un Barricks Kaunti saage sie gewehnlich **Bammgaarde;** in Monroe un Montgomery **Bungert;** un in Lehigh **Bummert.**

Bei uns iss en **chicken hawk** en **Habbich,** awwer in viel vun de annre Kaunties iss es en **Hinkelwoi.**

Mir saage **Micke,** awwer in Lebnenn, un Paert vun Lengeschder un Yarrick Kaunti sin sie immer **Mucke.**

Far's English **both of you were there** saage mir: **der waart alle zwee datt:** in Barricks Kaunti deede sie saage: **der waart alle beed datt:** in Montgomery Kaunti: **ihr waarn alle beed datt;** in Lehigh un Monroe Kaunties: **ihr waarn alle beed dadde.**

Far's Englisch **you may both go, if you want to** saage mir: **Der mecht alle zwee geh, wann der wett;** in Yarrick Kaunti saage sie: **der kennet all zwee geh, wann der wellet;** in Barricks Kaunti: **der kennt alle beed geh wann-der wett;** in Monroe Kaunti: **der meeyet alle zwee geh, wann der wollet;** awwer in Lehigh un Montgomery counties saage sie: **ir meeye alle beed geh, wann ir wolle.**

Far Englisch **I am thirsty** saage mir: **Ich bin daschderich;** in deel vun de annre Kaunties saage sie **ich bin daschdich.**

Mir saage **dir hett's gut;** in Yarrick Kaunti saage sie: **dir hent's gut;** in Lehigh un Montgomery kaunties; **ir hen's gut.**

In Lehigh Kaunti saage sie **Mary un Dschenni, was singe ner;** mir saage: **was seid der am Singe** odder **was singt der?**

To bury heest **vergraawe** bei uns: awwer in Montgomery, Lehigh un deel annre Kaunties iss es immer **begraawe.**

To fasten heest **faschtmache** in Lehigh un deel annre Kaunties; mir saage immer **feschtmache.**

Wann du in Lebnenn Kaunti zu ebber saage deetscht: **Sell schmackt awwer guut!** Sell deet es seem Ding meene, ass wann mir saage: **Sell riecht awwer gut. Rieche** duhne sie gaar net yuuse. Un wann ebbes gut **schmackt,** saage sie: **Sell teest awwer guut.**

Saagscht du es Wedder iss **schmuudich,** odder **schmoodich,** odder **schmodderich** odder **schmooderich?** Sell sin all Wadde, ass ich g'heert hab, un ass geyuust warre in die diffrende Kaunties.

Doo sin die Wadde ass geyuust warre for **rolling pin: Warrickelhols, Drehlhols, Rolleise, Backroller, Rollhols,** un **Drollhols.** Was saagscht du?

Well, sell sin yuscht en glee Deel vun de Unnerschidde assich gefunne hab.

Ya, des Leewe iss schee: abbaddich wammer genunk vun sellem Bio-Mineral hott far sich g'sund halde. Sis nix iwwer die G'sundheet! Un ich bin froh zu heere, ass so viel vun eich Bio-Mineral, seller wunnerbaar "Tonic,' am Yuuse seid. Die mennscht Leit grieye net genunk "minerals" in ihrem Esse, un sell iss aa farwas sie ken Leewe un "Pep" hen, aa farwas sie "Indigestion," "Neuralgia," odder Gaes uf em Maaye grieye; un aa vielleicht farwas sie Koppweh odder Rheumadis grieye. Ich bin froh zu wisse, ass so viel vun eich Bio-Mineral am nemme seid far schur mache, ass der selli "Minerals" grickt, ass der hawwe misst far g'sund bleiwe.

Awwer vielleicht sin noch paar vun eich, ass des noch net browiert hett. Dutt's nimmi lenger ab! Grickt eich en paar Boddel vun sellem Bio-Mineral die Woch. Des kennt der kaafe an all die Rea un Derick Schdores. Ee Daaler far ee Boddel . . . En Daaler un fimf un achtzich "Cent" far zwee Boddel, odder zwee Daaler un fimf un siwwezich "Cent" far drei Boddel. Wann der net g'saetisfeit seid mit Bio-Mineral noochdem der's browiert hett far fimg Daag, bringt's zerick noch der Rea un Derick Schtor, wu der's kauft hett, un sie gewwe eich eier Geld widder zerick. Nau, iss sell net "Fair" genunk? Browier's moll!

Allegebott drefft mer ebber ass meent, er waer der g'scheitscht Mensch in der Welt. Der anner Oowet waar ich amme Blatz, wu so en Kall waar. Der Mann iss zu dumm far wisse, wie dumm ass er rieli iss. Er waar am Bralle der gans Oowet, wie g'scheit ass er waer, un was er duh kennt, un was er wisse deet. Endlich bin ich des Bralles leedich waare-mer kann yucht so viel schtende un net mehner—un ich hab g'saat: "Weescht du, ass du un ich alles wisse, was zu wisse iss?"

"Nee," saagt er, "wie meenscht sell?"

"Well," hawwich g'saat. "Du weescht alles, except ass du en verflammter Narr bischt, un sell wees ich."

Der anner Daag iss ebbes G'schbassiches g'haepent drowwe an Lewisbarrick. En Tremp iss an der Dschenni Kaschdedder ihre Haus kumme un hott g'frookt far ebbes zu esse. Die Dschenni hott g'saat, sie hett nix far ihn zu esse, awwer sie deet neehe far en, wann er ebbes hett zu neehe.

"Ya," saagt der Tremp, "ich hab ebbes," un noo hott er in sei Sack gelangt, un hott en Hemmergnobb rausgrickt un hott g'saat:

"Doo, dukannscht en Hemm doo draa neehe."

Well, der Nixnutz muss "Good-bye" saage far heit. Vergesst nau net, grickt eich en paar Boddel vun sellem Bio-Mineral an eens vun de Rea un Derick Schdores. Un so, macht's als gut bis neegscht Sunndaag-Marriye um halwer neine.

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record. No. 2 of 4. Record plays from inside to outside.)

STATION'S ANNOUNCEMENT: Ladies and Gentlemen! You have been listening for the past fifteen minutes to the Nixnutz. Tune in at 8:30 next Sunday morning, when Rea and Derick, Inc. will again present the Nixnutz in an all Pennsylvania Dutch broadcast.

MUSIC: (A few measures of the record.)

BOOK NOTES

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser. Volume 26. The Collector's Art A and Z. By Asher J. Odenwelder, Jr.—Designed and Printed by The Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa.—$1.00.

Although this pamphlet falls somewhat outside the scope of Mrs. Keyser's Home Craft Course publications, which are now so widely circulated, it offers to the general public a few pleasant glimpses into the home of a great collector. Mr. Asher Odenwelder, who twice served as President of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, is one of our notable collectors of early Americana. This pamphlet is by no means devoted solely to the Pennsylvania German items in Mr. Odenwelder's collection. The large central full two-page cut shows to good advantage the extensive collection of Early American Flasks. Certainly one of the most satisfying illustrations is that of the dining-room itself, not antique, but finely conceived by an eminent architect and executed as a memorial by Mr. Odenwelder to his Palatine ancestors upon the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of their emigration. It furnishes a handsome setting for some of the finest of Mr. Odenwelder's items. The photographs were done by George D. Johns and form the most valuable portion of the pamphlet. Among them are two exquisite color photographs.

• • • • •

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY STUDIES (III, No. 4), March, 1948, Selinsgrove, Pa., contains a valuable article by Dr. Russell Wieder Gilbert, Professor of German at Susquehanna University, on "Advertisements and Announcements in the Sauer Almanac." This very readable article grew out of Dr. Gilbert's earlier study of German almanacs used in Pennsylvania German homes (see Susquehanna University Studies, II, No. 4). Of the early German almanacs in America, it is pointed out, none had greater influence and wider circulation than Christopher Sauer's **Der Hoch-Deutsch Americanische Calender,** the first number of which was the issue for 1739. The Sauer family continued to publish this Almanac for the next forty years. Beyond a doubt the German newspapers of the day throw more light upon the social conditions that prevailed among the Pennsylvania Germans. In this respect the Almanac, appearing only once a year was handicapped, but its importance as advertiser and salesman in rural German Pennsylvania must not be underestimated.

• • • • •

INDUSTRIAL BERKS COUNTY 1748-1948. Presented to: The People of Reading and Berks County on the Occasion of The Two Hundredth Anniversary of the City of Reading.—Published for private distribution by Textile Machine Works, Berkshire Knitting Mills, Narrow Fabric Company.

"Two centuries have rolled by since Widow Finney's Pasture, a farm on the eastern bank of the Schuylkill river, was divided into building lots which became the nucleus for the present city of Reading, Pennsylvnia. During the two centuries that have passed Reading became the center of business activity for the surrounding area. For this reason we have attempted to consider the industrial history of Berks county as an integral part of the story of the growth and progress of Reading."—Thus reads the last paragraph of this handsome booklet of 35 pages, published by the Wyomissing Industries as their own particular memorial of appreciation on the occasion of the bicentenary of the founding of Reading. The text was compiled and edited by Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, a frequent contributor to the ECK. The interior cover maps of Berks County as "The Heart of the Pennsylvania German Country" and the many fine scratch drawings, quite in the spirit of our Pennsylvania German folk traditions, were all executed by Florence Starr Taylor, who has once more shown both technical ability and a fine understanding for the Pennsylvania German way of life. Notable among these drawings are: Hat Making, 1860-1910; A Quilting Party; The Fisher Mansion of Oley; A Barn Raising; Making Sauer Kraut; Cooking Apple Butter; Mowing with Cythes.

• • • • •

A recent publication of the Odyssey Press is Wayland F. Vaughan's **SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY. The Science and the Art of Living Together.** The author is Professor in Boston Unviersity and Fellow, Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues of the American Psychological Association. This volume of 956 pages contains a chapter on "Superstitions" (Chapter 15) in the fourth division of which under the title "Local Color" we read that "Residents of a particular locality develop their own peculiar superstitions to fulfill their local needs." Under sub-division A. **Pennsylvania Dutch** we then read: "Popularly associated with the Pennsylvania Dutch is the belief in the hex. Certain individuals, such as witch doctors or powwowers, are accredited with the power of **hexing** a power of a magical nature that can be used for good or evil. A powwower can **hex** a sick person by means of secret salves and potions which ward off the evil spirits responsible for the disorder. Certain people, it is believed, can bewitch live stock, causing hogs, cows and other animals to die. The **hexer** may accomplish this result by boring a hole in a barn with an auger, inserting pig hair and mule hair, and plugging the hole with a wooden stopper. Some places are haunted, like the Hexenkopf, a mountain where hunters find their guns so bewitched that they cannot hit the hare or woodcock or grouse, and the chestnuts are no good. There is no use cutting a cedar post from the wood on this mountain because it will rot immediately. It's all due to **hexerei.** Farmers prevent their animals from being "ferhexed" (bewitched) by putting symbols on the south side of the barn. The symbol that is widely trusted is a six-lobed star, patterned after the six petals of the tulip. The tulip is the sign manual of all good things in the Dutch culture. No lightning rods appear on the barns, since the farmers believe their symbols provide sufficient protection against the elements." The paragraph is illustrated by a cut of "Exotic Decorations on a Barn in L

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 1-0711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 32 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

Royal W. Weiler, President. J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c. One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

HOMES FOR PARAPLEGICS

It should be a measure of economy as well as a service to humanity if the U. S. Senate will waste no time in passing House bill, No. 4244 which would provide half the cost of a home for a paraplegic veteran.

There are thousands of veterans of the war who are in veterans hospitals thruout the country who could be released today if dwellings adapted to their needs were at hand.

In New York on Thursday sixty such veterans in wheel chairs moved thru the midtown area seeking public opinion and asking for signatures to a petition to the Senate to act swiftly and favorably on the bill. These men want to get into homes of their own but as one of them put it: "I could have been discharged from the hospital a year ago if I had a place to stay. But my home in Brooklyn has so many steps that I can't get in and out with my chair. Dad and Mom are pretty old so they can't help me out, but if I had a home with ramps, I could manage to get around by myself."

It is estimated that fully eighty and perhaps ninety percent of the paralyzed veterans who are in Veterans' Administration hospitals could leave at once if they had homes with such necessary facilities as ramps instead of stairs wide doors and showers with seats.

Under the bill such houses would be built at a cost of about $20,000, half of which cost the veteran would have to assume himself. The balance would be paid by the Government. That amount would be saved by just a few years of hospitalization costs. The veterans do not want to spend the rest of their lives within hospital walls. They know that nothing more can be done for them in order to enable them to walk. So they'd like to get into homes of their own into and from which they could move with ease and freedom.

CHILDREN'S THEATER

It is a good bit of news for the young people of this community that during next autumn and winter a series of plays, based upon stories that are favorites with children, will be presented in the Lyric Theatre.

When the suggestion was made during the recent theatrical season that a Children's Theater series could be arranged and the show-going public was asked to make its own selection of plays, the response was immediate and enthusiastic.

In accord with this public decision five plays will be given for the delight of every childr whose parents will wish them to enjoy "Alice in Wonderland", "Rumpelstilskin", "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", "Cinderella" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."

These are among childhood's classics. Virtually every child has heard them and adores them. In dramatized form they have charmed audiences of children thruout the country. Allentown's little people this coming season will likewise enjoy them.

METERS PAY OFF

In the parking meter business, Allentown is doing right well for it has already paid off a considerable part of the cost of the machines and is ready within a short time to pay off the balance and become the sole owner.

By the process interest charges come to an end and the entire proceeds from the machines go into the city treasury.

All this is good news if with it comes some hope that the City will continue to secure income from the machines well in excess of the cost of patrolling the meters and that the surplus will be segregated in city funds and earmarked for the purchase and development of free parking areas outside the business zone.

This was one of the propositions and an important element in the program for the installation of the parking system when it was advanced initially. It will be a way to improve conditions for motoring and will be effecting a return to the public of advantages which they will themselves have paid for in advance.

VANDENBERG SPEAKS OUT

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg added yesterday to his stature as a man and a statesman in his testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee. Partisanship would have demanded that a Republican in a Presidential year deal gently with an issue which might split his party. Senator Vandenberg did nothing of the kind. He properly characterized the method and the objective of the House Republican majority in cutting 20 per cent out of the European recovery appropriation. He described the method accurately as a "meat-axe technique." He described the result accurately as "a cynical reversal" of "a major policy decision" made "through the backdoor of an appropriation bill."

He did not argue that there is anything sacrosanct in an appropriation bill. All such bills are subject to amendment in detail. Many of them slice something from the amounts asked. In almost every domestic appropriation measure there is a horsetrading element; departments and agencies ask more than they expect to get. But the foreign-aid program does not belong in this category. It probably contains the most expert estimates that have ever been presented to Congress. It has already been sweated down. It has been gone over, item by item, again and again and again. The House cut was not a mere cut; it was, as Senator Vandenberg said, a reversal—and "a cynical reversal"—of a decision accepted by large majorities in both houses of Congress only a few weeks ago.

We have no right to impeach the characters of the Representatives who made this terrible mistake. Most of them may have believed they were saving the American taxpayer something. But in fact they were gravely—perhaps fatally—impairing the value of what Senator Vandenberg called "the greatest possible insurance against our need for the increased armaments for which we concurrently vote other precautionary billions." The European Recovery Program is not a gilft but an investment. The Economic Cooperation Administration is not a Santa Claus; it belongs, just as surely as a fighting airplane, to our national defense. For our defense is not merely what we alone can do. It lies also in what our friends, if united and hopeful, can do. New York Times.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

That we should practice what we preach is generally admitted; but anyone who preaches what he and his hearers practise must incur the gravest moral disapprobation.—Smith

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It is certainly remarkable how our whole nation can turn almost overnight into a nation of scientists.

Here we have been going along icely minding our own business, our business of buying and selling and making things, of plumbing and carpentering and what not.

But suddenly we have become a nation of psychologists and biologists — and all because of a book entitled "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," better known as the Kinsey report, a dry, highly technical volume, originally intended only for selective distribution, but now one of the top Best Sellers.

* * *

This popularity reminds me of a mail-order house that flourished quite a few years ago.

Its business was the publication of lewd and lascivious books.

It sent out circulars by the million, but on each circular in bold red type there was the warning that these books could not be sold to anyone but students, teachers or scientists.

On the order blank there was a line in which you had to tell the publisher that you were a student, teacher or scientist, and never in the history of America had there been so many students, teachers and scientists.

* * *

Don't misunderstand me. That mail-order publisher was finaly put out of business because he was an outright fake.

The Kinsey report is legitimate, so legitimate, indeed, that a woman who tried to read it through, put it down in disgust and said to me: "I think it's a shame the way they are bamboozling the public. I thought that book was fun. But it is nothing but a technical treatise. I wonder whether I can get my money back."

Since the sensational success of the Kinsey report the market has been flooded with sex literature, all published in the name of science and with the noble idea of improving the minds and morals of America.

Today there appears the announcement of another such book. I am not going to mention the title because I thoroughly disagree with the assertion that it is "likely to blow sky-high many of our most sacred notions."

And then it goes on to say that the reason the author wrote the book was "to promote evolution of healthier morals by enlightening people and by making them think along more scientific and realistic lines."

Baloney, as the late Alfred Smith would have said.

The purpose of the book is to sell as many copies as possible and to make as much money as possible, for the author and the publisher.

* * *

Let me call your attention to the fact that there is nothing new about sex, and that without sex there wouldn't be any you or me or any life at all.

There isn't anything sordid or lewd about sex except in the way it is being exploited for commercial purposes.

For instance, I just read about a 68-year-old kitchenworker in a New York hotel, worker in a New York hotel, whose fourth wife has just given birth to a set of triplets, and he proudly announced that they were his 33rd, 34th and 35th children.

The man doesn't speak English very well and I doubt that he has read the Kinsey report.

And I doubt that there is a lewd or lascivious thought in this 35-times father's head.

(Copyright 1948)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Sellie Niagara Exkusion: — Sawg, wie is es mit selra train exkursion noch Niagara Falls 'n woch fon heit? Ken so moncha wocha tzurick huts blenty kot os gae hen wolla, un wohs g'sheind hut kenta net worta bis es ob gang'd. So wie die socha now shtain, besser halta sie sich on da heck won sie die trip nemma wolla. 'N lot dafon sheinds hens so weit noch uf g'shova fer ihra tickets griega, ebbes os net gaduh kon werra mit blawns fartich laiga fer so'n trip tzu mocha. M'r mus weit ganunk farna nous wissa ebs ganunk gebt fer die train runna odder net. Sis gatzailt fer heit nocha mohl n' ad im Call tzu howwa, un woh die folla barichda gebt woh die tickets tzu griega, un aw die tzeit weiss'd won die exkursion gae sol, un widder tzurick kumt.

* * *

OM "Better Homes Show:" Da onner wet worra m'r noch 'm "Better Homes Exposition un Food Show," im Convair Hanger doh in da shadt. 'S wor net yusht gapock'd mit menscha os m'r shier net rum gakent hut, ow'r aw so fol fon alla orta socha os tzu duh hen mit hameta, un mit ess socha os m'r shier net fartich werra hut kenna gucka. Un die fiela socha os sie weck gewwa? Bobier dade m'r gore net denka os dire wear, un huis un blech rohr. Bilder un bicher fon alla orta, yord shtecka, rulers, matches, un so wetters, missa sie bei da truck load bei gabrocht howwa fer ous dalla.

Ebbes os ow'r der arrickshd uf ruhr gamocht hut, worra glaina bobbadeckle watcha on band'l, mit nummerra druf os 'n beckerrei ous dailt. Die g'shpass wor fer gleicha nummerra finna un war sie g'funna hut, hut 'n kucha grick'd fer mit hame nemma. 'S ess dale fom show glawwa m'r os die shuld wor ferwos es g'sheind hut wie won der blotz so g'shtopta fol leit wear. Darta hen sie kucha, grackers, un all orta socha weck gewwa fer essa-un wos hen die leit net nei g'shloga. Blenty os m'r gamaint hut weara gute gabout, hen sich yusht so dick fol grackers un so onner g'shleckter waisa gessa kot bis sie bol nimmy fert gakent hen.

Ol in ol is es 'n gross "Show", un woh ol os noch net darta worra, brovierra sotta fer gae sehna ebs danovet om halver elfa tzu ma end kumt. So wie m'r rum galoffa sin, hut m'r g'fiel'd wie on da Allentown Fair - 's worra bakonta leit oliwwer fon ol iwwer bei. Un oh yar, 's wer"a aw 'n lot wertfolla socha danovet fernixweck gewwa—ains so gore 'n 1949 fier dierra mashine. M'r hen unser nahma aw drin dafor, ow'r tzaila net fer 'n griega. Fer die wohret tzu sawga mier gleicha 'n tzwae dierra mashine—die fier dierra mashina a werra so g'shwind robblich.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET. OW'R Ol woh tzailа fer mit selra Niagara Falls exkursion gae besser gaina ains gongs fer ihra tickets, des sin socha os net uf tzu sheeva sin won m'r gae wil.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of The People

NOISE-MAKERS

Noisy? Yes, of course they are.
Little girls and little boys
In and out will race about.
Manufacturers of noise.
But at times when they are ill
And in bed must long remain,
Feverish and, oh, so still
You will pray for noise again.
Yes, they bring their playmates in;
Beg for cookies, one and all;
Race the stairs and jump on chairs;
Strew their toys about the hall,
But if they from home should stray,
Seemingly afraid of you,
You would want them back to play,
And you'd want their comrades, too.
Troublesome at times are they,
But the happiest homes are those
Filled with noise and strewn with toys,
Where the doorways never close.
Should my children stay away,
Happier elsewhere to be,
I am sure that God will say
I had failed His trust in me.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Daniel 9:20 - 10:17

When Daniel had been reading the Scriptures, 9:2, he was moved to pray one of the most touching prayers of the Bible, 9:3-19, mentioned yesterday, in which he identified himself with his people; a prayer of confession and repentance, followed by a plea for forgiveness, and protection for the city of Jerusalem, v. 20. But his prayer was interrupted by a second visit of Gabriel, God's messenger, who had been ordered by God to respond immediately to Daniel's prayer in behalf of Israel. He uttered a remarkable prophecy concerning a period of 490 years, to begin with the time of the command to rebuild Jerusalem 445 B.C. (Neh. 2). This period was to be divided into three, consisting of 49, 434, and 7 years, respectively. After 483 years, Israel's Messiah was to be 'cut off', that is, crucified. Then the city of Jerusalem was to be destroyed by the Romans, and the Jews scattered among the Gentile nations. After this long period of time, 1900 years now (from verse 26 to verse 27, the last seven years of the 490 of Jewish history will begin, according to 9:27. What is happening in Palestine today may be leading up to this period.

Horoscope

Social opportunities are numerous at this period; take a short vacation from responsibility if possible. One of the most fortunate and happiest years of your life is ahead of you. Go confidently on your way. This is indeed a remarkable anniversary.

25 Years Ago

JUNE 12, 1923, A TUESDAY

Arrangements for the second of a series of outdoor events was made at the meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Nights of St. George. The affair was in the nature of a lawn party and ice cream festival.

Fifty-two students were graduated from the Allentown Preparatory school at the 19th annual commencement exercises held in the chapel of the institution. Headmaster Irvin M. Shalter was in charge of the exercises.

Fourteen of the most accomplished pupils of Mrs. Marie K. Zimmerman, vocalist, appeared in the annual recital in the chapel of the Zion Reformed church.

Dr. E. E. Brown, well known known local chiropodist, announced the 1924 convention of the Pennsylvania Chiropodists society would be held in Allentown.

A mock trial and other amateur entertainment marked the closing of the Allentown branch of the U. S. Veterans bureau. There were also vocal selections by those in attendance.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — President Truman's bitter criticisms of Congress while speaking in the west have fallen on deaf ears largely because of the intemperate nature of his outbursts and his failure to discuss on a high plane of statesmanship the vital issues of the day. Also his place is in Washington in these final days of lawmaking when his influence for constructive legislation can still be exerted.

There will be many who will agree that Congress has not done everything it might have done this session. But there will be many who will disagree that this Congress has earned the epithet "worst in history." Nor is it just to say that Mr. Truman is the "worst president in history." When the record is examined dispassionately, it will compare favorably with the work of both the Democratic and Republican congresses which endeavored to deal with reconstruction problems immediately after the close of World War I.

Mr. Truman has a right to argue that Congress should have passed certain legislation on housing and federal aid to education and he has some justification for his argument that Congress has by-passed his recommendations on several subjects.

But the duty of a president is to work out mutually satisfactory compromises with Congress. All legislation is the result of adjustment of conflicting viewpoints. Mr. Truman, however, has not even worked out compromises with his own political party. On both taxation and the labor-management relations law his vetoes were overridden by a two-thirds vote of both Houses and his own Democratic party made possible the overriding in both cases.

* * *

Under a parliamentary system of government, such an overwhelming vote on two major issues would have meant a "vote of no confidence" and the head of a parliamentary government abroad would have found it necessary to resign. Mr. Truman has failed signally in his relations with Congress. When the country, in November 1946, voted for a Republican majority in both Houses, Mr. Truman promised cooperation and implied that he would discard partisanship. He has failed to keep that promise.

Unfortunately, too, the sweeping condemnation of Congress which came from the lips of Mr. Truman could not possibly apply to the most important acts of the present Congresscooperation with the other nations of the world on the Marshall plan and other measures in the international field.

Had Mr. Truman taken occasion to laud the efforts of Senator Vandenberg, Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, who has just saved the European Recovery Program from being scuttled, there would have been many observers who would have listened more readily to criticisms of certain members of Congress rather than the majority

The carrying on of the bipartisan foreign policy in Congress in the midst of a presidential campaign year is a remarkable achievement. Plainly, with the whole world lookupon American international policy as the biggest single act of the American Congress, it was ill-advised for the president to condemn the present Congress.

* * *

Mr. Truman does not enhance the dignity of the presidential office by his remarks on the stump. Before he left Washington it was not believed he could make his own situation in the country and in his own party worse than it has been. But the newspaper reports of the speeches and the reaction here among members of Congress tend to give the impression that Mr. Truman has perhaps made his own situation much worse and rendered difficult any future campaign if he is nominated.

On the whole, if there were any doubt that Mr. Truman ought not to be given the nomination, the western trip tends to remove it. Many people here feel that there should be an immediate return to carefully prepared speeches and that the impromptu remarks and sweeping comments should be promptly eliminated if the Truman administration is to enter the Democratic national convention with any prestige at all.

Mr. Roosevelt, as a campaigner, was quite capable of making partisan addresses but he never dropped to the kind of performance on the stump which has been reported in the dispatches from the west.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

What sort of arrogant labor leading is it that prompts a union chief to get up on a sound truck and tell his people to take guns, badges and clubs away from police and rough them up?

What sort of labor statesmanship is it by the big fellows in union circles to permit such tactics to go unslapped? Arrogance is arrogance even if the chap at the microphone is a labor man!

A lot of loud mouths in labor circles have been running around the countryside blowing their tops. And now many of the big labor federations, including the AFL, plan to spend thousands of dollars soon on skilled press agents to blow their horns.

* * *

The hiring of big-time public relations counsels is the newest thing inside labor circles. It would have been cheaper, in prestige as well as money, to get together and quiet the loud mouths.

Loud mouths like that leader of CIO packinghouse workers who got up on a sound truck on a Chicago street corner and told Wilson Co. employees:

"If you see any damned police around, do not pay any attention to them, do not worry about the police— we will take away their guns, we will take away their stars, we will take their clubs and rub their heads with them and rough them up. If they send the Army, we will bump them and take care of the soldiers. If President Truman does not move our way, we will take care of him, too."

And then vulgarly turning to female office help at the Wilson & Co. plant, the speaker warned:

"If you office girls value your pretty carcasses you had better stay away from this plant next Tuesday because if you do get by, your pretty carcasses won't be any good to anybody on the inside anyway."

* * *

And if that isn't loud mouthed enough, there's the mob of union members who mobilized a few weeks ago on Canal St. in New Orleans. They marched to the Roosevelt hotel there and then sent some of their sneering leaders barging into the dining hall. These men pushed their way to the head table, where Rep. Hartley was preparing to speak and began to insult him.

Things looked bad for a while until Hartley said "I'll meet you any place you want later." The mob strutted out to wait for Hartley in the lobby. There, with police obscured on the sidelines, they talked for 45 minutes. But let me report now that Fred Peiper, Louisiana State CIO director, who disagrees vehemently with Hartley, announced immediately that the CIO had nothing to do with the near riot and that the pickets did not represent his office.

No one is asking the union brothers to love Hartley like a brother. If they want to picket, as they did, with signs shouting: "Mr. Hartley, You Are Not Welcome Here With Your Slave Labor Program," that's their privilege. No one stopped them in New Orleans or elsewhere.

But what sort of labor-leading is this swashbuckling into a private banquet given a man you disagree with? It sets dangerous precedents. And lest there be any error—the unions involved were the Food and Tobacco workers, the Transport workers, the Longshormen and the warehousemen among others.

* * *

If that wasn't brash enough, what about the AFL's Atomic trades council which now has apparently decided to set itself up as a judge of who is and who isn't of sufficient "stature" to run America's Atomic Energy commission. The Oak Ridge unions of some 800 experimental laboratory workers have a gripe against the Union Carbon and Carbide Co., mostly on the issue of time off. So they threaten to strike.

Atomic Energy Chief David Lilienthal investigated and decided that the company is a "good contractor." As for interfering with it, Lilienthal says, "This is just the worst time in the history of the world for such a thing to happen."

So the AFL unions want Lilienthal fired on grounds that he's too small in stature to handle the job." Just who do these atomic trades union people think they are?

They and the others sound off as though every world and national issue pivots on their gripes. The public doesn't think so. And the responsible unions will suffer if they don't all get together and quiet the loud-mouths.



CHARLES SIEGEL—Dialect Poet

By DONALD H. YODER, Ph. D.,
Muhlenberg College

In 1875 there was issued from the presses of the **Daily and Weekly Examiner** of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a little volume of poetry entitled **A Hundred Years Ago, And Other Poems**, written by "Charles W. E. Siegel, A. B., Student in the Reformed Theological Seminary." The great majority of the book's 223 pages of poetry are in English. The title poem was written in honor of the Centennial of American Independence, while others treat religious themes, or were prepared for college occasions at Franklin and Marshall College, where Siegel was "Class Poet" of the 1874 graduating class. Our interest in the volume is, however, in the concluding section, **"Blaetter aus dem Lebensbuch,"** pp. 214-223, which includes two Pennsylvania German poems—**"Der Owetstern"** and **"Der Alt Paeter."** Despite the fact that these two poems are the only ones in our dialect which he seems to have produced, their date places Siegel among our earliest dialect poets, and their quality places him among our most talented writers of verse. Strange to relate, Charles Siegel has escaped the attention of the historians of our dialect literature. It is therefore proper that his life and work should be considered here.

The Reverend Charles William Eneas Siegel was born on a farm near Bath, in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, March 31, 1846. His father died when Charles was an infant, and his mother, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Rogers, also a native of Northampton County, married as her second husband, Charles Heiney, and later Joel Bachman. At the age of sixteen, through the influence of his catechetical studies and confirmation at the Union Lutheran and Reformed Church near Quarryville, Pennsylvania, the young farm boy felt the call to the Christian ministry, and determined to prepare himself for Christian service. To earn money to attend college, he engaged in the stone-cutter's trade, and later worked at the **"Waisenhaus zum Laemmerhirten,"** the Reformed Orphans' Home at Bridesburg, Pennsylvania, which later was transferred to Womelsdorf, where it is still operating as Bethany Home. Looking back on these early days in later life he wrote the lengthy German poem beginning:

"Waisenhaus zum Laemmerhirten," fuenfzig Jahre sind dahin,
Und dein erster, edler Name kommt mir niemals aus dem Sinn.
Aus dem Garten der vergangnen Jahre, der mir laengst verblueht,
Wehn mir heute wieder Rosenduefte suess durch mein Gemuet.
Heute bin ich wieder Juengling, und nach Bridesburg geh allein,
Und die herbstlichgelben Blaetter schneien meine Fuesse ein.

After the close of the Civil War, he was enabled to travel in Europe, and had the opportunity of studying for a year at the Basel Mission Institute—that throbbing heart of the nineteenth-century German and Swiss evangelical awakening. His dream at this time was to give his life to foreign missionary work, but God ordained otherwise. Ill health forced his return to America, where he again followed the stone-cutting trade at Philadelphia until able to enter Franklin and Marshall College, where he was graduated with the Class of 1874. The next three years were spent in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, where he graduated in 1877. While there he met Annie Elizabeth Faesig, to whom, as "A.E.F.," he dedicated his "unassuming little volume" of 1875. Miss Faesig, as Mrs. Siegel, became a loyal companion in the strenuous work of the parish ministry, which began for Charles Siegel with graduation in 1877.

After his licensure and ordination by the East Pennsylvania Classis in 1877, Rev. Siegel was called to the Reformed Charge at Sciota, Monroe County, Pennsylvania, which he served from 1877 to 1880. From thence he went to Aaronsburg, in Centre County, 1880-1882. His next parishes were Houtzdale, in Clearfield County, 1882-1886; and Orbisonia, in Huntingdon County, 1887. From 1888 to 1890 he was without charge on account of ill health; then came pastorates at Fisherville, in Armstrong Valley, Dauphin County, 1890-1892; and at Plymouth in Luzerne County, 1892-1899. In 1899 he retired and settled in York, Pennsylvania, in 1902. According to his obituary in the **Reformed Church Messenger**, he served the Houtzdale, Orbisonia, Armstrong Valley, and Plymouth Charges "as a bilingual preacher," that is, preaching both English and German.

Reports from his parish ministry reveal his deep concern for human needs, physical as well as spiritual. For instance, he often served his people as an unofficial doctor, for he had taken pre-medical work in college. He bought and distributed medicine among his members, also among the needy non-members of the communities where he labored. Several of his charges were in the mountains, in mining communities, and in several instances when mine accidents occurred, he played the Good Samaritan to the injured and their families—all of which reveals a true pastor's spirit. And so it was that the young man to whom poor health denied the dream of foreign missionary service, spent all of his active ministry on the equally important home mission field in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania.

Other facets of his personality were portrayed to the writer by members of his family. In his retired days, Rev. Siegel was quiet and reserved, a great reader, having a large English and German library. Although his health had forced his retirement from the active ministry, on occasion he supplied various pulpits in York and vicinity. Also he sold religious books, and worked for some time as a nursery agent. Rose-growing and writing poetry—delightful combination!—were his dearest pastimes.

Throughout the years of his retirement his poems, especially those on religious themes, frequently appeared in the **Reformed Church Messenger** and other church periodicals. Many friends urged him to publish a second volume of his poetry, but this never came to pass. Through the courtesy of Rev. Siegel's family, I have before me as I write, the literary remains of this humble pastor and poet. His religious poems represent his best work. His fine feeling for the right word and rhythm puts him far above the amateur versifier. His translations of German hymns were also noteworthy.

Of his longer occasional poems, that entitled "Alma Mater," an "Ode read at the celebration of the Centennial of Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., June 15th, 1887," is of considerable interest to students of Pennsylvania German religious and educational history. The verses are in the classic style reminiscent of the eighteenth century, with frequent allusions to Greek and Roman literature. The meter of this lengthy work is artistically varied, as Choruses of Memory, of Hope, of the Alumni, etc., enter to speak their piece. Siegel thus describes the "Giants in the Earth" who presided over the little college at Mercersburg in the Alleghenies in the 1840's:

Broad-minded men laid firm foundations here,
Who, stalwart in the truth of God and man,
Have taught us how the temple-walls to rear,
That match the Heaven-ordained plan,
And gave these walls immortal rank.
From Nature and the sacred Book
The master-key of ampler thought they took,
And from the cool Castalian waters drank,
But deeper draughts, from sweet Siloam's brook;
And led the way to each fair fount,
And pointed up that higher mount,
Where Heaven's translucent light upon
The soul's bewild'ring prospect shone,
And spake the Voice: "'Tis my beloved Son!"

Another of his poems with Pennsylvania German interest is "Chiques Rock," written in memory of the student picnics at that delightful spot in Lancaster County overlooking the broad Susquehanna. And the third English work with a Pennsylvania German theme, is his poem, "Honor the Ancient Pioneer," which he read at the dedication of the Enders Monument in the Armstrong Valley, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in 1893. It could be used in honor of many another Pennsylvania German pioneer family, and in a sense is the poet's tribute to his own people. (This poem will appear in the next issue of The ECK.—Ed.)

We shall now consider the dialect poems. The first of these, "Der Owetstern," is one of the finest love-poems in our tongue. It is given here in the poet's own spelling, which reflects his High German education and is remarkably in accord with Professor Barba's system:

DER OWETSTERN

Du stiller, heiliger Owethimmel,
Mit deinem scheene Sterngewimmel,
Mei dreemisch Herz begrieset dich;
Du weckscht die zarte Lieb'sgefiele,
So ganz allee im Owetkiele;—
Nau denkt die Betsy g'wiss an mich.

For guk juscht mohl, es blinzelt ehrlich,
Sell golde Aag am Himmel herrlich,
Der freundlich siese Owetstern!
Ich hab's proposed, un Sie verwilligt,
Un seller Stern hot's grad gebilligt,
(Verliebte dhut er's immer gern.)

Wann mir en zeitlang misse scheide,
Dann soll er an de' Duschberzeite
Als unser Herzvertrauter sei;
M'r derfen ihm die Secrets sage,
Un uns're siese Schmerze klage,—
Verloss dich druf er bleibt getrei.

Weit, weit dhut uns der Erdball scheide;
Doch du, du bleibscht un scheinscht uns Beide,
O Licht der Liebe, hell un gloor,
Mir iw'rem Bergfeld dort, dem grose;
Ihr iwer Daecher, Staab un Stroose;
Dragst du dem Wunsch die Fackel foor.

O heel das siese Weh im Herze!
Ich kann's jo ball net meh verschmerze,—
Geh, schieb am Wageraad der Zeit;
Dann derfscht du bal uns widder sehne,
Der Grosz' mit sein're liewe Glene,
Im Town spatziere, seit by seit.

The second of Charles Siegel's Pennsylvania German poems is a tribute to a friend whom he calls "Der Alt Paeter" (old Peter), whose integrity made a lasting impression upon the poet:

DER ALT PAETER

"Ja, der alt Paeter war'n guter Mann."—'N Bauer.

Der Paeter war 'n guter Mann,
Des sage all die Leit;
Er ruht wol now im kiele Grab,
Un geht su Erd, un Asch, un Staab,
Doch lebt sei' Lob noch heit.

Der Paeter war ke' Congressmann,
Ke' Govenier im Staadt;
Wern all die Leit wie Paeter war,
Ke' Ow'richkeit, ke' Law sogar,
Kuntschlabler noch Saldat.

Breicht m'r im scheene Freiheitsland,
Es waer wie 'n Paradies;
Er war ke' Bickbuk seiner Zeit,
Der Node forgt, un griest die Leit,
Mit Worte zucker-sies.

Der Paeter war 'n Bauernsmann,
Vum gute alte Schlag;
En fertel Meil vum Kerchhof naus,
Wu'r schloft im stille, kleene Haus,
Bis an der letschte Dag.

Do lacht des Paeter's Bauerel
Im Dahl, so grie un reich;
O Erd', du bischt noch immer schee,
Wann's gute Mensche dreiwe meh'
Wie Paeter in seim Deich.

Mit Parre hot er's gut gemeent,
War ihnen herzlich trei;
Sie hen's ah ziemlich gut gewist,
Un nie des Paeter's Haus vermisst,
War als die Kerch vorbei.

Sei Herz war uff so wie sei' Haus,
Nie war'n die Schrauwe loos;
Ke' Stimmes hot's zuerst gebraucht,
Ke' scheene Worte, hibsch gehaucht,
Ke' heilig Aagemoos.

'N Sinder war er wie mir All,
Un hot's ah dief bereud;
Un doch, un doch, O scheene Seel!
Wie winsch ich mir dei' himmlisch Dehl,
Dei' selig End un Freid.

Rev. Siegel died at his residence at 6 Hill Street, York, Pennsylvania, September 25, 1931, aged 85 years, 5 months and 23 days, and was buried in York's Prospect Hill Cemetery. In the **Reformed Church Messenger** for October 1, 1931, there appeared his picture—that of a dignified and fine-featured old gentlemen with a silvery Vandyke. An obituary followed in the **Messenger** for November 19, 1931. The writer is greatly indebted to Rev. Siegel's family, especially his daughter, Mrs. Ezra P. Minnich and his granddaughter, Miss Agnes Siegel Minnich, of the "Old Toll House," Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, for information, as well as for the loan of the Siegel Manuscripts. Another daughter, Mrs. F. William Schacht, of Chillicothe, Ohio, the widow of the Rev. F. William Schacht, a Reformed minister, also kindly contributed information and additional poems. Others of the family are a grandson, Rev. Walter Schacht, pastor of the Evangelical and Reformed Charge at Chillicothe, Ohio, and a grand-nephew named Hillberg, a prominent architect of Cleveland, Ohio.

I am also indebted to my good friend Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, who got on Rev. Siegel's trail in 1941, and republished in his **Scholia** column in the **Reading Times**, the poem **"Der Alt Paeter."** Additional information on Rev. Siegel can be found in **Franklin and Marshall College—Catalogue of Officers and Students, 1787-1903** (Lancaster, 1903), p. 58; and in William A. Korn and C. Nevin Heller: **"Centennial Register, 1825-1925,"** in the **Bulletin Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the United States, VIII** (1937), p. 63.

And now, to close this brief tribute to Charles Siegel, one of our earliest dialect poets (however meager his output!), I shall use the lovely verses he quoted to introduce his two dialect poems in his little volume of 1875. They speak of his love for the tongue of his childhood, and though written in High German, are a fitting tribute to the Pennsylvania German dialect which the poet spoke as a boy:

Theure, suesse Muttersprache!
Deinen Laut vergess' ich nie,
Der mir einst so hold erklungen
In des Lebens sel'ger Frueh;—

Der im schoenen Lenz der Jugend
Tief in meine Seele drang:
Werde wach in meinem Innern,
Laengst verklung'ner Glockenklang!

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 800 Main St.—Phone 1-8711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weller, President, J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.
EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.
Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Air Crash Probe

Very close to home was the most recent air accident that ocurred near Mt. Carmel early on Thursday afternoon and the death of two former residents of this city has made the tragedy all the more poignant to our people.

While the cause of the accident, which claimed the lives of 43 persons, has not yet been determined, it is likely to be no mystery after the investigation by experts of the CAA even tho the plane crashed into thousands of pieces which have been scattered over an area large as a city block.

Already it has been pointed out that the plane which got into trouble while only a few minutes away from its destination is of the same model as the plane that crashed in Utah last autumn and brought extensive investigations and grounding of all planes of its type until scores of mechanical changes could be made upon them.

Sixty-seven changes were recommended at that time by the Air Pilots Association—the men who fly the planes. The question will be: Was there some other serious fault in design or construction which was overlooked or did this plane have one or more of the faults that had been complained of months ago?

Air travel has increased greatly in volume as greater safety in flight has been assured. But ever so often something like Thursday's accident occurs to demonstarte that perfection has not been attained and that there must be constant watchfulness as to human and mechanical factors in flying: that despite the utmost precautions, accidents will happen.

Try Fluorine in Water

Because Allentonians no longer drink water that is absolutely pure but has added chlorine for reasons of health, they will almost certainly make no objection to another addition, namely sodium fluoride if and when it has been established to their satisfaction that this chemical will save teeth, particularly the teeth of children from decay.

It now seems well established that people who drink water which has about one part of this chemical to a million are likely to have teeth resistant to caries and that where the element fluorine is absent, there decay is highly prevalent. Newburgh, N. Y. began introducing the chemical four years ago and reports a decline in cavities in children's teeth. Many communities are beginning experiments upon small scale in order to determine for themselves whether is is advisable to treat all their water in the common interest.

Such experiments or tests could be made in this city and they certainly would have the endorsement of the dentists whose national organizations and publications have been foremost in advocacy of this health measure. The dentists best know that it is in the interest of public health and the good appearance of our people to save teeth from decay. They know that fillings are not a preventive of dental disease, but merely a stopgap against the time when teeth will be lost entirely.

The cost is said to be not prohibitive and certainly small by comparison with the benefits which are claimed. Towns in southwest New Jersey which have added this chemical to their water supplies have learned that it costs about a nickel a year per person to do the job and these same towns have noted a fifty per cent decline already in the cases of dental decay.

Hospital Honors Its Own

For many years the Allentown Hospital's school of nursing has been noted for the thoroness of its training and the quality of its product, namely the large number of young women who have gone out into the nursing profession and have served in public and private capacity and even in the armed services with the highest credit to themselves and to their alma mater.

Yet for the first time in many years the key administrative positions in the hospital now are held by graduates of the school and it can be said that it was with the highest satisfactions that the board of trustees recently named Ethlyn Eichel as director of nursing and Adele M. Miller as director of nursing education. With the more recent appointment of Marie S. Miller as assistant director of nursing service this trio of key positions is held by alumnae of the hospital and nurses cllege.

There is recognition thereby of the outstanding ability of three young women who know the institution thru years of association with it and loyal and intelligent work therein. Furthermore they are young women thoroly acquainted with the community and sympathetic and understanding to its people.

The hospital, which constantly is increasing its useful work in the community and is looking forward to early and extensive expansion of its physical plant, has a splendid future ahead of it as do the nurses who will be instructed and inspired in their work by these three daughters of the Allentown Hospital School of Nursing.

Thought for Today

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.—Lowell.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Here is something that every city in the country should do:

Bellevue hospital in New York—probably the world's largest institution of its kind—has taken most of its 345 child patients out of drab, old-fashioned hospital clothing and let them blossom forth in brightly colored organdie frocks, blue jeans and striped sports shirts.

According to Dr. Edward M. Bernecker, commissioner of hospitals, and to the physicians and nurses attending the children, the change of clothing has given the little patients a tremendous psychological lift and helped many of them to quicker recovery.

The commissioner expects to clothe the other 2,000 children in the city hospitals in the new styles as soon as possible.

* * *

I wish that every institution in the country would follow Bellevue's example, and I also wish that the innovation would be confined not only to the children but to adult patients as well.

Probably almost everyone of you has had occasion to visit a public institution.

If you have, you must have been impressed with the terrible monotony of those establishments.

The effect of those drab, sack-like garments is bad not only on the patients, but on the visiting parents, relatives and friends as well.

According to Bellevue hospital authorities, the difference in cost between bright things and those uniform-like ones is very little, nothing, in fact, compared to their spiritual value.

At Bellevue, I am told, they let the children pick their own little frocks, and when changing time comes around, it is a sight to see the eagerness with which the kids make their selection.

According to the doctors, that eagerness alone, that change from the sadly monotonous hospital routine has more therapeutic value than many a medicine.

* * *

By the way, speaking of those gaily-colored things, reminds me of my own experience.

I am getting much better, but I am still confined to my bed.

The weather being warm, I like to sit up in bed and have the windows wide open.

So, my wife, being a very solicitous person, insisted that I wear a bed jacket so that I might not catch pneumonia.

Not being used to sickness, I have no bed jacket.

So what did she do? She got out the jacket of one of her winter pajamas and put it on me.

I didn't look at it particularly. I was too busy trying to button it the opposite way from the way men's things button.

* * *

After a while a couple of friends came to call.

Usually when friends call on a sick person they sort of tiptoe, and while they try to be cheerful, they have a funereal sort of expression on their faces.

But this time they just busted out laughing when they saw me.

"What a gorgeous bed jacket!" exclaimed the woman.

And "Whoops, my dear!" said the man.

Then I looked. And I noticed that that bed jacket I wore was a lovely pale pink and all covered with little rosebuds.

So I joined in the laughter, and instead of sympathizing with myself I had a lot of fun and felt much better.

Yes, I do wish your own town would follow the example of Bellevue—and of my wife's bed jacket.

(Copyright 1948)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is possible for a man or a woman in the United States to be graduated with the highest honors from the very best universities and be an appalling ignoramus except in such subjects as the student selects as a "major." The so-called "major" may be in so limited a field of human culture as to provide no breadth of view no basis for forming judgments, no competence for public leadership. Yet many colleges and universities make it a point that they are training men and women for public leadership and refuse to admit those who do not give, at an early age, the appearance of such potential leadership.

Small wonder that so many of our statesmen, graduates of American universities, some not only with one but with two degrees, become putty in the hands of Europeans, even of the representatives of smaller countries. A man unfamiliar with history, whose language is the unlettered talk of the sidewalk, who stands in awe before anyone familiar with his own tongue, to say nothing of two or three others, is not to be trusted in dealings with those whose cultural training is universal. He becomes a weak baby in their hands because he literally is uneducated even though he may wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, the product of perhaps 14 A's in a narrow field. A master's degree in landscape gardening is representative of nothing except landscape gardening and even a magna cum laude in such a field is no indication of an ability to understand the struggle within U.N. for power.

* * *

Many American universities require one year of English and evidence of having passed a high school course in a foreign language. How can a man be expected to know his country, its people, its philosophy of life whose knowledge of its literature is limited to what a young man can go in one school year? The theory of course, is that having tasted wisdom, he will pursue it. The fact is that for ten years after graduation he is harried by the need for a livelihood. Have you ever discussed a broad public question with students of engineering or medicine or even some who have suffered for four years in the major called "government"?

The first question that one asks himself after such an experience is, what are the thought processes of these young people? Why do they generalize from the particular? How do they move from point A to B to C? What is the use of their education, if their minds have not been trained to screen the obviously false? How is it possible for them to accept as facts data which can be disproved by any year-book, encyclopedia or dictionary? Why do they speak of Bills of Congress with only a headline familiarity with the text, for which one does not require four years of college education?

* * *

Then one discovers that what makes an educated man different from and more competent metally than an uneducated man, namely, a broad, humanistic knowledge, reaching back into the total cultural experience of mankind is lacking in their experience because their "majors" take so much of their time that human knowledge has become a minor. No man can, for example, truly understand why Henry Wallace acts as he does without a good knowledge of the constant struggle in human history between freedom and slavery, between government by consent of the governed and government by self-proclaimed and self-anointed experts. Nor can a man understand the full force of the American resistance to government by experts (maybe called Dictators or Despots or Duces or Fuehrers or even Commissars) without a competent grasp of English and American history and the philosophies of life that have supported these peoples.

It is more important for an American student therefore to read John Locke, the grandfather of the American Constitution, than it is for him to repeat the latest palaver of the "New Republic" or "The Nation." It is infinitely more important to read the Bible than to read Karl Marx and the flutterings of the atomic scientists. It is essential that he familiarize himself with the Constitution and the American philosophy that springs from it.

(Copyright, 1948)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

JUNE WEDDING

One to the left, and one the right,
With each an usher at her side,
They make a very lovely sight,
The mothers of the groom and bride.

The wedding march at last begins,
The little flowers girl appears,
Then, two by two, and dressed like twins,
Eight lovely friends of schooltime years.

The minister and groom await
Before the altar, candle-lit,
The maids of honor separate,
The music stills, the people sit.

Oh, happy, happy groom and bride!
Beyond the da lie grief and care
God grant you strength when trouble-tried
Whatever must befall to bear.

As arm in arm the church you leave,
Know this: No power can do you harm
While in each other you believe
And walk together, arm in arm.

(Copyright, 1948)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington— Outwardly the controversy over what kind of a draft bill to pass could be mistaken for a conflict of interest between "Isolationists" and "Internationalists" or between advocates of preparedness and opponents of larger armament.

But no such definitions or cleavages can be justified. The truth is that the President and the Secretary of State have failed to make out a case for the need of peacetime conscription. This means that just ahead of a national election, members of Congress of both parties are hesitant to vote for a draft.

This may be called plain politics, but it is at the same time the manner in which the electorate reacts irrespective of partisanship. There are as many Democrats as there are Republicans who fear the consequences of a draft bill on the attitude of voters.

It isn't as if there were a war in progress into which America might suddenly be drawn. The threat of war with Russia has been dramatized again and agai but without conviction. The House of Representatives, during its debate on the draft bill, tossed around one report that the Secretary of State did say war was possible and another that he said there was no pressing emergency. Whatever he said was said in an executive session and serves only to underline how uninformed the American people are as to what is the nature of the military crisis that confronts them.

* * *

The diplomatic relations between Russia and the United States have, of course, been strained but the Russian "peace offensive" successfully disseminated the impression that war isn't likely in the immediate future. The American government's rejoinder to the "peace offensive" was weak and clumsy, and hence the draft bill suffered.

Much more important as an influence in retarding the draft law from being passed in the form desired by the armed services was the propaganda attributed to the supporters in Congress of the 70-group air force. Over the protests of the President and his Secretary of Defense, Congress appropriated more money than was requested in order to put into being a 70-group air force. The explanation heard in the corridors of the Capitol was that by voting more planes there would be no need of a draft. As a sheer matter of exchange, many members were willing to spend more dollars than to vote to tear up the lives of the younger generation and interrupt their schooling and their working careers with two years of military service.

* * *

As it turns out, Congress voted the 70-group air force and still has been confronted with a demand for a draft bill. Many members have hesitated to go along with the peacetime conscription because they honestly believe an air force can do everything. They have been told by some overenthusiastic airmen that both an army and a navy is relatively inconsequential and that, if only enough airplanes are provided, American security will be assured.

Now the ground forces feel themselves in need of a draft law to supply the enormous numbers of men needed to handle the installations and mechanical work at the bases where airplanes take off and land.

While the armed services have each been eager to get their necessary appropriations, it does seem nevertheless that not a very strong case has been made for the draft—at least one strong enough to convince Congress, many of whose members still feel that a mild draft law with a deferred date will accelerate recruiting and bring the necessary personnel into the armed services long before the actual need for war service will arise.

Since war isn't regarded as imminent, a draft law that takes effect after election isn't likely to weaken the diplomacy of the United States. For the important fact psychologically is that there is to be a peacetime draft.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Paul Vincent Carroll, who wrote "Shadow and Substance," sends me this story from Ireland. Two wags in a Dublin pub drew the picture of a donkey in red crayon on the back of a friend's linen duster. When the friend caught sight of it, he remarked grimly, "Now which one of yez has been wiping your face on my linen duster?"

* * *

At one of the early season ballgames a sports writer was describing his narrow escape from drowning when his launch capsized in a Florida blow. "As I started going down for the third time," he announced dramatically, "the most important events of my life passed through my mind in a series of vivid pictures."

Grantland Rice interrupted to ask, "Did one of those vivid pictures show me lending you fifty bucks at a World's Series game in Ebbets Field last fall?"

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Hosea 5

Hosea's message was for the priests and kings of Israel, although he also mentions Judah in vs. 5, 10, 13, and 15, since the history of both was of the same pattern. It is true that idolatry developed and increased more rapidly in the northern kingdom, but it did its awful work in Judah also, so that God had to withdraw His face from both of them, v. 6. The unpleasant word 'whoredom' runs through the prophecy of Hosea to describe the unfaithfulness of Israel to Jehovah, and their tendency to worship the idol gods of the heathen. God's judgments are declared under various types and figures, characteristic of oriental thought and language. In v. 12 the moth and the worm (see margin), which eat up a carpet, leaving it a worthless rag, are used as a type of judgment to come upon the land by invading enemies, against whom the Assyrians would be of no help, v. 13. These judgments are His chastisements, with the purpose of bringing His people to seek His face, that is, His blessing and favor, v. 15.

Horoscope

Your personal appeal is very high, so be your most delightful self at this time. You will experience some success in your next 12 months.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FLEISICH ON DA ARWET:

Der "Ponyboy" Prest Beuchner, ainer fon da drei Allentown geils policeleit mawg wol uf vakation sei, doch is er fleisich on da arwet wie m'r hoerra, fer sei chob ols noch blessierlicher mocha. Allentown is weit fon ma ae geils shteddle, 's hut now drei geil im police force, un woh dawg fer dawg tzu sehna sin uf da Hamilton shtross, un da onnerra shtrossa woh so finf cent un bensa awbin poshda tzu finna sin.

Sel geil rum rida is 'n shainer chon bei shae wedder, un grawd so hesslich owwa runner, un is leicht tzu fershtae ferwos 'n kerl wie der Prest brovierra sot fer linnering sucha fom raya un haisa sunna shein. So wie m'r fershtain, is er on seinra summer hamet in East Texas, un woh er fon moryets bis owets om shoffa is fer 'n ombarell uf sei soddle fixa, so os er im druckna un im shodda hucka kon, won er tzurick uf der chob kumt.

Die tzwae onnerra ponyboova sin der Earl Cunningham, un der Spud Sperling, un woh shier net worta kenna bis 'm Prest sei vakation feriwwer is. Ihra maining is, fer sich aw so'n ombarella waisa on ihra soddle fixa so os sie nix may drum gewwa breicha ebs rayer'd odder die sun hous is, won sie uf duty sin. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Prest die socha ferleicht aw net hous howwa-wil ferlicht 'n patent griega uf sei ombarella blawn eb er 'n selwar tzu yuse mocht uf da Hamilton shtross.

'S GEBT 'N ARYER WAIG:

Tzum ledshda wert der Zettlemoyers shule hous waig nunner noch da Bloea Rocks, in Greenwich township Barricks kounty mohl feranner'd. Shun fer wocha long sin die waigmocher on da arwet, un hen shun may wie 60 pund dynamite fershossa fer die rocks weck griega. Die barichda sin, 'm Milt Miller sei weibsleit net welt aweck, wotta iwwers hous doch jumpa fer glora fraida won die sheeserrei feriwwer wear. Noh is es aw net yusht os sies so arrick hossa, ow'r ihra grosser hund reiss'd alla mohl lose, un wil 'n gonser dawg drim im hous unnich ma bed hucka, waeich da sheeserrei.

So weit os es sheesa aw gait, der Tom Lutz is der lecher borer, un der Anson Grim woh hinna noh die dreck koppa gamocht hut fer die shuss drin halta, hand'ld der hommer. Der Allie Nonnemaker is watchmon fer die leit halta fon darrich fohra won sie sheesa wolla, un sehnt aw datzu os da bauer ihra kee in da wade, weit ganunk weck sin wons groch'd, fer sie halta fon blutichie milich gewwa. Un der Will Grim, -wel der Will drecht immer 'n glainer level noh fer shure mocha os die nei shtross so ava wert os aenicha township waig mocher hoffa kenna fer sie mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Os m'r now net danovet noch Niagra Falls gae kenna wies gatzailt wor os m'r wotta, hucka m'r uns in der bawd tzuver, draya 's wosser druf un bilda uns ei ol hetta ihra tickets in tzeit grick'd, un m'r weara woh m'r onna gawolt hen, on da Falls.

25 Years Ago

JUNE 19, 1923, A TUESDAY

The 11th annual commencement exercises of the Pennsylvania State College Engineering Extension school were held in the Stevens building. Two students were awarded diplomas. Thirty-two received certificates.

Opening sessions of the convention of Foresters of America were held in Bethlehem. Approximately 150 delegates were registered.

Marie L. Krause, daughter of former Sheriff and Mrs. Edwin Krause, and Dr. Everett Martin of Franklin, Mass., were married at the Krause home, Lanark Manor.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

Q. How old was Theodore Roosevelt when he became President the first time? C.H.

A. Theodore Roosevelt, the youngest President to assume office, was a little over 42 years 10 months old at the time of his succession to the presidency.

Q. What was the highest temperature ever recorded in England? N.E.R.

A. The maximum shade temperature officially recorded was 100 degrees F. at Greenwich Observatory on August 9, 1911.



Eighteenth Century Letters

It has often been a matter of regret among historians that so few letters have been found in Germany, in which emigrants to Pennsylvania have expressed themselves about their life in the New World. It may of course be assumed that many were not able to write. Of the letters that were written to relatives and friends in Germany very few seem to have escaped the ravages of time. The Editor of the ECK is very happy therefore to be able to submit to the readers several such letters, which were first brought to his attention on the part of Dr. Donald H. Yoder. They appeared in the introductory pages of Otto Langguth's **Auswanderer aus der Graffschaft Wertheim,** (Leipzig, 1932). This valuable list of emigrants to Pennsylvania is being carefully edited and collated by Dr. Yoder and will be published in the YEARBOOK of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. The translation of these letters was done by Dr. Yoder.—ED.

Anno 1753

This letter is to be given to **Philipp Stemmler** in Wertheim.

God greet you! Beloved brother and sister and in-laws and god parents and sponsor-folk and neighbor people, who have lived near me. I cannot refrain from writing a few lines—if they find you all well, we shall be heartily glad. So we greet you and yours a thousand times. Concerning our long, hard trip, thanks and praise be to God, we all got across the big water safe and sound. We had not the slightest difficult—great wind, but not a single storm, only nice warm wind, else we would not have been sailing about on the water so long. In nine weeks we saw no land. We arrived in the City of Philadelphia one day before Michaelmas. My brother-in-law, **Christoph Kuhn,** came at once to us on the ship and took us with him into his own house. Since we arrived so late in the country, we will stay with him this winter, but toward spring we will move somewhat further into the country. We met our son Christof at once, but he is not very well—he had the fever during the past summer.

Concerning our work I cannot write you at this time. I and my children and my wife thank and praise God a thousand times, that we are in this healthy country. We expect to support ourselves much better here than in Germany, for this is a free country. One has to give nothing to any goveriment. The first year is free, but thereafter a farmer must give three or four shillings, that amounts to a German gulden, which the poor get. There are no beggars in this country. Grains are as dear here as in Germany, but one can earn five loaves of bread sooner in this country than one in Germany, for the day's wages are very good. In the winter a man gets 18 pence, that is in German money 7 (27?) kreuzer; in summer 11 batzen, but rich board along with it—meat two to three times a day, and a good drink made of apples. A woman gets per day or can earn per day only with spinning, 7 to 8 pence, that is in German money 2 batzen. In this country the women do not work half so hard as in Germany. The English women don't work at all and dress like gentle folk.

Now I ask you, Brother and Sister . . . my Brother **Hans Jakob Schlessmann** and my brother-in-law **Hans Jakob Scheurich,** that you tell all our friends that we cannot write any more at this time. I and my wife and my children do not long anymore to be in Germany. I and my wife and my children are, thanks and praise be to God, all safe, sound and healthy. When we have been in this New Land a year, I will write you more about the country, for it is still unknown to me, because we arrived so late. Then there will be opportunity enough to write, so again we greet you a thousand times, who are our acquaintances. And so we ask you both, Brother and Brother-in-law, to be so good as to write us too in a year what happens in the village and among you, and write me about Hans Velten Pahl(en) . . . and whatever occurs among you during the year. Both of you can also let both in-laws at Nassig know, **Hans Heinrich Scheurich** and **Hans Joerg Eirich,** that their brother-in-law died last year midway on the ocean. His money was divided by Hans Joerg Dosch and the Newlander. These three had bought wares together at Frankfurt and had traded jointly. He had also advanced money to the Newlander on the journey, so it's gone. . . . .

Now, remain our most faithful friends unto death, all of you. And if we do not meet again in this world, then we will meet in heaven! If you would be so loving as to wish to write us again, it would be a real joy for us. Write to Germantown to "Duerks Keyser", that is, six miles from Viellidelfia, which is in German two hours. Duerks Keyser will send me your letter, for my brother-in-law and I are spending the winter in his little house. He is a rich man in Germandohn (Germantown).

Done November 26, in the Year 1753.
Witness: JOHANNES SCHLESSMANN in Germandohn.

* * * * *

Sixteen years later, under date of November 27, 1769, the same **Johannes Schlessmann** in Oxford, Philadelphia County, in the Province of Pennsylvania writes the following letter to **Johann Jakob Scheurich** at Oedengesaess:

God greet you, my brother-in-law **Johann Jakob Scheurich** and his wife and children and my brothers and sisters and in-laws, as many of you as are still alive. I can't forego writing you a few lines, and if they find you all well, we shall be heartily glad of it. We are, thanks and praise be to God, still all well, as long as it pleases the Dear Lord. Concerning our children, five of them are married; and the other daughter is about to be engaged. Concerning our life here, we were all this time not far from Philadelphia. Germantown is our locality, where we go to church every Sunday. Whoever wants to write to me and our countrymen, should write to Germantown to Christof Sauer, that is the printer, who is known all over the country. That is situated not quite two hours from Philadelphia. I, **Johannes Schlessmann,** have bought me a middling place two good hours from the City of Philadelphia.

Further, we have a great favor to ask of you, brother-in-law **Johann Jakob Scheurich** and of your wife and your children. Because you have written me of my inheritance, I have had a letter of Attorney made to you by our government, because you wrote me that it was given over to you and that you have taken care of it for me, so I think you will be so good as to take this Letter to your government and assist me in getting what is mine. I need it because I have bought my own land, for good land is as dear with us, as in Germany near the city. The man who brings you the Letter of Attorney is from Gelnhausen, his name is **Nicolaus Zimmerman,** a good neighbor in Philadelphia. If you want to show your love to me, give this man the money that is coming to me, and whatever you send me, write on a little paper and send it back with the same man, the amount that is coming to me and what has been deducted. You must not forget your share, for you have had a great deal of trouble over this little money. You must pay yourself what belongs to you. I would have given this Letter of Attorney to **Weingaertner** to take along, but he said he was not coming back again to Pennsylvania. Further I know no better opportunity this time. I ask you once again to assist this man in all things, for which I will thank you indebtedly.

Concerning our countrymen here, we live far scattered from each other. I and my brother-in-law **Christof Kuhn** and **Chrisoffel Goetzelman** and **Heinrich Schlessmann** and **Johann Michael Schubert, Heinrich Hoffman**(?) and **Hans Michel Schubert** live in Philadelphia. The schoolmaster **(Beschler?)** and the Borger (Buerger?) **Paulus Schlessmann** and **Hans Joerg Dosch's** sons live far away in the bush. Some of them are not getting along so well. My greetings to **Niclas Schultheiss,** if he is still living, and **Hans Michel Beck** and **Michel Beck** and all my acquaintances and neighbors and sponsor folks. I thought some of our family might be going to Germany once again, but the costs are too great. One must have money enough. Whoever wants to go across the ocean with so little money, it isn't worth the trouble—one piles up so many expenses and loses a whole year's work, for a man can earn and spend much in one year. Therefore be you commended unto God! I and my wife and my children greet you all a thousand times. If we do not meet in this life, then we will meet in the eternal life. Glory to God in the Highest, peace on earth, good will to men. We two are beginning to get old, yet we can still work so middling.

JOHANNES SCHLESSMAN.

* * * * *

We attach a third letter written by a former citizen of Wertheim, who emigrated and settled in Philadelphia. This letter was printed in the Wertheimer Intelligenzblatt, No. 9, March 2, 1781, and is rendered into English as follows:

God's Grace and Blessing to you in greeting!

Dearly beloved Brother-in-law and Sister! For three years I have had no opportunity to write to you on account of the war, but I heard from an Anspach soldier that you were still well, which was joyous news to me!

My wife and child and I are, thank God, all well, but have endured very much during this time—twice we fled from house and farm. For about two years we lived 50 miles from the City, and spent much money. During this time, the English and Hessians nearly ruined me. When we came back again to the City, my brewhouse, malthouse, and four new houses built of cedar, had been torn down and quite destroyed, so that I estimate my loss at 18,000 gulden. We found some of our houses still standing, but ruined. My orchard, in which all kinds of the best trees stood, I found quite empty. Yes, it was almost over with me! I had nothing left but six children. The merciful God however looked on my misery, and helped me again according to His great goodness, for which I cannot thank Him enough in eternity. When I regard all the misery of my neighbors, I forget mine, because it is indescribable. One sees many orphans, who lost their fathers, crying for read. Many parents, who were robbed of their children, now have no support and consolation in their old age. Here one hears a widow crying over the loss of her husband; and there one sees old men in direst need and want. The farmer was forced to bear the sword, and his plow stands idle. Need and near-hunger oppressed the land—enemies from within and without harassed it, and we cannot see the end of it.

Despite this I wanted to write you, how I wish to satisfy you for your many pains in my behalf. Many still have their inheritance to get, and it is dangerous to bring it over here. So inquire as to whether the property of **Foerster** of Urfel (Urfar) is still safe. From it you can draw the 200 gulden for which I was surety, and then send it when he sends a letter of attorney. Already he has asked me here, to take care of it, but I have not yet spoken with him on your account. **M. Frischmuth** here is sending his godfather to Wertheim, otherwise would have had no opportunity. He will give you more news of it. **Frischmuth** has as yet suffered little misfortune from the war, and is in good circumstances. **Catharine Mueller,** sister of the innkeeper in Creutzwertheim, is still living, and often comes to see me. **Sauer's** wife of Altfeld died a short time ago, which her youngest son asked me to tell her friends. The war made many of our countrymen here quite rich. With my wife's permission I would doubtlessly have sent you some money, upon the gracious Document of His Excellency the Count, of June 3, 1772, or had it paid through a Letter of Attorney, but on the advice of Zimmermann's wife here and all my friends, dared not out of fear. If my enemies got wind of it you would have to pay out constantly. Dear Sister and Brother-in-law! Do not worry yourselves on my account. I will provide for you. It is my intent that neither you nor anybody else will lose anythinng because of me. The Lord has struck me, but He will bind me up again. He will provide for me. Only please remember my poor child with you. Write me when was it baptized? What is its name? Where is it? And whether it is being raised in the fear of God. I wish that he were with me, or that before my end I might yet write to him. Give him my greetings and tell him of my concern about him. May the Almighty, before whom my fathers also have walked, bless him and His angel protect him from all evil paths. May God requite, richly and eternally, those who do him good. Give hearty greetings to all my friends and acquaintances. Ask my cousin **Kraft,** the bookbinder, to give me in a letter a full account of my child, your circumstances, and those of all my friends. And if my child can write, he should do so as soon as possible, which concerns me most. Lastly, I commend you unto the protection of the Most High, and remain, Honored Brother-in-law and Dear Sister,

Your faithful Friend and Brother,

Z[ACHARIAS] E[NDRES].

Philadelphia, May 22, 1780
Written in haste

Honor the Ancient Pioneer

By CHARLES SIEGEL

A Pennsylvania German poet pays tribute to his ancestors

Honor the ancient pioneer!
Honor the matron by his side!
Long have they slept in silence here,
While onward flowed the human tide;
While Progress with a stately stride
Has scattered blessings far and wide.

The ground is holy where they sleep.
Each rolling hill and outlook vast,
Each verdant plain and wooded steep,
Is full of voices from the past;
'Neath Summer's sun and wintery blast
Their soul-inspiring echoes last.

What matter that it is not May,
That birds have flown and trees are bare,
That shorter grows the smile of day
And colder blows the wintry air;
Yet mem'ry wakes, from toil and care,
The scenes of many a May-day fair.

Communing with the honored past,
Around this lone Machpela met,
We see their deeds their day outlast
And feel their silent influence yet;
Who should their worthy lives forget,
Or these late honors e'er regret?

Transplanted from the Fatherland
To these new fields of Freedom, they,
When life was young and hopes were grand,
Began to labor and to pray;
Foundations deep and wide to lay,
They toiled in that heroic day.

And from their land of birth they brought
Their fathers' faith, the love of right,
Treasures of wisdom, gems of thought,
The Lamp of truth, whose heav'nly light
Shone thro' their lives divinely bright,—
A sun-rise in the moral night.

The Lord's first Garden planted he,
Amid the forest's ancient gloom,
And in this Zion joyed to see
The blessed Rose of Sharon bloom,
Where Jesus' name, like sweet perfume,
Might linger till the final doom.

The torch of knowledge first he bore
To this remote, uncultured clime,
Nor merely taught the worldly lore,
But sun-lit heights of truth to climb—
The fear of God in youth's sweet prime—
That makes life grand and death sublime.

Toil-hardened hands in patience wrought,—
The roof-trees grew not in a dream;
But in the scanty sun-light caught,
Long did their sounding axes gleam,
And by the lonely forest-stream
The saw belabored log and beam.

Honor the ancient pioneer!
The Christian warrior, teacher, friend,
And her, who in that grand career,
Witnessed the lights and shadows blend:
Thus noble be the lives we spend,—
Like theirs, be ours a blessed end.

(For an account of the life and works of the Pennsylvania German poet, Charles Siegel, see last week's ECK.)

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 806 Main St.—Phone 1-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34. One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c. One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Oratory at the Convention

As the Republican National Convention turned to its biggest assignment, that of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, the observing and listening public could find relief in the fact that most of the oratory was over. Convention oratory is one of the tests of endurance to which the country every four years applies itself. Some of it is good; most of it is mediocre; a little is downright stupid and boring. The same things are said over and over again. Praise for one side, scorn for the other are basic materials. But good, bad or indifferent, convention oratory is the stuff out of which campaigns are fashioned. What if some of it is indeed tedious? Always there is expectation that some new rhetorical comet will swim into the sky. Always there is a chance that some Daniel Webster or William Jennings Bryan with a single speech will turn everything upside down. Though this happens rarely, it does happen now and then. And that keeps all of us alert in expectation of a new miracle.

Oratory at Philadelphia this week in the main has been pretty good Grade A run-of-the-mill stuff. There has been one conspicuously superior example. It was when that much-maligned, much-abused man, Herbert Hoover, arose to speak on Wednesday night. There were no fireworks; the former President is no showoff. But there was wisdom in his every sentence—wisdom and warning. It may very well be that when everything else said at Philadelphia has been forgotten his sane, sound and somewhat sententious advice will be remembered. We repeat his peroration:

If . . . as a mature and inspired political party, you face the truth that we are in a critical battle to safeguard our nation and civilization which, under God, have brought to us a life of liberty, then you will be guided in every step to restore the foundations of faith, of morals and of right thinking. If you choose your leadership with full recognition that only those can lead you who believe in your ideals, who seek not only victory but the opportunity to serve in the fight, then you will issue from this hall a clarion call, in as pure a note, in as full a tone as that call to arms which your political ancestors issued at Ripon, Wisconsin, when this party was born to make all men free. And so I bespeak to you tonight to make yourselves worthy of the victory.

A call for a return to the faith which has inspired this nation to greatness! May it not be forgotten in the hard campaign which lies ahead!—New York Sun.

Republicans Name Ticket

With a Presidential ticket whose membership clasps hands across the American continent, the Republican party is ready for the 1948 presidential election.

Heading it is Governor Thomas E. Dewey, popular and capable head of our most populous state, and with him is Governor Earl Warren, personable and capable chief executive of California.

True to many predictions, Mr. Dewey was chosen upon the third ballot. Mr. Warren was named so swiftly and unanimously that all was over but the shouting in a matter of a few minutes.

The ticket and the platform upon which the two men will run have been received enthusiastically by the convention. Many disappointed hopes there undoubtedly are but with the verdict there can be no dispute for it was attained in the democratic way, which is the fair way. Only one man could win the supreme prize and there is nothing to indicate that other contenders have failed to accept the convention's verdict in sportsmanlike way.

The Republicans are ready for the fray that is the quadrennial Presidential election. They have a platform which the convention received enthusiastically and approved unanimously. They have a ticket made up of men known from coast to coast, men who have been in the public eye for many years. They are eager and full of confidence. They await the decision of their Democratic opponents which is to be made in Philadelphia next month for the beginning of the battle that can be expected to command the attention of the American people for almost four full months.

Whatever the decisions of the Democratic party, meeting in Philadelphia next month, may be, it can be expected that the contest will be a brisk one for the Republican standard-bearers are vigorous young men with a flair for extensive campaigning and for carrying the fight to their opponents.

Thought for Today

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.—Service

30 Years of Service

It has been noted in our columns that Truman J. Ruhf is in the last week of thirty years of service in the county commissioners' office and that there are some unusual circumstances to be noted in connection with this long period of uninterrupted public service.

It should be pointed out initially that this is a branch of our local government in which there have been many changes politically in the course of three decades. It should also be observed that the ancient political adage, "to the victor belong the spoils," has frequently been an element in the credo of newcomers in the office.

Mr. Ruhf thruout three decades has survived all the changes that have come about in county government. When that survival has been in the face of political change that might have been expected to blast him out of office together with others of his own political leadings, there have been hints and charges of political "deals."

The fact is that Mr. Ruhf has been a diligent student as to the functions of government as they concern the office of the board of county commissioners; that he has been a diligent and intelligent worker; that he has come to know thoroly the duties of his office and the duties of those who surround him and that consecutive boards of commissioners have found it easier to get along with him than without him. Men of opposite political faith have not thought it wise to tear the mainspring out of the watch, and trust to putting another just as good into its place. They have thought it safer and more convenient to keep the watch ticking good time instead of disturbing it.

So Mr. Ruhf's thirty years of service in a job repeatedly perturbed by political change is a high tribute to his qualities and his faithful service. It has been more than political astuteness (for which he has been given entirely too much credit) that has prompted political foe, as well as friend, to entrust him with the management of the County's central business affairs over so many years.

Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Philadelphia—Until the nomination of Governor Dewey, the course of this convention was, I think, determined by the factional feud between the Dewey and the Stassen forces. The two candidates quarrelled many months ago and in the Oregon primary their quarrel became irreconcilable. Yet as a matter of fact they were natural allies. Within the limits of Republican philosophy both were and are progressives in domestic and foreign affairs. By contrast with Taft, and of course with Bricker, Martin, Halleck, Green, Taber there is no question that both are progressives.

Whatever the cause of their quarrel, it was not that they differed seriously on principles and measures. But because they were quarrelling, it was made to appear as if Stassen was the leader of the progressives and that Dewey was the reactionary who had at all costs to be stopped. This false alignment divided the progressive forces, and drove both Dewey and Stassen to seek unnatural alliances. That Dewey should have been put in nomination by Sen. Martin of Pennsylvania was as unnatural as that Stassen collaborated with Taft.

* * *

The disunity of the progressives meant that the real alternative to Dewey was not Vandenberg, not Warren, not Stassen but an outright victory for the old guard. It meant that if the nomination of Taft, or Bricker or Martin was to be prevented, only Dewey could prevent it. But as Dewey did not have the support of the other progressives, notably Stassen but also Warren and also not Vandenberg but Vandenberg's friends, Dewey had to compromise with the old guard.

* * *

Sen. Vandenberg proved to be right in his judgment that the old guard was stronger in the party than his own supporters were willing to believe. But the old guard was stronger than it was entitled to be until Dewey's nomination because the progressive forces were divided by the Stassen-Dewey feud.

There was no way of nominating Vandenberg by organizing a "stop Dewey" movement. For any combination formed to stop Dewey was bound also to stop Vandenberg, Stassen and Warren. The real beneficiaries of a successful stop-Dewey movement could have been only Taft or Bricker or Martin. There was no doubt about this in Taft's mind when he invitetd Stassen to make a provisional alliance against Dewey. With his usual straight forwardness Taft let it be known that his purpose in forming the alliance was to win the nomination for himself, and failing that to discharge his obligation by giving Bricker a run.

* * *

Governor Dewey is, therefore, entitled to feel that if he had not played highly professional politics to win the nomination the whole ticket and the next administration would have been captured by the men who control the House of Representatives and have written its dark and reactionary record. As it is, the disunity of the progressives enabled the old guard to hold their ground in the convention until Dewey was nominated. Then the center of power shifted to the progressives and Warren's nomination is the result.

* * *

Manifestly, it is now Governor Dewey's task to make himself, in a broad and not in a fractional sense, the leader and the spokesman of the modern, the enlightened, and the progressive forces. They have had no abler or more effective executive and practical politician in this generation. Yet the fact is that they have not wholly accepted Dewey nor has he sought to win them. That may not be only a matter of temperament but really a consequence of the struggle for the nomination, which Dewey could win only by practical politics, not by an appeal to the people.

* * *

Dewey has matured much since 1944, and he has matured well. His acceptance speech, which was in perfect taste, combining confidence with humility and vigor with magnanimity showed that the party has a candidate and that the country will have a president who is still growing in power and in wisdom.

Copyright, 1948, New York Herald Tribune Inc.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Well, it was utter and complete madness and I got to bed about five a.m., which is a mean hour for any man after a day of demonstrations. Now I understand why the German intellectuals fell for Hitler; after the third or fourth demonstration at this convention, I was ready to scream, Heil! Hurrah! A bas! To hell with it!

Somebody suggested that it would be all right to abolish the speeches and to have nothing but demonstrations. That was early in the evening. After a half hour of a Dewey demonstration and a half hour of a Taft demonstration—the latter a mere accompaniment to Congressman George Bender's voice—I was ready to abolish speeches and demonstrations and have nothing but cameramen.

Mind you, I had a good time, for noise is infectious and everybody gets to yelling even if his friend is getting a raw deal by being put on the spot by being nominated for a presidential election, which is nearly as bad for the head and heart as the White House itself. So what do you do — you stand and cheer like the other boobs, knowing all the time that each demonstration is a synthetic affair, worked up by the publicity department, paid for in each department. Last night I wondered where these press agents got all the small boys and girls, the so-called "youth-in-action" that made all the noise and demonstrations. It looked as though there were a million of them from where I stood on a desk.

These young ones are funny. Like the youthful girl I lunched with who looked at me as though I were a thousand-year old Chinese egg when I told her that life is real and earnest and all that —well, this gal was making for a Stassen demonstration. And she was telling me—me, mind you — about Stassen's idealism. So the youth leader she bumped into shouted to her, "We're now for Vandenberg." And that is the noble idealism for which these young people suffer.

Well, I can forgive them because, after all, the Italians fell for noise, excitement and speeches and so do the Russians and the Chinese and the Turks. And so do you and I and it would be a dull world without all this. So eat your hot dog and drink your coke and listen to the orations.

Now, speaking of orations, there is nothing to speak about. The best convention speech thus far was Herbert Hoover's; the second best Congressman Judd's when he nominated Harold Stassen, and if you like evangelism John Bricker's when he nominated Taft. The rest was pretty low, except Senator Homer Ferguson, who will go down in history as the first man with common sense in any party. Ferguson seconded Vandenberg's nomination without a speech, for which he should be given at least a vice-presidency if not the big job itself—common sense being so rare a quality in convention halls.

Well, the oratory is punk generally and it all sounds the same and I would recommend that a ghost-writers' union be organized to save the public from repitition. That would be the most popular union in America. No speech needs to last longer than 15 or 20 minutes and less, considering what they say, but the boys feel that the delegates need to fill their time. Compared to oratory, a jukebox is a pleasure. Clare Luce wrote that she cut her speech to live up to Barney Baruch's adage on brevity. Clare is glorious and Barney is a sage and Clare need not apologize for her speech, which was in good English except for the attempted Vandenberg blitz, which was in bad taste. But apart from that, Clare had it all over Irene Dunne, whom I could not hear even with the terrific magnification of the loudspeakers because nobody around me would give me a chance to listen to the sweet lady pleading a lost cause.

And so to bed with a headache!

(Copyright, 1948)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

One night, in the midst of the fabulous Prohibition era, when Texas Guinan was the best-known hostess on Speakeasy Row, an anonymous stranger appeared at one of her frolics, responded cordially to her standard greeting of "Hello, Sucker," and ordered drinks for everybody in the house. He topped this display of generosity by not only giving each "little girl" of Miss Guinan's "a great big hand," but a crisp new fifty-dollar bill.

Awed by the display, Miss Guinan requested the benefactor to disclose his identity. "Aw, I'm nobody much," protested the embarrassed philanthropist. "I'm just a fellow who has made his pile in the dairy business."

On the spur of the moment, Miss Guinan coined a phrase that has become part of our language. "Everybody here get up and give a hand," she proposed, "to our wonderful butter-and-egg man."

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

By C. WRIGHT MILLS

(Mills is Director of the Labor Research Division at Columbia University. In September, Harcourt, Brace will publish his book, THE NEW MEN OF POWER, which will tell who America's labor leaders are, what they think, and how they will act in the coming crisis. This is a guest column written in the absence of Victor Riesel who is on vacation.)

Three or four hundred men — the top moguls of the 180-odd unions — run organized American labor, sometimes with, sometimes without the advice and consent of 15 million union people. These leaders have the unionists in a odd position: they are economically represented in an economy that is three-fourths politics!

Beaten to a much-needed new party by the handful of Communists who run Wallace, and outfoxed, as usual, by Democratic mediocrities, labor's top elite is reduced to begging an unwilling ex-general with unknown political opinions to carry labor's tarnished political banner. The key fact about labor politics today is that labor leaders do not know for whom to vote.

Of late most AFL and CIO leaders have been Democrat: 51 per cent and 65 per cent respectively. Nineteen per cent of th AFL and 7 per cent of the CIO leaders are Republican; 26 per cent of the AFL and 19 per cent of the CIO are bi-partisan; 4 per cent of the AFL and 9 per cent of the CIO leaders are third party members.

Back of the party line-up of the labor leaders is the bi-partisan tradition, which is held to be at once ornately respectable and safely expedient. Deeply embroiled in the two-party system, our labor leaders view these major parties as opportunistic vote-getters which can be pressured into serving anybody's interests, including those of labor.

What holds them back from freewheeling political action is fear: fear of failure based on the long historical failure of new party attempts; fear of the consequences of setting up a new party—loss of the economic unity of the unions, fear of the retaliation of the major parties, fear of alienating and infuriating business men with whom they must negotiate, and fear of the public's reaction to any unionized steps toward power. Also: a new party set-up would be a rival to the union set-up, and hence to the union leaders: "outsiders" would have a say so about something involving unions. And this, too, is feared.

I call labor's 400 "The New Men of Power," but there is some wish in that title. They might as well be called "The Reluctant Elite," for they are a power elite afraid to use their power.

Liberals, in and out of the unions, assert that labor leaders have power, and then immediately caution that they must learn to use it responsibly; which, when you get down to cases, means that they should not use their power. The liberals use the right word, but make the wrong point with it.

The first question of responsibility is responsibility to whom? The answer for labor leaders is, first, to their 15 million members and second to the rest of the wage and salary workers, their potential members. Stop there; don't expect too much; that's four-fifths of the American people.

If this powerful elite does not act for those it represents, it will be acted upon by those it does not represent. If it does not take the historical initiative, it will be used by those who do. If it does not lead, it will be led. And along with it, the fifteen million.

What is needed is clear, and difficult. Labor leaders have to orient themselves to a political and economic program looking beyond the next two weeks. To do that they have to accept and invite a liaison with pro-union intellectuals.

They have to carry out that program. To do that they have to accept and encourage a liaison with their members. They have to unite the power and the intellect in a new party for labor in America.

These are old things to say, but now we say them under new circumstances. The main drift of American society is towards some kind of terrible alternation of slump and war and boom. Liberalism today, caught in this drift, is another word for actionless rhetoric plus entangling expediencies.

If the 15,000,000 are to stand up against the main drift, the 400 will have to take the first steps, go beyond liberal sentiment, and take up their political responsibilities!

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER GRUNDSI SHITZ MART: 'S sin wenich socha os ma gardner 's nartz shwearer fiela mocha, os wie grundsi im gorda. 'S mocht bol nix ous wos er blonst, die grundsi fressa aenich ebbes, un hen 'n bardicher obadit fer grout un tzalawdt. Noh grawwa sie aw allas fol lecher, un 'n mensch is nee net fersicher'd woh sies nagshd brovierra fer 'n loch hee grawwa imma feld odder gorda.

Now der Mart Adams un sei fraw die "Snook" fron Bedlahame hen 'n summer hamet drowwa in da Windkott woh die grundsi gons arbadich shlim sin. 'S Marts' hen aw 'n gorda-'n gorda woh sei alla hond gorda soch drin raisa, un dabei dale grundsi. Der Mart kon net fershtae os es recht wear fer sich 'n gons free yohr bloga fer gorda socha blonsa, un die grundsi noh kumma uns weck fressa.

Uf die fohrsarrick hee hut er doh weil tzurick die flint mit noch da Windkoft ganumma, un g'sawt er dade alla grondsow 's licht ous blosa os er ferwisha dade im gorda. Wel aenicha waig, da onner dawg glei wie sie drowwa om bungalow worra, hut der Mart die "Snooks" hoerra yohra, "Guck g'shwind, dart drowwa huck'd 'n grundsow."

Wie der Mart sei k'hoert hut, hut er da "Snooks" gagrisha so socha os er gakent hut fer die grundsow net fershtairra sie sie sot 'm darbber die flint bringa, er wot ra shun weissa wos sie fer bisnis het in ihr'm gorda. Un die "Snooks" hut 'm aw die flint gaprocht, der Mart hut gatziehlt-gute un long, uns endlich grocha lossa. 'S hut der Mart gahairich g'shnart, so wohl wie aw die grundsow om onnerra end fom shuss.

'S airsht hut der Mart gamaint er het die grundsow in die welt nei ferfail'd, ow'r yusht is 'n nochber owwar runner g'shtiv'ld kumma, un hut g'sawt, "Golly, sel wor ow'r 'n gute shuss."

"Yar," hut der Mart g'sawt, "der shuss mawg ol recht gawest sei, ow'r glawb ich hob die grundsow gons un gore ferfail'd."

Der nochber hut ow'r net gamaint os er sie ferfail'd het, un hut g'sawt er het sie sehna tzurick falla. Die "Snooks" huts same g'sawt, un der Mart is der gorda owwa nous woh die grundsow k'huck'd hut kot. Un shure ganunk wie er hee kumma is, won sie net darta galaiga hut mous-rocka-dote, un uf gablosa wie 'n ballon.

Der Mart hut die socha 's airsht net fershtae kenna-net bis er die grundsow rum garoll'd hut. Der nochber wor noh aw darta bei selra tzeit, uns hut sie gore ken lang tzeit, shd die grundsow shun paar umma fer sehna os ebber shundawg dafor g'shossa hut kot, un os der Mart sie in die welt nei ferfail'd hut mit seim shuss. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Mart die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET OW'R Won die Niaraga Falls exkursion aw in der dieck g'falla is darrich die Fier Kounty Firemens konvention in Palmerton, gebts widder 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitschie train un boat exkursion Somshdawgs, da 14d Augusht noch Bridgeport, Conn. un Rye Beach, N. Y.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

WARNING TO CHILDREN

Little children, you should know
It is wrong to quarrel so.
Never raise your hands to strike.
Let your playmate ride your bike.
Never shout: "You can't have that!"
You're too young as yet for hate.
'Til you're grown up, can't you wait?

Little children, at your games
Never call each other names.
If you've tossed aside a toy,
When you see another boy
Pick it up you shouldn't whine.
Don't start screaming: "That is mine!"
Gladly share the things you own,
'Til, like us, you've older grown.

Little children you should play
In a peaceful, friendly way.
Share with others, while you're small,
Your possessions, one and all.
When you've learned to write and read,
There'll be time enough for greed.
When you're twenty-one and plus,
You can start to act like us.

(Copyright, 1948)

Horoscope

Do some wise planning now and act on your decisions. Much happiness will be enjoyed by you through new and old friends in this new year, and your fortunes should expand. Do not be afraid to ask favors, make changes if you think they will benefit you.



BOOK REVIEW

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOK BOOK. By Ruth Hutchison. Harper & Brothers. New York and London. Pp. 213.—$3.00.

There are epoch-making books such as Adam Smith's **The Wealth of Nations** and Karl Marx' **Capital.** Other books succeed in being listed as best sellers or launched upon an undiscerning public as Book-of-the-Month Club Books; they enjoy an ephemeral popularity and then fade into obscurity. Cook books belong to neither category and yet they find ready publishers because they fill a constant need. They are quietly purchased and remain constant and important factors in the household.

With the growing interest in regional fiction and regional art we also notice an increased interest in regional cookery. National interest in our people has been focused not only upon our folk art but also upon our cuisine and the last years have witnessed the appearance of a number of Pennsylvania German cook books. Some enthusiasts even like to say that no regional cookery in our country is quite so famous as the Pennsylvania German. No doubt New Englanders make similar claims for themselves and so might natives of Louisiana or Virginia. But the test of the pudding is in the eating of it. Where does one find a happier, lustier, more food-conscious, but also more energetic and industrious people than the Pennsylvania Germans? Could it possibly be because of their cookery? "Man ist, was man isst" runs an old saying. Perhaps it matters little that (and whether) George Washington liked our cooking and took back with him to Mount Vernon a Pennsylvania German cook. What matters today is that the tourists and travellers through our counties long remember the food they ate there, even though they may not have found "the traditional seven sweets and seven sours." And what matters still more is that a cook book lies before us which makes accessible to our housewives the many recipes for which we are famous.

Eating is an instinct, one of the manifestations of the more inclusive instinct of self-preservation, but cooking is an art, a symbol of the long upward journey of man. The history of cookery runs parallel with the history of civilization. Perhaps the ultra-modern housewife will not agree and will maintain that cooking is a science. For our mothers and grandmothers cooking was an art, which depended upon intuitive good sense and skillful execution. Their recipes, whether handed down in written or oral form, left much to the imagination. One took a pinch of this and a pinch of that. Quantity of shortening and of flour was often left to the feel of the mixture, to the acute tactile sense of the housewife or cook. Recipes of this kind often found their way into our previous cook books. But at last there is a cook book that a kindly husband can present to his wife as a pacifying gift, for what husband is so tactful not at some time cruelly to have pointed out how his mother used to prepare some particular dish, cake or pie? In this book she will find that every ingredient has been carefully measured and the cooking or baking timed to our modern ovens. Mrs. Hutchison has not only patiently collected recipes from many people living in the Pennsylvania German area (and is careful to credit the same), but she has also tested the recipes several times over.

The book contains a very readable introduction and the brief introductory remarks to the various chapters contain quaint facts and entertaining bits of narrative. There are chapters on soups, bread and breadstuffs, meats, poultry, eggs, "of Hexel and Mummix," cheese, fish and sea food, vegetables, sweets and sours, pies and pastry, cake, cookies, desserts and candies.

If some one, long absent from the homeland, yearns for **Riwwelsupp** he will find the recipe for it in this book; among the breads are the favorite recipes for **Fastnacht Kuche** and **Schwenkfelder** and the other coffee cakes that make "dunking" so attractive, that the very word "dunk" has become a part of the English language and there now exists a large National Dunking Association. He will find here many other dishes that he may long ago have forgot or else only vaguely remembered.

A new note in this book is the chapter "Of Hexel and Mummix," but unfortunately it contains no adequate consideration of these strange words. It is plain enough that Hexel is none other than the German **Haechsel** (verb **hacken,** to chop), as the recipe also indicates. But **Mummix** is veiled in mystery, unless it is related to the German verb **mummen** (to muffle or conceal). There are also other German words obscure in form or meaning: **Strusel** on p.22 is something of a mongrel, stemming no doubt from both **Streusel** and **Strudel;** so also **Strickle,** p.24; **Marklose Soup** on p.12 is of course soup containing **Mark Kloesse,** or small dumplings of marrow.

Perhaps no regional cook book is really altogether regional. It is hardly necessary to point out that our cuisine has been greatly influenced from without and that the book contains many recipes unknown to our ancestors. But they had hardly arrived before they also skillfully adapted themselves to their new living conditions and the different products of the New World. Today **Lattwaerrick** is apple-butter, but in the homeland it was made mostly of prunes, plums and pears, fruits that did not keep well. Later there were infiltrations of many dishes that were popular among the Germans and Austrians that arrived in America at a later day such as **Wiener Schnitzel** and **Mocha Torte.** Contributions on the part of the Anglo-Saxon are rather slight, unless in the form of breads and other recipes employing cornmeal. Curious that there is such a shortage of kinds of meat pies among the recipes in this book. Perhaps the influence of American cookery is most apparent in the chapters on cakes and candies, in the recipes for nut breads, Montgomery pie and funny pie, and the use of graham crackers instead of pastry in the making of certain pies.

Possibly every Pennsylvania German reading this excellent cook book would find some missing items. We note the absence of the elderberry and its various uses; also **g'schmeltze Nudle;** and **Mauidasch;** and **Kaerrebseboi** (a very different thing from pumpkin custard pie!); and of course it is too much to expect to find **Zwiwwlekuche** and **Sauerambelboi.** Notably missing are the many old recipes for wines and cordials.

In considering the subject of Pennsylvania German cookery we like to think primarily of dishes that our ancestors brought with them from the Fatherland or else that they early accepted and adapted to their own uses in the New World, such as the many kinds of fruit pies, but there is at least one interesting instance in which this process is illustrated in the reverse. The reviewer received recently a copy of Mathilde Jung's **Eine Landschaft kocht** (Ludwigshafen-Saarbruecken, 1941), a fascinating little cook book from the Palatinate, in which we find **Grumbeeresupp,** a potato soup, which owes its origin to us Palatines in America who brought it back to the Palatinate. The author grows quite lyrical about it and pronounces it "a late-summer poem." You may wish to try it. Here is the recipe. Take equal portions of potatoes and tomatoes; add fragrant herbs and boil into a thick consistency. "A noonday meal of this 'Sippche' completed with prune, plum or mirabelle tarts, will conjure up before the souls of the participants the entire nobility and fullness of the fragrant and colorful Palatine landscape in all its sweet fruition!"

There is no doubt that Mrs. Hutchison has furnished us with a most practical and inclusive handbook on Pennsylvania German cuisine. But a task of another kind still remains to be done: one that will go into the origins and implications of the names of dishes and will solve for us some of the obscure problems, such as the meaning and origin of "shoe-fly" (or is it "shoo-fly" pie?); and when is a doughnut a cruller; or when is an apple pie an **Ebbelboi** or an **Ebbelkuche;** etc., etc. But these are not the problems of the gourmet. He will be amply satisfied with this book.—**P.A.B.**

PASSAGE TO PENNSYLVANIA

Of the many thousands who annually cross the Atlantic probably but few have the patience to read the long contractual paragraphs printed on their steamship tickets. They have no reason to think that the steamship company will not carry out its contract. Living conditions on our twentieth century ocean-going liners are uniformly high.

But how different were the conditions which confronted our emigrant ancestors of the eighteenth century when they embarked at Rotterdam for the long sea voyage to the port of Philadelphia. The promises that were held out to them by shipping companies and their agents seemed good to those simple inland souls, but we know that their confidence was often betrayed. We have accounts of the cruelty of the ship-masters, of the poor food and the crowded living quarters on those sailing vessels. Many who started forth in high hopes for the "island of Pennsylvania" never reached its fair shores and were buried at sea.

What kind of contracts did the shipping companies make with their passengers? What kind of a ship ticket was issued to that German emigrant to Pennsylvania in the eighteenth century? It was a rare experience when we came recently upon such a ticket for passage from Rotterdam to Philadelphia. This rare document deserves to be presented to the readers of the ECK. It was printed in its German form in Otto Langguth's "Auswanderer aus der Graffschaft Wertheim" (**Familiengeschichtliche Blaetter,** 30. Jahrgang, Heft 3, 4, 5ff, Leipzig, 1932). It was done into English by Grace Nealy Martin, Assistant Professor of German, Indiana University.—(ED.)

TICKET FROM ROTTERDAM TO PHILADELPHIA
16 February 1756

(In the possession of the Historical Association of Altwertheim in Wertheim.)

LET everyone, particularly those persons whom it may concern, be informed and given to understand by this document that we, the undersigned passengers, have contracted and by virtue of this document do make an agreement for ourselves and our families, with Isaac and Zacharias Hope, merchants in Rotterdam, in the following manner:

Firstly.

The aforementioned Isaac and Zacharias Hope are to furnish us a good, comfortable and good-sailing ship, with which we are to be taken across to

PHILADELPHIA

and to that end for each whole fare there shall be provided a set sleeping space, six feet long and one and one-half feet wide.

Secondly.

The said Isaac and Zacharias Hope are to provision the above-mentioned ship well with good and proper provisions, namely: Good bread, meat, bacon, flour, rice, barley, peas, syrup, butter, cheese, beer, good fresh water, and whatever else is necessary; furthermore, the ship is to be thoroughly cleaned twice daily with vinegar and juniper berries, to freshen the air, and the following shall be given out daily to each passenger paying full fare:

On Sundays: One pound of beef boiled with rice
Mondays: Barley and syrup
Tuesdays: One pound of white wheat flour
Wednesdays: One pound of bacon with peas
Thursdays: One pound of beef boiled with rice
Fridays: One pound of white wheat flour and one pound of butter
Saturdays: One pound of bacon, one pound of cheese, and six pounds of bread for the whole week.

Furthermore every day one measure of beer (so long as it remains good) and two measures of water daily to each person paying full fare.

In case distilled liquor is required, it is to be given out every morning to any person who demands it; those who use tobacco, however, shall receive one pound to take along for the trip.

Thirdly.

We the undersigned passengers wish to be free, if heaven favors us with weather which permits it, to cook some foods for ourselves and the small children, and to use the fire from six o'clock in the morning until the same time in the evening, and also to be permitted to be on deck; but those who are sick shall particularly enjoy the right to make use of the fire and the water, as often as they wish it; and for their comfort in such cases all kinds of spices and also wine shall be placed on the ship, so that the sick can be taken care of better.

On the other hand

We the undersigned passengers promise to pay the above-mentionel Isaac and Zacharias Hope in Rotterdam or their order, for transportation of our persons, baggage and household equipment from Rotterdam to Philadelphia

Seven and one-half doubloons

for every full passage, and the possessions which we have with us are to be delivered free on land, without our having to pay anything for it to the ship's menials.

Now the passage money shall be calculated in the following manner: Children under four years are free, from four to fourteen shall pay half fare, and from fourteen years and above shall pay full fare.

If however someone should agree to take them all for less than is specified above, ISAAC AND ZACHARIAS HOPE promise to do the same, unless it is clearly to be seen that it is being done out of spite against Isaac and Zacharias Hope, in which case they relieve the people of the contract, however in such case those who offer cheaper fares are to pay Isaac and Zacharias Hope for the expenses which the latter incurred before the passengers appeared at the port.

To assure this, we vow and promise on both sides to carry out all this faithfully and honestly, obligating our persons and our property to that end. As witness thereof we have made this contract legal with our signatures written with our own hands.

Executed in Rotterdam, 16 February 1756.
Signed ISAAC AND ZACHARIAS HOPE

P.S.—Without prejudice of others we give notice that this year we have made some changes in our agreement, the reason why and the manner in which it has been improved is this: Because new merchants, who have never made the trip, have had such an agreement prepared.

The way in which we now specifically are improving our agreement is as follows:

Inasmuch as we, as established merchants, who have been carrying passengers for twenty and more years, have observed that bacon and meat is very heavily salted, from which salted provisions scury and other diseases come, and moreover the High Germans are accustomed rather to fresh foods than to so heavily salted provisions, we are ready to give those passengers two or three fresh meals weekly, which will seem more proper to them.

(On the margin of the first page of this ticket the following persons with their lot of fares have signed their names in their own hand:)

Johann Philipp Oswald	1 fare
Balthasar Thorwart	3½ fares
Johannes Schaefer	2 fares
Margarete Baumaennin	1 bed(?)
Georg Mehrling	2 fares
Barbara Schlegling	1 fare
Andon Bock	11 fares
Christoph Hartlaub	1 fare
Philipp Stockhammer	3½ fares
Barbara Schaerin	1 fare
Hans Georg Frank	3 fares
Kaspar Zottelmeyer	3 fares
Mattes Groesz	6 fares
Joh. Pet. Ziegler	3½ fares
Caspar Englert	3 fares
Jak. Kern	1 fare
Joh. Georg Knobloch	2 fares
Melcher Landeck	2 fares
Mattes Stumpf	1 fare
Joh. Mich. Dosch	11 fares
Friedr. Ott	1 fare
Hans Georg Friedert	1 fare
Bardell Spiell (?)	3 fares
Georg Jacob Spiell or Sprit from Schweinfurt	3 fares
Mich. Lousser	1 fare

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-3711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

Royal W. Weller, President, J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week, 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.96; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

Entered as second-class matter Sept. 10, 1924, at the Post Office at Allentown, Pennsylvania, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Don't Worry Too Much

Press and radio have dinned into American consciousness the fearful livelihood that among the thousands of casualties on American highways during this weekend you, or you, or you may be included.

It is of course true that on previous three-day holiday weekends the flood of traffic upon American highways has brought about a large number of accidents with thousands of injured and hundreds of wounded. It is also true that the law of averages will very likely determine similar conditions this weekend.

It is something to make the American motorist ponder but it should not make him gloomy. It should prompt to careful driving. It should not discourage and make all driving fearsome. After all with something like thirty million motor cars in motion at high speeds during the weekend, it must be expected that some cars will go wrong, that some motorists' judgment will prove faulty in crises, that some accidents will occur, and that a lot of people are going to suffer harm. Worrying about it is not going to help. Care in driving will.

Take it easy and the same law of averages will bring you home safe and sound. Unless, of course "the other fellow" who is not sane and sensible and the capable driver of a good car comes along to spoil a grand holiday.

Shoe on Other Foot

The wildcat strike of London and Liverpool dock workers collapsed under circumstances which are at once ironic and instructive. The dockers voted to end the strike when King George VI (whose office is a survival from feudal monarchy) signed a proclamation putting in force the emergency powers act of 1920 (a survival from capitalist conservatism, which was last invoked a quarter of a century ago by the Baldwin government at the time of the general strike) on the advice of a Labor Cabinet. A socialist government, firmly based on and controlled by the British trades unions, has proved more sensitive to a strike situation than its capitalist prodecessors, and has called upon sweeping powers for maintaining order and employing the military in the movement of goods that had not been used since 1926 and that were bitterly resented by the labor unions at that time.

"The government," said Prime Minister Attlee, in explaining this dramatic appeal to coercive power, "owes a duty to the public, and where the food of the people and the economic life of the country is endangered it must use all means at its disposal to safeguard them." Particularly it must do so when it is a labor government, directly responsible for union labor's fullfillment of its obligations to the community and extremely sensitive to any evidences of rebellion or wildcatting within its own ranks. The dockers themselves appear to have appreciated the situation, and have submitted more promptly to the invocation of the emergency act than they might have done had it been invoked by a Tory Cabinet. One is still struck by the fact that Mr. Attlee's words are exactly those whose might be used by an American official asking an injunction, or an American judge in granting one, under the Taft-Hartley act.

British union leaders in 1926 thought the emergency powers act a "slave labor law" but a quarter of a century later are themselves invoking it, both to maintain their own disciplinary authority over the union rank and file and to fulfill the governmental responsibilities which their rise to power has entailed upon them.

N. Y. Herald Tribune

Thought for Today

How many an acorn fails to die
For one that makes a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
For one that cleaves to me.
—Tabb

Nickel Idol Dethroned

So many people from our community travel considerably in New York City that it is good for them to know and understand in advance of their next visit that the cost of public transporation in that city has been increased, effective July 1.

Public transportation in that city always has been so cheap and simple as to give people from other parts of the country some wrong impressions. One dropped a nickel in a slot, joined a crowd upon a station platform and then jammed into a subway car to ride miles and miles at express train speed.

A lot of people got the impression that if New York could give a subway ride of as much as thirty miles for a nickel, then the public service corporations in other cities could do the same. Because the subways were crowded the impression was gained that it was a highly profitable business. Then the visitors came to think that all public transportation business must be highly profitable.

What outsiders did not generally know was that New York City for years has been losing money on every nickel fare. The bookkeepers and the people responsible for the operation of the city knew it and the newspapers repeatedly reported the fact.

However New York's subways and other transportation service never have been operated on a business basis. The subways have been the toy of the politicians. The nickel fare has been their idol. The politician who had the courage to say: "The City is losing money on the subways and I'll raise the fare if I get into office" was doomed to defeat. If a politician, once chosen to office, had determined to raise the rate, he knew he was preparing his own political funeral.

So the subways continued to be operated at great loss. Without profits rolling stock could not be purchased and other improvements could not be made. Even proper maintenance could not be sustained and interest upon borrowed money could not be paid.

Like a good horse the New York subways were ridden almost to death. Now the galled jade is to get some relief. The subway fare has been raised to a dime, with transfer privileges costing an additional 2 cents. And if people want cheaper but slower riding, they can take to the surface lines where the cost will be 7 cents a ride.

Nation's Tardy Tribute

If some of the communities in this country are a bit slow about recognition of the services of our soldiers and sailors during the recent war and have not done much about memorials, it may be taken as a manifestation of what is perhaps a national failing. This idea is brought home by the celebration in Washington today of the 100th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington Monument.

The first President, who had been a national hero for almost a quarter of a century before his death in 1799, was considered the proper object of a memorial even before he had died. Yet the cornerstone of the great obelisk was not laid until 49 years after his death and Congress did not vote any money for its building until 28 years after the cornerstone had been laid.

We think of the country's loyalty to Washington as a particularly old and beautiful tradition. But it took a long time to build a monument in his memory and a generation that had not seen and known him had to erect it.

Pennsylvania Pedigree

By HARRY EDWARD NEAL AND HARVEY EDWIN INGLEY

The Glorious Journey — Ben West rocked the baby gently, his soft humming lulling the infant to sleep. Its sweet smile fascinated the boy. To him it was a symbol of purity. As the baby dozed the seven year old youngster drew its picture with red and black ink. The likeness was startling. The genius of Ben West was beginning to stir. His mother was delighted, but his Quaker father frowned on his son's artistic trait.

The clap-board farmhouse in which Ben West lived was in Delaware county, a region of hard working Quakers who spent their time plowing and cultivating their crops. To them, painting was a silly waste of time, and young Ben West was a lazy idler. Some of the gossip reached the West supper table and the boy was forbidden to touch a paint brush again.

The day the old man discovered Ben on the edge of the cornfield making a pokeberry etching of one of the farmhands, his face reddened and his neckveins stood out like angry welts. "You not only waste your own time," he shouted, "but you keep others from working!"

Young Ben's sincerity revealed the passion in his heart. Respectfully but firmly he said, "There is more to life than just a hill of potatoes."

After a long family discussion it was finally decided that Ben should go to Philadelphia to study art technique. His mother was heartbroken and even his father was saddened to see him leave.

The day Ben left home, he bent down to stroke the family cat, whose tail had supplied the hairs for his home-made brushes. The boy wondered if the brushes they used in Philadelphia would be as soft or satisfactory. He felt fluttery inside at the thought of being alone in the strange city.

But he soon got used to Philadelphia. He found the brushes even more satisfactory and he learned things about art that surprised and astonished him. He realized that he would study and learn until his dying day. He longed to visit Europe and Britain, and finally the opportunity came.

After traveling and studying in France and Italy he finally located in London and began his most serious work. He became acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the greatest artists the British Isles ever produced. It was Sir Joshua's wise advice that did much to advance the genius of Benjamin West. The friendly help of this English master was largely responsible for the Pennsylvanian's high standing among American artists.

In some respects the American's talent exceeded the Englishman's. When West was working on his great picture, "The Death of General Wolfe", in 1771, he departed from the custom of dressing his characters in Greek and Roman costumes.

Sir Joshua tried to dissuade the Pennsylvania artist from this radical step. When the painting was finished, however, the Englishman was enthusiastic about it. "I retract my objections," said Sir Joshua, "I forsee this picture will not only become popular, but will also occasion a revolution in technique."

The great talent of Benjamin West finally came to the attention of King George III, who subsequently became the patron of the artist from Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

Across the sea the King's redcoats were battling the American Colonies, and jealous Court Ministers whispered vile suspicions into the royal ear, saying, "This American artist is a Whig."

The king sent for the Pennsylvanian, and in the presence of the gossiping ministers asked, "Where do your sympathies lie? Are you for England or the American rebels?"

The artist bowed low. "Your Majesty," he said, "my countrymen are fighting against tyranny! Could any group of men fit to be called men, do any less?" The American's passionate feeling in the matter gave him the eloquence that comes to an indignant tongue, and he spoke with the soul of an artist but the heart of an American.

When West finished, the king looked at his ministers. "Would that all my subjects loved England as much!"

In 1820, the artist laid down his brush forever. His magnificent funeral pageant moved with serene grandeur through the streets of London to Ludgate Hill. There under the glorious dome of St. Paul's his casket was carried through the west doorway where the majesty of the Cathedral received the body of one of the finest American painters of all time.

A Pennsylvania boy had traveled from a clap-board farmhouse in Delaware county to Windsor Castle in London. The glorious journey was ended.

(Copyright 1948)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

And so the Fourth of July rolls in, too soon it would seem, considering that it was here not so very long ago. But the year has not been ill spent for the nation, since we have been at peace with all the world and most of our sons and daughters have been at home with us. That is a blessing, if naught else is in these days of too much government and too high taxes.

On the Fourth of July, one thinks of the Founding Fathers, for the day is dedicated to them and to their Declaration of Independence which made of us a separate nation. This country was already a distinct civilization and that undoubtedly is why the fecund minds that met to proclaim our liberties knew precisely what to say. No other Declaration of Independence seems to be so tremendously important for any other people. They rebel, they revolt, they proclaim. Ours was a joining of the different, a pulling together of the indifferent. Thirteen colonies, variously formed and governed, became a nation. They built a nation out of a civilization.

Such characters as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, the Adamses, Samuel and John, and all the others, were of a philosophy of life, namely, that the individual man possessed rights beyond the power of the state and that collectively men could choose those who governed them The only divinity they knew was God; they could not accept the divine right of kings.

It was an innovation in Western Society for a people to choose their own government and when, eventually, the choice fell on George Washington, it was not to be a king, like George the Third, nor a dictator like Oliver Cromwell, but only as one who temporarily held authority in the state, limited and narrow, and who, after a stated tenure, retired to the gentle life of farming in Virginia.

Of course, I am putting together in time and action the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, but in essence they are of the same plant and rooted in the same soil of human liberty. The whole philosophy of the American civilization is the liberty of the individual person. Take away that concept and America has no meaning.

And so we have lived as a people 172 years, which is more than most states now constituting the United Nations can say of themselves. We are really, among modern nations, one of the oldest; yet, we have kept our youth principally by always recruiting new elements from among the nations of the earth, bringing in new strains, starting new generations at the bottom and leaving plenty of room at the top to make it possible for them to rise high. It is an amazingly successful experiment in the progress of man.

* * *

True, we are at times diverted from our course. The fear of poverty and insecurity, two wars in one generation, entanglements in the affairs of European and Asiatic nations, mimicry and adulation among the intellectuals, the self-seeking of politicians who sacrifice the nation to retain power, the emphasis on majority and minority rights and the fierce, selfish articulation of pressure groups—these have, at times, diverted us from our course.

But so ingrained is the spirit of human liberty, so sure are we that no government can perpetuate itself, that we do, after each confusion, restore our way of life and keep to it firmly. We clear the slit of confusion from our stream and rechannel ourselves into the main flow. That we have been able to do this has been the great good fortune of our nation, for it explains why we have lasted as we are for 172 years without restoring to those violent trials and errors which have characterized European society.

And so in this year, 1948, we shall again perhaps change our administration but not our government. We may change the men but neither the ideals of life nor the philosophy of government. We shall make that change in peace, because we were soundly founded by good men.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Carl Loeb, the molybdenum king, tells of two miners in Montana who missed their buddy, and after exploring all his town hangouts in vain, began walking along the Northern Pacific railroad tracks. Suddenly one of them picked up an arm. A little further down the track, he found a leg. In rapid succession, other parts of a man's body came into view. "I bet it's Eddie," said the two miners simultaneously.

Finally, one of them picked up a head. He held it at arm's length and said mournfully "It's Eddie, all right. For God's sake, Eddie, pull yourself together!"

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—President Truman has a difficult choice to make in the next ten days—he must decide between personal ambition and the future of the Democratic party not only in the 1948 election but in 1952 as well.

Mr. Truman can be nominated — presidential pressure can always accomplish that result—but if he is defeated in November, as seems so certain now, he will put the Democratic party back anywhere from eight to twelve years. It takes that long for a party whose organization and morale has been wrecked to get back into the running again.

The Democrats were beaten in 1920, and it was not until twelve years later that the tide turned. The Republicans were beaten in 1932 and now, 16 years later, it is conceded that the people will vote for a change.

What then is the best strategy for the Democratic leadership? Is it better to satisfy Mr. Truman's personal desire for vindication at the convention or is it better for the party to honor him and for him to decide of his own volition not to be a candidate?

* * *

If Mr. Truman doesn't run, who should make the race? The logical man is Justice William O. Douglas. He more than anybody else who has been mentioned represents the true New Deal philosophy and the desire of the liberal Democrats for a candidate who can express intelligently the quasi-socialistic doctrines wich Mr. Truman has so often tried incoherently to express.

Mr. Truman has turned toward the "left" but has not been consistently on that side. He has not followed new dealism as much as the new dealers would have liked. Yet at the same time he has antagonized the "right" and many people in the "center." It is logical for him to step aside and let a 100 per cent new dealer take up an aggressive leadership for the party.

This will not please the southern Democrats, but it looks as if the southerners cannot take the leadership away from the radicals either. So the natural thing is for both sides to fight it out, as compromise seems impracticable. In the end, the southern Democrats might, of course, be able to find a common ground with the Republicans on the civil-rights program. The Republicans are not as extreme on this subject as they are sometimes represented.

* * *

While Justice Douglas is probably not at heart any different from Mr. Truman on the civil-rights issue, he might be able to come forth with a statement that will satisfy the south. Justice Douglas would, of course, have to resign from the bench to accept the nomination. He is a good speaker and would make a colorful campaign.

But if Mr. Truman runs and is defeated, nobody will be able to reorganize the Democratic party until new leadership develops in the 1952 contest. This means a loss of four important years.

If Mr. Douglas runs and is defeated but makes an impressive campaign, the way is open to development of a new era inside the Democratic party. The younger liberals would be in command. It would seem that Henry Wallace would under such circumstances, come bac kinto the fold.

* * *

Mr. Truman can insist on running, take a severe defeat, and prove nothing by his attitude. He will prove in November only that he should have stepped aside at the nominating convention. He will not prove that the policies espoused by the younger new dealers were presented effectively to the people. He will retard those advocates of social progress who think that the Franklin Roosevelt programs and reforms still constitute a major alternative to the liberal conservatism offered by the Republican ticket.

Mr. Douglas would make a better race than Mr. Truman because a new personality would come on the scene. The "change" which the country wants would be satisfied in part at least by a change in the leadership of the Democratic party. General Eisenhower is a better advertised name but apparently he cannot be persuaded to accept the nomination. If President Truman put his whole influence in the party behind Justice Douglas and if the Wallace movement joined in, the presidential campaign would be a clear-cut contest between rival philosophies of government and the people would see a very interesting campaign.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Colossians 3.

The first verse addresses Christians, no longer dead in trespasses and in sins, but now alive as new creatures in Christ, risen to live in a new world, with affections set on things above, and not on the passing things of earth; but dead in another sense, that is, making no response to the attractions offered by the world. Note the figure of putting off 'the old man', v. 9, and putting on 'the new man', v. 10, an entirely new creature. Putting on the new man will mean 'to put on the virtues which characterize him, vs. 12-14. Thus will the Christian be well clothed; with the peace of God in his heart. The word of Christ is to dwell richly in the mind and heart of the Christian, and everything he does whether in word or deed, is to be done in the name of the Lord Jesus. Wives and husbands, children and parents, servants and masters are, as Christians, to show the spirit of Christ in all these relationships, rendering service heartily as unto the Lord, and not as unto men. Then will there be music in the heart, singing on the lips, of psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in the heart to the Lord, v. 16. Only a Christian can be truly happy.

Horoscope

This is an excellent time for personal contact and social activities. In your next year, however, it will be well to concentrate on your business and avoid too much life.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N UF RUHR IN NEWSIDE: Do onner dawg wor 'n hesseldawnisher uf ruhr in Newside-un ol darrich 'n glaenie shlong. Da tzucht un yocht noh het m'r denka kenna 's weara widder mashina in nonner g'fohra uf 'm Shquare, wies sin paar oweta dafor. Dessa mohl sin die sacha ow'r net g'shaina nagshd on da Foundry woh fiel fon sella socha ols fohr falla, ow'r so gore im Williard Slough so sheb iwwer 'm feld driwwa, seim beshd'ld shop.

Wos der Willard beshdla hut wolla kenna m'r net sawga. Aenicha waig, wie er tzu da dier nei is, wos hut er sehna iwwer der floor niver groddla wie 'n glae shlang'chie. Outside fon graeauga peddlerun tox kollector, sin wenich socha uf da ard os der Willard aryer uf 'm shtrich hut wie shlonga-un noh nochts nix ous wie gross odder glae os sie sei maiga. Shlonga sin shlonga tzu ihm, un is ainer woh sella gadierra noch net fergewwa hut fer die Efaw ferfiehrra fer in der obbel beisa.

Wei aenicha waig, wie der Willard die shlong sehna hut gae, hut er 'n shib gagrabb'd fer sie dote shloga. In da shracka un angshda woh er drin wor, wor die shlong nee net woh er onna g'shloga hut, uns nagshd os er gawist hut, ie es glae gadierts nava on da wond nuf gagrodd'ld. Der Harold Follweiler wor net weit ob un die wunnerfitz hut 'n gabloak'd was om aw gae wear wie er die larna un yocht hoerra hut tzum Willard seim shop rous kumma. Wie der Williard 'n sehna hut kumma hut er gagrisha. "Darbber, darbber, kum tzu hilf! 'N shlong! 'N shlong!"

Ow'r wie der Harold 's wert shlong k'hoert hut, un hut die glae shlong sehna brovierra nava on da won nuf groddla, hut er aw awfonga greisha, uns sis hard tzu sawga war 's loudsh'd wor, der Harold odder der Willard. Der Willard hut ow'r ols noch die shib kot un gabroviert fer die shlong dote shloga, ow'r hut sie net dreffa kenna, un der Harold woh shlonga hoss'd so arrick wie, der alt hokamon, is g'shprunga wie won 'n bander hinnich 'm wear.

Wie der Willard der Harold sehna hut shpringa, is es shpringa ihm aw in der kup kumma, un hut sei shib uf der budda g'shmissa un is ob tzum shop nous wie won die hummla hinnich 'm weara. 'S hut ordlich weil ganumma bis der Willard 's hartz kotta hut fer tzurick in der shop. Un wie er endlich tzurick is, wor die shlong fert un hut die tzeit nix may fon ra g'sehna-un des dawenicher os er sehnt fon ra des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Grant Hamm fon Lynnport klaimt, 's awganame un keel fer weissa ice kream hossa weara fer hoy mocha, ow'r hossa wie sel weara net tzu nitzlich won die hoymocher halt aw shloga mista fer grannie acta tzu ma kalb.

Der Grant hut ol sellie erfohring do onner dawg kotta wie er 'm Henry Gruber k'holfa hut in da hoyet, un sei fraw die Naomi "Hannah" hut der chob grick'd fer sei ice kream hossa in arder griega, os sie fit sin fer weara iwwer der Fiert.

Who Was Tobias Witmer?

Seventy-six years have passed since the appearance of the first scientific treatise on our Pennsylvania German dialect. It was published in London under the title **PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH: A Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English** (Truebner & Co., Paternoster Row, 1872). Its author, S. S. Haldeman, a Pennsylvania German who had achieved eminence in several fields of science, was at that time Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Pennsylvania. He completed this work at Chickis, near Columbia, Pennsylvania, on Feb. 16, 1870, although it appeared in print only two years later. At that time there were but few writers in the dialect. For his illustrations Haldeman drew from the writings of E. H. Rauch ("Pit Schweffelbrenner"), Henry Harbaugh, Rachel Bahn and Tobias Witmer. "Pit Schweffelbrenner's" letters had been appearing since 1868; Rachel Bahn's little volume **Poems**, including among the English poems ten in the dialect, was published in 1869; Harbaugh's **Harfe** was published in 1870, although the poems therein had been appearing in the **Guardian** (a Reformed Church periodical) since 1861. The names of Rauch, Harbaugh and Bahn are well known in our dialect literature. But who was Tobias Witmer?

It would seem that Tobias Witmer first appears in Rauch's political campaign paper **Father Abraham** as the author of the poem "Der Geburts-Daak" (dedicated to his wife), bearing the date June 1, 1869. Since that time the name of Tobias Witmer has appeared and reappeared, wraith-like, in the annals of our dialect literature without any further substantial information about his identity. Haldeman draws upon Rauch and includes in his treatise an extract from the above poem (p.42) and adds an English translation of his own. In a footnote on the same page he adds that Witmer was born in 1816 at Niagara, New York, in a small colony which had emigrated from Lancaster County, Pa., and where his father also had emigrated in 1811. This Pennsylvania German colony received additions about the year 1830.

When Rauch published the first number of his now very rare monthly magazine **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** (Jan., 1873) he included a poem by Witmer "Die Freshlin" and in a parallel column an English translation by S. S. Haldeman. The poem is however recast in Rauch's orthography, "in order" as he writes in the introductory remarks, "to enable those who are accustomed to our mode of spelling, by sound, to read Mr. Witmer's production" and he further trusts the author will not object. Since Rauch staunchly adhered to the English phonetics in writing the dialect, and both Haldeman and Witmer advocated the German phonetic system, there now begins the first of those endless controversies about our orthography which have continued down into our own day. In the first number of his magazine Rauch gives some consideration to Haldeman's recently published work, but other editorial remarks show that Rauch is somewhat nettled. In No. 2 of **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** (Feb., 1873) he publishes an extract of Witmer's poem "Geburts-Daak," but shorter by six verses than the form in Haldeman's treatise and publishes Haldeman's translation of the extract—but recasts it in his own spelling! However, in the same number of his magazine Rauch could not forego printing a communication he had received from Witmer, dated January 13, 1873, setting forth a key to the sounds of the vowels in Pennsylvania German, advocating at the same time a complete system of orthography as put forth by Prof. Haldeman. Under this key, p.39, then follows a "Love Letter" (an mei Alti) written by Witmer, though signed "Peter Steineel" in Witmer's own orthography. The same number of **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** contains a letter from Witmer written from Buffalo, N. Y., Jan 6, 1873, in which he extends best wishes to Rauch, the editor of **The Pennsylvania Dutchman** and bids this infant magazine God-speed. In it he writes in part: "Looking back to Pennsylvania for my Fatherland and my Motherland, I cannot be indifferent to the progress that noble State is making. Your undertaking is a wide step on the way of progress. 'Pennsylvania German' is good enough to talk, and why should it not be written? All honor to the sons of Pennsylvania who will write, and read, and practice what their fathers have said and done. Etc." In the third number (March, 1873), and which appears to be the last, Rauch included two poems by Witmer, "Der Shnae," which appears in Rauch's spelling, and "Deer Himml uft Eerda." These four abovementioned poems and a fifth "Seks Oor", which appeared with English translation in Horne's **Pennsylvania German Manual** are the only poems by Witmer known to us.

But who was Tobias Witmer? We turn in vain to the historians of our dialect literature. Reichard in the Index of his notable **Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and Their Writers** (1918), mentions these five poems by Witmer, but without any biographical data. Also he includes them in his anthology **Pennsylvania German Verse** (Vol. 48, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1940); Kloss in **Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur** (Munich 1931) makes slight mention of Witmer; Robacker in his **Pennsylvania German Literature** (University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, 1943) reviews the five poems rather disparagingly and adds no new data.

But today at last we possess considerably more information. It is that which calls forth this issue of the ECK entirely devoted to Tobias Witmer with the hopes that it may lead to further investigation and added sources. Several years ago the Rev. Harry D. Houtz of Harrisburg, Pa., submitted to the editor of the ECK a manuscript history of our dialect literature containing a wealth of interesting facts and details, with only a bare reference to Tobias Witmer. But the Reverend Mr. Houtz, indefatigable in his zeal and patience, continued upon the trail. Future historians owe him a debt for his discoveries. From him we now learn that Tobias Witmer traces his ancestry to Switzerland. He was the descendant of Christian Witmer and his wife Maria ——, who settled in Manor Township, Lancaster County, Pa., during the decade of 1740-1750, through his son Abraham Witmer, born in 1771 who married Maria Habecker, the daughter of Christian and Esther (Herr) Habecker, on October 8, 1804, at Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa. She was born in Manor Township, Lancaster Co., Pa., on Oct. 23, 1782. Thru Professor Haldeman we know that Tobias Witmer's father Abraham Witmer emigrated from Lancaster County to the Pennsylvania German colony at Niagara, New York, in 1811. The Reverend Mr. Houtz taking the clue offered came upon the centenary history of "Niagara County, N. Y., 1821-1921," from which he has furnished us with the following valuable extract (Vol. II, pp.636-637):

"TOBIAS WITMER, born October 8, 1816, in the town of Niagara, Niagara County, N. Y., was one of the most famous of the early surveyors of this region, his maps being yet the main reliance for the lot lines of properties. He was a genius in many other lines as well, having a reputation as an artisan, inventor, civil engineer, author, poet, patriot and preacher, and his life was prominently linked with the history of western New York and Buffalo. It is said there was nothing in wood or metal that he could not make. One of his inventions was the bicycle wheel, and his family still have in their possession a model of this wheel which he made years before the bicycle came into popular favor, the spokes made from the wires of an old hoopskirt. Unfortunately he never applied for a patent. A corn sheller, an automatic railroad switch, a pile driver, a portable signal tower for use in the army, a fire escape (of which the Hayes ladder is claimed to be an infringement), and a simple contrivance to teach the transposition of the scale for the use of music teachers were also among his inventions. He wrote well, both prose and poetry, in English, German and "Pennsylvania Dutch;" devised a system of phonetic spelling which received the commendation and endorsement of so high an authority as the late Prof. S. S. Haldeman, of the University of Pennsylvania; and was identified with educational work and projects in other ways. During one winter in the thirties he was engaged as a school teacher in the home district and was successful in that profession; was one of the founders of the Williamsville Academy, an institution which at one time had an attendance of 400 students; and was its principal for a short time. Few men have given more practical evidence of patriotic feeling than did Mr. Witmer. On his forty-fifth birthday he enlisted for service in the Civil War, although he had a family of twelve children and reasonable plea for exemption, but he had no wish to avail himself of it. A daughter was born on the day that he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. His son Christian was also in the service. Mr. Witmer was always a zealous church worker. For many years he was an elder in the Christian (Disciples) Church at Williamsville; established numerous Sunday schools in Niagara County and in the towns of Amherst and Cheektowaga, Erie County; initiated activities out of which grew the Christian Church at Suspension Bridge; co-operated with Mr. Hensler of Tonawanda in renting St. James Hall in Buffalo and arranging for religious meetings, which resulted in the establishment of the Christian Church in Buffalo. Services were first held in the old French church at the corner of Tupper and Ellicott streets, and subsequently the Church of Christ on Richmond avenue was built, a branch on Jefferson street following. Mr. Witmer died August 14, 1897, at his home near Williamsville, beloved and respected throughout the wide circle of his acquaintanceship.

"On Nov. 24, 1837, Mr. Witmer was married at Snyder, in the town of Amherst, Erie County, N. Y., to Anna Frick, only child of Christian and Elizabeth (Long) Frick, and it is remarkable indeed that they passed their married life there and lived to celebrate their golden wedding under the same roof—indeed, at the time of Mr. Witmer's death they had nearly rounded out sixty years of happiness. A number of the original wedding guests were present at the golden anniversary, including the bridesmaid and groomsman, David Witmer and his wife; Abraham Witmer and wife (who had celebrated their golden wedding three years previously); Joesph Witmer; Elias Witmer; Mrs. Susan Frick, and Mrs. John Gotwalt. The golden wedding cake was served on pewter plates which had been brought from Switzerland by Mr. Witmer's mother's grandfather. All of the fourteen children born to this union were present except the youngest daughter, Alice, who had died the July previous, Mrs. Anna (Frick) Witmer survived her husband until Sept. 14, 1908, dying in the house which had been her home for eighty-five years. She was born May 18, 1819, at Skinnersville, Erie County, N. Y., and was a young child when she accompanied her parents hither, the family being prominent in the early settlement of this section. About 1823 her father bought from the Holland Land Company by "Article", 136 acres on the south side of Main street, two miles west of Williamsville, whereon he settled with his family. It is now one of the most beautiful farms in the county, known for many years as the Witmer homestead, Mr. and Mrs. Tobias Witmer having made their home there from the time of their marriage. While her husband and son were absent on service in the Civil War, Mrs. Witmer managed the property herself and she maintained her mental and physical vigor to the end of her days, passing away after a brief illness. She was buried in the cemetery at Williamsville. Mrs. Witmer was a woman of notable disposition, her even temper, sympathy, unselfishness, hospitality and generosity toward all endearing her to everyone who had the pleasure of knowing her. She was a member of the Christian Church for fifty-two years."

In Tobias Witmer we possess one of our earliest Pennsylvania German dialect poets and at the same time one who never lived in Pennsylvania, but spent his long and useful life outside the state of his origin; who nevertheless retained a fine sense for the dialect and the folksy thought processes of his forefathers.

It is suggested by the Rev. Mr. Houtz that careful search through the files of the newspapers of Buffalo and of Erie and Niagara Counties, New York, might lead to still further information about Tobias Witmer.—P. A. B.



GEBURTS-DAAK

An mei Alti

Oo wass iss schenner uf der welt
dass blimlin, root un weiss?
un bloo un geel, im aerbla felt
wass sin sii doch so neis!
Ich wees noch guut, in seller tseit
hab ich niks liiwers duu,
dass in dii wisse—lang un breit
so blimlin ksuucht wii duu.
Doch iss es schun e lang-i tseit
sid'r ich dart in dem felt,
dii blimlin ksuucht, uf lang un breit,
un uf dei bussem kschpellt.
D'r hent emool e gaertl kat—
mei schwesterli un duu;
Ich hab s pripeerd mit hak un schpaat
dii blumme nei tsu duu;
un wuu ich hab im grossi schweel,
dii kii dart hinne ksuucht,
dii leedi-schlipperss, weiss un geel,
hab ich mit heem gebracht,
un hab sii in sei gaertl plantst
bei nacht, in muundes licht;
d'r hent s net gwist, bis jusch aet wantst
hent dilr s gegest s war mich.

—TOBIAS WITMER.

(As printed in Haldeman's treatise, PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.)

DIE FRESCHLIN

Die Freschlin hen e grossi Yacht,
Sie peife schier die ganse Nacht,
Die Krotte duhn ne helfe;
Doch wann ebmol der Reife kummt,
So iss es Liedel glei verschtummt,
Sie gehn ins Bett am Zwelfe.
Wann's nord e bissel waermer waerd,
Es grosse Dreckloch ausgedaerrt,
So Mitte in dem Yuli,
Nord fange 'd grosse bullfrogs aa
Un blose, dass mer's heere kann
So weit wie unser Muli.
Wann ich yetz waer e Musikand
Un kaem yuscht vum Fransoseland,
Dort wu sie 'd Kaiser mache,
Ich kraegt e music school in Gang,
Die Fresch zu laerne, 's naehmt net lang—
Ya g'wiss, du brauchscht net lache.
Ee Dutzend bullfrogs misste nei,
E hunnert kleene Fresch derbei,
Die Krotte far der Tenor;
E grosses Loch voll Lagerbier,
Des maecht de Fresch die Hels recht clear—
Du weesscht—was waer yetz schenner?
Nord kraegt ich mir en grosser Saal
Un advertise en Sunndaags Ball
Mit meine Musikante;
Die Feggel misste all derzu,
Der condor un der Uhu-hu,
Die danste mit enanner.
Des waer der human family
En pattern of gentility—
Sie kennte sich imprufe.
Sie hen in fact schunn ordlich g'laernt,
Es gaebt emol e grossi Aernd,
Der Guckuck waerd sie rufe.

—TOBIAS WITMER.

(Rauch's spelling has been recast for the ECK.)

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Mr Lomakin

Action by the United States which stripped Jacob Lomakin, Soviet consul general in New York, of his power and ordered him to leave the country, although startling as the latest in the succession of circumstances arising out of the case of the three Russian school teachers, is well de served. Mr. Lomakin's actions may well be described as impossible and what the United States is doing is teaching him a lesson in good manners.

The record of Mr. Lomakin in the case has been deservedly termed as "abuse" of his position and "gross violation" of decent standards of official conduct. Similarly, the denunciation of the conduct of officials of the Soviet government, Foreign Minister Molotov and Ambassador Panyushkin, as "highly improper" is a case of putting them in their place.

It was the first time the United States has taken the offensive in the school teacher case in which the Soviet officials levelled a variety of charges against us and all of which now, from beginning to end, are rejected as false.

Patience and forbearance has marked our own conduct since the case first broke and it may be taken that during this time all charges, now labelled as entirely false, were thoroughly investigated.

Emergency Shelter

The situation as regards families evicted from thei homes has reached a point where the provision of emergency shelter no longer is something to be merely recommended. The community obligation involved demands that something be done in this regard.

What with the various charitable organizations unable to further find quarters for these families who have lost their homes, the county probation office, usually the last resort, reveals that it is literally" up against a stone wall" in its efforts to find temporary quarters. The hospitals to which the probation office has on occasion sent children of these families, require assurance that the shelter be for a very temporary period. What with all the sources of community charity groups completely overtaxed, the probation office can no longer give the hospitals this assurance. Similarly, the county home to which families have been sent of late too is overcrowded.

Although the average of cases of evicted families requiring housing which come to the attention of the probation office is about one a week, the current week, up to yesterday afternoon, had brought four cases involving a total of 14 children.

One of these cases involved a family including four children who spent a night at the fair grounds and probably would have had to remain there longer if it had not been for the rain of last Wednesday. A relative whose home already was overcrowded took them in and found room for them in the cellar.

One wonders what this sort of thing does to the mind of a child, what reaction it sets up to our form of society.

Most of these families find themselves on the street through no fault of their own, nor does poverty or inability to pay the rent, often enter the picture. The housing shortage alone may be ascribed as the cause of a situation what now cries aloud for some kind of action.

In this connection, the housing committee of the Mayor's Advisory committee, now the Civic Advisory committee, has come up with a suggestion that has seeming merit. This concerns the use of the old county home building. This is not the building, part of the new county home, which it is planned to use as detention quarters for juveniles.

The mayor's committee refers to the building, still standing which was the county hor : prior to the erection of the new institution.

The suggestion by the committee in its report remarks that all indications are that the need for emergency housing will remain critical for some time to come and then proceeds as follows:

"Inasmuch as this is primarily a welfare problem, we are thoroughly convinced that it rests solely with our county commissioners and they are the ones who should assume this responsibility.

"The committee accompanied by Commissioner Aurand and County Engineer Pidcock made a thorough examination of the old county home building and we sincerely believe that this building could be made livable for a comparitively small amount of money. It would, of course, be necessary for the county to agree to feed any occupants of this building in the county home itself. While this might be against the normal rules and regulations, in an emergency such as this, we do not see that this could be thrown up as a barrier to this project. We would like to suggest that the county commissioners make a thorough estimate of the cost and have it submitted to the department of safety and labor at Harrisburg for their approval. Any expense that is involved in this construction would be amortized through the county welfare funds which would normally be paid to any individual caring for the evicted people. We sincerely believe that this presents the most practical and readily available solution to this problem."

The suggestion deserves consideration and promptly. Whether the old county home presents the right solution remains to be seen. There may be other properties, publicly owned, that might serve the purpose although it is to be assumed that the committee's report follows a thorough survey.

Thought for Today

There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity.

—Michael DeMontaigne

Mc Lemore in India

By HENRY McLEMORE

New Delhi, Ondia — Ever since I got to India I have been walking around with my mouth open. Nothing I had ever read about it prepared me for the strange sights that greet a visitor's eye on every side, all the time.

We came in from the airport late at night and if you enjoy the sight of a man and wife jumping out of their skins simultaneously, you should have seen Jean and me when we drew up in front of the Imperial hotel. When we stepped from the cab we were greeted by the doorman, a gigantic bearded Sikh, waring a scarlet turban and a sword that was a good four feet long. Two more Sikhs, equally fierce in appearance, and equally equippen with murderous weapons, grabbed our luggage and took us to our rooms.

Accustomed to American bellhops, it was a startling sight to see these Sikhs turning down bedcovers, checking towels in the bathroom, turning on the overhead fans and the "desert" air cooler, and then bowing and saluting and smiling themselves out with goodnights to the sahib and the mem-sahib.

At six in the morning there was a pounding on our door and we were unwillingly served "Chota Hazri," which is tea and nothing else. It was served by our bearer who, we have come to learn, is our body servant. Night and day he squats outside our door, ready to do anything under the sun we ask him to do. He is barefooted, wears a turban and a tan uniform with a foot-wide belt around his waist. There is a bearer in front of every bedroom door, and when you walk down the corridor every one of them pops to his feet and salutes and salaams. With my army training, it is all that I can do to keep from saluting back. Several times I have had my arm halfway up.

At eight there was another pounding on our door. It was the bearer, and he wanted to know when we wanted tea. We have found out since that there is no use in insisting that one does not want "Chota Hazri" and more tea an hour or so later. Bob Trumball of the New York Times, who has been here quite a spell, says he has given up trying to convince his bearer that he doesn't want either "Chota Hazri" or tea.

"The British were here too long," he told me. "Just open the door, let the tea in, and then go back to bed."

The first morning we were here we walked from the hotel along the street that leads to Connaught Circus, the center of New Delhi. We must have nudged one another a hundred times in the first block. Anything goes in the way of wearing apparel—anything. A man wearing nothing but a turban and a diaper is just as fashionably dressed as a man wearing a sheet thrown about him. It dawned on us that we could have hotten out of bed, and in our barefeet and wearing night dress and pajamas, walked about without causing any comment whatsoever. Or we could have wrapped a curtain or a bath towel around us and again not caused a head to turn.

The children, however, are the only ones who live up to the old jingle that goes, "Just a poor benighted Hindu, and for clothes he makes his skin do."

On our first night in New Delhi we went to a "drinks party" given at what used to be the Imperial Gymkahana club. Incidentally, the Indians are now busy chipping off that "Imperial" part wherever it appears in stone.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some of my best friends are vice presidents.

So I am not trying to make fun of vice presidents.

As a matter of fact, the very editor who reads this column in my syndicate may be a vice president, for all I know, so if he should get mad at me you might not even read this little item.

But it is definitely news, so I'll take a chance.

A dog has just been named vice president of a chemical firm in New Jersey, and honorary vice president, at that.

* * *

The name of the firm doesn't matter. The whole thing may be just a publicity stunt, and I hate to be a fall guy for press agents.

But I'll give you the dog's name—"Mr. Magnus."

It seems that Mr. Magnus, a two-year-old stray, resembling a beagle, appeared at the company's front door one morning and refused to go away.

He wasn't much good as a watchdog, but he showed other traits which, in the opinion of the firm's executive vice president, entitled him to join the rank of the firm's top executives.

So from now on, Mr. Magnus will be honorary vice president for life and entitled to all the emoluments of his office, namely a good place to sleep and free board—which is more than a whole lot of human vice presidents are sure of.

* * *

In annonucing the appointment, the executive gave the reasons.

"Mr. Magnus was put on the payroll as an assistant watchman, but such work was obviously not his forte.

"He was more the executive type.

"His ability to get along with anyone, his prompt response to a pat on the back, his interest in watching others work, his great knack for looking wise and saying nothing, made him a natural for quick promotion."

* * *

I suggest you read this citation over again.

Then let your mind run over some of the people in your own organization.

I bet you'll recognize more than one "Mr. Magnus" in several of the offices marked "Vice President" — and perhaps you may even recognize a little of "Mr. Magnus" in yourself.

I know, because I was a vice president once and, by golly, if I weren't absolutely sure that I am not a stray beagle. I'd swear the fellow who issued the above citation was talking about me.

* * *

I, too, loved to watch others work, and I had a rare knack for "looking wise and saying nothing," thus succeeding in letting my superiors take ignorance for wisdom.

But did I really succeed?

I wonder. I asked them for a raise. They made me a vice president instead.

It didn,t mean much, as I found out when I was fired.

But it looked swell on my calling cards.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Aug. 21, a Tuesday.

Members of the Third Class Cities League of Pennsylvania met at the Hotel Bethlehem for the start of their three-day convention. Mayor James M. Yeakle gave the welcoming address and the party went to the Saucon Country club for luncheon.

The Kutztown fair started that day and lasted until Friday evening. Main feature of the program was the horse racing schedule.

Miss Allentown, Helen Mary Noble, was guest of honor at a reception given by her chaperon, Mrs. Herbert C. Keller, at her home at Cedar Bluff on Monday evening. It was her chance to meet the contest judges on a social basis and they were impressed.

The annual reunion of the Levan family was held Sunday at the home of James Levan on Lehigh mountain. Contests were held between dinner and supper. James B. Levan was the oldest present and Margaret Hamm, the youngest.

The first service of the Milford camp meeting was held Saturday evening. Rev. Howard Stahl preached the sermon.

Members of the Quota club were guests of the YWCA Monday evening at a roast beef dinner. After the meal everyone toasted marshmallows at a camp fire.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

BEYOND TOMORROW

Should tomorrow fail to see
Something better than we know,
It could then be said that we
Have grown old and ceased to grow.
We have reached the end at last
And are living with the past.

If the future doesn't hold
Still some goals for men to gain,
Then as people we are old,
Worn and weary of the strain,
With adventure's hazards done
Resting in the setting sun.

All we haven't learned as yet,
All rewards for enterprise,
All the comforts still to get,
All that human skill defies,
Just beyond tomorrow stay,
Waiting one to find the way.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Down one of Reno's bridal paths there rode a strikingly beautiful girl, mounted on a spirited black bay. A visitor watched her with obvious admiration, then commented, "That's as fine a horsewoman as ever I've seen."

"Yep, she's good," agreed a native. "Her first divorce, she learned all the tricks. Now she's here for her third divorce, and is winning blue ribbons all over the place. If that girl's health and sex appeal hold out she'll be known yet as the greatest female rider Nevada's ever seen!"

* * *

Groucho Marx knows an agent who told a young dancer he represents, "You're in luck. I have gotten you two engagements for next week so you'll be getting twice your usual salary." The dancer was very puzzled and asked, "How can I be in two places at the same time?" "Why not," stormed the agent. "Look at Boston and Philadelphia."

Horoscope

Watch expenditures during the next 12 months. Your next year should be quite fortunate, older persons proving particularly helpful.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — If any business man or if any Republican leader had made the statement that monopolies were a good thing and that businesses with a virtual monopoly had been supplying goods satisfactorily to the public for many years and that this was a good reason for repealing the anti-trust laws, the howl of protest that would arise from the Democrats would be loud and vigorous.

Yet the new secretary of labor, Maurice J. Tobin, on taking office, announces that the "closed shop" agreements —which have been for many years a monopoly for labor unions and which now have been forbidden by the Taft-Hartley law — should be revived. He says this should be done because "millions of workers were getting along amicably with employers under the closed-shop agreements arrived at by mutual consent."

Anybody who knows anything about how a "closed shop" agreement is secured in the first instance knows there isn't very much "consent" about it but usually a strike or threat of strike and considerable economic duress.

A "closed shop" violates the fundamental rights of the individual—his right to work wherever he pleases. President Truman talks a lot about civil rights, but the right to wofk has never been protected bi any bill proposed by the Truman administration. The only law ever passed which tends in that direction — and it is by no means adequate for the purpose in the opinion of the majority of the House of Representatives who tried to strengthen it last year—is the present statute arrived at by compromise between the House and Senate and vetoed originally by Mr. Truman.

Under a "closed shop," a worker must join a union in order to get a job. Millions of Americans who fought for their country in the last war came home to find jobs closed to them unless they joined unions. There is no fundamental doctrine in human history which makes it necessary for a man to give up his right to bargain individually for his rate of pay or working conditions. On the contrary in Nazi Germany and in Russia, where the government control of labor unions has been the order, the individual gives up his right to bargain and must join with others and accept government dictation no matter what he may wish for himself.

The present rule that the majority or workers in a plant compels the minority to accept collective bargaining is a derived interpretation from something said by Justice Roberts in the first Supreme Court opinion upholding the Wagner law. He declared that, while the majority may bargain in behalf of the minority, it didn't mean that the individual was barred from handling his grievances in his own way. This has since been construed to mean also that the employer cannot grant to any minority of individuals any better wage rates than he gives to the majority. This as between groups is well founded.

But when an attempt is made by law, as in the Wagner act, to deny protection to the individual who does not want to join a union, this trangresses the rights of the citizen. When the Taft-Hartley law prohibited the "closed shop" altogether, it meant that the workers of America were emancipated from their enslavement under the Wagner law. The "closed shop" has never been explicitly ruled upon by the Supreme Court.

Today, under the Taft-Hartley act, the workers in a plant have the right by a majority vote to require that anyone who has been employed must join a union after thirty days. But at the same time the union cannot dictate who shall or shall not be employed in the first instance. The decision as to whether a majority in a plant want a closed shop must be made in an election by secret ballot of the employees in that plant. The union bosses don't like thi srule because it eliminated duress and coercion. So they are raising a hue and cry about how "cumbersome" the elections are and how unnecessary, since the workers usually vote for "closed shops" anyway.

This is very much like arguing that there isn't much need for a presidential election with all its expense and time because all one would need to go by was the results of a Gallup poll. An informal appraisal of what the workers want, especially when made by union bosses with the power to withhold jobs from any dissenting workers, is not the equivalent of an election by secret ballot.

If Secretary Tobin's statement means that Mr. Truman is going to campaign on a platform demanding the return of the "closed shop" in America, then Governor Dewey has been handed a big issue on a platter and many millions of votes, too from independent - minded Americans who don't like monopoly or any other bar to the right to work. It's the most important of all civil rights.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved).

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Deuteronomy 22.

The first four verses clearly teach us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; especially in times of trouble are we not to evade our duty, if we can possibly help those in difficulty. A woman wearing a man's clothes or a man wearing a woman's clothes evidently was not in good repute in Isreael, v.5. Strange that taking the young birds out of a nest was permitted; but the motherbird was not to be taken. In v.8 a parapet must be built around a roof, usually flat in the Orient, to protect those who are on it. A good illustration of such a protection can be seen in the pictures accompanying the article in LIFE, Aug. 9, showing the many activities on the rooftops of many New York houses. A mixture of seeds must not be sowed in the same field. In a New Testament parable, the seed is called the Word of God. This surely should not be adulterated with false teaching or man's notions. Perhaps the same lesson may be taught by vs. 10 and 11. The fringes of v.12 were tassels. In Numbers 15:39 they are to remind those who observe them of the commandments, which are always to be before one's eyes. We do not comment on the second half of this chapter.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE LODWARICK PARTY IS OM KUMMA: Maint m'r now os es sei kent, ow'r ferhoftich sei won die Dorney Park Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties net shun widder shier doh sin. Woh in da welt kumt die tzeit onna? M'r hen yusht da onner dawg gadenk'd 's wear yoh shier net dawert gawest fer ol die kesse:, heffa, un onnerra socha os cs nembt fer die parties halta, weck duh. Ow'r so is es ewwa im lava, des da elter os der mensch wert, un da besser os er sich blessiert, des da shtaryer gait die tzeit. Un los uns eich fertzaila, os es immer 'n grossie blessier is fer sellie parties halta.

Der Louie Schantz, der cider mocher, is shun eiferich om ebbel tzomma sucha fer die hunnerda golla cider mocha os es nembt fer der lodwarick kocha, un aw die recht ort schnitz ebbel fer der lodwarick mocha. So weit os die kocher aw gain, gebts widder sie same drup wie aw farm yohr, un fer der program-wel darta sin m'r shure os es ganunk alt un neia socha gebt fer yader 'm 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit gewwa os kumt die parties ei nemma.

Die Lodwarick party wert widder k'halta Labor Dawg, un die Schnitzer party dawgs dafor. Soicha os des ychr noch net on Dorneys worra, un aw soicha os darta worra un hen ich blessiert wie ol die leit darta duhna, kenna net besser duh os wie die tzwae dawg, Labor Dawg un dawg dafor, marricka uf 'm kalanner fer die parties ei nemma.

DICK UN DINNIE SUP: M'r sin geshter draw gamohnt werra ferwos m'r noch nix fertzailt hetta fon ra gawissna familia ihra sup shpree uf da train, uf 'm tzurick waig fon fon Jersey City. Wie g'sawt, m'r gleicha net fer aenich ebbes fon da erfohringa fertzaila fon exkursion erfohringa weil m'r ol fert gain fer 'n gutie tzeit, doch is des shier tzu gute wie der gawissa frein aw gamaint hut os es wear, fers net fertzaila.

Aenicha waig, die gawissa fraw shoft, un der mon is owets ols 's airsht dahame un mocht supper. Net long tzurick owets, so wie die yung fraw die socha fertzailt hut, hut ihra mon gaglawk'd wie sie hame kumma is, er het "vegetable" sup kocha wolla fer supper, ow'r die sup wear 'm dick werra un kent sie nimmy riehrra. Wie die fraw gawunnert hut wos er nei het, hut er g'sawt er wear in der gorda un het so bissel fon aenich ebbes wie bohna, tomats, reeva, raddich, un onnerra socha garubb'd un nei g'chnidda, un aw dreis grossa grumbierra datzu, un drei hand folrice.

Wel aenicha waig, sel wor ae sup woh sie sella owet gessa hen mit messer un govel, un wos iwwerich wor, hut der mon da nagshda owet wosser tzu, un die sup is so din werra os sie bol galoffa is wie wosser. So wie m'r ob ganumma hen on ihr'm gablauder, wil die fraw noch dem ihra aignie "vegetable" sup mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wos uns wunnert is, wie fiel leit os shun gablawn'd hen fer socha noch da Allentown Fair nemma so wie frucht, obsht, jelly, kucha un alta relicks uns gleichas fer priza gawinna.

Die Fair is yusht wos die leit sie mocha, un des da mainer socha os gabrocht wert, des da besser un graiser wert sie-un now is die tzeit fer shtarta kunsiderra wos nei tzu nemma.

Grumbiere

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

"Agriculture needs some considerable attention being paid to it, before the farmer can count on ample and certain returns for his labor." (1) These are the words of a traveler through the foothills of the Blue Mountains in Lehigh County a hundred years ago. If the same traveller passed through the same country today, westward to the Schuylkill he could describe the whole economy of these Pennsylvania German farmers with one word—and then for emphasis repeat it—grumbiere, grumbiere, grumbiere!

We are so accustomed to eating potatoes, seeing potatoes and "talking potatoes" that we forget that they have not always been a part of our Pennsylvania German life. It is hard to believe, but true, that not one out of ten of our ancestors from Switzerland and the Palatinate had ever eaten, or seen, a potato before his or her arrival in Pennsylvania. Our ancestors, like all western civilization, were bread-eaters until the use of the potato became a common habit within the last one hundred years.

Although the history of the world is largely a story of the struggle for food necessary for existence, most historians have been so bent on writing about political intrigues and the resulting wars that the origin and discovery of so important a food as the potato was for a time almost forgotten and we still call it the "Irish potato" because Ireland alone of all the countries of Europe adopted the potato as its principal food soon after its discovery and introduction from America. The English-speaking world associates this introduction with Walter Raleigh and the year 1585. The potato, however, was actually found cultivated by the Incas in Peru and was mentioned in Spanish literature as early as 1553. They were cultivated in considerable quantities in Spain before 1573, and from there were slowly introduced into Italy, Austria and the Netherlands. Prejudice and superstition, however, prevented them from being generally accepted as a food in continental Europe until the middle of the 18th Century, and in France they were not used to any considerable extent until after the French Revolution.

In Germany there was a superstition that "the potato caused leprosy." Frederick the Great compelled the peasants of eastern Germany to raise potatoes, but they balked and fed them to the pigs, until the king convinced them that they were harmless by eating potatoes in public on a balcony in Breslau. (2) This was just prior to the Seven Years' War (1756-1763—French and Indian War in America) and the availability of potatoes as food enabled the Prussians to win the war in spite of the Russian and Austrian blockade against grain. Parmentier, an apothecary in the French Army, who was held as a prisoner in eastern Germany, observed this use of the potato, and upon his return to France proved to his nation that the potato was not poisonous, although he was not quite as successful in getting the French to eat it. A German cookbook (3) containing 450 pages, published in 1779, contains one single recipe mentioning the potato—"Erdaepfel Kloesze zu machen."

With this European background one can readily understand why our Pennsylvania German ancestors were not acquainted with the potato until after they settled in Pennsylvania. This also explains why no Pennsylvania German ever uses the name **Kartoffel** for this vegetable, except where he learned it by contact with a late-comer from Germany. The name Kartoffel was not yet generally used when our ancestors left Europe.

Regarding the name of the potato, this is almost as varied as its history. The native of Peru called it **papa** or **pappa.** The Spaniards got their potatoes and sweet potatoes mixed and called it **patata,** after the West Indian word, **batata,** meaning sweet potato. The English word, **potato,** is derived from the Spanish. The Italians compared the appearance of the first potatoes, which were small and ill-shaped, with that of the truffle, a genus of fungi common in Europe, and called them **tartuffoli,** after **tartufo,** the name for the truffle. The French call them **pomme de terre,** or apple of the earth. The Dutch have a similar name, **aard-appel.** The Germans in the 18th Century seem to have preferred the name **Erdapfel,** after the French and the Dutch. David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, used **Erdapfel** as the equivalent of potato. The modern German, **Kartoffel,** (4) was derived from the Italian by dissimilation. Our own dialect word, **grumbier,** was derived from **Grundbirne,** or ground pear. The dialect form **grumbiere** is not unknown in Germany, and the Serbians have a word, **krumpir,** very similar to our own. Regarding **Erdapfel,** or rather its dialect form, **aerdappel,** this is now our dialect name for the Jerusalem artichoke, another vegetable which is a native of America.

Although a large group of Pennsylvania German farmers now depend on the potato almost entirely to make a living, they cannot be said to have been pioneers in potato farming. No new varieties originated here and no varieties bear Pennsylvania German names. Even farmers boasting of crops of 400, 500 or more bushels per acre have accomplished nothing new, as this is something that was done in both England and America before 1835. (5) On the other hand, in 1856, a correspondent to the American Agriculturist wrote "I have worked a farm over fifty years, and have cultivated potatoes more or less every year. Fifty years ago little was thought of this root. A row or two were planted on the outside of cornfields, or in some corner of a lot unfit for anything else. Ten to fifteen bushels was a suuply for a family." This seems to have been the general pattern of our Pennsylvania Germans up to the Civil War and in most instances up to the beginning of the present century.

Rupp wrote (6) that the total market crop of potatoes in Berks County in 1838 was 15,200 bushels, that the acreage was 4000 acres and that the average yield was 80 bushels per acre. That was less than ¾ of an acre per farm, and considering the quantity that were fed to the hogs and other animals, it can readily be seen that the population were not great potato eaters. Lehigh and Northampton counties raised even less. The total shipments through Easton (7) in 1833 on the Lehigh Canal, the only outlet before the railroads were built, were 215 bushels!

Old account books before 1860 rarely mention potatoes. These books, no matter what the occupation was of the person that kept them, are full of references to haymaking and the harvest field, but in the score or more books closely examined there are only two or three references where anyone worked in a potato field as much as a day or more. The principal interest lies in the various ways the word for potato was spelled. Adam Scheurer, Whitehall Township, but a native of Berks County, in 1794, wrote it **krumbieren.** Jacob Anthony, Greenwich Township, Berks County, 1822, **gruntbieren.** Jacob Scheurer, Whitehall Township, 1825, "Ihm ein fertel **grundberen** geblanzt un die grundberen ausgemacht, ist $2.00." Jonathan Berk, Greenwich Township, 1841, "Hat sie ein tag **grumberen** gelesen." Johannes Krumm, Heidelberg Township, Lehigh County, 1853, "Sein med hen Ein Tag und ½**krundberen** geblanst."

The farmer today is very particular about his choice of seed potatoes. This was not the case in the days just mentioned and to most farmers there were just three **kinds of potatoes—ess grumbiere, blanz grumbiere** un **sei grumbiere.** The varieties cultivated in colonial days were usually native potatoes which were very small, yellow in color and were called kidney potatoes on account of their shape. About 1770 a variety was introduced in New England called "Bilboa." This was a larger variety but "a lover of Bilboas was said to die in five years." (8) In Pennsylvania these were called Spanish potatoes. They were sharp to taste and had a pungent odor. The first improved varieties were introduced from England and Ireland, but about 1830 American horticultural and agricultural societies began to take an interest in developing improved American varieties. One of the very first American potatoes was the "Mercer," (9) a blue variety which in various stages of purity remained a popular one among Pennsylvania Germans down to a generation ago. "Pink-eye" was long a popular variety and was closely akin to the kidney potatoes mentioned above. "Early Rose" long a popular variety was first exhibited before the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society in 1867. Among the odd varieties long popular was a small red potato with a yellowish meat, closely related to the kidney potatoes. It seemed to have had no special name and was usually referred to as "die rode was gehl koche." These were small and the yield was poor, but there were old folks who for many years insisted on planting a row or two because they liked their consistency and their flavor.

(1) **History of Northampton, Lehigh, Monroe, etc.**—I. Daniel Rupp, 1845

(2) **Six Thousand Years of Bread**—H. E. Jacob—New York 1944

(3) **Neues Leipziger Koch-Buch.** Frankfort 1779.

(4) **Kluge's Etymologisches Woerterbuch.** Strassburg 1889.

(5)—**Farmers' Cabinet.** Vols. 1 and 3. 1836, 1838.

(6) **History of the Counties of Berks and Lebanon**—I. Daniel Rupp. 1844.

(7) **Local Historical & Biographical Notes—E. A. Weaver**—Germantown 1904.

(8) **A History of The Penna. Horticultural Society—James Boyd**—1929.

(9) **Thatsachen fuer Landwirthe**—Solon Robinson—New York 1868.



DIE DUMMSCHTE BAURE HENN DIE DICKSCHTE GRUMBEERE

En Ald Paelzer Schprichwart

GRUMBIERE SUPP

Grumbiere Supp iss gut genunk,
Ich saag dir, die iss allfart gsund.

CHORUS

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

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

Grumbiere Supp, un gliedich heess,
Bloss sie yuscht un sei net beess!

Wann mer sich die Zung verbrennt,
Yuscht geleffelt, frisch nei ghenkt!

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

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

Oweds singt der Hawwergeess,
Weil er schunscht nichs Bessres weess.

Grumbiere Supp wann der schnee uff em Bodden iss,
Grumbiere Supp fer die kalte Fiess,

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

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

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

Grumbiere Supp as die Katz driwwer laafe kann. ..
Grumbiere Supp as mer'n Hund dot schmeisse kann.

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

Zammegebeschtelt vum JOHN BIRMELIN.

Some years ago a once well-known folksong "Grumbiere Supp" was to be sung at the annual meeting of the Grundsau Lodge Nummer Zwee an de Schibbach, Telford, Pa. Unfortunately only a few snatches of the song were remembered. These were brought to our dialect poet John Birmelin who reconstructed the song for the occasion. It appeared in the ECK for February 12, 1944. The few verses of the original song appear in bold type. Except for three stanzas with references to local personalities at the meeting of the Grundsau Lodge Nummer Zwee an de Schibbach John Birmelin's version is here reprinted as being peculiarly appropriate in this issue of the ECK which is devoted to the potato.—ED.

GRUMBEERE, GRUMBEERE

The Editor of the ECK should like to supplement Mr. Hollenbach's excellent article with some material from his own notebooks. While it may be true that the earliest German emigrant to Pennsylvania did not know the potato, those who emigrated around the middle of the 18th century had had ample opportunity to become acquainted with it. Guembel in a book **Die Fremdenkolonie in Billigheim** (cited in Pfaelzisches Museum-Pfaelzische Heimatkunde, Heft ½, 1926), writes that a group of Waldensians had brought into that district the potato from their own Piedmontese valleys, to which the potato had early in the 17th century found its way from the port of Genoa. It was not long before the humble tuber had taken firm root. A pastor of the Palatine village of Dahn writes (about 1722) that for the past fifty years not only **Welschkorn** but also **der Grundbirnzehnt** (a tithe or tenth part of the potato crop) had been given, which would offer proof that the potato had been grown in that part of the Palatinate as early as 1670. The same word for potatoes, **Grundbirnen,** also occurs in "Die Chronik von Hinterweidenthal" as early as 1723. In the last decades of the 18th century potato crops in the Palatinate must already have been considerable, for the distillation of liquor from the potato had assumed such proportions that the bailiwick of Lautern on Dec. 24, 1770, issued orders against it. Not only in the Palatinate but in all Germany the potato was in the course of time to take its place beside bread as the mainstay of life. But what name was to be given to this new-world tuber? Prof. Albert Becker in his interesting article "Spruech' und Lieder um die Grumbeere" (Heidelberger Beobachter, 17 Nov. 1943) points out that obviously the botanical name **Solanum tuberosum** could hardly fill the popular need. The form **Tartuffeln** borrowed from the Italian **tartufoli** (truffles) was corrupted in Switzerland into **Kartoffeln** which finally found a permanent place in High German. But at the same time two other names were taking root among the common people, **Erdapfel** (earth apple) and **Grundbirne** (ground pear) both of which were used in the Palatinate in the 18th century. In some parts of the Pfalz the form **Grundbirne** gave way to **Grumbeere,** which is today in common use there. In Mathilde Jung's cook book **Eine Landschaft kocht** the form Grumbeere is used. It is interesting to observe that while many of us here in Pennsylvania say **Grumbeere,** others say **Grumbiere,** leaning to the original **Grundbirne.**

Since the potato is so important a food crop in the Palatinate the Hausfrau there has learned to serve it in many different forms. She serves them **gequellt** or **geringelt** or **gereescht** or **gebredelt;** she serves **Grumbeerebrei** or **Grumbeerestampes** (mashed) or **Grumbeeregnebb** or **Grumbeerepannekuche.** Her family with characteristic Paelzer humor and guesto call: potatoes **Feldhinkel mit dem Karst geschossen** (quails shot with the garden hoe) or if the **Grumbeeregnebb** have not turned out quite as light as they might be they call them **Haerzdricker!** yeast dumplings with small pieces of potato they call **Sau un Schof in eem Schtall;** with good cheer they say: **Werksdags esse mer Grumbeere und Sunndags Kardoffel.** Only now and then one hears a slight note of complaint when they sing: Morjens gebbt's Grumbeeresupp/mittags were se ganz verstuppt/owends kumme se mit de Schal/is das net e Grumbeerequal?

From all this it would seem more than a mere coincidence that we Pennsylvania Germans are also unusually fond of potatoes. Diet-minded people often charge us with eating too many potatoes. Indeed in many families here they are served three times a day. Is it this love of potatoes or is it the fine shale soil (Graewwel Boddem) of Lehigh County that makes Lehigh the leading potato-growing county in Pennsylvania? Lehigh has 13,000 acres under potato cultivation with an annual yield of a little more than 2 million bushels. Some of our older readers may remember a small potato variety with a yellowish meat, which was in earlier years a great favorite. This was a German variety. We do not know whether it was originally brought over from the Palatinate. In our own generation we have often eaten it in Germany. Professor Burke of Penn State College recently informed the Editor that the "Golden" potato of Maryland was bred from this yellow German variety.—P.A.B.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 32 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

A Promise to the Public

The school board at its meeting yesterday deferred action as regards the erection of new junior high schools. Action is deferred while the building committee and the board as a whole studies the specifications. The deadline for this study is September 27 which may or may not be sufficient time in view of the fact that the specifications cover 209 pages.

But this is not the whole picture of the situation that faces the board in this matter of new junior high schools, the erection of which was authorized by the $3,000,000 bond loan approved by the electorate back in November, 1945.

The funds of the bond loan have been drawn upon to pay some of the beyond estimate costs of other construction in which the board is at present involved. Thus the high school vocational annex which was included in the bond loan has cost more than was expected while some of the costs of the two new primary schools to be opened for the new term have had to be paid out of the loan. The construction of these two schools and the high school stadium had been provided for in a board-authorized loan of $800,000, but stadium costs will alone consume this sum.

What with the rapidly dwindling $3,000,000 loan which originally called for three junior high schools, the vocational annex and modernization of existing schools, the question now is whether to build one or two junior high schools.

Warren W. Rhoda, president of the board, has come out emphatically for two schools. He pointed out to the board that already one of the junior highs, the Central, has been sacrificed and that the board can do no less than build the other two, one on the east side and one on the south side.

Mr. Rhoda said: "The school board members are on the spot. Let's advertise for two and find a way to work it out. I'm for both buildings. We can't waste any more time on it. It's been in the works for two years. We have an obligation to meet."

Most certainly the school board does have an obligaton to meet, and having already sacrificed one building, it can do no less than build two. Mr. Rhoda is to be applauded for his firm stand in this respect and it is to be hoped that the board will follow his lead and, as he says, "work it out."

What is more there should be no further delay and, although a careful study of the specifications is doubtless warranted ans swift action now that the matter has come to a head may be ill-advised, the public has been promised junior high school buildings and that is what they should get and as quickly as possible.

It is further to be hoped that the building of these schools be pursued with the same avidity that has been given to building the stadium. You can't conduct a school system without school buildings much as the luxury of an athletic stadium may be desired.

Thought for Today

Curiousity is the direct incontinency of the spirit. Knock therefore at the door before you enter upon your neighbor's privacy; and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house and looking into it.—Jeremy Taylor

Summer Is Back

Just when everybody was ready to ease into September and the approaching autumn, believing that the summer definitely was on the wane, along comes a heat wave that beats anything the summer had yet brought forth. The hot spells of June and July which coincidently or not, the weather man had timed with the national political conventions, are being eclipsed by the one that broke this last week of August.

Most of August, until the past week, had been marked by fine weather, nice warm days and cool nights. The swift advance of autumn seemed to be in the air. Now comes what the weather man describes as stagnant high pressure area combined with a warm moist area flowing from the tropics and brings back summer with a vengeance.

Those who dislike the thought of summer's passing and the advance of the melancholy days should be heartened by the reprieve albeit they too, like all the rest of us, are mopping their brows, drinking copius quantities of liquids and seeking every opportunity for some slight relief.

Nor was much relief to be found in shady spots as one nearby resident of West Park, on vacation, discovered on Thursday afternoon. He left his home to sit under the trees in the park only to find that the thermometer at the band shell registered 95 degrees—in the shade!

Little or no hope is held out for the week end. The weather map shows nothing that would indicate a break and the best prospect is a slight recession in the temperature [illegible] until normalcy is reached.

In the meanwhile we'll all have to grin and bear it. After all the official close of summer is still better than three weeks away, so let's enjoy it while we can and the best way we can. Winter will be here soon enough.

The Corner Gets a Lift

An improvement that has contributed markedly to the appearance of the business section and to 6th and Hamilton Sts. in particular is the new building now nearing completion on the Ruhe building site on the northwest corner.

It is not a large building but the effect of beautifying this corner is far in excess of its size. The passerby cannot help but note that the Hamilton and 6th St. frontage have received a definite lift.

Allentown's business section is far more impressive than many other cities of similar or even greater size. Not only are its store windows of modern design but the general facade, notably of Hamilton St., is new and impressive.

There remain, of course, some old buildings here and there which Allentonians by reason of long familiarity pass by but which must appear sorely in the eyes of visitors. The home folks awaken to the worth of the improvement usually after it has been accomplished as is the case in the new building at 6th and Hamilton Sts.

The new building may result in one other boon, a strange thing to think about on a hot August day, but now, maybe, that pavement on the 6th St. side will be cleared of snow next winter and the winters to come.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

For months now, Communism, Soviet Russia, spies, sabotage, congressional hearings, grand jury secrecy have filled the press of the country, and the mail grows increasingly heavy with the question, "What is it?"

To answer all the questions asked would take the full time of a large bureau. Therefore, may I suggest that you get hold of a pamphlet called "100 Things You Should Know About Communisr in the U.S.A.?" This has been prepared and released by the committee on Un-American activities, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

It is announced as the first of a series of five pamphlets by this committee, and although at times some matters are over-simplified, on the whole the information it provides is accurate and sufficient. For instance, professors in this country get all excited when anybody criticizes any one of them. This is particularly true of American Communist and fellow-traveler professors who are strong on "Academic Freedom." So the pamphlet deals with it this way:

"18. Could I teach what I please with 'academic freedom?'

"You would teach only what the Communists authorize you to teach.

"You would be asking for jail or death to try anything else.

"19. Could I do scientific research free of governmental interference and restrictions?

"Police and spies would watch your every move. You would be liquidated on the slightest suspicion of doing anything contrary to orders."

Recently, the Soviet government kicked up a row with Russian composers for not writing proletarian music. It appears from the latest reports that such composers as Khachaturian, Shostakovitch and Prokofiev are writing to please Stalin's deputy, Zhdanov. Again, some Russian scientists were involved in difficulties because, in the field of genetics, they reached what their government insists is an anti-Marxist position. A Soviet economist who concluded that, despite Henry Wallace, this country would not have a depression in 1948, was kicked out of his job.

No there is no academic freedom in any country controlled by Soviet Russia. And it is logical that there should not be, because under their system, the government knows everything. It knows what is right and wrong, what each individual should do, what he should believe and accept as truth. So the pamphlet says:

"8. Could I go to school?

"You could go to the kind of school the Communists tell you to, and nowhere else. You could go as long as they let you and no longer.

"You could read only what the Communists let you; hear only what they let you, and as far as they could manage, you would know only what they let you."

That is one reason for the present turmoil in the world. Millions of people have no access to the truth. They may only read newspapers, magazines and books prepared by their own government. When they are officially told that a Russian and not Thomas Edison invented the electric light, they believe it because they have no means of learning anything else. When they are told that the billions that the United States pours into Europe is not to benefit those people but to conquer them, they cannot know that that is not true. So the pamphlet calls attention to how widespread this danger is:

"29. How many poeple are now ruled by Communism?

"About 200,000,000, directly; 200,000,000 more indirectly, and an additional 250,000,000 are under daily Communist pressure to surrender.

"30. Which countries are Communist controlled or governed?

"Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Romania, Russia, Yugoslavia.

"Important regions of Austria, Germany, Korea, Mongolia and Manchuria.

"Communism is concentrating now on immediate capture of Afghanistan, China, France, Greece, Latin America, Iran and Palestine.

"It has plans to seize every other country including the United States."

There was a time when many Americans believed that the Dies and Thomas committees were exaggerating the dangers of communism in the United States. The Dies committee came into existence 10 years ago and the Thomas committee is its successor. The espionage stories now being published everywhere were first made available to the Department of Justice by the Dies committee in 1941.

It is time for you to know what it is all about and you can get the data in this pamphlet. Write for it today.

If You Want to Vote—

By MORGAN F. SCHAFFER

A prominent Lehigh county industrialist recently arranged for passage on a trip to Europe from which he doesn't plan to return until Nov. 6.

After he had made his arrangements he happened to remember that the general election this year falls on Tuesday, Nov. 2.

The trip to Europe is an urgent one, but at the same time the industrialist is a patriotic American and a strong party man. He feels it his duty to vote and he hasn't missed casting his ballot at an election in many years.

When he realized that he couldn't possibly be back in Lehigh county by election day, he immediately called his district committeeman and inquired concerning the possibility of using an absentee ballot. He was told that absentee ballots are a thing of the past; they were sent out during the war as a courtesy to servicemen who obviously couldn't return to their home districts to vote.

But even though Lehigh county no longer accepts absentee ballots, it does make every effort to see that those who are "at home" on election day remain qualified to vote.

Judging by the precautions taken by the county registration board, there would seem to be no reason why any adult citizen of the county should not be qualified to vote on election day.

In addition to making it easy to effect the initial permanent registration, the county registration office watches over the registration books like a sitting hen.

If a registered voter neglects to vote for two full years in a row, the registration books indicate that fact and the office sends out a double post-card notice suggesting that the voter reinstate himself on the books. He may do this with little difficulty, merely by signing the attached post-card and returning it in the mails, or by making a personal visit to the registration office.

This reporter took a peep into the registration books the other day and discovered that there are some persons who actually vote only at the presidential election every four years. And among these, amazingly enough, are a number of local residents who happen to be on the government payroll. They must be reminded regularly to keep up their registration.

Another service provided by the registration office is for the benefit of persons who find it necessary to move and to change their voting address.

If a persons moves from one borough to another, from one township to another, or from a borough to a township or vice versa, he may keep his voter's registration up to date merely by filing a change of address card with the registration office. Cards for this purpose are sent to him through the mail and may be returned in like manner.

But if a voter moves to the city from a borough or township, or vice versa, he must fill out a new registration.

The registration office in the court house annex is adequately staffed and its employes are anxious to be of service.

Make use of the office.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In yesterday's column I had an item about Joe, the Hollywood chimpanzee who is going to be psychoanalyzed because he has been brooding of late.

I called the item a press agent stunt because it was sent to me by a press agent.

* * *

But today there is a long story in my paper telling about a very serious seminar that is being conducted by psychologists from various universities for the purpose of studying "animal behavior".

"Each morning finds monkeys pulling strings to get grapes", says the story, "elephants playing a version of the old shell game to get apples" —and so forth.

From what I get out of the story, the only important fact the scientists have discovered so far is that the females do all the work and then the males go ahead and take whatever their mates worked for.

I don't know just why it is necessary to hold any elaborate seminars to discover that. If any of the professors are married, their wives can certainly tell them, and have probably many times told them, the same thing—"I work all day like a slave while you spend a few pleasant hours in your office, most likely with a blonde secretary on your lap."

* * *

However, that isn't what what brought on this column. The thing that occurs to me is how funny it would be if a group of monkeys and other animals could hold a seminar on human behavior and let us know their findings.

It seems to me that the human being would make a very interesting study, particularly if the students were less biased than human students are about their own species.

* * *

For instance, would it not be very interesting to have some Simian psychologists delve into the feminine mind and find out why dear ladies wear the kind of hats they are wearing and why the lady with a mink coat considered herself so much superior to her sister-in-se[illegible] who can afford only a muskrat.

Another phenomenon that has always caused me much wonder is why women paint their finger-nails and even their toenails red and why they let their nails grow until they look more like claws than human nails.

* * *

There are many more important things about the human race which may well interest our monkey professors.

Give a monkey enough bananas and he is happy and will mind his own business.

Give him a wife and he'll stick to her.

But the human being—give him twice as many bananas as he knows what to do with, but he'll want more. Let him have the nicest wife he can possibly be entitled to and he'll go out and cheat.

Why? I don't know and no psychologist has ever given us the real reasons for all these funny quirks of human behavior.

* * *

With all the trouble going on in this world it is high time that some qualified body of experts finds the explanation.

Our scientists have done so little with their knowledge to improve the world. Why not let the monkeys have a turn?

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Deuteronomy 30:1-31:13

A brighter picture looms up for Israel in ch. 30, where after the blessings and the curses, v. 1, the Jews, scattered throughout the earth, will recall the purpose for which the Lord called them as a nation. Through them we have the Bible (Old and New Testaments); through them, according to the promises given to Abraham and to David, and by the prophets, the Messiah came. Coming to His own, they received Him not (John 1:11); remembering, however that all the first Christians were Hebrew Christians, and that there always have been tens of thousands of Hebrew Christians to bear witness to their Messiah, and ours too. But their sufferings and sorrows will some day cease. Beginning with v. 2, we have the repentance of Israel; the regathering of the nation, vs. 3-4; returned to the land, v. 5; the rehabilitation of the land, v. 9; and retribution upon the enemies of Israel, v. 7; but NEVER apart from the acceptance of Jesus Messiah, as Saviour, Lord, and Kin What is happening in Palestine today may well be leading in that direction. In ch. 31 Moses is about to lay down his office, to be succeeded by Joshua (the Hebrew form of the Greek, Jesus, meaning saviour). And, typically, what the law could not do, grace succeeds in accomplishing. The law was given through Moses, but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ (Hebrew, Joshua, Messiah).

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Ray Milland, hastening to appear on an "Information Please" broadcast, was given a taxi by an old friend he had met at "21." The friend was accompanied by a beautiful young lady. Milland, grateful for the lift (it was pouring, and taxis were scarce) said to the girl, "I think you have marvelous potentialities."

"Not so loud," cautioned the girl coyly. "The driver may hear you."

* * *

Rod Maclean, Hollywood's poet laureate, contributes the following:

The Devil sends the winds to blow
The ladies' skirts on high.
But the Lord is just and sends the dust,
To blind the bad man's eye.

* * *

In New York, a movie tycoon paused in his flight to lavish praise on the author of his latest epic. "He's so generous," exclaimed the tycoon. "he'd give you the pants off his back." Then he added, "Of course, he's an author, so I had to watch him like a horse."

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Aug. 28, 1923, Tuesday.

Romper Day to be observed that afternoon at the Fair Grounds was postponed until Friday because of rain. The program was planned for folk dances, games for boys and girls, a May pole dance and luncheon.

The American Commercial school opened Monday at the Lyric building with an enrollment of 390 students. Roy McKensie, president, stated it was the largest class since the founding of the school, four years previously.

More than 100 members of the Kroninger family attended their reunion on Sunday at Kutztown park. Rev. George Fritch of Macungie addressed the group and music was furnished by the Greenwich band.

Dr. Stewart E. Rauch of West Bethlehem entertained at a clam bake Monday evening at his home. His summer home, along the Bethlehem-Center Valley Pike, contained a fish preserve.

Horoscope

Take care of important matters regarding your career or profession. Exercise caution in all your affairs during the next 12 months. Vocational affairs will progress, and unexpected good fortune will materialize.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZWAE DAWG IN NIE YARRICK: Dade m'r now denka os es miglich sei kent, os m'r tzwae dawg tzu bringa kent in nei Yarrick bei ra hitz wie m'r alla weil hen? Ow'r sel is grawd wos der Pumpernickle, die Katerinah, un unser graish'd kindskindt Thomas William, 'm Dinshdawg un Midwoch gaduh hen. Un so weit os hitz aw gonga is-wel darta dafon hen m'r nix ous g'funna bis m'r 'm Midwoch owet om halver sexa inna altie ort rigelwaigs kerrich kumma sin fer hame gae. Tzu sawga os es g'fiel'd hut wie 'n bock-offa maint gore nix-'s hut g'fiel'd wie won m'r im glora fire k'huck'd hetta.

Wel aenicha waig, m'r hen 'm Tommy shun sei trip noch Nei Yarrick fershprocha kot tzitter 'm ledshda free yohr. Ae mohl is des in der waig kumma, uns nagshd mohl ebbes shunshd. Alla noh weara m'r now ols noch net fert kumma won m'r net arder grick'd hetta fer niver kumma uf bisnis, un hens sella waig, 'n bisnis un blessier trip gamocht-grawd om awfong fon da grossa hitz.

War sei lebdawg noch ken siva yairicher boo uf sei airshdie trip noch Nei Yarrick ganumma hut hut 'n lot tzu larna. Allas wor nei, un allas hut ous galaig'd sei missa ufs garinsh'd, un doch sin fiel socha os 'n glainer boo net fershtae kon. Die train ride niver wor ebbes neias, die diesel un die lectrick insheina, die tunnels woh m'r darrich sin, un der olmechdich gross Pennsylvania Station-wel, tzwae auga worra shier net ganunk fer allas ei nemma.

Die taxie ride fon station noch 'm New Weston wertshous uf da 50d un Madison Avenue who m'r g'shtopt hen wor nimmy gons nei, weil m'r moryets taxie g'fohra sin fom Fegelskoshda noch 'm station doh in da shtadt. Ow'r fer 'n fenshter im doch howwa, un die grossa babeier sehna, sel wor ebbes gons arbadiches. M'r hen 'n outside shtub kot uf 'm 12da shtuck, uns wor yusht shier tzu fiel tzu shena fer der Tommy weck griega gae 'n free'r middawg nemma, fer ferlossa fers Statue of Liberty sehna, woh m'r selwar noch net drin worra.

Noch middawg hen m'r der elevated ganumma fer noch da Battery gae, uns hut ordlich weil ganumma, un 'n hunnerd un ae froga un ontwerta, bis der Tommy fershtonna hut ferwos so'n rigelwaig elevated haised, un net "elevator," wie er gamaint hut os es wear. Die heiser un onnerra gabeier tzu sehna, die mashine, trucks un farvicha taxies unna drunner-wel die 60 block train ride in da hae, wor shier net ganunk fer allas ei nemma.

M'r sin noch 'm Statue of Liberty uf 'm boat Liberty. Drin in da Miss Liberty huts so 'n glaenie aewichkeit ganumma bis m'r uf der elevator kumma sin fer die 10 shtuck nuf uf die airsht landing, unna on da Miss Liberty ihra fees. Der Tommy huts airsht gamaint 's wear ol recht fer die iwwericha 12 shtuck, odder ewwa 168 drebba tzu foos gae, ow'r wie m'r bout 40 drebba drowwa worra hut er g'sawt, "Granpdad, I quit, I want to ga back to Nanny." Un mit sel'm sin m'r tzurick nunner, nous ufs boat, tzurick noch da Battery.

On da Recktor shtross hen m'r der subway ganumma fer die shtadt owwa nous-un der subway hut 'm Tommy gore net aw g'shtonna. Hut gamaint's wear tzu tzuchtsich un dunkle, un sin 'm aw shtaryer g'fohra os lieb. 'N bus hut uns fon da 50 shtross un Ocht avenue noch 'm wertshous ganumma, un woh die Katerinah un der Tommy gabliva sin ruga fon so uhra fierra bis shier siva, die weil os mier unserra bisnis noh sin. Owets noch supper sin m'r noch Radio City, uns sis hard tzu sawga wos der Tommy s beshd gaglicha hut 's movie, "A Date With Judy," odder die donser un sunnersht saversha bicycle fohrer. Bis elf uhr worra m'r tzurick in unserra shtub, un m'r hen niemond gabreich'd fer uns shlofa singa, hen evens ken tzeit kot fer denka on die gross hitz woh om rei rigga wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Mit ra trip 'm Midwoch bei bus noch LaGuardia Airfield, 'n double-decker bus trip tzurick rei, un 'n nommy dawgs trip darrich shtorra mit rides un rides uf da esculators, wors ol tzu g'shwind tzeit fer owets hame gae.



COMMISSIONER DRUWWEL

Based on some recent Lehigh County Courthouse Quibblings

Ich waar emol en Jurymann,
Doch sell iss nau verbei;
Nau hawwich schunn Gedanke ghatt
Fer'n greessrer Mann zu sei.

So'n Amt as wie Commissioner,
Sell waer net gans so schlecht;
Un wann mer aa ken Laerning hot,
Mer find sich glei zurecht.

Sie hen aa waerklich meh zu duh,
Wie yuscht der Kopp zu schittle;
Sie hocke aa net, wie im Draam,
Un duhn die Daume twiddle.

Un wann's ne an Verschtendnis fehlt,
Sie losse sich belehre;
Un halde noch, daerrich dick un dinn,
En guder RUHF in Ehre.

Sie gewwe acht uff's Aarmehaus
Un County Jail un Bricke;
Iss aeryets ebbes zammegfault,
Dann duhn sie's dabber flicke.

Noh hen sie aa Binoculars
Fer weit rumhaer zu sehne:
Wann eener die Erlaabnis hot,
Der daerf sie bissel lehne.

Doch bringt er sie net glei zurick,
Dann iss der Deiwel los;
Es scheint sie draue nanner net,
Sin net mitnanner gross.

Will eener aus de Office geh
Fer'n Blechvoll Wasser hole,
Er besser frogt die annre zwee,
Schunscht sin sie glei am yohle.

Mit Schaffleit hot mer aa noch Schtreit,
Wie mit em Electrician;
Der iss verleicht en Demograad—
Yuscht waard mol, sie verwisch'n en.

Die yunge Leit sin graad bereit
Fer's Heffel uffzudecke;
Des macht die Alde net yuscht bees,
Es dutt sie aa verschrecke.

Ich HOFF en MANN dutt was er kann,
Sei yungi Kraft mol aawendt;
Des sott eem aa net wunnre wann
Er aeryets bissel AAREND.

Un geht's emol recht wild dohaer,
Die Zwee sich schier vergloppe;
Do iss en Dritter noch debei
Aa GUTH fer sie zu schtoppe.

Commissioner, was fallt eich ei,
So Schwoweschtreech zu mache?
Die Brieder in de Courthouse Roi,
Die schtehne dart un lache!

Ich denk, wann widder 'Lection kummt,
Dann laaf ich aa fer's Amt;
Un wann ich blendi Schtimme grick,
Dann biet ich eich verflammt!

Im Auguscht, 1948 —JOHN BIRMELIN

From Lewis Beebe's Journals

We have often been critical of foreigners who have very briefly visited our shores, returned home and written superficially about America and its people. Such procedure, even on the part of our own countrymen, is not new. A few days ago the editor of the ECK examined the Journals of Lewis Beebe, a physician in the Continental Army. These Journals are preserved in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in three small manuscript volumes. They cover the years 1776 to 1801. In Vol. III (1800-1801) Dr. Beebe, having journeyed from New England to Virginia, leaves Washington and rides northward. The following comments, superficial thought they be, are nevertheless interesting:

1800—Wednesday, Nov. 26th—Rode 6 miles to Fredericktown—Beautifully situated, large and compact—The main street near a mile long—streets handsomely paved—3 churches, a court house and gaol—proceeded 10 miles to Cregorstown—then 9 miles to Emitsburgh—Put up at Reids, a good house—This is a flourishing village, compact and well built—2 churches—Presbyterian, and Roman Catholick—The land around is of the best complexion.

Thursday, Nov. 27th—Rode early for Gettysburg 12 miles—This is in Pennsylvania, a county town, for Adams County—The Court was sitting—I introduced myself to Judge John Agnew, he politely invited me to his house, I accepted, was entertained this and the following day at his house, in a very kind and obligeing manner—Hospitality is a leading trait in the character of gentlemen in this part of Pennsylvania—Judge Agnew is a religious character.

Saturday, Nov. 29th—Judge Agnew wrote a line to introduce me to Esq. Thompson 17 miles distant—at whose request I tarried till Monday—He is a strict Calvinist—yet not much acquainted with sentiments, and a little bigoted.

Monday, December 1.—Rode to Col. Dills in Dilltown, 10 miles, called a few minutes, was reated with great politeness—Proceeded 15 miles to Merrit's Gap, on the top of Blue Ridge—Poor place, poor house, and poor everything—Left Carlisle 3½ miles on my left.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd—Proceeded 20 miles to Juniata River—I met with but 4 or 5 houses in this distance, the road very uneven, hills and rocks, in abundance, this made traveling slow and tedious—Forded the Juniata, about 60 rods wide—Rode 4 miles to Fouths—here put up—agreeable family.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd—Proceeded for Sunbury, 30 miles—Good road, and considerable way upon the bank of the Susquehanna River. Forded the river one mile below the town, nearly a mile wide—Sunbury lays on the east side of the river, one mile below the junction of the eastern and western branch—

The town is beautifully situated, containing about 200 houses—two churches, an elegant court house—Put up at Lawrence Inn—a very decent house—From the Patomack to this place, both in Maryland and Pennsylvania, the inhabitants are almost universally Germans—Their houses and barns are built of timbers hewed square ,and laid up like a log house—the chinks filled with lime mortar—Their manners rough, they use the German language, and pay no great respect to merit—They have but few houses for publick worship, nor do they appear to be disposed to make use of them, provided they were built—Everything wears a gloomy aspect—The contrast between New England, and the route which I have taken throu' this state, is more striking than any I have ever seen—They appear to be in a rude state as to society—They have but a few schools, and consequently their children greatly neglected as to their education—The very face of things bespeaks the stranger, that they are ignorant and unpolished, and almost in an uncivilized state—Did they know the blessings which result from knowledge, an enlightened understanding, and a polished state of society—They would soon emerge from and receive the rays of light shining from every object aroused, which would enlighten their intellects, invigorate the mind, and reanimate the body.

RURAL RHYMES

By Arthur D. Graeff

DER BUTZEMANN SAAGT:

Ich saag kee Wart un schritt kee Schritt,
Ich dreh net rum un schaff net;
Mei Gleeder, die hen gor kee Fitt,
Guckt yuscht mol aa un lacht net!
So'n alder Schdidzhut uff meim Kopp—
Ich wunner wu sie'n grickt hen;
Ich fiehl so wie'n Lumbebopp,
As Kinner rum gekickt hen.

Mei Gnoche sin vun Hols gemacht—
Bin gschtofft mit Hawwerschtroh.
Hoscht seilewes so'n Mensch bedracht
Outside me Pickter Show?
Doch schteh ich schund fer Yohre lang
Un dreib die Raawer weck.
Die Feggel sin scheins gor net bang—
Sie mache Neschder in mei Seck.
Der Habbich macht sich graad deheem
Un seizt sich uff mei Hut.
Die Krappe mache sich bequem,
Un kens waerd weck geschut.

* * *

MONDAAGS AERWET

DIE MAMMI SAAGT:

Des Ding iss net recht!
Mei Mann un der Knecht
Sin drauss bei de Nochbere am Dresche,
Dewell ich gans allee
Am Zuwwer muss schteh
Un der ganse Vormiddaag wesche.

Noh iwwerm Wesch henke
Die Geil muss ich drenke
Un die Kieh naus duh in die Weed—
Noh de Kinner abwaerte—
Esse finne im Gaarde—
'S iss mir verhafdich verleed!

Die Scheieraerwet schaffe
Un 's Nachtesse mache—
Gewiss! Ich hab kee Minutt frei!
Die Nacht bringt kee Ruh—
Immer ebbes zu duh
Bei de Fraa uff re Bauerei.

* * *

DIE MICK

Harrich Mol!
Was brummt doch so?
Ruhich nau—
Hockt's widder do!
O Elend!
Es geht nau uff die Yacht.
Ich schlag mol druff,
Ass es gracht'.
Bssssss—
Verfehlt!
So'n zarnich Gebrumm
Rauscht an meine Ohre rum.
Nau druff los!
Die Yacht geht widder ab
Im Gringel rum—
Mit meim hie un haer Gedapp!
Wupscht!
Widder druff—
Dart leit die Mick flat uff em Rick,
En schwarzer Blacke uff em Disch.

GRUMBEERESUPP

The last issue of the ECK was devoted entirely to the potato. The following recipe for potato soup was omitted for lack of space. We found it in Mathilde Jung's EINE LANDSCHAFT KOCHT (Westmark-Verlag Ludwigshafen a. Rh.—Saarbruecken, 1941), the only cook book we know which is at the same time a literary achievement. The recipe is one of five variations of **Grumbeeresupp** and of particular interest to us because the writer states that it came into the Pfalz by way of the Palatines in Pennsylvania. We must admit that we have never met it here at home, but perhaps our readers can give us information on this point. Since tomatoes only came to be more widely used in the Pfalz within the last half century, this recipe must have found its way into the Pfalz rather recently. Here is the recipe:

Take an equal quantity of potatoes and tomatoes, and as many garden herbs as you like (marjoram, thyme, summer savory, etc.) and boil until a smooth, thick soup of a delicate red color is formed. Add salt and butter as desired. Serve it with tiny islands of whipped sour cream floating on the surface. The author, waxing lyrical, terms this a late-summer poem. A noon-day meal of this glorious soup, finished off with mirabelle or plum tarts, conjures forth from out of the consumer's dream-consciousness the noble plentitude of the Palatine landscape with all its color, its fragrance and its sweet fruition!

"Es geht nix iwer e gut Grumbeeresueppche" is a common saying in the Palatinate.—P.A.B.

LATTWAERRICK

The following note on apple butter was first printed in a church paper called "Gospel Banner" in 1838 and reprinted in the October 15th issue of "The Farmers' Cabinet" of the same year.

"Being at the house of a good old German friend in Pennsylvania, in September last, we noticed upon the table what was called apple butter; and finding it an agreeable article, we inquired into the **modus operandi** in making it.

"To make this article according to German law, the host should in the autumn invite his neighbors, particularly the young men and maidens, to make up an apple butter party. Being assembled, let three bushels of fair sweet apples be pared, quartered, and the cores removed. Meanwhile let two barrels of new cider be boiled down to one-half. When this is done, commit the prepared apples to the cider, and henceforth let the boiling go on briskly and systematically. But to accomplish the main design, the party must take turns at stirring the contents without cessation, that they do not become attached to the side of the kettle and be burned. Let this stirring go on till the liquid becomes concrete—in other words, till the amalgamated cider and apple become as thick as hasty pudding—then throw in seasoning of pulverized allspice, when it may be considered as finished, and committed to pots for future use. This is **apple butter**—and it will keep sweet for very many years. And depend upon it, it is a capital artilcle for the table—very much superior to anything that comes under the name of apple sauce."

Contributed by Raymond E. Hollenbach

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weiler, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Jimmie Petrillo, whose boys make songs for the movies, was bargaining over wages the other day with a bunch of the film producers who have been reduced to making movies for a song. During one table talk siege, Petrillo and some of the business men from Beverly Hills stepped outside the conference room.

There was little trace of the familiar quizzical toughness around little Jimmie as he listened to the movie men's tales of woe.

These are tough days in Hollywood—and the musicians, as well as Dick Walsh's stage hands and Ronald Reagan's screen actors, are aware that the high cost of food in the past month has kept some 7,000,000 film fans out of the movie houses.

The movie unions know, too, that foreign box offices have slumped off by some $20,000,000 a year; and the big companies have hundreds of millions of dollars tied up in films now resting in cans on shelves. (One big studio alone has $90,000,000 worth of pictures thus stacked away awaiting exhibition.)

* * *

As I was saying before the astronomical folding money figures, Jimmie Petrillo listened sympathetically and said he was willing to let the musicians play for the celluloids for another year with a wage increase just to help a multi-billion industry suvive and save jobs.

The producers gratefully offered to throw in some "face-saving" devices such as welfare gimmicks and working conditions.

But Petrillo looked over his rimless spectacles and sand, in effect:

"No. We'll go along without any raise for a year. If you make money we musicians will be back for ours."

Then they went in and signed the contract to ease the tension in an industry where 80 per cent of a picture's production costs go to the stars, writers, technicians and other labor.

Now comes word from Hollywood that there are people crowing over this decent move as a defeat for Petrillo and at the same time trying to undo the good-will created when a union goes to the aid of a beleaguered industry hit by a 13 per cent drop in box office business in one year.

This story's big and I want to drag it right out into the open because it has been obscured by spy hearings, violence against Wallace, foreign news and, of course, the fact that Petrillo was peaceful.

I'd hate to see this gesture of good will smeared so that powerful union chiefs, sensitive to any loss of confidence in them by their men, will hesitate to aid an injured industry the next time for fear they'll be kicked in the face.

* * *

Nor was Petrillo alone in this gesture toward the movie makers. Walsh, leader of the stage hands and studio technicians, who in recent months have hit their toughest days of the past decade in Hollywood, hasn't needled the producers either.

They told Walsh what they told Petrillo. Walsh with his network of theatrical locals throughout the country knew the movie woes were real, not psychosomatic symptoms of a frightened pocketbook.

The Hollywood stage hands' wage contract has been open since last January. But Walsh's men haven't threatened to cripple the studios. They've been talking it out for months to help keep production going rather than force some producers to store their cameras.

Then there's the Screen Actors Guild, which made important gains in its contract negotiations (such as a guarantee that no actor would be sued for breach of contract in the event of a movie strike) but didn't insist on pay hikes.

When a group of unions help an industry save itself, any misinterpretation of their motives is criminal. Let's have none of it.

(Copyright 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This isn't any of my business.

But if colunists were confined to writing only about matters that are of their business, what would they have to write about?

You have probably read that the Legislature of his State has accused the maharajah of Baroda of having misused $10,000,000 dollars on a six weeks' spending spree while his nation is on the verge of starvation.

He went to London and Paris and New York for a good time, say the legislators, and they want him to abdicate.

So now the maharajah is on his way back home to face the music and to give an expense account—such as salesmen and newspaper reporters furnish and such as are usually called swindle sheets—and explain the whole matter.

* * *

Incidently, in case the Baroda legislators don't know whom I am talking about, the maharajah's full name and title is Major-General, his Highness Farzand - i - khassi - Daulat - i - Inglishia Maharajah Sir Pratap Sinh Gaekwar, Sena Khas Khel Samsher Bahadur. (My apologies to the typesetters who have to set this, and to the editors who have to verify the spelling.)

* * *

Yes, the maharajah is going back to face the music and I want to say a word in his favor before they hang him or send him to jail.

I want to ask the Baroda legislators whether they have ever traveled in France or England or America since the war.

I haven't been in London or Paris lately, but I did go to New York a couple of days ago, so I know how easy it is to spend $10,000,000 dollars in six weeks—without wasting a nickel.

I had a luncheon appointment with Frank Nicht, one of my dear friends, and we agreed to meet at the Waldorf-Astoria.

First I bought a round trip railroad ticket to New York, which had been increased from two dollars and something to $3.04 since the last time I got one about three months ago.

Frank and I went up to the Starlight Roof, a place you must not miss if you come to New York well upholstered with wherewithal.

We had a little cocktail (if you will pardon the expression). Then both he and I had a glorified beefstew called Ragout Deutsch, a bit of ice cream, a cup of coffee and plenty of bowing and scraping. Baroda Legislature, the bill for this simple repast was $8.35. Then there was a tip to the waiter, which he didn't seem to consider quite enough. That tip was $1. There also was a 25-cent tip to the hat check girl and 15 cents to the fellow in the washroom whose entire service consisted of handing me a towel.

* * *

I hadn't bought a new hat for ten years and my old one was beginning to walk away by itself. So I stopped in at a hat store and asked for a duplicate of the one I was wearing and for which I had paid $5 in 1938.

They had a duplicate—but it was $10 now.

* * *

So, you see, men of Baroda, in four hours I spent $22.79. And you accuse the Maharajah of wastefulness for spending $10,000,000 in six weeks! I don't see how he could have gotten by with so little.

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Amos 4.

ritory east of the Jordan, to the north) were a proverbially fine breed of cattle, hence descriptive of Israel's prosperous condition. But they were selfish and cruel, oppressing the poor and needy, for which reason they would be taker away with hooks, as cattle are led. The last sentence in v.3 is difficult, according to the margin of the revised version. It can be translated, Ye shall be thrust away to Har (the mountain of) Monah, which may mean Armenia! This country is not far from the land to which Israel was taken into captivity, 'beyond Damascus', 5:27. 'Cleanness of teeth' in v.6 means famine. With all the warnings Israel had received, five times must Amos, speaking for the Lord, declare: 'Ye have not returned unto Me'. And in the last days, according to Revelation, when the final judgments shall come upon the earth, men will not repent. Therefore, in the familiar words of v.12: 'Prepare to meet thy God'.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A Park Avenue socialite had a 12-year-old son by his first wife, a nine-year-old girl by his second. When the two kids met for the first time, the air was very frigid. Later the boy said to his father, "Were you serious when you told me that girl was my half sister?"

"Yes," said the father patiently. "Humphh' was the boy's comment. "You better hurry and get her the other half!"

* * *

A merchant in Houston, Tex., had been unable to collect a long overdue bill by ordinary methods for over a year. As a last resort, he tried to play on his delinquent customer's sympathies. He sent him a picture of his three small children with a note explaining. "The reason I must have the money you owe me." The customer, however, sent back a photo of an orchidaceous, scantily clad blonde, labeled, "The reason I can't pay it."

Editorials

Thought for Today

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
—Longfellow

West Tilghman St. Speeding

Study of traffic conditions on Tilghman St. should include the regulation of the western end of this heavily travelled highway from a safety standpoint. The nine-block stretch from 21st St. to the city limits at 30th St. is an invitation to speed and some form of control should be established.

Much of the traffic coming into the city fails to slow down appreciably but continues to bowl along while traffic leaving the city starts to hit it up anticipating the open country ahead.

In either case the temptation to drive fast is strong. Those who are coming in want to get as far as fast as they can before reaching the builtup confines where they know they will have to slow down. Those who are leaving, irked at the slowness of their progress up to that point, strike out to make up for lost time.

The first—and the last—traffic light on Tilghman St. is the one at 19th St. It is at a point about two blocks beyond, after crossing the trolley tracks, and the scene becomes typically suburban, that marks the eastern end of this stretch which cries for some form of safety measures.

Whether this should take the form of traffic lights, or merely blinking caution lights, a multitude of slow signs or even constant police patrolling we are not prepared to state, however, we submit that in the current effort to improve conditions on this highway, something should be done to check speeding.

Europe Red Cross At Work

An interesting item of news is the announcement that because sister Red Cross chapters in Europe are now able to help themselves, production departments of American chapters have been instructed to give up their efforts in behalf of overseas relief.

The Lehigh county chapter received these instructions recently with word that all uncompleted garments and material, even including needles and thread, be packed up for shipment overseas. Women of this group who have been on summer vacation were alerted and spent a busy day at the chapter house finishing up some work that was in process and packing up every thnig for shipment.

The Red Cross chapters in the war torn countries of Europe have been assisted in re-establishing themselves by the American Red Cross which will continue to send materials and give such assistance as may be required. Some individual chapters have helped to get the chapters in Europe on a basis where they can function. A chapter in Ames, Iowa, sent sewing machines to the Vienna chapter, allocating $4,000 for this purpose.

Thus, it has taken better than three years after the war was conducted in Europe for the American Red Cross to call off its thousands of loyal women volunteers who have been sewing and knitting for overseas relief.

Of course, this will not mean there is no further work for the production groups in this country, but like the Lehigh chapter, efforts will now be concentrated on work for veteran and military hospitals, local hospitals and local welfare groups. The production rooms in the Lehigh chapter house will reopen for this work, after the summer vacation, on Monday, Sept. 13.

Car Shortage Losses

Car shortages are not only a matter of mystery but are the cause of serious financial losses to industries which suffer from lack of transportation facilities. This is not just a recent or acute shortage but is of long standing and has become all too cronic. Shortages of steel is one of the chief excuses given for failure to provide adequate facilities but this explanation is not wholly accepted since other users of steel have been able to increase their outputs hindered only by strikes.

While large numbers of potential workers are eager for jobs thousands of disabled cars clog railroad sidings without any unusual effort being manifested to get this rolling stock back into profitalbe operation. This shortage is made more acute due to the demand for cars to carry the big grain crop from the west. But this situation has been forseen ever since the harvest of last year when serious losses in crops were sustained by inability to move the large harvest from the fields to elevators. Due to these critical needs for grain and fuel transportation it would have been justifiable to grant the railroads priority on all the steel needed to get their rolling stock back on the road.

Railroads may contend that their earnings do not justify the large expenditures which would thus have been made necessary but since they depend for their incomes upon the haulage of freight, even this enormous expenditure would seem to be justified by the greatly increased receipts by having this idle rolling stock in shape to earn its upkeep and to add dividends.

It is bad business to permit this situation to exist, constituting as it does a serious threat to the adequate supply of fuel for the winter and the saving of our great western harvest of enough grain to perhaps feed hungry Europe.

As our miners have lost considerable time and wages due to this condition, so have workers in other industries suffered workless days in these times of high cost of living are far more serious than drastic wage cuts would be.

Pottsville Republican

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,—President Truman was provoked by a reporter's question into a reiteration of his claim that the current investigation of Communists is still a political "red herring." But, unfortunately for the President, he overlooked the fact that the testimony before the commissioner of immigration this week on whether to deport certain Communists was not conducted by politicians but was a part of the legal proceedings of the Department of Justice.

The revelations concerning the Communist "J. Peters" at this hearing had nothing to do with any political "red herring." Yet they tie in directly with and corroborate some of the testimony before the House committee on un-American activities.

The national political campaign will be over within nine or ten weeks and congressional committees will then continue their inquiries. They have been doing this kind of investigation for several years. When the election is over, will Mr. Truman still tell the American people that the disclosures about Communists inside and outside the government are a "red herring" across a political campaign?

Mr. Truman went out of his way in his press conference to repeat some of the fallacies which have been spread in recent weeks about the disclosure of information by Americans to Russians during the war. The President pointed out that during the war Russia was an ally. He inferred that it was therefore all right to tell the Russians our war secrets.

Yet on the same day that Mr. Truman was holding his press conference, an article by General Spaatz, formerly commander of our air forces, was published in "Life" magazine, stating that the Russians fired on an American B-29 in August 1945 and deliberately stole the equipment and contents.

Likewise there were, as the President well knows, certain security regulations during the war which did not permit anyone in the government to give out information except through authorized channels. The Chambers and Bentley testimony before the House committee indicates that certain information was given out to Russian agents. Does the President mean to say that it was all right for officials to give any information indiscriminately to Russian agents?

Doesn't the President know that relations between Russia and the United States were far from close where military information was concerned? Thus the Russians for a long time refused to permit American military observers to witness operations on the German-Russian front.

Also it is a fact that when American intelligence authorities uncovered, in advance of the Hitler attack on the Soviets in June 1941, the fact that the Nazis planned on a certain day to invade Russia and told it to the Russian ambassador in Washington, he promptly went to the German embassy and naively asked the Germans about it.

All through the war there were suspicions that some of the Russians who had acted as a front in the United States for the Germans during the 1939-to-1941 period of the war, when America was theoretically neutral, still did business for the Nazis. Certainly the German intelligence bureaus were not so stupid as to employ as their agents persons who spoke with a German accent. They preferred to use persons of other nationalities. For the President to excuse the transmittal of information by governmental officials to outsiders who claimed to be Russians or friends of any other country, on the ground that Russia was an ally and that the only spies were Germans or Japanese, is to take a careless view of security. One may hope that Mr. Truman will not allow that innocent view of espionage methods to become official hereafter.

The current investigators have uncovered how loosely the government business was conducted and how easy it was for Communist agents to get information from our own government. No amount of excusing of that sort of looseness will sit well with the American people even if the object is to offset a piece of political strategy in a campaign.

There has been lately a tendency to belittle the evidence furnished by self - confessed spies — as if the witnesses need not be believed because they were spies. Many a guilty person would have escaped punishment in America in the past if the testimony of witnesses who turned "state's evidence" had not been given credence.

Mr. Truman had many other effective answers he could have made to the cry that Communists penetrated the government during and since the war. But he has added much fuel to the flames and, by his challenges, has actually goaded the investigators to prolonged hearings. It would be to the best interest of the country if all the hearings by the congressional committees were suspended until immediately after the election, when it is to be hoped the administration will cooperate fully in exposing to view all those misguided persons in the government who were tied in any way with the Russian spy rings and activities. It can't continue to be a "red herring" in December and January.

(Reproduction rights reserved)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of September 4, 1923, a Tuesday:

For the 21st consecutive year, John Graeflin, president of the Lehigh Saengerbund was elected president of the vania at the tenth annual Saengerfest in Reading. The local society won second prize in competition for first class society.

Blanche L. Troxell, 403 N. 9th St., and Henry A. Geiger, son of Henry O. Geiger and his late wife, Emmaus, were married Saturday by Rev. Morgan A. Peters, pastor of Christ Reformed church. The couple was attended by Myrtle Troxell, a sister of the bride, and James Bright.

Four employes of the Thomas Iron Co. were burned, three of them seriously, Monday when accumulated gas exploded in a furnace at the Hokendauqua plant. The injured men, all residents of Hokendauqua, were taken to Sacred Heart hospital. They were Abner A. Osborn, superintendent of the furnace; Edwin L. Porter, William Ttait and Andrew Kane.

Horoscope

Promote goodwill of others at this time and this period is good for making contacts and for travel. Do not indulge in useless worry over events beyond your control, or your health and fortunes may suffer. Avoid erratic changes and actions, take plenty of rest and pleasant exercise.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE GONS WELT HUT G'SHTUNKA: Wons leit hut os maina Wescosville dade noch fish reecha, brouch niemond wunnerra ferwos. Der garagemon Jim Dorney un sei fraw die Cora sin yusht tzurick fon Promised Land, un woh der Jim 'n aryie fish erfohring kotta hut. Un wos noch mainer is, der Jim wor net mohl evens fisha gonga.

'S wedder wor hase, un wen sot der Jim un sei Cora aw dreffa beim wert Johnny Hendricks, os wie der fendu groyer George Herbster un sei Lizzie doh fon da shtadt. Sie hen gessa un gadrunka wie leit ewwa duhn won sie fon hame sin om broviarra fer ra gross hitz ous weicha. Sie hen 'n gutie tzeit kot, un allas wor ol recht bis der George fom Johnny seina ous gadarta, g'shmokda herring kauft hut.

Der Jim huts airsht net sehna kenna os 'n mensch mit seim folla fershtond so shtinkicha fish essa kent mit blessier. Ow'r 's nagshd os wor, wor der Jim net aw yusht hinnich da fish, ow'r hut sich aw paar hailinger in der sock g'shteck'd - aenicha waig so klaimt der George.

Sellie g'shmokda herring sin shlim ganunk won sie mit freeda galust werra, un fer sie noh noch uf 'n warmer dawg imma hussa sock noh drawga, —sel mocht sie bardich "blauderra." Un 'm Jim sei fish hen aw "gablaudert." Sie hen so arrick g'shtunka os er gamaint hut die gons welt dade shtinka noch fish, un hut net denka kenna woh der olmechdich g'shtonk bei kaimt.

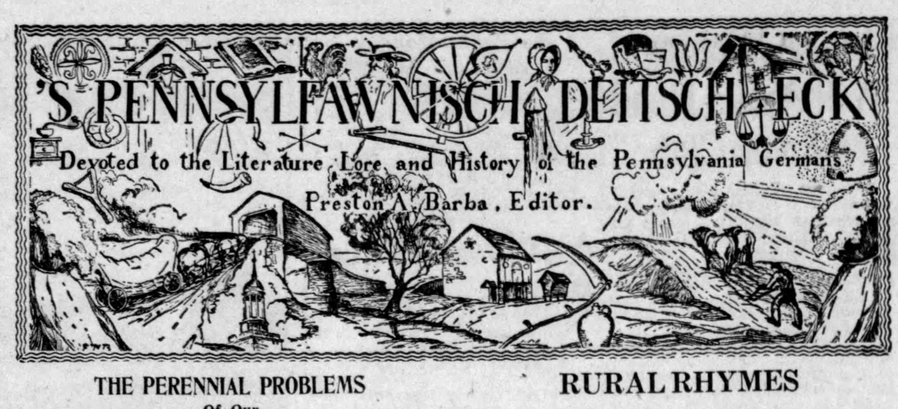
'S wor net bis owets om dish os der Jim draw gadenk'd hut fer gucka in seim hinnerra hussa sock fer sehna wos er drin het, os er die fish g'funna hut. Er uf kours shtaid druf der George hets 'm hailinger nei g'shteck'd-un wies ferleicht aw sei mawg. Aenicha waig, der Jim hut sich shtrippa missa fon kup tzu foos fer owets noch ra welshkern kerna party gae os der Johnny kotta hut. Eb er ebbes gawunna hut kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r sin shure os ol die onnerra donkbore un froh worra os er net noch da party kumma is mit da fish im sock.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Morya un da Mondawg sin die tzwae dawg fom yohr woh alla shtross fon weit un braid, rei noch Dorney Park gait.

Da Sundawg werra die ebbel g'schnitzt, un da Mondawg der lodwarick gakoch'd-un dabei so alla hond g'shpichta gadriva wie sie ewwa ols fohr g'falla sin wie unser Pennsylfawnish Deitscha fohrelterra lodwarick parties kotta hen.

Da Mondawg wert gadonst, un won aenicha outsider sin os gleicha dada tzu donsa griega sets uf un lossa uns hoerra dafon on Dorneys, morya odder da Mondawg.



THE PERENNIAL PROBLEMS Of Our PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN ORTHOGRAPHY

ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON
The Pennsylvania State College

It is with considerable trepidation that I approach the subject of our Pennsylvania German orthography. I am fully aware of the fact that anyone who ventures to express opinions concerning this perennial problem "sticks his neck out." but trying to teach the students in my courses in Pennsylvania German to read our dialect in the various inconsistent and unphonetic systems of transcription which have been used in the past by those who have tried to write in the dialect and also trying to indicate by the spelling of the words the regional variants in the Pennsylvania German dialect have convinced me more than ever of the desirability of agreeing upon a uniform and consistent system of orthography to be used, if not in all cases, at least in all scholarly studies of the Pennsylvania German dialect and Pennsylvania German folklore.

My first struggle with Pennsylvania German orthography began in 1935, when I wrote the first chapter of my doctor's dissertation. (1) This chapter was entitled "Orthography," and in it I analyzed the various systems of spelling which had been used by those who had tried to write in the dialect up to that time. My study showed that up until 1935 no two writers had written the dialect alike and that no one writer was consistent in his orthograph.

The largest number of inconsistencies and incongruities I found naturally in the writings of those authors who tried to represent the Pennsylvania German sounds by using the English equivalents. (2) some of these writers used as many as five different symbols to indicate the same sound. (3) But in spite of the incongruities and deficiencies in spelling, the works of these writers, particularly Harter's **Boonastiel,** were widely read and have remained perennially popular. Thus, a large percentage of the Pennsylvania German population has learned to read the dialect in this inconsistent spelling.

Inconsistencies were also present and disagreement prevailed in the orthography of those writers who endeavored to make the German orthography the basis of their spelling. Fischer, Daniel Miller, and Zimmerman, for example, used the Umlaut, whereas Harbaugh, Ziegler ,and More did not employ it. (4) In the designation of the low back vowel these writers used **a, ah,** or **aa,** e.g. **Grab, ab, Fraa** (New High German "Grab," "auch," "Frau") Furthermore, they did not always clearly indicate the quantity of the vowel. Some of them occasionally wrote a vowel twice to show that it was long, while others occasionally doubled the consonant to indicate that the preceding vowel was short. Unfortunately however, neither one of these devices was used consistently.

In 1924 Marcus B. Lambert published his **Dictionary of Non-English Words of the Pennsylvania German Dialect.** In transcribing the 16,438 words listed in his dictionary Lambert used a fairly consistent and phonetic system based on German orthography.

In addition to these two prevailing systems of spelling (i.e. the "English" and the "German") I found a group of Pennsylvania German writers who used a system which might be characterized as an unskilled mixture of English and German orthography. I shall quote by way of illustration a few lines from the writings of three of the most significant representatives of this system, namely, Ezra Grumbine, Joseph H. Light, and William S. Troxell ("Pumpernickle Bill"). The following verses occur in Ezra Grumbine's **Der Prahl-Hans** (Lebanon, 1917):

'Sis now shon may als hunnert Yohr,
Do war der Greek by Baltimore;—
Der Englen'r halt noch immer'n Shpite
Von olta Revolution's Zeit.

Gedrafta Menner un Volunteers
Sin ganga mit Hurrah un Cheers,—
Die yunga Karls ous Shtadt un Land,
Tzu fechta for ihr Vaterland.

De' onnera sawgt er's ally Dawg
We er's de Britisha macha mawg;
Sei Cop die zetzt er 'uf's link Ohr,
Un shwert er geht noch Baltimore.

In the preface of his book Grumbine acknowledges that his spelling is not without defects. He remarks: "I ought perhaps to apologize for my spelling. It is not the learned 'high-low' German of Harbaugh, nor the phonetic style of Shwefflebrenner (E. H. Rauch), with his useless and superfluous silent letters, but my own, **sui generis,** which the Pennsylvania German who learned to read English books in the schoolhouse but played ball and 'ring-a-rong-a-rosie' on the campus in the vernacular, can pronounce and understand. My spelling has its defects, not the least of which is its lack of uniformity, but for that I atone to the critic by this Apology."

The first paragraph of J. H. Light's **Der Alt Schuhlmeshter** (Lebanon, 1928) reads as follows:

Well mer hen der McKinley b'sucht de onner wuch un hen en bangup zeit g'hat. Es is der gabrauch dorch den gonser campain dos de leit fon olle ecke gahne nuch Canton um zu sahne wie der McKinley unser naighster president, donn ah guckt. So hen mier ousg'mocht es waer de pflicht fon der Valley ihn zu b'suche. Mer hen en kommittee appoint for arrangements zu moche un de hut ousg'mocht om blots fon der reigelwage kumpany en grosse sum geld zu gevve dahte mer zomma schponna un uf der wage gah, un ich kann eich sawga mer hen uns recht gut enjoyed.

The following lines taken from one of William S. Troxell's (Pumpernickle Bill's) letters published in **The Morning Call,** Allentown, May 8, 1948, will serve as an illustration of his "English-German" spelling:

Soicha os'm onnerra Somshdaag owet on da Lechaw Kerrich worra fer da "Ead" Fink ihra "Fergesslicher Mon," sehna, un hen 's glick kot fer dabei tzu sei, on da rechter tzeit han der graimer Irvie Kerchner fon Macungie tzwae mohl sehna kenna ous un ei pocka, Der Irvie is der Graimer im g'shpiel un hut gute gaduh, wie aw ol die onnerra hen. Ow'r die g'shbass is noch 'm g'shpiel ob gonga drous in da shtross wie 'm Irvie der bind'l uf gonga is, un allas is in die shtross g'falla. 'S wor yusht gute os es windshtil wor, odder der Irvie wear ferleicht ols noch on dale fon seim gagrawm sucha.

It should be pointed out here that Mr. Troxell has been writing his daily columns for **The Morning Call** for more than twenty-two years, and that during that time he has gained an immense following. These people have become so thoroughly accustomed to Mr. Troxell's peculiar type of spelling that they would undoubtedly object strenuously, if any other system of orthography were used. Thus, in spite of the fact that Pennsylvania German is a German dialect, it is probably useless to hope that Mr. Troxell or other writers of newspaper columns who now use the "English" system or the "English-German" system for spelling the dialect would ever agree to the adoption of a system which follows the German tradition.

In the same year that I wrote the chapter on orthography for my doctor's dissertation Dr. Preston A. Barba began the publication of his **'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck** in the Saturday edition of **The Morning Call,** i.e. in the same newspaper which had been publishing Pumpernickle Bill's columns for more than nine years. Dr. Barba courageously "stuck his neck out" and based his spelling of the dialect on German orthography; and at a historic meeting of Pennsylvania German writers and scholars held at Hershey on January 28, 1939, the system of spelling used by Dr Barba was "unanimously endorsed by the members of the conference as representing a working basis for further study and organization." (5) This system now seems quite generally accepted for semi-popular use. It has been used in the various **Yearbooks** of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (e.g. in John Birmelin's "Gezwitscher," published in volume three, and in Clarence F. Iobst's "En Quart Millich un en halb Beint Raahm," published in volume four.) It has also been used in a slightly modified form by J. William Frey in his **A Simple Grammar of Pennsylvania Dutch** (Clinton, S. C., 1942.) By this time the readers of the **Eck** have become so accustomed to seeing the dialect in this spelling that they would probably object if any changes were made in it.

It is doubtful whether many of the readers of Pumpernickle Bill's columns also read the **Eck** and vice versa. The **Eck** appeals to a different group of people than do Pumpernickle Bill's columns. It appeals more to the scholar and the more highly educated reader, particularly to the Pennsylvania German who knows both the dialect and Standard German. The latter group of readers naturally prefer the "German" system of spelling.

A number of non-Pennsylvania German scholars inside and outside of Pennsylvania also read the **Eck,** and these "outsiders" also get a far better picture of the dialect in Dr. Barba's "German" system of spelling than they would if the "English" or "English-German" systems were used.

Cf. Albert F. Buffington, "A Grammatical and Linguistic Study of Pennsylvania German," **Harvard University Summaries of Ph. D. Theses,** 1937 (Cambridge, 1938), pp. 290-93.

2 Cf., for example, E. H. Rauch, **Pennsylvania Dutch Hand-Book** (Mauch Chunk, Penna., 1879); Thomas H. Harter, **Boonastiel** (Bellefonte, 1904); Harvey M. Miller ("Solly Hulsbuck"), **Pennsylvania-German Poems** Elizabethville, Penna., 1906), **Pennsylvania-German Stories, Prose and Poetry** (Elizabethville, 1911), **G'shbes und Arnsht** (Elizabethville, 1939); A. Monroe Aurand Jr. **D'r Mon Mit D'r Hock** (Harrisburg, 1934.)

3 Cf. Albert F. Buffington, "The Pennsylvania German Dialect," in: **The Pennsylvania Germans,** ed. by R. Wood (Princeton, 1942), pp. 266ff., for examples of these inconsistencies.

4 Cf. Henry L. Fischer, **"S Alt Marik Haus Mittes in D'r Stadt** (York, 1879), **Kurzweil un Zeitfertreib** (York, 1882); Daniel Miller, **Pennsylvania German,** 2 vols. (Reading, I, 1903; II, 1911); Thomas C. Zimmerman, **Olla Podrida,** 2 vols. (Reading, 1903); Henry Harbaugh, **Harbaugh's Harfe** (Philadelphia, 1870); Charles C. Ziegler, **Drauss un Deheem** (Leipzig, 1891); Heinz Kloss, ed., **Lewendiche Schtimme aus Pennsilvani** (Stuttgart and New York, 1922.)

5 Cf. Arthur D. Graeff, "Standardizing Pennsylvania German Orthography," **Eck,** May 13, 1939.

TO BE CONCLUDED

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Der Gross Gnecht bsinnt sich:

"Ich denk ich geh mol noch de Schdadt
Mir anneri Aerwet suche;
Dann kann ich in die Movies geh
Un aa der Michel bsuche.
Der Michel, der hot gut gemacht
Eeim Werley in de Miehl;
Verleicht kann ich mich bessere,
Wann ich recht hart druff ziel!

Ich bin es ledich, so im Dienscht
Hart schaffe alle Daag.
Ich weess doch wohl, der Bauer do
Waerd bees—ya well! er maag.
Mer muss ausgucke far sich selbscht
Un scharre hart druff los.
Ich darf mich net verseime do—
Die Welt iss arrig gross!"

Der Gnecht iss dann mol uff die Rees—
Zum Movie geht er nei.
"Was dumme Gschichte sin des yo—
Es macht mich naerrisch glei!
Der Donald Duck, der Mickey Mouse—
Die schwetze yo wie Leit.
So Marderei, Gekaressier!
Gewiss, des iss net gscheit!"

Der Michel waar im Union Hall,
Am schtimme fer en Schtreik;
Der naegscht Daag uff der Picket March,
Der Deiwel schpielt die Geik!
Fer karze Schtunne, mehner Luh
Un unnerschittlich Sache—
Sei Geld waar fart, sei Tschapp kaputt—
Un all die Deiwel lache!

"Ich denk ich geh dann besser heem,
Duh Iwwerhosse aa;
Un melk die Kieh un drenk die Geil
Un denk do nimmi draa!
Die Schdadt, die Miehl, sin net fer mich—
Es maag fer annere sei—
Bhalt mei Verschdand un bleib deheem—
Graad uff de Bauerei."

Die Grossmammi denkt:

'S iss alles zu arrig; die Welt geht zu schtarrig:
Yeder Mensch iss gedreht uff Blessier!
Nau es waar mol en Zeit, wu beschefftiche Leit,
Sich yo verhungert hen schier
Fer paar Dahler zu sammele im Sack.
Nau brennt Geld en Loch—Luh halt net ee Woch—
Un es naegscht iss schier immer "in Hock."

Des schpatziere rumfaahre, vun Inschein gebore—
'S iss en Schand des Ding zu verzaehle—
Doch do in meim Haus die Wohret muss raus—
Sin die yunge Leit immer am gwaele—
"Paep, geb mer Gas un aa ebbes Geld;
Zum Movie muss ich geh." Des Ding dutt mer weh—
Blessier mit Maschine zwengt die Welt!

Doch iss es gfaehrlich fer rede unehrlich;
Ich wott ich waer aa noch yung.
Ich gingt aa ebmols fart; sell hett ich dann ghatt—
Halt besser mei aldi Zung!
Yunge Leit welle Gschpass—vergunn's ne aa net—
Die Eld schleicht sich hie—schteife Achsel un Knie—
Noh iss mer's bescht ab in seim Bett!

En Gleeni Schtori

Wann yusht mei Grossdaadi noch lewe daet—der hot eich als die Schtoris verzehle kenne. Er iss nau schunn lange Yohre dot, awwer eeni vun seine Schtoris kummt mir immer widder in der Sinn. Do waar eener Uriah Muschlitz aus em Schnebbedaal in Lower Saucon Daunschipp, kummt mol ee Daag uff der Marrick in Easton un sehnt en sign amme Poschde aagschlagge, as de Leit bekannt macht, es daet seller seeme Owed en gewisser Brofessor aus Nei Yarrick en speech mache far de Leit zu prufe, ass ken Gott waer un sell daet er aa unne Zweiwel duh. "So ebbes," saagt der Uriah in sei verschpauder Baart nei, "daet ich aa mol gleiche zu heere. Des waer ebbes far unser Parre."

Well, der Uriah iss gange. En Schtunn un en halb hot er dart gsotze un dem Professor zugheert, wie er Gott un die Biwel un die Kaerrich un alles Heiliche verschpott un lecherlich gemacht hot. Un am End hot der Brofessor sich noch so recht batzich uff die Zehe gschtellt un in der Hall neigeblaerrt: "Un nau, mei liewe Leit, hawwich eich glaar un deitlich un verschtendlich gewisse, as es gaar ken Gott gebt. Wann ich awwer letz bin, dann waer es nau em Gott sei Pflicht en Engel vum Himmel runner zu schicke mir dichdich Ohrfeige zu gewwe."—Un wie der Brofessor noch emol so batzich im hall rumguckt, do tschumbt der Uriah in die Heeh, schbringt der aisle nunner, gradd nuff var der Brofessor un saagt: "Weescht was, Brofessor? Unser alder Haerrgott brauch gaar ken Engel do runner schicke far so en Orschlabbe wie du. Far sell hot Er der Uriah Muschlitz gemacht!" un mit sellem hot der Uriah ihm eens uffs Ohr gewwe, ass der Brofessor schtraks uff der Boddem gelegt hot. Was die Leit awwer gelacht un geglaebbt hen! Der Brofessor iss langsam zu sich kumme un iss dann gans verschecht zu de hinners Dier naus.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weiler, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Thought for Today

Everyone is the son of his own works.
—Cervantes.

Two Junior High Schools

There is no doubt but public approbation attaches to the decision of the school board to go ahead with the plans for two junior high schools. Certainly the report in yesterday's newspapers of this meeting Thursday night must have been read with much interest and approval.

The building committee which had been given until Sept. 27 to study the plans and specifications displayed praiseworthy assiduity in completing its study in less than half the allotted time. Similarly, the board in its decision to meet on Monday morning to authorize the advertising for bids, is due for commendation for the dispatch with which the project is being faced. If the bids are satisfactory, it may be possible that building may start this fall.

At the August 25 meeting of the board there was some indecision whether one or two junior high schools should be built. President Warren W. Rhoda announced himself definitely in favor of two schools, pointing to the fact that three junior highs had been provided for in the $3,000,000 bond loan approved by the voters in November, 1945. One of these, the Central, had already been sacrificed by reason of the rapidly dwindling three million and there was some question whether, what with the increased costs, there was enough money to pay for two buildings.

Mr. Rhoda at that time said, "Let's advertise for two and find a way to work it out."

Apparently, the board is now agreed and it is going to try to provide the two buildings that will provide junior high facilities for the east and south side schoo' populations.

Saturday Bath

A frequent all-over wash is undoubtedly as good an idea of civilization's level as has been discovered to date. A century ago people were chary of sloshing water over their skins too often. But after all, in those frontier times people were not educated to atom bombs, airplane carriers, radio-guided bombs, colored bubble gum and radio announcers who could comment enthusiastically on intestinal troubles immediately following a selection of classical music.

The Saturday night bath a generation ago was carefully planned. It still is, for in our some 5,800,000 farm homes only approximately 30 per cent have running water. After supper, kettles and pans of water were left hanging on the kitchen range while the family drove to the village in the two-seated democrat to swap butter and eggs for groceries, a bit of percale, a little ribbon and some lace for mother to put on the aprons for the ladies aid sale.

There are men and women in teeming cities who recall the procedure. The old wooden tub was placed on the floor near the stove Sisters and young fry had their baths first; then mother called the 12-year-older.

A fellow had his choice of several stances. He could kneel in the four inches of water; he could stand erect and throw handfuls of water over his shoulders; he could sit with his knees doubled under his chin and the edge of the tub cutting into his spinal column.

As mother left to join father in the living room she always said the same thing. "For goodness sake, son, put some of the water on yourself. I don't want to have to wash the kitchen floor just because you took a bath."

A young man felt it was silly in cool weather to take a bath so often. It was all right in hot weather when a fellow could patronize the swimming hole in the creek. Of course, it was sort of pleasant to stand on the braided rug before the oven door and towel off while Shep licked one's toes and ankles.

But all things considered, a future citizen believed that the regular Saturday night bath routine was a greatly overworked, illogical tradition. — Norristown Times Herald

Mail Chutes 65 Years Old

It may not have been a world-shattering event but when James G. Cutler was granted a patent for the first glass-and-wood-enclosed mail chute on September 11, 1883, a boon of tremendous convenience was conferred upon all the people who live and work in tall buildings. That was 65 years ago, long before the era of sky scraping office and hotel buildings as we know them today.

Cutler, the originator of the device was an architect and former mayor of Rochester, and who was prompted to execute an idea after listening to a building owner complain of the difficulties involved in mailing a letter from the upper floors of an eight story building. The first device was installed in the F. W. Elwood building in Rochester in 1883.

Mr. Cutler and his brother, Joseph Warren Cutler, founded the Cutler Mail Chute company, which is currently in business manufacturing some 90 per-cent of all the chutes installed in buildings throughout the country. They are a commonplace item in virtually every public structure over three stories high and in private buildings where owners want them. So widespread is their use that not even Post Office department records indicate exactly how many are in use. Some buildings, like the Empire State building in New York City, have more than a mile of them.

Although installation and maintenance is paid for by those who build the structure, the mail chutes become for all practical purposes the property of the United States Post Office department.

Specifications and legislation governing the installation and use of such chutes followed granting of the patent.

When as often happened in the early days of their use, a visitor uninitiated in the functions of such devices used them to dispose of cigar butts or rubbish, the building owner was required to notify the postmaster of the area, so that the chutes and collection boxes could be opened and repaired.

It doesn't happen very often any more, but for a number of years the most prevalent hazard to mail dropped down a chute was fire. Discarded matches and butts charred, and in some cases, destroyed mail until changes in the design and public familiarty with their function, reduced the liklihood of chutes being used as garbage incinerators.

Mc Lemore in India

By HENRY McLEMORE

Bangkok, Siam — To see Bangkok is NOT to believe it.

It is something which a mad psychiatrist might well dream about.

There are nearly 50 licensed opium dens within the city limits, and I am sure that the architects who designed the wats of Bangkok passed many times through the poppy portals.

A wat, in case you are a backward person who doesn't speak Siamese, is a collection of temples enclosed by a wall. One third of the total area of Bangkok is covered by wats, and the city fathers recently tabled a suggestion that $500,000 be used to build a new prison on the grounds that it would be much more sensible to use the money for the construction of another and newer wat.

I have figured this out about wats. They are the combined handiwork of two men. One of the men is a man whose feeling for beauty and grace is superb. He is responsible for the overpowering beauty of the gold and silver roofs, the thousands of golden bells which hang from the eaves and tinkle in the breeze. To him, also, belongs the exquisite porcelain of the doors and gates of the temples in which Buddha is enshrined.

This same man is responsible for multi-colored mosaics portraying birds and flowers and animals. One roof will look as if a basket of wild flowers had been strewn across it, their beauty caught forever by man. From half a mile away the temples shimmer in the sunlight, throwing off dazzling colors, and inside the buildings, in a half light that is as mystic as the religion itself, a visitor stands spellbound before the softness of the hand-painted walls, screens, ivory carvings and altars.

For every ounce of exquisite beauty the artist half of the combination has executed, his chum, the other architect, has devised a masterpiece of grotesquery. Remember when the United States was busy trying to draw Lena the Hyena, with first prize going to the person who could draw the most horrible looking thing? Well, the prize-winning Lena looks like the Mona Lisa compared to the figures and drawings which abound in wats.

The porcelain guards which stand in front of the temple doors are supposed to scare away evil spirits, and they undoubtedly do their jobs. It would take an evil spirit with commando training to defy these monsters, most of which tower 25 feet in the air and suffer from every known deformity. They are snaggle-toothed, cross-eyed, hunchbacked, and wear king leers on their faces.

Even if an evil spirit got past these "shock troop" guards it would have no easy time, because backing them up are all sorts of fantastic critters, including monkey, elephant and tiger gods—a sort of reserve battalion, so to speak. The monkeys, elephants and tigers aren't built along normal lines. A monkey is just as likely to have a mane as an elephant is to have six legs.

But say an evil spirit did get past all of this. It still wouldn't be through fighting. Because the final line of defense is composed of a half-man, half-bird creature, sacred to the Siamese. The Siamese feel — and one look at it is liable to make you feel that they are right—that this mixture of feathers and skin, legs and wings, can lick anything in the world.

After a day of seeing wats, Jean and I spent an educational evening making up names for wats we intend to build when we get home. The last one we saw was Po Wat, so we decided to name one of our wats "Po Wat Trash." Others: "Wat'll I Do?"; "Wat's Wrong with Kelly, He's All Right"; "Wat Time Is It?"; "Wat's in It for Me?"; "Wat's Cookin'?" and "Wat Do You Do on a Rainy Night in Rio?"

Take it away, Burton Holmes!

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"I never hire a man for an important position until I have interviewed his wife," a magazine article I just read quotes the president of a Cleveland business firm.

I don't know anything about the firm. I have never heard of it, but that doesn't matter.

But I do know one thing: I wouldn't want to work for that fellow who wouldn't hire or promote me unless he approved of my wife.

* * *

That fellow apparently considers himself quite an expert on human nature, because, in the magazine article, he lays down some rules that are certainly novel.

For instance, he says that a man cannot make a good executive if his wife doesn't want to move out of her old neighborhood to move into a better one which fits in with her husband's status as an important member of his firm.

"What kind of a hostess would she make at an executive function?" this man asks himself and his "investigators."

If she doesn't look as if she could help her husband to "keep up with the Joneses" (the quotes are mine), he doesn't get hired or promoted.

* * *

Here are a few more criteria by which this sagacious (?) business tycoon shapes the careers of men: The wife must be a good mixer. She must be amibitous for her husband. She must not be too frugal. She must take an active part in the civic affairs of her community.

I wonder whether this fellow pays his executives enough to enable their wives to live to live up to all his requirements, particularly if they should happen to be the mothers of three or four or five children.

"Mixing" costs a lot of money these days. To take an active part in the civic affairs of the community requires clothes and time.

How many executives' wives have the time to attend to their community's civic affairs and to their home as well? That's all right if one can afford servants. But I don't have to tell you how much servants cost nowadays.

* * *

A wife should be amitious for her husband, says this fellow from Cleveland.

I think that too much ambition on a wife's part is a curse to a man rather than an advantage.

I know of several cases right this minute where overambitious wives have nagged their husbands to failure, or, by their constant egging, driven them to illness.

I know of one case where the wife of a man's partner had a mink coat while the other partner's wife could afford only a beaver.

So the beaver-wife kept after her husband, pounding it into his head that the mink's husband must be stealing money from the firm, else how could his wife have a mink if she could have only a beavver?

Suspicion and spying led to a break-up of the partnership and bankruptcy of the firm.

* * *

If our Clevelander's ideas should become universal, there would have to be something new in proposals.

Instead of the girl asking her father's consent, the boy would have to get his boss' approval.

And the Wedding March would be played on the cash register instead of the organ.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 11, 1923, a Tuesday:

The first organization meeting of general committees for the Cedar Crest million dollar campaign was held Monday. Campaign chairman John A. Rupp presided. The local goal was $210,000.

With Charlotte Schmerker presiding in the absence of Anna Wessner, the first fall meeting of the Quota club was held Monday. R. S. Seymour, regional director of the Boy Scouts of America, and G. Herbert Koch, assistant scout master at Christ Lutheran church, were the speakers.

George W. Haines returned Sunday from a meeting of the National Letter Carriers Assn. in Providence, R.I., where he was re-elected to the executive board of the organization. Haines was accompanied by his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Geisinger, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ringer and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Siegfried.

More than 300 delegates were registered Monday night at the Hotel Allen for the 64th annual convention of the state council of Pennsylvania, Junior Order American Mechanics.

O. G. Wales, a local artist, was currently displaying several of his paintings at the public library. The set was the last of his series of exhibits there during the summer.

Arthur H. Kemmerer, 914 Green St., was injured Monday when he was thrown from an auto driven by Samuel D. Danner, 513 N. 7th St., in a collision at Levans crossing. David Cohen, 420 N. 6th St., took the injured man to Dr. Franklin J. Holben at Schnecksville for first aid and then to Sacred Heart hospital.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A canny department store tycoon in the southwest planned to publish a cookbook for his carriage trade and invited scores of the nation's celebrities to contribute favorite recipes thereto. Needless to say, he neglected to offer any honorarium for these recipes.

Mr. Paul Gallico responded, "I too am doing a little planning. I plan to open a department store. I wish to give you, as well as other famous businessmen, an opportunity to contribute. Please send at once one of your favorite mink coats."

To date, no further progress has been reported on either of these ventures.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, —When Elmo Roper, the distinguished analyst of public opinion, (whose column appears regularly in the Saturday issue of the Evening Chronicle) announced this week that he isn't going to take any more polls because Governor Dewey "is almost as good as elected," he pointed out also that "liberals" may believe that by so stating he is contributing his mite to President Truman's defeat and he doesn't intend anything of the sort.

But, it will also be argued by Republicans, such a statement by Mr. Roper may cause a large number of Republicans to stay away from the polls on the ground that it isn't necessary to vote.

The truth is that public-opinion polls have a variety of influences on the electorate. Lots of people like to vote for a winner. But there are signs that many a public-opinion poll in a given state has led to redoubled effort and sometimes to closer contests than otherwise might have been the case.

Mr. Roper qualifies his prediction somewhat by saying that he is assuming that no serious change in the international situation—such as war, perhaps — may develop between now and the election or that Governor Dewey will not make any serious mistakes.

Public-opinion polls are for the most part still a puzzle to many people. There are many who say they never heard of any of their friends or neighbors who had been interviewed. They misunderstand the nature of modern polling or sampling methods. The present-day poll doesn't go in for quantity or for a canvass of the same group but applies to different groups. By knowing the percentage of people in income groups—the government publishes this — and by knowing the population data and eligible voters and other factors, a small sample is taken that has again and again proved correct.

The same technique has been used successfully in market analyses to determine the acceptability of products or resistances to price or other characteristics before nationwide selling campaigns are undertaken. The small sample invariably tells what the larger sample would tell if carried on to higher and higher numbers.

So when Mr. Roper says that, conditions being the same two months hence, the electorate will not change its mind, he really means that the margin or lead of Governor Dewey is so substantial already that nothing short of an international crisis or gross error on the Republican side would change the outcome. This is in line with previous experience. In fact, many public-opinion tests have indicated that the voters make up their minds long before election and that campaigns on the whole change relatively few votes.

But, with the Roper announcement, what will the campaign managers do? Certainly there are no signs that the President or his associates are going to relax their efforts. The Republican management has announced that the party workers must guard against over-confidence.

Basically the reason why the public-opinion polls at the moment indicate an easy Dewey victory is that Henry Wallace is subtracting in pivotal states enough votes to make it easy for the Republicans to win. It is somewhat analogous to 1912 when a third party under Theodore Roosevelt split the Republican vote, and the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson, had a large electoral vote because he got a plurality in nearly every important state.

The effect of the polls and the Roper announcement may be to bring about a last-minute effort to draw the followers of Henry Wallace back into the party. It is apparent that Wallace himself is not yet willing to talk about withdrawal, though the "left wing" and liberal elements in the Democratic party are working day and night to persuade the Wallace followers, especially in labor unions, not to throw away their votes and help the Republicans by supporting Wallace. They are saying, in effect, that "a vote for Wallace is a vote for Dewey."

It is difficult to see what the Wallace followers can gain. If Dewey is elected and becomes a one-term President due to economic conditions, would any political leader inside the Democratic party, smarting under the defeat handed the party in 1948 by Wallace, be likely to aid Wallace in getting the Democratic nomination in 1952? To ask the question is to answer it. Hence pressure to bring the Wallace followers in line may be one of the unintended but realistic sequels to Mr. Roper's announcement.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Chapter 1 may be considered as speaking of the Prodigal Prophet; ch. 2, of the Praying Prophet; ch. 3, as of the Preaching Prophet, and ch. 4, as of the Pouting Prophet. In ch. 2 he is praying out of the grave (margin of v. 2), that is, out of the fish's belly, v. 1. The last sentence of v. 3 is the same as Ps. 42:7. Jonah remembers the Lord, v. 7, and acknowledges that salvation is from Him, v. 9. He is then spewed out by the fish on to dry land. He receives a second commission, obeys, proceeds to Nineveh, and proclaims the destruction of that city in 40 days. The king calls upon all the people to fast, to pray, and to repent, believing that God would avert the threatened punishment. They did so, and God withheld their doom. Jonah and his experiences are often considered as a type of God's people, Israel, who refused to bear their testimony concerning Jesus to the Gentiles. Hence they are now out of the land amid the sea of the nations. When they shall acknowledge their mistake, they will be returned to their land, and then, as a nation, will proclaim the love of God in Christ to all the Gentiles, which Paul did as an individual.

Horoscope

Don't force issues at this time. Handle money matters with care, and give attention to practical matters. In your next year, be mindful of your progress, but exercise particular caution in business matters. Best postpone hasty changes.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N Mose Dissinger G'shicht:

Der Ike Stahl, der Pulver Dahl heffner, hut uns da onner dawg etlicha Mose Dissinger g'shichta fertzailt wie m'r ob g'shtopt hen fer sehna wie sie ous gamocht hetta mit ihr'm offa fol arda socha os sie yusht gabrent hen. 'M "Ike" sei boo der Russell huts hondwarick galarnt, un sin froh tzu sawga, or er iwwer rous gute gaduh hut mit 'm airshda offa fol socha os er mit da hilf fom "Ike" gabrent hut. Heit shtarta sie die socha ferkaufa.

Ow'r fertzurick kumma tzu da Dissinger socha, der "Ike" hut uns etlicha so socha fertzailt die weil os m'r bei nonner k'huck'd hen der Russell watcha der offa ous laira. Die airsht wor, wie der Mose gabreddich'd hut in Emmaus, un woh 'm "Ike" sei Fodder dabei wor fer die socha ei nemma.

Mohl ae Sundawg yusht wie die kerrich ready wor fer ous gae, hut der Mose g'sawt er het ebbes gons wichdiches bakont tzu mocha. Noh hut er g'sawt er wot net yusht howwa os ol os darta weara da nagshda Sundawg widder noch da kerrich kaimta, ow'r sie sotta aw ol ihra freind ei lawda fer kumma—er dade ebbes da nagshda Sundawg, os der Divel noch net gaduh het.

Da nagshda Sundawg wor die kerrich g'shtopta fol leit, un ol hen die ohra g'shpitzt fer hoerra wos der Mose tzu sawga het. Er hut gabreddich'd wie gawainlich, un seina tzu hoericher himmel un hell fohr g'xhteld uf die aller feddershd manier-soicha os g'fiel'd hen sie weara bareit, hen all'm noh die fliegel shpierra shtossa, un onnerra net so shure hen shwevel garocha. Ow'r 's wor gore nix ous 'm waig, gore nix onnershders os wie won der Mose aw so gabreddich'd hut. 'S wor net bis die kerrich shier ready wor fer ous gae os er g'sawt hut, er het Sundawgs dafor g'sawt er wot den Sundawg ebbes duh os der Divel noch net gaduh het, un dades now grawd. Un mit sel'm het er g'sawt, sei heits breddich wear sei obshitz breddich gawest in Emmaus, un dade now Emmaus ferlossa—ebbes os der Divel sei lava noch net gaduh het.

Glawwas Odder Net, Ow'r

Mit Da Lodwarick Party feriwwer, un die Allentown Fair fer da dier—kon uns aenich ebber sawga woh die tzeit onna kumt.



THE PERENNIAL PROBLEMS Of Our PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN ORTHOGRAPHY

ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON
The Pennsylvania State College

Conclusion

In many of the linguistic and scholarly studies of the Pennsylvania German dialect and Pennsylvania German folklore which have been made in the past the phonetic alphabet of the International Phonetic Association, or various modifications of it, has been used to transcribe the sounds of the dialect. Unfortunately, such transcriptions can not be read and understood by the average layman.

An ideal alphabet to be used in such linguistic and scholarly studies would seem to be one which would not only be consistent and phonetic but one which would also be intelligible to the German-reading layman. The following system which I devised and which I have used in transcribing the linguistic variants in the Pennsylvania German dialect seems to fulfill these requirements, and I should therefore like to recommend its use for future studies of the Pennsylvania German dialect and folklore, particularly in those studies where the oral utterances of dialect speakers must be transcribed:

1. Accented Vowel Sounds

(a) The short vowels:

Symbol	Sound
a	Like English "o" in hot;" (6) ex: glad "smooth."
ae	Like English "a" in "fat" (except in **Gaes** "gas", where it is pronounced like English "a" in "gas)" ex: **Maedsch** "match."
e	Like English "e" in "get"; ex: **gewe** "give'.'
i	Like English "i" in "fit"; ex: **dig** "thick."
o	Like English "u" in "cut"; ex: **Kob** "head."
u	Like English "oo" in "foot"; ex: **Buch** "book."
r	After another vowel sound and immediately preceding a consonant or at the end of a word like English "a" in "father"; ex: **Feerschd** "verse," **Haar** "hair", **mr** "we" (unaccented form), "one" (indefinite pronoun.)

(b) The long vowels:

aa	Like English "au"in "author"; ex: **Naas** "nose."
ee	Like English "ai" in "sail"; ex: **See** "sea."
ie	Like English "ie" in "believes"; ex: grie "green."
oo	Like English "oa" in "boat"; ex: **rood** "red."
uu	Like English "oo" in "moon"; ex: **Huud** "hat."

(c) The diphthongs:

au	Like English "ou" in "house"; ex: **Gaul** "horse."
ei	Like English "ei" in "height"; ex: **heid** "today."
oi	Like English "oy" in "boy"; ex: **Hoi** hay."

2. Unaccented Vowel Sounds.

e	Like English "a" in "sofa"; ex: **hawe** "have."
i	Like English "y" in "pity"; ex: **scheeni** "pretty."
r	At the end of words or in the prefix **fr** like English "a" in "father"; ex: **bruudr** "brother," **frgese** "forget."

3. The Consonants

b	At the beginning of words like English "b" in "bite"; ex: **beise** "to bite." In the middle of words this sound becomes softer, almost like the "pp" in "apple"; ex: **Lumbe** "rag." At the end of words it is pronounced like English "p" in "stop"; ex: **Kalb** "calf."
ch	No equivalent in English. A prolonged and whispered pronunciation of the English "y" in "yes" is approximately the Deitsch **ch** after front vowels (**ae, e, i, ee, ie, ei**) ex: **ich "I".** After the back vowels (**a, o, u, aa, oo, uu, au**) the **ch** has a deeper sound, farther back in the throat. To produce this sound, pronounce one of the back vowels, and raising the tongue in the back, force air out as in clearing the throat: ex: **Dach** "roof."
d	At the beginning of words like English "d" in "do"; ex: **drei** "three." In the middle of words this sound becomes softer, almost like English "tt" in "better"; ex: **Bruudr** "brother." At the end of words it is pronounced like English "t" in "fat"; ex: **Feld** "field."
f	Like English "f" in "field"; ex: **Fuus** "foot."
g	At the beginning of words like English "g" in get"; ex: **gewe** "give." In the middle of words like the English "gg" in "beggar"; ex: **guge** "to look." At the end of words it is pronounced like English "k" in "bark"; ex: **Weeg** "road."
(g)	The (**g**) occurs only medially. When preceeded by a front vowel (**ae, e, i, ee, ie, ei**) the (**g**) is a very soft glide sound, approximately like the glide sound heard between the "i" and "e" of English "orient"; ex: **Re(g)e** "rain." After the back vowels the (**g**) represents an even softer, almost inaudible glide sound; ex: **Aa(g)e** "eyes."
h	Like English "h" in "house"; ex: **hawe** "have."
k	Like English "c" in "cold"; ex: **Kalb** "calf."
l	Like English "l" in "let"; ex: **Loch** "hole."
m	Like English "m" in "mine"; ex: **Mesr** "knife."
n	Like "n" in English "not"; ex: **nee** "no."
ng	Always like English "ng" in "singer" (never as in "finger"); ex: **Ring** "ring."
p	Like English "p" in "penny"; ex: **Peif** "pipe."
r	At the end of words or in the prefix **fr** like English "r" "rose," but trilled or flapped once; ex: **ruufe** "to call," **frlierre** "to lose."
s	Always voiceless, like English "s" in "six" or "ss" in "mass"; ex: **Seel** "soul", **leese** "to read," hees "hot."
sch	Like English "sh" in "ship"; ex: **schl**[illegible]**nge** "to run", **bo**[illegible]**chd** "best", **wesche** "to wash."
dsch	Like English "ch" in "church"; ex: **Dschab** "job", **rudsche** "to slide."
t	Like English "t" in "teacher"; ex: **Tiged** "ticket." This sound occurs only initially before vowels and in English loan words.

It will be observed that my transcription indicates clearly whether the vowel is long or short (e.g. **bluug** or **blug** for "plow.) A different device which might have been used to indicate the quantity of the vowel would have been to consistently double the consonant after the vowel to designate the short sound (e.g. **Blugg** and to write a single consonant after the long vowel sound. Both of these devices (i.e. the doubling of the vowel and the doubling of the consonant) are used in Standard German (e.g. **See, Boot, Paar, Saal, Tee, Seele ,Heer, Moos, Saat, Beet, Meer** or **Blatt, denn, offen, Butter, Gott, Sommer, Bett, messen, fallen**) so that the use of either one of them should not cause the layman who knows Standard German any difficulty. One must simply state at the beginning which one of these devices one is going to employ and then use it consistenly.

It will also be noted that I do not write an r when the r is not pronounced, (e.g. **Dauf** or **Daref** for the verb "to be permitted to," Standard German **duerfen**; **Garewle** or **Gaweli** for "sheaf," etc.) I regard the writing of an r in such words as **dart, fart,** and **hart,** where an r-sound is not heard or pronounced, as one of the most serious faults of the system of spelling now employed in the **Eck.** This practice has given to many non-Pennsylvania German scholars who have a sincere interest in our dialect a false impression of it.

Another practice which I have eliminated in my transcription is the use of the apostrophe in the combination **g'h** and **b'h.** I have discovered that the use of the latter combinations tends to produce among non-Pennsylvania German students and scholars who try to read our dialect a spelling-pronounciation which is artificial and not in accord with actual usuage.

One of the most difficult problems connected with the spelling of our dialect has been the transcription of English loan words. Various practices have been followed: Some writers have kept all English loan words in their regular English spelling; others have spelled some of the loan words with German sound values but have kept the English spelling (in quotation marks) of others. The situation is especially complicated by the following facts which I pointed out in my study of English loan words in Pennsylvania German: (7)

1. The percentage, of English loan words used by speakers of Pennsylvania German for many of our **everyday** objects and concepts is comparatively high.

2. A large majority of the English words in Pennsylvania German are adapted to the phonemic patterns of native words.

After wrestling with this problem of loan words for fourteen years I have come to the conclusion that the most satisfactory solution is to transcribe all English loan words with German sound values regardless of how clumsy some of them may look. If we try to make a distinction in our spelling between those loan words which have been "absorbed" into Pennsylvania German and those which have not, we run into all sorts of difficulties. In the first place, who is to decide which loan words have been absorbed and which have not? Secondly, our writing of the dialect is considerably impeded and slowed up, if we have to stop every time we wish to write an English loan word and decide whether the word has been absorbed or not. And finally, the percentage of English loan words in Pennsylvania German which are pronounced exactly as in English is relatively small.

Before concluding this discussion, it might be well to give by way of illustration a specimen of the dialect transcribed according to the system proposed above.

The following is a version of the song **Schloof, Bobeli, Schloof** as sung to me by William Brown Jr. of Hepler (Schuylkill Co.):

Schloof, Bobeli, schloof!
Dr Daadi hied die Schoof.
Die Mami hied die braune Kie
Un kumd ned heem bis Mariye frie.
Schloof, Bobeli, schloof!
Schloof, Bobeli, schloof!
Dr Daadi hied die Schoof.
Die Mami die kochd Schniz un Kneb
Dr Daadi hald die Kefer weg.
Schloof, Bobeli, schloof!

The above spelling does look queer and **fremdartig** to those of us who have been accustomed to reading the dialect in other transcriptions, but it is consistent and phonetic and no Pennsylvania German or non-Pennsylvania German who knows Standard German should have any difficulty in reading it. Furthermore, it seems reasonable to make a few aesthetic sacrifices for the sake of consistency.

6 The English equivalents which I give here and in the following descriptions of the sounds must be, in some cases, merely **approximate** equivalents.

7. Cf. Albert F. Buffington, "English Loan Words in Pennsylvania German," **Studies in Honor of John Albrecht Walz** (Lancaster, 1941) pp. 65-85.

EDITORIAL

Professor Buffington in his article concluded in this issue of the ECK presents an earnest endeavor to establish a phonetic and consistent orthography for our dialect. It is admittedly a system devised to transcribe the spoken word as heard by the phonetician, with special regard for accurate rendition of regional differences in pronunciation and form. Unfortunately the system leaves unsolved many problems that confront the Editor of the ECK who cannot regard with any degree of accuracy regional differences in oral utterances. Since he has had to edit large portions of our dialect literature, past and present, it became necessary to attempt to establish something of a norm or standard, at the same time in the knowledge that no symbols at the disposal of the linotypist are adequate in rendering the phonetic pattern of our dialect. The scientific phonetician does not consider it within his province to establish norms or standards, to choose between better or worse, to exercise taste and discrimination. His function is only to observe the phenomenta of the spoken word—as he hears it! But there's the rub! The human ear is not infallible. It is amazing how phoneticians disagree about what they hear. They like to think they are both phonetic and consistent. Some of our dialect writers have also applied these abused words to their own spelling. The editor of the ECK no longer labors under any illusions in this respect. He has never made a fetish of consistency, remembering Emerson's famous dictum about consistency. Mindful of the demands the eye makes upon the printed page he has tried not to break away too rudely from long established traditions of German orthography, knowing that even our modern public is far more conservative than most academic persons are willing to concede, as witness for example the many futile efforts to reform our English orthography.

The Editor of the ECK is of the opinion that an eventual orthography for our dialect must be of slow organic growth and not imposed by any one person. However, much progress could be made if individual differences could be submitted to a deciding body, after the manner of the French Academy.

We have asked three of our foremost protagonists of phonetic spelling to transcribe the following stanza from Edward Hermany's long poem **Wie die Alde nooch der "Heio" sin.** Hermany, one of the most gifted of our poets, no doubt also believed he was phonetic and consistent. Most of his poems remain today unpublished. He wrote the stanza as follows:

'S hud g'haisa, doord wahr's Lond gons aiva,
D'r shwordz groond ochdzay foohsz deef nooner!
Mit bissel shoffa kennd m'r laiva.
On wea's doch woggsa daid wahrn Woonner:
'S hud warklich ae so'n Oller gshwoara—
Di Froocht daid sich so digg doord shdugga
Dos ned 'n Mysel drinn kennt hugga!
D'r Waidsa dar daid nea ned faila,
"Ae hoonnerd Booshel" kennd m'r tzaila
Tzoo yaiderm Ogger yairlich, hendig!—
Wahr's g'haird hud, dar wawr gons levvendig,
F'r in di "Hyo Shdaid" tzoo ziege—
Gadenkd dos Mensha kennda leaga
Hud nimmond on d'r "Ollda Lawny"
In sellra Tzide!

Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, Lecturer on Pennsylvania German Folklore at Franklin & Marshall College, renders this stanza in this fashion:

'S hot keese, dat weear lant gans eewe,
Dar schwats grunt achtsee fuus diif nunar!
Mit bisl schafe kent mar leewe,
Un wii s doch wagse deet wear n wunar:
'S hot wariglich ee soo n alda gschwaware—
Fum brale bundar glat gewaware—
Di frucht deet sich dik dat schdoge
Das net 'n meisl drin kent hoge!
War weetse daar deet ne net feele,
"Ee hunart buschl kent mar tseele
Tsu yeedarm agar yeearlich, hendich!
Wawar s keeart hot, daar wawar gans lewendich
Far in di "Heio Schteet" tsu tsiie—
Gedengt das mensche kende liie
Hot nimant an de "Aldelawny"
In selre tseit.

Dr. Albert F. Buffington, Professor of German at The Pennsylvania State College, has re-transcribed it as follows:

Es hod gheese, daard waar's Land gans eewe,
Dr schwaz Grund achzee Funs dief nuner!
Mid bisel Schafe kend mr leewe,
Un wie's doch waxe deed weer'n Wuner:
Es hot wariglich ee soo'n Alder gschwaare—
Fum Brale buderglad gewaare—
Di Fruchd deed sich soo dig daard schdoge
Das ned en Meisel drin kend hoge!
Dr Weeze deer deed nie ned feele,
"Ee hunnerd Buschel" kend mr zeele
Zu yeederem Ager yeerlich, hendich!—
Weer's gheerd hod, deer waar gans lewendich
Fr in die "Heioo Schdeed" zu zie(g)e—
Gedengd das Mensche kende lie(g)e
Hod nimand an de "Alde Laani"
In selre Zeide!

Dr. J. William Frey, Professor of German at Franklin & Marshall College, has submitted the same stanza in this form:

'S hot g'heesse, dart waer 's Land gans ewe,
Der schwarz Grund achtzeh Fuuss dief nunner!
Mit bissel Schaffe kennt mer lewe,
Un wie's doch wachse daet waer 'n Wunner:
'S hot warriklich ee so n' Alder g'schwore—
Vum Bralle budder-glatt gewore—
Die Frucht daet sich so dick dart schtocke,
Das net 'n Meisel drin kennt hocke!
Der Weeze, daer daet nie net fehle,
"Ee hunnert Buschel" kennt mer zaehle
Zu yederm Acker yaehrlich, hendich!—
Waer's g'heert hot, daer waar gans lewendich
Far in die "'Hio Schteet" zu ziege—
Gedenkt dass Mensche kennte liege,
Hot nimmand an der "Alte Lawny"
In sellre Zeit!

Dr. Frey's spelling, but for a few slight deviations, conforms with Barba's rendition of Hermany's poem as it appeared in the ECK for Jan. 8, 1938. However, Barba claims to be neither phonetic nor consistent. Many problems remain to be solved. In the meanwhile he continues to be humbly appreciative of the general acclaim which his efforts have received both at home and abroad.—P.A.B.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8022.

PUBLISHERS
Royal W. Weller, President; J. C. Shumberger and David A. Miller, Vice Presidents.

EXECUTIVE STAFF
Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weller, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS
Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

For the sixth time, Norman Thomas is a candidate for the presidency of the United States on the Socialist ticket and while he stands no chance of election, he has gained in stature and public approval. He has neither become a slave of the Kremlin nor has he gone over to capitalism as a reaction to association with communism.

This year, it is anticipated that Norman Thomas will receive a fairly large protest vote. For there are some who just will not vote for Tom Dewey and the Republicans; who are distressed by Truman's lack of knowledge and ineptitude; and who abhor Henry Wallace's complete subservience to the Kremlin. They wfll vote for Thomas to express their dissatisfaction.

Norman Thomas is a socialist. He believes in the socialization of the means of production and distribution. He calls attention to his 1928 program, which Roosevelt adopted in 1932 in some of its immediate provisions and which, in some respects, both the Republican and Democratic parties accepted in 1948. Thomas himself points to these provisions:

". . .the principle of collective bargaining must be recognized.

(We must have) "an adequate national program for flood control, flood relief, reclamation.

(We must have) "a system of health and accident insurance and old age pensions as well as unemployment insurance.

(We favor) "shortening the work day. . .securing to every worker a rest period of no less than two days in each week.

". . .the farmer is entitled to special consideration because of the importance of agriculture. . .because the farmer is unable to control the prices of what he buys and what he sells."

Too much can be made of this. The American way is progressive and has been for 300 years. American capitalism is premised on the theory that larger quantities of purchasing power should increasingly be made available to all elements in the population so that they can purchase a constantly increasing quantity of the productivity of farm, mine, and factory. Also, American capitalism has supported the reduction of working hours, introducing labor-saving machinery with the object of increasing leisure and the use of goods and services designed for leisure. The eight-hour day did not come into existence as either a Socialist or New Deal reform nor did the high wage scale or the high standard of living grow out of the party platforms of any kind.

Nevertheless, it is true of Norman Thomas that he has generally been ahead of his times; that his services to his country have been unselfish and patriotic. At 63, he can point to a record of devotion which must be the envy of every American with a conscience.

His record during the war was extraordinarily sound. He opposed not only Nazism but Communism. He says:

"We bitterly opposed the slogan 'unconditional surrender' as purely negative. We attacked the Morgenthau Plan, the division of Germany into zones, and the failure of Mr. Roosevelt even to try for peace on a basis looking toward political and economic co-operation—exemplified, for instance, in a United States of Europe. Our insistence in 1944 and after was on the impossibility of peace by indiscriminate vengeance against Germany and appeasement of Stalin."

Today when many of those who toadied to the Kremlin and the American Communists and who brought upon us the shame of Yalta, point to an occasional and rare reflection on the abuses of the Communists, and justify their stupidities on the ground that because they were fighting Hitler they could not see Stalin, Norman Thomas can point to a daring and courageous pursuit of peace — a lasting peace — during the entire course of the war.

Now, he is opposing Henry Wallace and his party. He says:

"But in the manipulation of the movement, Communists have gained too much power. Bitter experience from World War I down through 1936 taught us Socialists the impossibility of any cooperation in good faith with a party controlled rigidly from Moscow, and which glorifies bad faith as part of its religion."

Thomas may be smiled at as a perennial candidate, but he has the courage to serve without hope of success, to labor without profit, to be American in its most idealistic terms.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some time ago a woman who reads my column in a newspaper which publishes my picture with a pipe in my mouth wrote to the editor and told him that she would cancel her subscription unless they discontinued the writings of a man who "used that filthy weed, tobacco, and flaunted it into the faces of good Christians."

The editor continued to run my pipe-smoking picture with my column, and the woman apparently did not discontinue her subscription and still reads what I write.

I just had a letter from her in which she tells me that she is so glad that I stopped smoking and "had got religion."

I want to set the good lady right.

I have stopped smoking. But religion has nothing to do with it.

I stopped smoking because my doctor so ordered.

Religion has nothing to do with smoking, just as a lot of other things that fanatics and hypocrites connect with religion have nothing to do with religion.

One of our great national shortcomings is our tendency to stick our noses into other people's affairs, and personal experience as well as my mail has taught me that the less business a lot of women (and some men, too) have, the more they are concerned about the busines sof their neighbors.

It seems to me that whenever a carper or a critic can't give you any other reason for his carping and criticizing, he gives you a quotation from the Bible and construes that quotation altogether differently from its intended meaning.

The woman who objected to my smoking the pipe quoted several passages from the Bible, all referring to "Sin."

So, to suit her convenience, she tried to prove to me that the Bible condemns smoking and the use of tobacco as a sin, whereas tobacco and its use were not discovered until hundreds of years after the Bible was conceived.

Perhaps the greatest difference between the human being and the animal is that we humans have the power to make our own decisions and the duty to take responsibility for them.

While it is our moral obligation to help our fellow men, we have no right to meddle in their affairs nor to tell them what to do.

I may not like to see you smoke or take too many drinks.

But, unless you have been given into my care, I have no right to tell you what to do or not to do, particularly when, no matter what I say, you still have to take the consequences of your actions.

The fact that your intentions may be good is no excuse for meddling, for it is well known that the way to hell is paved with good intentions. And many a person has been made to suffer the agonies of hell by the good intentions of his neighbors.

Meddling in your own words is bad enough.

But meddling in the words of the Bible is ever so much worse.

Don't ever use the Bible as a club or a threat.

The Bible is first and last of all a Book of love and justice and right.

The Bible is a guide and a road map—and, by the way, in the third verse of the 20th chapter of the Book of Proverbs, it is written that "every fool will be meddling."

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.D.

Micah 7:5-20

The first six verses of this chapter are the prophet's description of the moral conditions in the land. Jesus Himself quotes v.6 in Matthew 10:-21. Because of the discouraging conditions around him, the prophet tries the upward look, exclaiming in v.7: 'Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me'. And even in th eday of judgment upon land and people the godly remnant of Israel, speaking through Micah, expresses its hope in the mercy of God; 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me'. In that day when Israel's sufferings shall have reached their climax, and God shall have restored her to her land, then will the people sing the great doxology of praise, vs. 16-20. The nations will be amazed at God's purposes, as revealed to Abraham, having been fulfilled, all Israel's sins having been cast into the depths of the sea. Let us keep on praying for the peace of Jerusalem.

Horoscope

The full moon calls for care in handling personal questions with others, especially associates, during the days ahead. Also refuse to take unnecessary risks.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Sept. 18, a Tuesday

The Allentown Fair opened that morning. About 30,000 school children were expected to attend during the day as guests of the County Agricultural society.

The board of directors of the YWCA announced Monday evening that they had accepted the resignation of C. Louise Gates, general secretary. Miss Gates had stated that she felt no advancement could be made in the association's work until a new building is purchased.

I. A. Lawrence on Monday visited Dr. Charles Zellner, 619 St. John St., who was confined in Bellevue hospital, New York City, as the result of an automobile accident. He had been struck by an automobile while crossing Broadway.

Speaker at the meeting of the Quota club held Monday at the Hotel Allen was Mary E. Wagenhorst, special agent for the Banker's Life Insurance Co. She stressed the advantages of money invested in insurance as opposed to that put in real estate and loans.

The resignation of Rev. John C. Lane as pastor of the Westminister Presbyterian church was accepted by the congregation Sunday evening. Rev. Lane planned to take up the pastorate of the church at Halstead.

Editorials

Thought for Today

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.—Wilde.

Loss of a Good Citizen

Allentown loses a splendid citizen and the CIO - Amalgamated Clothing Workers union of this city a capable and inspirational leader in the removal of Reuben Block from this city to Chicago where he will become the manager of the big and influential union's joint board.

Ofttimes there is real, if secret satisfaction when some leaders of organized labor leave a community. It can be said without fear of contradiction that no such sentiment exists with respect to Mr. Block who for sixteen years has enjoyed the highest confidence of the business leaders with whom he has had to do business for his people and with the many civic leaders of public enterprises to which Mr. Block always had so much to contribute.

Thus there is real regret on the part of the community in general and in particular of the large group of workers whom Mr. Block so diligently served during the years that he worked here. His constructive efforts for his union's workers have borne rich fruit during the years. His interest in and efforts for the community have been outstanding, especially in the excellent understanding that he was able to develop and maintain between the community as a whole and organized labor.

Proper Hallowe'en Observance

Altho the observance of Halloween in six weeks in the future, it is important that a civic committee, headed by Mayor Donald V. Hock, is already making the preparations necessary to celebrate this night of carnival in the manner that was established as an interesting local tradition in the years when the late Alfred L. Reichenbach was Allentown's city treasurer and Thomas B. Holstein was leader of the Pioneer band.

The two men were close friends. Both deeply loved the children of our city. The one had a capacity for organization that made every work which he touched outstanding. The other had a musical group whose members were civic - minded and with their leader shared a devotion for children.

Thus the first Halloween parade was organized more than forty years ago with two distinct objectives in mind: 1, the pleasure of Allentown's children; 2, the decent and harmless celebration of an event that all too often was marred by vandalism, hooliganism and even obscenity.

The purposes of the first Halloween parade were served. The promoters were encouraged. Participation grew from year to year. Traditions were established and the idea spread widely from this community to many others. Except for brief lapses, it has been carried on from year to year.

As long as the idea serves the purpose for which it was established, it should be continued. And it is proper that our highest city officials should promote and continue it for it is certainly in the City's interest to do so.

New Use for Old Postoffice

With so many interests eager to secure possession of the old Allentown Post Office and its site at Sixth and Turner Streets, desirable change in the status of this structure and its remodelling for some useful purpose can be anticipated in the not too distant future.

Business and social welfare organizations see opportunities offered by either the building or the site, or by both. Its central location and other desirable features make appeal to their imaginations and they desire to secure it and make the changes necessary for the purposes which they would make it serve.

Certainly the matter should not be permitted to drag along any longer than may be necessary thru the extensive reviews which must be given by a succession of government agencies, including the Congress of the United States and the President of our conutry.

All too long what had been a beautiful and useful building has been permitted not only to lie unserviceable and idle but has been permitted to reach a stage close to ruin. Time and man have wreacked havoc with the structure, but there appears to be enough left of the structure to stimulate imaginative and creative minds with ideas thru which it again can be made both beautiful and useful.

As it stands now, it is a shame to the City. As almost any one of the bidders for it would transform it, it could again become a beautiful and useful enterprise.

Maine Cheers Republicans

Altho the old saying that "as Maine goes, so goes the nation" received some serious setbacks during the Roosevelt regime as a truthful prognostication, Republicans this year are highly gratified that the elections in that state on Tuesday were overwhelmingly in favor of their representatives. They likewise were cheered with results of primaries in several other states, and were not one bit sorry about the success of the Dixiecrats who have been corralling quite a sizeable block of electoral votes for their candidates.

Outstanding in the record - breaking majorities for all the Republican candidates at the Maine elections was the victory of a woman, Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, who will be the first Republican woman ever to be elected to a full term in the United States. She received three out of four votes cast in the elections, to better a twenty - year record for majority and percentage of votes gained that had been established in a gubernatorial election in which men alone were the candidates.

While the Republicans have become increasingly jubilant with all the developments in the late summer campaign, their leaders are not unaware of the fact that overconfidence can be as serious a foe as their rivals at the polls in November.

The voices of their leaders accordingly are stimulating the Republicans to even more intensive work than may appear necessary. They know that if their party members stay at home in November because they think the election "is in the bag," they cannot win. In the proper American effort to have everybody exercise the right of suffrage, the Republicans can be expected during the next seven weeks to take a leading role.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

In one of the Vatican City's 11,000 rooms recently His Holiness, Pope Piux XII, received and conferred with a small American labor group led by the garment workers' chief, David Dubinsky.

At one point in the conversation, the union leader referring to the Papal fight against the Communist campaigners, said to the Pope:

"The Vatican played a significant part in the recent elections."

It was this election, watched by the entire world, which turned back the Communists' bid for a political revolution and marked the high point of Communist efforts to Sovietize Western European lands.

Then in reply to Dubinsky, according to those present, His Holiness said, in effect, that there was not any hatred for one's enemies but that there come moments when fundamental principles of freedom and truth are endangered. At such a moment, which has arrived, it was said that the Vatican would defend itself, it would fight back.

Furthermore, according to this source, His Holiness recognized that political power was useless to democratic forces if Communists, through their power over a national federation of unions, controlled the economy of a nation and could call such strikes as those which crippled parts of Italy and France for a while and which today threaten to overturn governments.

Pope Pius, it was said, then expressed the Catholic position on unions, on whose members pivoted the fate of Europe. His Holiness felt that unions should be independent, not dominated by any political, governmental or religious organizations and should be directed only by the working people themselves.

His visitors felt that the interview was a token of the willingness of Catholic labor to unite with non-Communist unionists in a fight to keep unions everywhere from toppling under control or disciplined and trained Communist action committees which already had successfully given several governments the riot treatment.

There was the feeling that when the Catholic labor people met, as they are now in Rome, they would not set up independent labor organizations but would prepare the way for unity with the veteran non-Communist labor organizations—and that would set a pattern the world over.

The visitors learned, from what they believed to be informed Vatican circles, that the Pope was working on a labor encyclical which would concretely set the Vatican's labor policy and in turn launch an aggressvie defense against Communist labor strength everywhere.

And at the same time it was expected the encyclical would state that labor was the most critical element in the political struggle today—and therefore must remain free.

Communist reaction to this half - hour visit was a propaganda campaign charging the Vatican and Dubinsky, and the American Federation of Labor which he helps to lead, with a "plot" to "split" and "capture" world labor.

But basic in this propaganda slash at the Vatican was the fact that politically the Communists are through wherever the Soviet Union does not have its troops.

Therefore the sole operating bases anywhere are the trade unions. These, when used in disciplined general strikes to stall railroads, cut coal digging, shut off electric power, silence newspapers and radio, etc., etc., can collapse a government and throw it into Communist hands - even where the Communist party leaders failed at the polls in democratic elections.

Therefore, the Vatican's call to Catholic labor to unite with non-Communist unions can be lethal to world revolutionary strategy. If the workers don't come out there can be no general strikes.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH MAY MASHINA DRUVEL: Fer tzurick kumma tzu unser'm mashina druvel, wors shun shier tzwae uhr nommy dawgs wie m'r da onner dawgs die Mickleys gagend ferlossa hen noch da points feilerrei, un woh m'r shun in da shtadt sei hen wolla bis farmie dawgs wenich noch da tzaea. Der Sivat shtross hivel runner om balla feld ferbei, hut sie ow'r widder shtarta shnoppa noch 'm ochdem, un sin yusht so tzu note noch ra garage kumma die inshein so dote wie 'n mackrel. Der garagemon hut die g'shicht iwwer gaguck'd, un wie m'r 'm fertzailt hen kot wos shun ol gaduh wear werra, hut er der koil aw galong'd, un g'sawt, "This thing is hot,-the coil is shot."

Weil m'r fershprocha hen kot fer tzurick om Harmony Grange hall sie nagshd on Pennsville woh m'r die Kater-Grange hall sei nagshd on ob galust hen kot, bis halver fierra, hen m'r 'm kerl g'sawt er sot 'n neier koil druf mocha, un hen aw ferwillich'd fer 'n kondenser nei hucka lossa aeniah moryets om tzaea uhr widder fohra kenta. Bis fartel noch da drei wor allas fix un fartich, un hen dabei noch 'n lot galarnt wie 'n neier garage blotz heit tzu dawg gabout sot sei. Midda farna im blotz, is 'n grossie shtub woh der mon sei g'shar drin hut, un aw der telefone. Er is arrick ochtsome mit seim g'shar, nembt yusht ae range odder shrawwa tzieger uf ae mohl rous, un drachts widder tzurick won er fartich is. Die dier fer in die shtub is uf ainra side, un unser mashine wor uf da onnerra side. Noh is aw noch der telefone alla fingers long gonga, un shure hut 'n glaenie aewichkeit g'sheind bis m'r fert kumma sin-doch worra m'r froh os der spark bloe wor un nimmy gail, wie der kerl uns ous galaig'd hut, un os m'r fohra kenta unna druvel.

In blotz fon ow'r folshter nei noch 'm Call gae, sin m'r tzurick owwa nous noch Pennsville tzu, un allas wor ol recht bis m'r noch 'm Mandus Borger seim waig kumma sin, grawd unnich da Shtaina Kerrich. Ferhoftich sei won die g'shicht net widder g'shtopt hut, ow'r hen sie widder in der gong grick'd in drei odder fier minuta. Ow'r sis yusht 'n fartel mile gonga, noh huts widder g'shtopt, un so is es fert gonga sex odder siva mohl.

Mit harder mee sin m'r noch 'm Grange hall kumma un hen die Katerinah galawda, un der Jay Claude Frantz fon Egypt hut ferwillich'd fer kinna noh kumma sheeva won die notes, erfodderra dade. Sie hut etlicha mohl g'shtopt tzurick noch Northampton, un woh m'r ains gongs nochs Lentza garage sin woh m'r farmie dawgs worra. Alla mohl hut sie ow'r widder g'shtart, un hen der "Allie" Marsh grick'd fer mit nous uf di eshtross gae brovierra fer der druvel sucha. Wie sie widder g'shtopt hut, hut er der karbetdraider ousa nonner gamocht un die sibber gabutzt, uns hut g'sheind 'm'r kenta fohra in freeda.

Un so weit os sel aw gonga is, hen m'r aw fohra kenna, ow'r sin doch da nagshda morya nous tzum Earl Adams on Newtown, fer der "Docktor" Fritz Kressley die g'shicht iwwer gucka lossa. Der Fritz hut g'sawt, "Die points sin shlecht, 's nembt neia," un m'r hen g'sawt, "Ol recht duh sie nei."

Ow'r m'r hen 'm Fritz aw noch ebbes shunshd g'sawt, ebbes os 'n net tzu arrick gaboss'd hut. M'r hen g'sawt m'r wotta die gas tank runner ganumma howwa fer sehna eb net ebbes inside drin wear os net darta sei sot. Un er hut sie aw ob ganumma, un allas os drin wor, wor ebbes fon ra sawma shode so gross wie 'n finger nogel os im gas rum g'shwumma is-ferleicht ebbes os m'r 'm ledshda summer nei grick'd hen in da west, un woh sich alla gabut unna on die gas peif g'shoft hut. Aenicha waig, die g'shicht shpring'd now widder, un hoffa sie shpring'd aw so fert weil m'r siva yohrs mashina druvel kotta hen ol in aim dawg.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis ken tzeit os 'n mensch liever mashina fohra wil, os wie won die mashine net shpring'd.



Some Characteristics of Pennsylvania German Wills

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT, Ph.D.
Susquehanna University

A Paper read at the dinner meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society in Ephrata on Saturday, June 19, 1948.

YOU have often heard the expression, "Where there's a will, there's a way." The Pennsylvanit German usually had a **will**, and he had a way of revealing his interests and characteristics to posterity. The Pennsylvania German will in the records of thirteen Pennsylvania counties studied by the writer during the past three years is a striking document in its portrayal of human personality and group peculiarity. The old wills are history in the rough. In them we can see the Pennsylvania German mind and heart expressing a love of home and family with an emphasis upon the apparently trivial in odd combinations of the incongruous and in a quaintness of idiom and spelling. Reading these wills inevitably arouses a "Sehnsucht nach dem Vergangenen."

Certainly when one thinks of departing from this life and leaving those loved by him, a serious attitude prevails. The humorous, however, often has a habit of appearing amid the grave aspects of life—innocently and unconsciously. Underneath the surface humor there lies an inward genuineness, for nothing important to a rustic population in those days could be omitted in the detailed and specific enumerations.

One is forced to sense mother's guiding hand even though father may theoretically have been the head of the house. One constantly meets the words **liberty, right, and privilege** as they apply to the widow. In a Berks County will of 1774 we read: "my said Wife shall have the Liberty of Cutting Grass for her Cows in the Fence Corners and Grass Spots on my Premises without Hinerance." A husband in a Northampton County will of 1779 gave to his wife "her windows seat in the house and a right by the stove, in the kitchen by the fire and in the celler to put her things." The given rights to use the garden, to have a room in the house, or to use the cellar, or the attic, or the bake oven, or the springhouse, show not only father's love but also mother's position on the throne. Perhaps the most striking privilege ever accorded to a woman was listed in an 1858 Snyder County Will: "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.**" There were several rights, but just one privilege, "privilege in the pig sty." The widow was here given the right to use the sty for her own hogs just as her son used it for his.

The widow obtained more than liberties, rights, and privileges. When she was given a definite room in the house occupied by her son, she needed a stove and the pipes with it. More than that, she had to be provided with firewood cut to the proper length and regularly brought to the house or the room for her. If the son and she could not agree, then perhaps he had to build her a little home according to specific measurements at a definite place.

Comfort was produced not only by the burning wood in her stove but also by the food and other yearly provisions. Grains such as rye, oats, wheat, barley, buckwheat (called "bookwheat" from the Pennsylvania German **Buchweeze**), and Indian corn had to be given to her after they were ground into flour and bran; fruits such as apples, cherries, pears, and peaches were a yearly requirement, and often several rows of trees were to be chosen by the widow as her share; hackled flax, tow, hemp, wool, linen, cloth, linsey-woolsey, leather, and shoes were mentioned too.

As you know, in the early days our farmers rarely went to the city. They produced almost everything they used. Once or twice a year they took a trip to the city to purchase such necessities as salt, pepper, sugar, allspice, ginger, coffee, molasses—of course, the husband could not forget these in the will. The Pennsylvania Germans liked meat. After all, a hard—working man had to have something substantial, more than **Schleckerg'frees.** The son was told to provide mother yearly with pork and beef "in proper killing time." The proportion is interesting. In most cases it's 100 lbs. of pork to 50 or 25 lbs. of beef. Lebanon County, however, seems to take pride in its pork-eaters, for there it's usually 200 lbs. of pork to 50 lbs. of beef. The meat fork, often called the "flesh fork" as a literal translation of **Fleeschgawwel,** was mentioned frequently. Not only did father provide for mother by giving her yearly a certain plot of ground for potatoes or flax or for a garden; he knew that more than ground and seed were needed for a good crop, and so he stipulated that mother be given the natural elements to enrich the soil of her garden near the house—even the proper fork for helpful distribution was included.

Besides meat, grains and bread, and fruit, milk too was essential. The contented cow, generally named the "Milch Cow," found its way into many pages of Pennsylvania German wills. Its designation made it valuable to the housewife in only one respect. If the milk was gone and the cow became a stagnant "dry cow," then replacement was the only solution; or else the son might supply his mother with milk, cream, and butter. The cow had rights and feminine feelings too, to such an extent that a York County will of 1766 stated (the word **go** is spelled **goo**): the above Menshined Cow is to goo in the Same pasture that my Sons Cows goos in." The husband either gave his wife the right to choose the cow or else picked one with a distinctive feature: York 1763, "one Brown Milch Cow with a large Starr in her forehead"; York 1769, "the Speckled cow with the chain"; Northampton 1765, "One Cow with a white forehead." In Berks County in 1765 a husband willed "Liberty of Milk for her own to Eat and Cream for Tea or Cofy when she wants it." In a Lancaster County will of 1782 the wife received "a calf till it comes to be a cow." A Northampton County will of 1778 words it differently: "My Chests my Cow with all the Kitchen Tools," definitely an example of misplaced modifiers, grammatically speaking. The same is true of a Mifflin County will in 1789: "I will and bequeath to my daughter Elizabeth one bed and Cloaths for said Bed, one Cow and Calf with all her Cloaths and two sheep and ten-pounds in Money." The husband occasionally made a grant of the cow bell to his wife.

The widow needed more than fruits, meats, and milk. Eggs too were essential. Lehigh, 1814: "every week six eggs as long as hens are in season." Lebanon, 1814: "six Dozen of Eggs Cut and Hall to her Door Suficient fire wood," a beautiful example of the squinting modifier as it looks both ways. Humor resulting from such structure was common because of a general failure to use much punctuation.

The Pennsylvania German knew that his wife was a hard worker, and so he ordered in a Lehigh County will of 1813: "I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Elizabeth one bed and bedstead with all what is in and on it and one cane." The feather bed, the curtains, pillows, bolsters, coverlets, feathers, all these were important and often named. A Schuylkill County will of 1811 stated that the wife "shall have privilege to keep the geese on the premises till she shall have feathers sufficint for a bed."

The "Milch Cow" was not the only source of liquid refreshment for the Pennsylvania Germans. At least, it does not seem possible for the delicious mince pies to have absorbed all the potent influences in liquid form: cider, "apple liquor," rum, brandy, peach whiskey, bushels of malt for beer. Nor could the small quantity taken for medicinal purposes exhaust the large yearly supply. A Lancaster will of 1739 provided "12 gallons of distilled spirits and 8 bushels of malt" for the wife yearly. Bucks, 1785: six gallons of apple whiskey "well Still'd." For those with milder tastes coffee and tea were included, along with the coffee mill and the tea equipage.

Nor was the cow the only animal involved. Lehigh, 1815: "As much **rum** (room) in the barn as she wants for two Cows & two Sheep. . ." Chickens, sheep, pigs, and especially the horse did not escape the careful lists of the Pennsylvania Germans. Because the wife had occasion to travel within limited areas, the husband considered a tame riding horse, bridle, and a side saddle of great value to the widow. Juniata County, 1836: "She is also to have a horse furnished to her at any time She may wish to to ride abroad." Lehigh, 1822: "a horse to **write** to Church or any ways where she wants to go. . ." A specific horse was mentioned sometimes, as in a Northampton County will in 1782: "A white Tail Mare." Provision for half the colts "that may come of the Mare" were made for the widow in a 1768 Lancaster County will.

Many other articles for the widow are contained in these wills, depending upon the particular period: dough tray, bread baskets, bucking tub, ten-plated stove, spinning wheels, looms ,clocks, churns, pans, pots, looking glass, pewterware, Dearborn wagon, earthen ware, sausage funnel ("Worst funnel" in a Union County will), grubbing hoe, Bible and other books, lamp oil, candles, carriages, ploughs, harrows, corner cupboards, basons, buckets, kettles (iron, copper, brass), walnut or cherry tables, chests, clothes press, ladles, tongs, fire shovels, kegs, Windsor chairs, stilliards, drawknife, freedom's cloth, Delphware and silverware, cutting box, and windmill (a fan mill which separated the wheat from the chaff by blowing the chaff away and allowing the wheat to drop through a sieve.) Snyder County wills give the reader several typical examples of unintentional humor. "I will that the horse power and wind mill which I own, shall remain at my barn, till after the death of my wife . . ." "I do order that my thrashing machine shall remain in the barn as long as my beloved wife Molly shall live." The latter statement may parallel the story of thefellow who said before his marriage, "Ich kennt' sie fresse," but who afterward changed it to "Nau wott ich, hett ich sie g'fresse."

All these things belonged to the wife as long as she remained a widow. The husband's comments on the wife's possible remarriage are interesting. Lehigh County, 1813: "my widow shall have her bed and bedstead She may intermarry hereafter or not. . ."; 1815: "But in case my said wife Maria should marry or commit matrimony, then I give and bequeath unto her the sum of $133.33 and all her management will cease"; 1820: "It is my will that whenever my widow should marry again; then she shall have her bed cloths chest and drawer and one hundred and fifty dollars cash and shall quit the place forever." Lancaster, 1774: "Shall Immediately Acquit the Plantation." Berks, 1766: "but if she Should Marry then she is to have Nothing but the Bed." Bucks, 1770: "In Case that my said Wife shall Chuse to marry again and her husband incline to live with on this place it is my Will that my Executors herein after named should take particular Care that no waste be made of the timber nor any damage be done to the Plantation." Usually the husband was more adamant, as in a 1780 Northmpton County will with the expression, "but if she Marries she must Immediately quit the Place," or in a Berks County example in 1774: "She shall Immediately leave my Plantation and have no further Subsistance" although she may keep "Bed Bedstead, Chest, Clothes, Spinning Wheel Kitchen Furniture and Ten pounds of the Money." In the latter will, however, there may be a final softening of heart. If she should "survive such other Husband" and no provision is made for her livelihood she is allowed to come back as though she were still his widow. The phrase, "But if Contrary to Expectation," occurs frequently: the Pennsylvania German did not expect his widow to remarry, but he took no chances. Lancaster, 1733: "I . . . .have write how my wife has to behave herself in case I should Die, She is to keep under her all my Estate So as I leave it. . . ." Northumberland, 1806: "As to my dear and beloved wife she is at liberty to do as she pleases on the Subject of a Second Marriage, but I enjoin it on her by all the ties of our connection never to forget our Children." These last two examples show the difference in attude on the part of the writer of a will. Although there was great uniformity on various points in these wills because of common Pennsylvania German characteristics and because of certain legal standardization, explicit differences revealed individuality and personality.

As the last quotation indicates ,the children too were remembered. The grant of responsibility to the widow or the executors to see that the younger children "may be educated in Piety and Virtue" (Lancaster County, 1773) is a mood common to the writers of these wills. In 1768 a Lancaster County resident provided equal shares of money yearly to the children "excepting my son-in-law . . . and his wife Elizabeth (my Daughter) they shall have but one English Shilling Sterling each and no more because they do not live together as married people ought to do." Berks, 1758: "But if my Daughter Modalena Marry Contrary to the Desire of her Mother and Takes a Scandolous ill Natured man to husband: then shall my said Daughter have but fifty pound Pennsylvania Currancy." York, 1767: "Whereas my Son. . . has not behaved himself towards me as a Dutiful Child ought to have done. . .therefore I give to him only one Shilling Sterling. . ." Often the children and the grandchildren who merited special favors received them.

TO BE CONCLUDED

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

GEBABBEL IN DE KICH

Vorwart

Wann Schulkinner bralle,
Vun ihrm Teacher, die Schalle
Klinge weit iwwer Baerrick un Daahl.
'S waar nie kenner so schlecht—
Es gebt epper ihm recht—
Er grickt immer ee Schtimm in de Waahl.

Die Liz zu de Maad:

Hoscht du schunn gelese—
John Baer dutt er heesse—
Wie seller Mensch ziffere kann!
Er rechelt dir 's aus
Im Greizweg Schulhaus—
Er 's der Teacher, der grummbeenich John.

El! Der kennt die Schtanne,
Die Sunn kann er banne!
Weess graad wieviel Meil zum Equator.
Un en Schiff kennt er faahre—
Waerd im Moon net verlore—
Vannehaer weess er's—net yuscht schpaeter!

Der anner Daag yo,
Waar die Schulhaus Uhr schlo—
En Director macht der Fehler bekannt;
Hot sich gaar net besinnt,
Setzt die Uhrehend gschwind—
Noch em Sunneschtraahl Marrick an der Wand!

Die Maad antwart:

Der John iss noch leddich,
Un mannichmol hett ich
Mei Hut gsetzt fer ihn; dernoh gewwich acht!
Er iss mir zu grummbeenich,
Un alsemol meen ich,
Er waer wie'n Zuwwer gemacht!

Die Liz losst los:

Schemm dich doch, Minnie,
Du maagscht in die Ginnie!
So Gedanke sin mir veflammt dumm.
Er kann die Schul halte—
Hot ken Zeit fer so alte—
Wie du! Sin sei Bee graad odder grumm.

Die Mammi denkt:

Was bin ich net froh,
Wann's Schpotyohr iss do,
Un die Kinner gehne fart noch de Schul.
Die Mickedier bleibt zu—
Nau gebt's emol Ruh,
Alsemol uff meim alde Schockelschtuhl.
Was waerd des en Freed,
Wann die Schul immer daet
Acht gewwe uff die Liz un der Joe.
Ach! Draus in de Welt
Geht alles fer Geld,
Un yeder muss sich richte dernoh.
Ich glaab yo gewiss!
Der Joe un die Liz
Mache gans gut aus in de Schul.
Die gute Schulkinner,
Die mache die Winner;
Der Parre saagt "Sell iss die Rule."

95

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.96; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The British, while short of newsprint, are long on idle facilities to manufacture newsprint. These facilities are not being used because the British do not choose to expend their dollars to import wood pulp. That is their choice and has nothing to do with us, except as they use American dollars, obtained through ERP (now called ECA) which means that the American taxpayer provides the British with the wherewithal to purchase newsprint in competition with American newspapers which do not receive money from their own government as a gift but have to earn it.

Arthur Sulzberger, publisher of "The New York Times," had this to say on the subject:

"In my judgement, a loss of freedom in Britain would all too quickly be reflected here by comparable curtailment of liberty. We will stand or fall together, and of course it's 'stand' that we intend to do.

"To assist in that purpose, if the British government will allocate the dollars and the supply of newsprint remains short, we on 'The New York Times' are prepared to give up a percentage of our raw material for British use if other American publishers will do the same."

Cranston Williams of the American Newspaper Publishers association replied to Mr. Sulzberger's proposal as follows:

"Whenever the British government wants to authorize use of dollars required by Canada and Newfoundland it is my understanding that newsprint for Britain is available upon receipt of that hard money to care for contracts already existing.

"Further, when the British government sees fit to authorize use of hard money there is pulpwood in Newfoundland available for manufacturing newsprint in Britain."

Mr. Sulzberger was undoubtedly responsive to some of the British criticism of the huge daily and Sunday editions of "The New York Times" while they suffer from newsprint starvation. The fact is that the British press does not need to suffer this starvation if their socialist government will permit them to buy what they wish. The reason that Mr. Sulzberger's proposal was not accepted enthusiastically in London is obvious: the British would still have to purchase the relinquished newsprint. They are willing to take from ERP or ECA, but they are unwilling to pay in U.S. or Canadian dollars. The American publisher does not want his taxes to compete against him in the purchase of Canadian newsprint which is already at a fabulous price.

In 1941, "The New York Times" consumed approximately 90,000 tons of newsprint. It is estimated that this year they will use about 144,000 tons, a rise of about 60 percent. The average rise for all American newspapers is about 29 percent. Maybe the British publishers find these figures hard to take in view of their own shortages, but our newspapers pay their own way and so ought the British newspapers. All this talk about maintaining freedom of the press by a handout of newsprint is unsound, because no handout ever won freedom for anybody. Mr. Sulzberger's proposal is charitable but it will not solve Great Britain's newsprint problem any more than the original British loan solved her problem of productivity. Socialism needs to relearn the lesson that the prosperity of a nation depends upon its ability to produce goods and services, not upon its propagandistic ability to create an attitude favorable to granting loans.

Freedom of the press has existed only in countries where the press has been entirely self-supporting. It has not existed in countries where the government owned or subsidized the press or where its publishers were dependent upon subsidies from political parties. As a matter of fact, as long as the British press is dependent upon its own government or ours for its newsprint, it will not be free. Even British newspapers which own theif own forests or mills in Canada may not use them to provide British newspapers because of the policy of their government to restrict their operations.

Mr. Sulzberger seems to hold somewhat to this view, for he added:

". . . If there is blame, let it rest squarely on government which does not seem to recognize the full importance of information, or, as some suggest, is prone to look the other way because too frequently it dislikes the news that is published."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Poetry is not exactly up my alley. To be perfectly frank, I don't care a lot for poetry even if it is good.

But the following poem was sent to me because of a recent column of mine in which I told about some professors starting a seminar for monkeys.

So, the least I can do for Mrs. George Zell, of Kennett Square, Pa., who sent it to me, is to publish the poem, whose author I do not know.

If there is anything wrong with the meter you can easily have it fixed as all meters are fixed—by the plumber or the power company's man. And that, I believe, and I shall know positively after my wife reads this column, is one of the most awful puns I have ever punned.

Here is the poem, and it is entitled "The Monkeys' Disgrace":

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the other, "Now listen, you two;
"There's a certain rumor that can't be true;
"That man descended from our noble race.
"The very idea is a disgrace.

"No monkey ever deserted his wife,
"Starved her babies and ruined her life;
"And you've never known a mother monk
"To leave her babies with others to bunk.
"Or pass them one from one to the other.
"Till they hardly know who is their mother.
"And another thing you'll never see:
"A monk build a fence 'round a cocoanut tree
"And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
"Forbidding all other monks to taste.
"So, by putting a fence around my tree
"Starvation would force you to steal from me.

"Here's another thing no monkey would do:
"Go out at night and get on a stew,
"Or use a gun or club or knife
"To take some other monkey's life.
"Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss;
"But, brother, he didn't descend from us!"

* * *

Thus ended Mrs. Zell's poem and while, as I told you, the meter isn't very good, the philosophy certainly is.

However, she spoils it with the following P.S.:

"But who would rather be a monkey than a human being? I would not, and I am sure you wouldn't either."

Well, frankly, I don't know.

According to my wife, I have made a monkey of myself many a time and ot be truthful, most of those times were the best times I ever had in my life.

So I really can't say which is better — being a human being and making a monkey of yourself or being a monkey without having to make a human being of yourself.

I must ask the next monkey I meet.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE BARBER FROM BAD AXE

I've been told that whenever
he has a day off
The barber from Bad Axe goes
out to play golf;
And whenever I'd challenged
him, true to his trade,
His skill with the clippers he
proudly displayed.
So the tables I turned, and I
asked him if he
In a four-ball engagement my
partner would be.

He put down his scissors and
dangled his comb,
Saying: " Rather than that I'd
prefer to stay home.
But if that's how you want it,
since business is slack,
Though a load you will be, just
get up on my back
And I'll carry you round till
the struggle is done."
Which he did, and, because of
his playing, we won!

I peeked and my putts were
both weird and absurd.
But the barber from Bad Axe
said never a word.
He drove like a pro and his
irons were true;
He was two over par when the
scoring was through.
And I hope when those comrades again challenge me,
That the Barber from Bad Axe
my partner will be.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Ecclesiastes 4-5

The writer speaks out against oppression of the poor and helpless on the part of the rich and powerful, of the 'have nots' by those who have abundance of this world's goods, vs. 1-3. In vs. 4-6 those who do succeed are envied by their neighbors. What satisfaction can a very rich man or a very wealthy nation have if one has no friends? A rich man who has no son or heir may well ask, why build up an estate? Vanity, and sore trouble. What may an old and foolish king look forward to, as he sees the young wise man waiting to succeed him? All worldly ambition, limited to things 'under the sun', is but vanity, chasing 'air-bubbles'. Chapter 5, vs. 9-17, gives us more illustrations to show that the rich king and the poor peasant have the same fundamental needs, and are inter-dependent. Riches accumulated, to be selfishly enjoyed, bring no real satisfaction, for in the end man finds no pockets in his shroud. The conclusion is, therefore, that whether we eat or drink, we should do all to the glory of God, ever conscious of the fact that God created us for His pleasure, and that we should live, not to please ourselves, but to please Him.

Editorials

Thought for Today

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.—Cicero.

Hope for Atomic Power

Governor Dewey in a recent address restated the opinion of Americans in general that the secrets of atomic power should be revealed and made available to the world just as soon as it is practicable to do so. That is America's unselfish attitude.

So far it has been demonstrated that power can be derived from the atom but the unlocking of that power this far has cost such tremendous sums that it has been availed of only for military purposes. In fact, it appears likely that not for a long time to come will it be possible to develop atomic power at a cost comparable with or cheaper than the power which can be derived from coal, oil and harnessed water.

That day, however, is expected to come and scientists are working feverishly to that end when it will be possible to add to our genii of the steam engine, the internal combustion engine, the turbine and other types of motors. When that day comes we can know that American standards of living will be further advanced just as they have been advanced by the development of tremendous power from other agencies.

Furthermore, if and when the people of the world can gain the advantages of additional power their standards will be advanced. Certainly in a world that is rapidly being overopulated there must be large additions to power resources if standards are even to be maintained and even greater additions if they are to be advanced.

Hope in this direction is afforded in announcement from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission that the first atomic plant in history is to be begun within a few months on a large tract near Schenectady, N.Y. There electric power is to be generated thru nuclear fission. It is to be a pilot plant wherein the necessary lessons relative to an entirely new field of physics are to be learned. In experimental atomic furnaces it is hoped the way can be learned to produce power upon a commercially practical scale.

With oil supplies being consumed at greater rate than new pools are being discovered and with coal mines in many countries of the world nearing exhaustion, the atomic day is the hopeful day for man on this planet which the scientists see possible of realization.

Muhlenberg's Centennial

Muhlenberg college this year is observing its centennial anniversary and the community in which it has contributed so much rejoices with the institution's leaders and all associated with it upon the event.

Especially important and significant in the observance, which will continue thruout the year in various phases, is the program to be given in the Lyric Theater tomorrow afternoon at 3. Because Muhlenberg is in and of this community the public is cordially invited to attend the exercises and felicitate with the college upon its notable birthday anniversary.

Muhlenberg's ambition always has been to be a good and great college, not a big college or university. Emphasis never has been placed upon size but rather upon that comparatively small number of scholars which educators and students have found to be the best environment for all-round development and fullest enjoyment of college life.

That the war came to divert the institution for a while from this general idea was a fact from which the institution patriotically did not shrink from nor seek to escape. Instead, in the best traditions of the institution, it accepted responsibilities and made opportunities out of them to prove the sound qualities and reveal undreamed of resources of educational vigor which the college possesses.

So to the many traditions of the institution, which have grown about it in the course of a century, new traditions of a wider public service were added during the years of the war and since.

With these splendid traditions of past and present public service, the institution confidently can enter its second century of usefulness not alone to a comparatively small student body and to the community in which it is located but also to the national welfare.

Warning to Legislators

Down in South Carolina, legislators who could not vote themselves salary increases under the State's constitution, saw a way around that obstacle and voted themselves "expense money" at the rate of $700 a year. But the State Treasurer was not eager to pay out the "expense allowance" and took the matter to court. Finally the Supreme Court of the State declared the action unconstitutional and the legislators will have to repay whatever amounts were received from the treasury, under protest.

This matter may disturb our own Pennsylvania legislators who at a recent session voted $100 a month as expense money to themselves to eke out the wretched salary which has been paid to members of the General Assembly for so many years.

It has not been indicated that any organized group or individual is going to make a test of the legality of the Pennsylvania Legislature's action, but, in the light of the South Carolina action, it can be expected that somebody will do something about it.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — John W. Snyder, secretary of the treasury in President Truman's cabinet, is a conscientious person and somehow cannot refrain from telling the truth as he sees it in the economic situation.

Now he predicts continued prosperity in America for years to come. Surely Mr. Snyder cannot have been reading Mr. Truman's speeches in the west prophesying calamity for the nation, hard times and what not if he isn't elected on November 2nd, which is only a few weeks hence. Mr. Truman is appealing to the people to vote for him and "save the country from going to the dogs."

But the secretary of the treasury somehow isn't too worried about what is going to happen to America for many years to come. He believes the nation has a pretty sound foundation. Here is what he told the National Association of Supervisors of State Banks at their meeting in Louisville Wednesday:

"The nation is faced with heavy unfilled demand for houses, for automobiles, farm machinery, freight cars, steel, electrical capacity, new schools and highways. Our population is growing, and a still greater expansion in these facilities may well be called for in the future.

"Electronic devices, plastics and other new inventions are attracting an increasing public demand. We have only begun to tap the billions of savings built up during the war years. All of these facts testify to the powerful reserve strength in our national economy."

While Secretary Snyder termed the present economic picture reassuring, he called attention to some unhealthy symptoms and inflationary pressures. He called attention to the strength of agricultural real estate and pointed out that farm debt had decreased 30 per cent since the last war, whereas it increased 160 per cent after the first world war.

Mr. Snyder's observations could be construed, of course, as support in a sense of the President's argument that there is a high degree of prosperity in the country — which, incidentally, would be a better political platform for Mr. Truman to stand on than the campaign to instill fear and apprehension that he seems to have adopted.

Back in 1916 a Democratic President carried virtually the entire west and two of the eastern states on a platform of "Peace and Prosperity." He didn't charge that the Republicans would upset either but argued merely that the incumbent administration had achieved both objectives. He won the election, too.

The theory that political capital may be gained by arousing fear is an old one. It has backfired again and again. The people are much too well informed about their economic life to believe that one man can by himself upset the national economy. Certainly if a majority of the Congress, which is composed of 531 persons elected by the people, doesn't agree with a President, he cannot dictate policies or enact laws that can bring depression or economic disturbance.

The Republican party used to argue that the Democratic party was the party of depression. The argument received a considerable setback with the depression of 1929 to 1932, when the Republicans were in power. Although Mrs. Roosevelt in a recent article absolved President Hoover from blame for depression conditions that were world-wide at the time he was in office, the stump speakers of the Democratic party are still referring with alarm to the Hoover days and pointing with pride to the prosperity of the Democratic administrations.

Unhappily, when a President takes credit for favorable economic conditions, he focuses the attention of the people on the unfavorable factors as well. The high cost of living is something which, despite all that Mr. Truman says about the 80th Congress, will work out politically to his own disadvantage. That's why Mr. Snyder's type of speech is far better suited to vote-getting than Mr. Truman's doleful prophesies of disaster. America isn't going to the dogs no matter who is elected on November 2nd.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FRIDAWGS ON DA FAIR: B-r-r-r-r! Wos 'n dawg. Soicha mit diefa hossa seck worra heit 's beshd ob, un vommas un iwwerreck hen sich aw net shputta lossa. Fon ol da yohra os m'r on da Fairra rum kessla, wissa m'r net fon aenichra tzeit wohs so kalt wor wie heit. Des da langer os der dawg gadauert hut, des da mainer iwwerreck hut m'r g'sehna. Die show maid hen furs gawora un onnerra weibsleit sin rum galoffa mit da kep tzu gabunna wie midda im winder. Doch so kalt os es wor, wors 'n lot awganaimer os wie wons garayer'd het.

So weit os der Grandshtand aw gonga is, wor er larer os aenichie tzeit die gons woch, - un noh sin kinner widder druf galust werra fer 'n fartel der kup. Die kelt hut fiel hunna k'halta, un onnerra hen g'sawt, sie wista net ferwos m'r batzawla sot fer narra sehna in nonner fohra mit mashina-sel weara socha os m'r so alla dawg sehna kent uf da shtrossa. Noh is es gelt aw nimmy gons so frei wies shun wor,-un wie aw fiel fon da shtander ous g'funna hen. Etlicha hen uns g'sawt ihra bisnis geshter wear besser gawest wie 'n yohr tzurick, ow'r fon heit hen sie nix hoerra wolla. Evens die bingo boova-odder ewwa. Skilo wie sies haisa in Lechaw kounty. hen sich die hels bol ob greisha missa fer ganunk shpieler bei nonner halta. M'r hen na etlicha mohl mit k'holfa, un so weit tzwae mohl glick kot die gons woch.

So weit os bakonta leit aw gonga sin, huts kot, ow'r net wie onnerra yohra. M'r gleicha 's net tzu sehna, ow'r so wie die socha alla weil shtain is unser Fair shtarrick om ous ferlierra ols 'n Bauerra Fair, un die Reading Fair huck'd owwa uf 'm haufa. Darta hen sie noch bauerra g'shar bei da hilly un filly, uns sis es bauerra g'shar woh helft 'n Fair fartich mocha, noh maiga die races un shows so gute sei os sie wolla. Die Allentown Fair hut long midda im soddle k'huck'd ols 'n ol rum Bauerra Fair, ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Die tzeit wor shun woh sie shtel un benna outside onna mocha hen missa fer die si uns onner fee drin halta, ow'r nimmy so alla weil. Uns blumma hous, wohrhoft won m'r sich net shamma mus won fremma leit em froga woh die blumma un blumma shteck tzu finna weara. Die tzeit wor ols woh sel 'n show wor bei sich selwar, ow'r da wenicher now g'sawt dafon, da besser.

'S wor der Arley Haas im Obsht gabei os uns draw gamohnt hut fer gucka noch da eema in da keshda, un woh ainer dafon drei koenich cells om gae hut. Der Arley hut g'sawt, 's wear ken koenich, odder ewwa "Queen" im koshda, now dada die eema brovierra fer ihra aigner koenich raisa. M'r hen ous gamocht 's mista drei orta eema im koshda sei, Demagrawda, Republigawner, un Progressives, un yader drup wot brovierra fer der koenich tzu griega. Net wie ow'r bei uns woh m'r shtimma fer wen os m'r wolla fer bresident, die airsht eem fon da drei os rous shlup wert koenich. Wos es gebt mit da onnerra tzwae hut der Arley uns net sawga kenna.

M'r kon ewwa grawd sehna won yunga leit fers airsht mohl Grampap un Grammam werra. Won sie mohl on da Fair rum lawfa mit da arm fol bubba un onnerra shpiel socha, kon m'r denka os es glaina kinner dahame hut. Un hen m'r g'sawt "Yunga leit Grampap un Grammam werra?" Wel, wos m'r maina, is uns ins sinn kumma wie m'r der "glae" Homer Zimmerman un sei Mary fon Trexlertown aw gadroffa hen g'shwishich da Fair heiser drin. Oy duh welt wos sie net nunner galawda worra, un hen noh ous g'funna os ihra kindskindt der Earl Christman 'n yohr alt wor da airshda September, un now net yusht guck'd fer ebbes neias in shpill socha won der Grampap un Grammam noch da Fair gain, ow'r aw shun gleich'd fer tracktor fohra. Da onner dawg hut der krutzich gore mechdich gayounc'd wie er der Homer sehna hut kumma mit 'm tracktor, un wor net tzu fritta bis er ganumma hut fer 'n ride.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der shtorekipper Harry Young fom Laurys wor all'm noh yusht ainer os geshter nommy dawg gamaint hut 'n mensch mist narrish sei fer sei ale offa dahame ferlossa, fer sich owets uf der Grandshtand huck'd, 'n show watcha Fair uf kours kumt yusht ae mohl's yohr un wos wear don die Fair won m'r net gang'd fer sie ei nemma, mawgs wedder sei wies wil.



Some Characteristics of Pennsylvania German Wills

By RUSSELL W. GILBERT, Ph.D.
Susquehanna University

A Paper read at the dinner meeting of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society in Ephrata on Saturday, June 19, 1948.

CONCLUSION

Education, religion, and work were important to the Pennsylvania German. Northampton County, 1769: "I will and ordain that my Dear Wife Cathrine shall give my Youngest Daughter Catharine Elizabeth Sufficient Learning and keep her Diligently to Church and to take the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the Luthrane Congregation." Lehigh, 1820: "It is my will that my sons might be put to school every year about six months if convenient till they arrive to fourteen years, and that shall be in the English School and then one winter in the German School, that they might be instructed forgoing to the Lords Supper and after they have been let to the Lords Supper then my sons shall be put to trades, But my daughter shall be put in school as well as my sons, and be instructed and be let to the Lords Supper." Union County, 1824: "my son Jacob shall be put to school till he is well instructed in Arithmetick, and then to be hired out to such business as will suit his constitution best till he is eighteen years of age..." Northumberland, 1794: The older brother, the father wills, must help, "he sending his younger brother to church and to school so as to learn him to wright a legible hand in Dutch and to sypher through the Rule of three and when that is done he is to learn him the art and mistery of a complete Blacksmith..." Many wills emphasized learning, the church and trades.

The oldest son was often given the responsibility of running the farm and taking care of his mother and the rest of the family. He either received the farm as a gift or more generally he had the choice of buying it by paying a certain amount regularly to his mother or to his younger brothers and sisters. The mother usually had a right to her own room in the famly home and also access to the kitchen, the attic, the cellar. For his duties and responsibilities the son was rewarded with stated articles. It might have been "my Sundays wearing apparell (a camlet coat)...my best Hatt a pear of Lether Bridges" (York 1755), or "my Black Mair with the Bald Face" (Lebanon 1816), or "my Rifle and my Bible" (Lancaster 1779), or "Choise of the Black Mare or the Roan Horse two set of Geers one Plow with Usal utentials for it one Harrow one ax one Mattock Mawl Rings & wedges ..." (Mifflin 1801), or "my Black Silk Handkerchief" (Northampton 1785), or "the still House and stills in use (the said stills cost me forty-five Pounds hard money)" (Lancaster 1779), or "One Negro Man named Simon" (Northampton 1773), or "My fur Hat" (Schuylkill 1827), or the apple mill and cider press (Berks 1774), or the "Cuping and Bleeding Instruments and the Doctor Book and the receipts" (Northampton 1767), or "all my tobacco presses the Cutting Machines" (Lehigh 1832), as well as tools of trades and farming.

For the daughter it might have been "a Peticote and a Iron Pot" (York 1754), or "one schmall Iron Pot with feet and a handle" (Lancaster 1767), or "one two year old Bay Cold" (Lebanon 1814), or "black peticoat" to one and "brown peticoat" to another (Northampton 1786), or "a feather Bed and Bedsteads two Milch Cows and one Heiffer, one Table, Chest, and Kitchen Shelve, and ten pounds in Money" (Bucks 1784), or "one Breeding Sow" (Berks 1747), or "my bed & bedding, my big Bible, my Iron Crane & two Crooks" (Mifflin 1801), or "my Looking glass and one Cow" (Lancaster 1782), or "a Reformed Hymn Book a Psalm Book and Testament" (Lancaster 1771), or "Silver Watch and snuf box" (Northampton 1790), or a coat of calico, a peticoat, two sheets of Russia linen, and a large German Bible printed in Nuremberg or Basel (Northampton 1785), or "my clock with the cash" to one and "my copper barrel kettle" to the other (Lehigh 1816), or "the blue plush Saddle she now useth, a new Bedstead, one new upper feather Bed, one under Chaff Bed" (Bucks 1779.) It is easy to see that father and mother felt an obligation on the part of the daughters to get ready for the marriage expected of each one of them. It is just as easy to see that not all the daughter's gifts could be placed in the dower chest. Moreover, if variety is the spice of life, then one can certainly live while he reads these wills.

Let me give you a few stipulations in wills in order to see the peculiar, varied combinations. Lancaster, 1801: The wife has the choice of many things including "one bellows a cotton wheel...two Sieves at her choice the salt box with the salt therein...one dough trough one basket at her choice four Gamons and two sides of Pork ...a dung fork at her choice a Dunghook at her choice a Vinigar Kegg with the Vinigar therein at her choice a Cabbage Plain...a right to the Room Kitchen Cellar and on the Garret...a Right to fetch Water at my Well and right to the Barn & stable...a right to the Garden ...." A Snyder County will of 1856 presents an example of a weird mixture, with several dollars tagged on for the wife: "fruit, pasture and stable and hay for one cow, hog right in two spring houses to put her milk in, stable room for hog, space in two gardens...wheat and flour, corn, potatoes, bookwheat, flour, eggs, winter apples, cyder, applebutter, fifty pounds of beef in killing time, coffee, sugar, molasses, salt, fish, two frocks, two pair of shoes, two pair of stockings, two herikerchiefs, nine yards of good muslin, bonnets of her own choosing, also four dollars." A Berks County will in 1773 listed the provisions for the widow: "One Cow to be kept for her in Summer in Pasture and in Winter in good Fother & Stabling, also a good Riding Mare to be kept in the same Manner for her; the Cow my Wife may take from among my Cows, but the Mare shall be provided by my Son David and his Successors; the Third Part of the Garden, a Row of Apple Trees in the Orchard to be Chosen by her yearly, good Bedding Cloathing and Shoes as much as is necessary to be provided for her, good and sufficient small cut Fire Wood to be delivered at her House, fourteen Bushels of good Wheat to be hauld to the Mill for her as she wants it and the Meal to be brought to her House, one fat Hog of an hundred Pounds Weight and in Age and Sickness she shall be supplied with Medicines and good Attendance, and the new House on my Place shall be kept in good Repair for her Dwelling during such Time..." Variety is definitely not lacking in the wills of Pennsylvania Germans.

The variety of life, however, must end for all at some time. That's one of the reasons—to be sure, the main one—why wills were and are written. Although specific articles were important enough to be enumerated in illogical fashion, it was human personality which after all counted most in these wills. The name had to be remembered by enlightening those who remained behind. Frequently the will writer stipulated that a tombstone be erected at a cost of about fifteen dollars. Although dollar values were different in past centuries, Pennsylvania German economy showed up even in the effort for lasting recognition. Most wills directed that all debts and funeral expenses be paid first. Such a provision, like many another, may not have been peculiar to the Pennsylvania German will, for legal parlance and wording gave some measure of uniformity to official documents, but the Pennsylvania German would have been the last one to delete a statement of financial obligation. Debts had to be paid; that's why he kept an accurate record of money owed to him. "Charged in my book" or "Charged in my family book" was a customary phrase. The writers of these wills knew their Creator, and so they would not omit the usual legal terminology of wills: "I command my soul into the hands of God who gave it, and my body to the earth to be buried in a decent and Christian like manner..."

On modern standards the meticulous and detailed enumerations of past essentials might cause us to say, "Much Ado about Nothing." Shakespeare bequeathed his bed, but he said nothing about his great literary achievements. Perhaps the wills of the Pennsylvania Germans do not tell all that was handed down, in spite of explicit listings. Surely, the proverbial "There is gold in dem dere hills," may be paraphrased into "There is history in dem dere wills."

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DER GLEE KNECHT SAAGT:

Der anner Daag, in de Greizweg Schul,
Waar ich unschuldich gschtrofe;
Gans vanne uff em Hanswarscht Schtuhl
Bin ich gaar fescht eigschlofe.
Die annere Buwe hen gelacht,
Die Maed hen so gekittert;
Ich hab yo gaar kee Schtreech gemacht—
Doch glei hot es geglittert!

Der Teacher waar verdollt verzannt.
Er nemmt en langer Ruler
Un dreht mei Gsicht mol geeich die Wand—
Mei Buckel geeich die Schuler.

Ich weess net was es gewwe hot—
Ich kann's gaar net verschteh,
Doch weess ich, dass ich hab gewott
Fer dicke Hossebee.

Es naegscht Mol schlof ich gaar net ei
Am Greizweg in de Schul,
Un dreib kee Ord vun Deiwlerei,
Gsetzt uff me Hanswarscht Schtuhl.

DIE LIZ UN DER SOLLY SCHLITZOHRICH AN RECESS ZEIT IN DE SCHUL

"Zopp net so an meim Hoorband,
Du nixnutzicher Bu!
Weesscht du net, es iss en Schand,
So Kinnerschtreech zu duh!

Halt nau! ich saag's em Baer,
Wann'd widder anne reechscht.
Sei Schtrofgatt iss so zimmlich schwer,
So dass du sell dann weesscht!

Sehnscht nau, was geduh hoscht?
Mei Hoorschlupp iss verwiggelt.
Hettscht mei Hoor yuscht sei gelosst,
Waerscht net den Daag gebriggelt."

"Ach, Liz! du daetscht gewiss mol net
Zum Teacher retsche heit;
Schlaeg griege, hawwich net gewett,
Un aa mit dir ken Schtreit."

"Schtreit," saagt die Liz, "du Narr,
Ich hab 's yo net gemeent."—
"Do! geb mir'n Boss"—"S iss sonderbaar!
Ich bin's gaar net gewehnt."

A Pennsylvania German Pioneer

In 1754 Lorenz Albert, a cartwright in the village of Michelrieth, concluded to emigrate to Pennsylvania. He requests manumission from vassalage from his sovereign Lords, the Counts of Loewenstein-Wertheim, stating "that his calling no longer supports him," further stating that "it is no impertinence or desire of mine, which drives me from the country, but poverty and uneasiness about wife and child." On May 14, 1754, a Certificate of Manumission bearing the Great Princely Seal of the County of Loewenstein-Wertheim is issued to him Lorenz Albert also requests from his pastor, Magister Johann Michel Dennscherz, a testimonial letter to contain at the same time certification of the baptism of himself, his wife and three children. Supported in the spirit with these two documents, the Certificate of Manumission and his pastoral letter, Lorenz Albert, with his wife Anna Barbara, his two daughters Maria Apollonia and Susanna, and his son Andreas, together with a number of other emigrants from Wertheim, sailed down the Main and the Rhine to Rotterdam. There they embarked on the **Phoenix** which brought them into the port of Philadelphia on Oct. 1, 1754, but without little Susanna, not yet four, who had died during the long voyage.

Lorenz Albert and his family settled in the Burmudian Valley of what is now Adams County, Pa. His children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are recorded as faithful communicant members of the Lower Bermudian Lutheran Church, near York Springs in Adams County. Lorenz Albert became the progenitor of a long line of useful and respected Pennsylvania German citizens, among them his grandson, the Rev. Johann E. Albert, a Lutheran clergyman, a great-grandson, John Albert, who taught mathematics at Millersville and Indiana State Teachers College, and his great-great-granddaughter, Miss Edna Albert, formerly Professor at the Dover Academy in Delaware and at Dickinson (now Lycoming) College at Williamsport, and now of the Staff of the Pennsylvania Archives at Harrisburg. Miss Albert is the author of that delightful juvenile novel **Little Pilgrim to Penn's Woods** (New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1930), in which she has described the departure of her ancestors from the homeland, their journey down the Main and the Rhine, the long sea voyage and the establishment of a new home in Penn's woods.

Surely Pastor Dennscherz's blessing upon the emigrant Lorenz Albert and his family bore good fruits. In his long letter which accompanied them across the sea to their new home in Pennsylvania, where it is preserved today, is the following paragraph, an invocation so sincerely beautiful, that it deserves to be offered to our readers in the following translation:

Herewith I most humbly and heartily beg of God the All-High, that He may further be and remain with them with His grace and blessing and pray; "O dear Father in Heaven, guard and protect them in body and soul! Keep them in good health! Guard them against all evil! Provide for them like a father! Guide them like a faithful escort! Protect them in all danger! Bless all their actions and labor! And because Satan is wandering about through cities and all lands, and is lying in wait especially for travelers and wayfarers, for whom he sets a trap, desiring to overthrow them—so protect them, O powerful God, against all cunning attacks on the ways and by-paths of loathsome Satan and his accursed train. O Lord of Hosts, command Thy holy angels, that they may encamp round about them and watch them on all their paths. May Thy Good Spirit guide them on their course, on the paths of Thy commandments, of pure evangelical doctrine, and of holy and blessed life and conduct. Preserve them in the true faith. When they stumble and fall, work true repentance in them. Plant in them the Cross and humility and Christian patience. Strengthen their hope, and grant that they may complete the pilgrimage of their mortal life comforted and with conscience inviolate, may die blessedly, and at last enter in to the Heavenly Fatherland, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!

All this and much more of similar intimate matter pertaining to more than 250 Pennsylvania German pioneers who emigrated from Wertheim in the eighteenth century will appear in the forthcoming Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, carefully edited by Dr. Don Yoder of the History Department of Muhlenberg College. The above appears here with Dr. Yoder's kind permission.—P.A.B.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call - Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger, Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $9.36; Six Months, $4.68; Three Months, $2.34; One Week 18c. Sunday Only, One Year, $2.60; Six Months, $1.30; Three Months, 65c; One Week, 5c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $11.98; Six Months, $5.98; Three Months, $2.89; One Week, 23c

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Thought for Today

We need some imaginative stimulus, some not impossible ideal such as may shape vague hope, and transform it into effective desire, to carry us year after year, without disgust, thru the routine work which is so large a part of life.
—Pater.

The Newsboy-America's Corner

American Newspaper Week is being observed nationally at this time and it is significant that today is known thruout newspaperdom in the United States as The Day of the Carrier Boy.

Thruout the years the principle contact of newspaper publishing enterprises with their readers has been thru the small boy who during the early morning or the early evening hours delivers the paper to one's door or letter box. That is the only contact which thousands of readers have had with the writers, printers and publishers of their favorite paper. In this city and community this fact is even more potent today than it was years ago for today the newsboy not only delivers one's paper, perhaps while the subscriber is abed, but he makes periodic visits to home or business place to make collections. Today the newspaper boy is not merely an errand boy who delivers an article, he is a young businessman who is making sales and collections, is trying to drum up new business and is seeking to hold satisfied customers by giving them the kind of special service which they may desire.

Up from the ranks of the American newspaper boy have come thousands of America's leaders. We predict, even more are going to rise to leadership from these ranks by reason of the current trend of newspapers in encouraging them to become businessmen and learn a lot of the fundamentals of business life and dealings. More American success stories than Horatio Alger and other writers developed in the past are going to come, in real life, out of the valuable exepriences and training which thousands of newsboys thruout the country are gaining today in their business dealings with their millions of satisfied customers.

So we may well salute the American newsboy today. He is a worthy young fellow who is seeking to earn his salt and is learning the responsibilities of life instead of drifting into the life of a drone.

He is an up-and-comer. Keep your eye on him. He is going places.

Passing of a Faithful Servant

Thrice elected to City Council, membership in which is highly coveted by many, Edgar W. Wolf was necessarily a man with many friends and, he was so because he had the capacity for being a friend of the people.

So there is wide sorrow in Allentown at the passing of this conscientious and capable public official who, thruout his term of office headed the department of public safety and thruout the years not only held his friends but added to their numbers.

It was a post to which he gravitated. It was a job that sought and needed a man of his training. Thus as a magnet attracts steel, so Mr. Wolf upon election to public office was assigned the city commissionership which carries with it direction of the city's fire-fighting and fire prevention service.

For this he had been highly trained. Fire-fighting was his hobby for years. Fire-fighting and fire-prevention had been his obsession in fact long, long before he even thought of or was thought of for public office.

Allentown's splendid record as to fire-fighting and losses from fire is the best attestation to the value of his services. The morale of the men who worked under him and the character and the condition of the city's fire-fighting machinery are a monument to his efficiency as a public servant.

In the department which he headed, in the entire city government as well as thruout the city there is deepest grief at his untimely passing.

Greetings to Gov. Warren

One of the most personable figures in American life for many years is Governor Earl Warren whom the Republicans have chosen as their candidate for the vice-presidency.

It is therefore a matter of satisfaction for the people of this community that the candidate will be seen and heard at Bethlehem this morning when his train makes a 15-minute stop in that city.

Republican candidates for the highest national offices do not usually spend very much time in Pennsylvania. Republicans have not held it against them, realizing that as a rule their time can be spent to greater effectiveness for their party's cause in the so-called doubtful states.

So the visit of Governor Warren as a vice presidential candidate is a rather unusual event. It can be expected that there will be a tremendous turnout at Bethlehem, even tho the hour of the day of his arrival is not the most favorable one for the reception of a figure prominent in any phase of public activity.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It's about time it was said bluntly that, despite all the hollering by labor chiefs against the Taft-Hartley law, there are very, very few union leaders who were not delighted with the act's anti-Communist gimmick.

And there were even fewer who didn't order their lieutenants to use that often-flogged piece of business to drive Communists out of union jobs.

Well, those labor leaders are about to get an even tougher anti-Communist weapon — by courtesy of the ruddy, crew-haircut gentleman from New Jersey, Rep. Hartley.

* * *

Hartley has just told me that next March, under his guidance (although he will by that time probably be in private law practice in Washington) a group of congressmen will outfox the Communists still in power in unions by introducing a new law requiring all policy-making union employes as well as elected officers to swear to the government that they are not Communists.

This will stop key Communist operators from quitting their elected jobs in the unions —and then having themselves rehired as managers, directors or advisers.

Hartley disclosed that the new law would require all strategy-making men of influence in any union to sign non-Communist affidavits. This would mean managers, publicity men, research directors, educational officials — even sergeants-at-arms if they have anything to do with directing tactics or policy for the union in any field.

Such a move would prevent, for example, an avowed Communist whom the government is seeking to deport as an undesirable revolutionary alien, from running a powerful union from his job as office manager.

* * *

Around about Mar. 1, there will be other changes recommended to Congress. Can you imagine, for instance, Charles Wilson of General Motors, Ben Fairless of U. S. Steel Corp. or young Henry Ford swearing to the government that they are not Communists?

Well, that well may be happening this coming summer. The joint labor committee will recommend to Congress that it pass a Taft-Hartley amendment requiring industrialists as well as labor leaders to sign non-Communist affidavits if they want to use the labor law in dealing with unions.

Hartley predicts this law will pass and that the industrialists would be happy to sign—that is all but that tiny handful of obscure businessmen who have contributed heavily in the east to the Communist party and its fronts.

So the effect of the new law also would be to spotlight some of the angels of the party who have been operating secretly.

* * *

Strenuous efforts will be made to end mass picketing and violence on the strike front.

Hartley said this could be done by defining on paper what peaceful picketing is, how many pickets make up a mass picket line, and by simply saying that no one can picket a place in which he has not worked for a living.

There's also much intense feeling in Hartley's circles about situations like this:

Several weeks ago a squad of 50 non-Communist sailors on a West Coast dock tried to get to work aboard a lumber ship. Suddenly, they were surrounded by a large band of pro-Communist longshoremen who said, "No work."

The dockwallopers hit the seafarers fore and aft. And the 50 sailors were used to wipe up the sawdust on the dock. Two sailors were thrown into the bay unconscious after being shellacked with small clubs. They were fished out by their friends before they drowned. Another sailor will lose an eye as result of the beating.

Hartley says this sort of violence can be stopped by giving the injured the right to sue the picketing union.

He says there ought to be a law. There probably will be.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Don't you feel sorry for the millions of kids who are going to school for the first time this fall and have to cope with all the intricacies of education?

Take arithmetic, for instance. I say "take it" advisedly because I, myself, have never been able to take it. Even today when it comes to anything beyond the plain addition and simple multiplication, I am licked and my heart goes out to the little shavers who soon will have to wrestle with fractions, cube roots and calculus.

* * *

Just to show you what these youngsters are up against, let us dwell for a few moments on the English language. Incidentally, I have always been a little bit sorry that a country as big and important as this it, I wish there were a real has no language named after American language and not just American dialects based upon English.

However, that is neither here nor there at the moment.

The grade school pupils who are now learning other things besides play, will be told that "to be crowned" means to be made a king or queen, just like Queen Juliana a little while ago.

But when I saw a little item in my paper, which was captioned "Miss Coney Crowned", I thought right away: "Ah, someone hit Miss Coney over the head!" I read on. No, nobody hit Miss Coney over the head or crowned her, as we say in America. It was just a story about Miss Irma Hansen being made Queen of the Coney Island Mardi Gras.

There was another headline that attracted me.

"Pupil Accident Warning Issued" it said.

Just what I've always thought, I said to myself. Take care of your eyes or you'll hurt your pupils.

Wrong again. It wasn't about pupils of the eyes at all.

The story told about the American Red Cross urging parents to tell the pupils just starting out to school to be careful when they cross the street.

Still another one about a "Master Cell."

Naturally I figured it would be about the master cell in a jail—maybe a cell that opened or closed all other cells.

It wasn't that kind of a cell at all. It was about master cells in chemistry and biology.

And so it goes.

How are little kids—and grown-ups, too—to master all the intricacies of our languages?

Too sounds exactly the same as two, doesn't it?

And it's pretty hard to say whether "a staid knight stayed out at night" or whether "a stayed night staid out at knight." You can't tell by the sound. You'll have to learn it, and you'll have to figure out for yourself what it is all about.

Wasn't it a foul trick to steal that fowl out of my yard? And so I know who did it? No.

* * *

No wonder people from other countries think that English is one of the hardest languages in the world to learn. No wonder so many people in our own country have so little idea of how to use the right words in the right place.

And no wonder I am so mixed up myself now that I don't know if "write" is the "right" way to spell "rite."

(Copyright, 1948)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The Phoenix Flame carried a story of a glamorous young lady who boarded a crowded bus with a carefully plotted campaign to get herself a seat. Planting herself in front of a substantial gentleman who looked embarrassable, she gushed, "My dear friend! What a joy to meet you here! I'm completely exhausted! But you mustn't bother to give me your seat."

The sedate gentleman was puzzled momentarily, but then rose and said loudly, "Sit down, my dear Beulah. It isn't often I see you out on washday. By the way, don't deliver our wash tomorrow, if you please. My wife is going to the district attorney to see whether she can get your husband out of jail."

* * *

"Why is it," worries Mickey Rooney, "that when my conscience hurts most, everything else in me seems to feel best?"

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE NEWSBOY

"Just the newsboy!" did you say,
Passing by from day to day,
Regularly, morn and night,
Glimpsed, then quickly out of sight?
Look once more with clearer eye.
It may be a priest goes by.

"Just the newsboy!" Look once more
As he passes by your door
Swift is time, and brief the span
When the boy becomes a man.
It may be that youngster small
Is the doctor you will call.

"Just the newsboy!" did you say?
There are men of fame today,
Artists, lawyers, surgeons wise
Leaders of great enterprise,
Who were newsboys — did you know —
Not so very long ago.

"Just the newsboy!" Further look!
Some day you may buy his book;
Have him paint your grandchild's face;
Call him in to plead your case,
Or before life ebbs away
Ask him at your bed to pray.

Copyright 1948)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,—When a newspaper which has supported Democratic candidates for the presidency in nearly all elections during the last 46 years announces that it will this year support Governor Dewey, the reasons given for such action constitute a significant development.

The "Oregon Journal," although independent in its attitude toward all parties, has been regarded in Portland and outside as a Democratic newspaper. Only in 1940, when it turned to Wendell Willkie, did the journal veer from its adherence to the Democratic party in presidential campaigns. It turned then because it opposed a third term, but it nevertheless supported the late President Roosevelt in 1944 when the war was on.

It is interesting to note that among other reasons the Oregon Journal has expressed dissatisfaction with the abusive type of campaign that President Truman has been waging. Here is what the Journal said, in part, in its announcement:

"As an independent newspaper, the Journal has followed the present presidential campaign with deep interest and concern and has determined to support Governor Dewey for the presidency. The reasons are:

"We have had a Democratic administration for 16 years and, except for the recent loss of congressional control, the federal government has been in the hands of the Democrats. . . . .

"President Truman—pathetically brave, and sound in his demands for price reduction and more housing—in descending to the level of his Missouri training in campaign vilification, has lost leadership of the nation.

"Governor Dewey has abstained from class appeal and yet has tacitly recognized in his appeal for labor harmony that the American institutions, law and liberty, could not continue without the faith and support of men who toil with their hands. Above all, Governor Dewey holds a deep responsibility of America's new world leadership. Unity at home he correctly defines as the way to win the peace, just as unity was the secret of winning the war.

"In 16 years, bureaucratic agencies have multiplied and no bureaucrat ever willingly leaves the payroll. Dewey promises a spring housecleaning in January. It is necessary.

"Governor Dewey cannot alone do all that he pledges. The support of the Congress is not only essential but is candidly the biggest chance he takes in view of the record of the 80th Congress. He has, however, more support, less divided, than anything President Truman can command. If in November the Democrats win a Senate majority, his position would be more difficult.

"He has a proof of liberalism in his running mate, Governor Earl Warren of California, who Governor Dewey promises is to be a full partner in his administration. In these grave times, both at home and abroad, unity, constructive action, economic progress, the broadening of liberties and the blessings of peace are inseparably related to the future of America and, we think, to the survival of this civilization. For these reasons, the Journal supports the candidacy of Governor Dewey."

The Oregon Journal is regarded as one of the most important newspapers on the Pacific coast. Its liberalism is unquestioned. It certainly has championed that cause consistently.

Inasmuch as Governor Dewey campaigned in Oregon in the primaries, the Journal had an opportunity to familiarize itself with Dewey's way of handling himself with the people. More important, however, has been the Dewey behavior since he accepted the responsibilities of a candidate who in all probability will become the next President. The American people like to feel that their candidates for high office are not lacking in dignity. The contrast between the Dewey and Truman type of campaigns is growing so noticeable as to cause discussion on every side.

Mr. Truman is defeating himself with the independent voters. The Oregon Journal's stand is symptomatic of the attitude of the independents who do not consider themselves partisans in any presidential election but who find it necessary to swing their support to the candidate who gives the maximum promise of a respectful as well as conscientious approach to the problems of the day.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BLENTY OM AWGAE: Die welt is gross, uns sis fiel drin lose. Un grawd so gaits aw in Neffs om Bobby Yarrick seim bauerra g'shar blotz gawainlich gakent ols J. M. Snyder & Son. Wos noch mainer is, 's hut so wunnerbore fiel Fegelcher os bletzlich awfonga peifa won der Pumpernickle nagshd kumt. Der Ralph Schaeffer shtaid druf, der Ollie Yarrick wear ainer dafon, un secht er het uns mohl ferwish'd drunna uf da fedderra porch-der Ollie om pishberra, un der Pumpernickle om kritzla. Wel aenicha waig, da onner dawg wors gute wie m'r darta ob g'shtopt hen, un der Ralph hut ous farshla wolla eb noch aenicha onnerra Fegelcher rum weara wie yusht der Ollie.

Tzeit flieg'd wie aw die Fegelcher, un eb m'r uns um sehna hen kot, hen m'r 'n gonser haufa barichda un g'shpichta g'somm'ld kot wie m'r ewwa yusht hoffa kon tzu finna omma blotz wie beim Bobby Yarrick. Mohl fer ains, hut 'n Fegelchie uns gapifa fom Ralph seinra arya, arya—ow'r now worta mohl, er wil die socha aw ferleicht net hous howwa, un besser fertzaila onnerra g'shichta. Ungfare so wie 'm Paul Mertz sei truck trip noch Harrisbarrick os tzu nix gonga is, un der Frank Grim hut da nagshda morya net sehna hut kenna ferwos der Paul net bei kaimt fer gae. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, won sie gonga weara, weara sie so shtarrick gonga wie aw im Ralph sei, sei — ow'r now worta mohl, darta darfa noch nix sawga dafon, der Ralph wils net hous howwa.

Des wor die Harrisbarrick g'shicht. Der Paul un der Frank hen nous gae solla ebbes hola, ow'r sis noh Sundawg owets arder kumma, die socha weara net ready, un sotta net kumma bis shpaiter nous. Der Paul wor noh shun im bed wie der Ollie Yarrick niver kumma is fer 'm die barichda gewwa, ow'r der Ralph wor noch uf, un hut ferwillich'd fer gae 'm sawga os er net gae sot. Die barichda sin, der Ralph het gons Washington un Nord Whitehall township fol gagrisha bis er der Paul wocker kotta het. Der Paul is da nagshda morya noh weil im bed gabliva, un der Frank wor bol so arrick uf g'shoft os der Paul net bei kaimt fer gae, wie aw der Ralph owets wor, fer 'm Paul sawga os er net gae breich'd.

Fer tzurick kumma tzum Ralph, er hut uns gawatch'd wie 'n kotz 'n mous watch'd, all 'm noh fer ous finna eb m'r aenich ebbes ous finna maichda fon seinra, seinra — wel sel lossa m'r ruga fer die tzeit, un fertzaila weiter wos so aw gonga is. Ungfare so os wie der Warren "Tzup" Werley un der Ollie Yarrick 'n woke hinnershich in nonner gamocht hen. Bis sie fartich worra, hut der ohr'm woh der dingle dangle draw hank'd fer die gawicht shtae druf laiga, iwwer die platform nous g'shtonna. In kartza werta, sie hen die woke hinnershich in nonner gamocht, un sie widder ousa nonner reissa missa fer sie da rechda waig innonner mocha. Ow'r des is aw ganunk fer heit, 'n onnerer dawg fertzaila m'r weiter, ferleicht mahl fom Ralph seinra arya erfohring.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won m'r mohl weiter fertzaila fom Ralph, wolla m'r aw fertzaila fon ra boat insheira os die wossersucht hut.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

1 Peter 2

The church of Christ is spoken of as a spiritual house in v.5, an holy priesthood. Peter, in the day of the church's spirituality and power, knew of no priesthood but that of all believers, who, by the Spirit, have direct access to the Father in the name of Jesus (Eph.2:18), the one and only Mediator between God and man (1 Tim.2:5), our Great High Priest (Heb.3:1). Israel in the Old Testament was a chosen people, a holy nation. But, having been set aside temporarily, the church comes into the picture as a chosen generation, v.9, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that is, God's purchased possession, called into being to show forth His praises and virtues (see margin), the virtues of Him Who called us out of darkness into His marvellous light. Having thus been saved unto newness of life, we are to glorify God, v.2, by good works. We do not work to be saved (Jesus did all that was necessary for our salvation), but, having been saved, we are to present ourselves to Him as a living sacrifice (Rom.12:1), that we may live for Him Who died for us.

Horoscope

Take special care of your health, of business, of personal matters. Be on the lookout for deception and chicanery-shun great changes and travel. Diet should be watched carefully. Rest, fresh air, pleasant exercise will contribute toward well-being.

A herd of Holstein cows, owned by Edwin Wettel of Alburtis were struck by an engine on the Reading railroad and three were killed Monday.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Oct. 2, 1923, a Tuesday:

Close to 1,000 people crowded St. Paul's Lutheran church Monday night to hear the concert which marked the 20th anniversary of the services of Warren F. Acker as organist and choirmaster. Louise Lerch, soprano, was a soloist. An augumented choir of 90 voices rendered Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

Seventy five freshmen Monday won the annual Frosh-Soph banner scrap in the Muhlenberg college grove. The battle lasted 16 minutes and involved 150 students.



PIONEER DAYS IN MAHANTANGO VALLEY

By MRS. CARRIE HAAS TROUTMAN
Pilman, Pennsylvania.

INTRODUCTION

[Mahantangoans still speak with the highest respect of the "Foundery Haases," two brothers named Samuel Y. and David Y. Haas, who operated the Haas Foundry and Machine Shop for many years. Mrs. Carrie Haas Troutman, the author of these sketches of early days in the famous Mahantango Valley, is a daughter of David Y. Haas, and a descendant of the Neugard, Brosius, Kramer, Yoder, Reiner and other pioneer families of our valley. From her girlhood days on she has been interested in how our people lived in the earliest pioneer days. From her grandmothers and her own mother, whom she refers to in the narrative as "Mother Haas," she gathered and here presents a rich fund of anecdotal and historical material. Naturally our Lehigh and Berks County readers will not fail off their chairs on learning the location of the first polling places in Mahantango Valley, but they will, I feel, share my interest in Mrs. Troutman's statement that on early Election Days at these polling places, whiskey and **Lebkuchen** were served! Such intimate glimpses into the social life of our forefathers, as well as Mrs. Troutman's accurate descriptions of how old home-crafts were carried on which no longer form part of our everyday life in this mechanized world, can contribute substantially to Pennsylvania German social history. The type of information which Mrs. Troutman has recorded here, might well be recorded by the older residents of other areas, and the ECK and its readers will profit by doing so. Any information on now "lost arts" or "recipes" will be appreciated.—Don Yoder.]

Mahantango Valley is situated between two mountains, Line Mountain to the North, and Mahantango Mountain to the South. Part of this valley is in Northumberland County, the rest in Schuylkill County. It is drained by two creeks which join Pine Creek at Klingerstown Gap and then flow on to the Susquehanna River.

THE FIRST SETTLERS

The first settlers in Mahantango Valley were a group of Lehigh Countians led by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Reiner. Jacob Reiner was born in Upper Milford Township, Northampton (now Lehigh) County. His parents' names were Christian and Catharina Reiner. His father had emigrated from the village of Lauffen in Wuerttemberg in 1749, and on settling in Pennsylvania married Catharina Riess, daughter of Heinrich Riess of Upper Milford Township. Jacob Reiner was baptized October 18, 1761, by the pastor of Zion Lutheran Church at Old Zionsville in Lehigh County. He served in the Revolution from 1779 to 1781. He was married to Maria Elisabeth Wagner who was born in Macungie Township, Northampton (now Lehigh) County, February 21, 1765. According to his pension papers, on file in the National Archives at Washington, D. C., he came to Mahantango Township, Berks County, now Eldred Township, Schuylkill County, about 1793.

They came with all their belongings on a wagon drawn by two oxen. Mr. Reiner and his wife walked all the way as their wagon was full. They followed old Indian trails and drove over brush. They passed no settlements along their way. When they came into this valley it was covered with a low growth of oak with a large pine tree here and there. Along the streams and other low places were some large trees. They knew of a settlement below what is now Green Briar, where they had wanted to go, but thought they were lost. They became too tired and weary, so they sat down to rest by the first spring they found. While the oxen were eating grass, Mr. Reiner went in search of a suitable place where they could build a hut.

When he came back, after being gone a while, Mr. Reiner had grubbed up the underbrush and cleared up around the spring. So they decided to build right there. So the first settlement, a log house, was built close to the spring, now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Engle, also the Pitman Post Office. This place was formerly Leib P. O., and the home of Andrew Geist, William H. C. Geist and Preston Troutman.

Mrs. Reiner was a strong, healthy and courageous woman. She helped to cut down the trees and prepare them for their log house. After they had their log house almost finished, a forest fire broke out. While fighting to save the building, some of their belongings were burned.

So Mrs. Reiner started in search of a neighbor. She walked until she found the Brosius family below Green Briar, in the Swoven Creek Valley of Northumberland County, a distance of nine or ten miles. These were their nearest neighbors. On her way back she lost herself and when she did not return for so long a time, Mr. Reiner became alarmed and thought something must have happened to her, and went to search for her, when he saw her coming carrying a large bundle of straw to make a new bed. The old one was burned.

They had a large family. They both are buried in the Howarter's Church cemetery, with the following inscriptions on their tombstones:

Hier ruhen die Gebeine von Johan Jacob Reiner, ein alter Refulutions Soldat. Er wurde zur Welt geboren am 12 September 1761 Starb an 8 ten Merz 1857. Alter 95 Jahre 5 Monat und 27 Tage.

Hier ruhet Maria Elisabeth Tochter von Jacob und Lowisa Wagner, Ehegatten von Johan Jacob Reiner. Geboren Februar 21, 1765. Starb Merz 8, 1856, Alt 91 Jahre und 17 Tage.

A PIONEER COURTING

Nicholas Brosius lived below Green Briar and when he wanted to go to see his girl friend, Elisabeth Kraemer, in Mahanoy, across the Line Mountain, he was handicapped. He had no way to go except to walk, and the Mahanoy Creek was wide and deep at that time. He could not swim, nor even wade across, and the lower end of Mahanoy Valley was all wilderness and not settled yet, so he could not go on horseback either. So he went part way along the foot of the mountain before he climbed to the top. He then walked along the top until he thought he was far enough, then went down about half way, when he started to call and whistle until he was heard by the family. The first time he came, the water was quite deep, but the brothers and father of the girl soon had a temporary raft made and got him across. He had a distance of six or more miles to get there. Those days he could see smoke from the chimney of her home, it was easy to find it. After his first trip they looked for him, and also had a substantial raft built. There were no bridges across the Mahanoy Creek at this time, for this was before 1800.

PERILS OF FRONTIER LIFE

While Mrs. Nicholas Brosius, one of the early settlers (1801) was helping her husband to clear the land of brush, she took her small child, a little girl, along and set her in a box in the shade. She gave her some bread and milk and a spoon to eat it with. After working awhile some distance away, she heard the child laughing so much and clapping that she decided to go and see what it was all about. When she came close enough she saw a large snake in the box with the child, drinking the milk, and the child was hitting the snake with the spoon. The mother did not know what to do, so she quietly sneaked there from behind a bush and grabbed the child. The father seeing this got there in time to kill the snake. In those days snakes were numerous.

But the wildcats and wolves were feared even more. In the evening something was hung over the windows, so the light from the fireplace could not be seen. If the light was seen, in a short time the wolves began to howl, as large packs of wolves gathered outside.

There were no Indians any more in Mahantango Valley when the first settlers moved in. But when the parents of Mrs. Nicholas Brosius, Gottfried Kramer and his wife, came to Mahanoy Valley, across the Line Mountain to the North of Mahantango Valley, there were still a few Indian families there, but they were friendly. When the men went away, the Indian squaws came and helped them do things like hoeing corn. They kept their papooses in the shade or hung them on the limbs of nearby trees. The Indians never accepted anything to eat from the white settlers. They only wanted to dry and roast their corn in the white man's bake oven. The Indians did not stay there long after the white settlers came.

The first settlers all were either Lutheran or Reformed, so the first church, known as Howarter's Lutheran and Reformed Church, was built in 1807. The building committee were Jacob Beisel, John Diehl, Peter Klock and Adam Howarter. This church is in the part of Mahantango Valley which lies in Northumberland County. Both Lutheran and Reformed worked together hand in hand until they had a large two-story church built. The logs for the framework were all hand-hewn and taken there mostly by oxen. Later there was a church built at Kehler, and also at Rough and Ready, "daughter" churches of the Howarter congregation.

Rev. Christopher Neuman was the first Lutheran minister to live in Mahantango Valley—in the early 'forties. The ministers before him had lived elsewhere. He lived on and owned the farm now owned by Lester and Nora Neugard. He came here from Seven Points or near there. He was married to Dinah Brosius, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Brosius, settlers of 1801. Rev. and Mrs. Neuman had four daughters, one son, and one adopted son by the name of Jesse Miller. They started to go out West on missionary work among the Indians. They left in a covered wagon drawn by two large black horses. Mother Haas, then a little girl and niece of Mrs. Neuman, was present when they left. They were told the Indians were on the warpath, but Rev. Neuman as a misisonary was not afraid of Indians. Later word was received that the Neuman family was found scalped and massacred by the Indians. Their bodies, all except that of one beautiful little girl, were found buried in the sand on the banks of the Wabash River.

In the 1850's some of the members of the Lutheran faith of the Howarter's congregation became dissatisfied with their minister, Rev. Weaver. Their first disagreement was when he asked the communicants to kneel around the altar to take communion. This they thought would lead them away from their Church! Another instance was when a certain rich man was buried and the preacher did not praise the man like they thought he should! He held rich and poor alike. He was known to be a very able, religious and honest minister. The majority of the members did not want him any more, however, so the rest of the members with Rev. Weaver as their leader withdrew and built a church at Franklin Square, then Leib P. O., known as the New Lutheran Church. Some of the members and friends who helped to build this new church were the Dunklebergers, Kieffers, Andrew and Simon Neugard, William Snyder, David and Samuel Haas. David Haas did all the work that was made on a lathe, such as around the altar and the large ball on the steeple. This church was built in 1863. Later it was used by the Evangelicals and always was known as the Union Church.

A JOKE THAT STOPPED A SERMON

Once in the old Howarter's Church, while the minister was delivering his sermon, his eye caught a man up in the gallery taking tiny bits of paper and letting them drop. Below him the preacher saw a fellow sleeping with his head back and his mouth wide open. So when the fellow in the gallery got the right angle with his bits of paper, he took a large chew of tobacco out of his mouth and dropped it down in the man's mouth below him. With a loud "Ker Pflup" the chew flew out over the church floor. The minister and those that saw the performance had to laugh so much that the sermon was halted for quite some time.

(To Be Continued)

DER UNGLICKSELICH EHSCHTAND

Viel wie's schteht imme alde deitsche Kalenner vun 1787. Waare sie sellemols aa schunn so uneenich?

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Waer ich yuscht noch eemol leddich!
Greecht mich kenner meh, do wett ich.
Meiner will der Meeschter sei,
Un do gewwich gaar net ei;
Saagt er Tschie, noh saag ich Haah!
Iss er schtowwrich, bin ich aa!

Will ich des, noh will er sell;
Saag ich Himmel, saagt er Hell;
Saag ich Gawwel, saagt er Messer;
Der weess immer alles besser;
Saagt er Deller, saag ich Schissel;
Denk ich weess doch aa e bissel.

Esst er Supp, so ess ich Brocke;
Schtehn ich uff, dann bleibt er hocke;
Iss er dart, so bin ich do;
Un der laaft mir widder noh;
Iss er do, dann bin ich dart;
Ya, den hawwich yuscht vernarrt.

Will ich Fleesch, verlangt er Waerscht;
Bin ich hungrich, hot er Daerscht;
Was ich koch un was ich back,
Saagt er, hot ken rechter G'schmack.
Was er schafft mit Pick un Schipp,
Sell hot aa ken rechter Dripp.

Wann ich schlof, dann iss er wacker;
Des Geglepper, des Gezacker!
Wann ich schelt, noh lacht er yuscht;
Heesst mich noch en aldi Gruscht;
Saag ich nix, noh hot er's Recht;
Iss ken Wunner, ass mer fecht.

Frog ich ihn fer'n neier Frack,
Bringt er mir en Grumbeersack;
Seller Schpott bezaahlt er doch,
Wann ich ihm ken Middaag koch;
Ei, sell bringt ihn in die Heeh!
Was er saagt iss nimmi schee.

Was er saagt, macht mir nix aus;
Wott er waer mir aus em Haus;
Ya, den hass ich aazugucke,
Wott yo liewer 'n Grott verschlucke;
Un ich hab schunn oft gedenkt,
Besser hette mir uns g'henkt.

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

LUSCHTICH LEWE IM SCHPOTYOHR

Der gross Knecht saagt:

Schpotyohrs kummt's mir immer vor,
Waer's allerschenscht Zeit im Yohr.
's iss net zu kalt—un aa net heess—
Die Micke sin gor nimmi bees,
Vergange iss die Picknick Zeit,
Doch glei gebt's widder Schlittereit—
Un gute Frolicks bis halb Nacht—
Bei Tschie-o! Dart waerd Gschpass gemacht.

Die Arewet? Die hass ich net—
Net zu viel das geduh sei sett—
En bissel Schrot un Fuder rischte—
Un alsemol die Schtell ausmischte.
Un wann ich karessiere geh,
Fer Kumpni halte mit de Mae,
Waerd's eender dunkel—ohne Licht—
So grie ich mehner ausgericht!

KIEH HIETE

Der glee Knecht saagt:

Ich bin der Baas vun dreisich Kieh,
En Bull un siwwe Rinner.
Fer Schtunne lang hiet ich es Vieh—
Cowboy bin ich, bei Schinner!

Mer lest vun Cowboys in de West,
Mit Schtrick un Gaul un Saddel.
Sie reite rum so uffgedresst
Im letschte "Cowboy Model."

Nau ich hab Waerdaagshosse aa
Mit Blacke uff de Knie;
Doch draus in Weed bin ich die Law!
Un geb Adders zu de Kieh!

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Russian proposal concerning the A-Bomb is, as Warren Austin said, an Oriental trick, for while it gives the appearance of a change of attitude, it is precisely the same old stand that Gromyko took. The Russian wants the United States to destroy its stockpile of bombs, to give up the bomb as a weapon — and he offers nothing in return. For while he appears to agree to inspection, he puts the entire business under the Security Council where the veto is the weapon of frustration.

It is necessary to remind the reader that when Bernard M. Baruch took over the negotiations concerning the bomb in the United Nations, this country had, to all intents and purposes, given the bomb away. At Potsdam, that was the Russian understanding. The State department jumped the gun on the negotiations, the Acheson-Lilienthal report being a "give-away" document. Dean Acheson, in the State department, accepting Soviet inevitability as a creed, seemed so sure that the Russians could not be stopped. An attempt was even made to attach Alger Hiss to Baruch.

All this the venerable gentleman took in his stride. With one hand tied behind his back, with the "give-away" Acheson-Lilienthal report already issued, with left-wing scientists led by no less a personality than Albert Einstein conducting a propaganda against him and his formula, his task was to regain American authority over an American creation. This he accomplished with unimaginable skill. His formula may be simplified into three points:

1. Universal control of all matters related to uranium fission and the atom bomb by the United States;

2. Universal inspection and report;

3. The veto shall not be made applicable to this subject.

It is the third point that is the most important. It is precisely on this point that Mr. Vishinsky expects memories to be short. He holds up the word, "inspection," and hopes that no one remembers about the veto—but it is the veto that is the crux of the matter. I here quote Baruch's statement of July 12, 1946:

"Let me make it so clear that he who runs may read that in advancing this program we do not attack the whole system of veto agreed upon at the foundation of the United Nations in San Francisco last year. The words of the United States proposals dealing with this point, were:

" 'I want to make it very plain that I am concerned here with the veto power only as it affects this particular problem (atomic energy). There must be no veto to protect those who violate their solemn agreements not to develop or use atomic energy for destructive purposes.'

"I digress here to remind all of us that when the United Nations was founded the atomic bomb was unknown. Therefore, it is apparent that the processes set up in the Charter did not — could not — deal with this pregnant subject.

"I take it that I need not labor the point of punishment. It is obvious that an offender should be debarred from sitting in judgment of his own guilt.

"The success of the commission in dealing with this subject will be the keynote of our deliberation. It will mean world protection or world destruction. There is no time for delay or debate or technical block. Once criminal violation of the code is proven—immediate and condign punishment must follow."

This is the point that Vishinsky dodges and without it the so-called Russian compromise is meaningless. This provision concerning the veto, Baruch reiterated in a speech before Freedom House on October 8, 1946, in which he covered the ground most fully. In that speech he said:

"Provision that no nation which has accepted the international control treaty can be protected from punishment for violation of its terms through use of a veto whether cast by the violating state or by any other nation.

"To avoid misunderstanding, I quote from our original declaration:

"My country is ready to make its full contribution toward the end we seek, subject of course to our constitutional processes and to an adequate system of control becoming fully effective, as we finally work it out.' By 'we', I mean all participating nations."

(Copyright, 1948)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FARTZICH YOHR K'HEIER'D: 'S Rob Kemmerers,' die Lyon Valley shtore leit, sin fartzich yohr k'heiert, un hen 'm onnerra Sundawg, der 3d Ocktober fers recht tzu sawga, ihra "ruby" hochtsich fersint g'fir'd mit ma recht shoffenda welshhawna middawh beim Jimmy Wenner on Ledder Eck Poshda. Sie hen 'n lot fon ihra freind ei galawda, un dabei 's Homer Handwerks' fon da Sond Shpring. Der Homer wor bardich froh fer 'n eilawding griega all'm noh so os sei fraw die Ellie mohl uhrsoch het fer die kuffs fixa un seinra neia suit glaider woh er 'm ledsh da winder shun kauft hut.

Uns sheind wie won der Homer sich aw ebbes ei gabild het in seina neia glaider Die barichda sin, er het drous uf da fedderra porch g'shtonna bei da onnerra monsteit mit da hand in da hossa seck, so shtrock wie 'n blechner soldawdt. Wos er ow'r net gawist hut, wor, os er noch tzwae price tags uf 'm ruck kotta hut-ainer uf 'm buckle, un der onner uf 'm armel. Etlicha os es g'sehna hen, hen die sei Ellie ous da ess shtub in die bar shtub garufa fer ra weissa wie ihra Homer ferbleshder'd weara mit price tags.

'S wor denk ich, 'm Jimmy sei Mam die Annie Wenner os die Ellie g'frok'd hut eb der Homer fersale wear. Won er gawest wear, sols uns ken pieca wunnerra eb die Annie 'n net ganumma het grawd on wos er gamarrick'd wor. Ow'r die Ellie, woh all'm noh gadenk'd hut sie kent kenner may finna wie ihra airshder. hut net fer ferwillich'd fer 'n uf gewwa, un g'sawt sellie tags wos er on sich het, weara yusht bei axident on da glaider gabliva.

So weit os sel aw gait, draut die Ellie ow'r 'm Homer yusht so halver os er net ferleicht 'n aug uf da Annie howwa maich'd. Sie worra dafor owets mohl driwwa ons Jimmies, un allas wor ol recht bis der Homer die nagshd woch sei iwwer ruck g'such'd hut, un hut 'n nar ads finna kenna. Endlich is er ons dawgas licht kumma driwwa ins Jimmies bar shtub woh er ol die weil k'honka hut, un hut net bohna g'sawt. Sel hut die Ellie abissel denka mocha, ferol os sie un die Annie fon glain'm aw uf guta kummerrawda worra.

'S Robs' hen ol ihra freind mit tzurick hame ganumma noch middawg, un na owets nocha mohl 'n grosser supper gewwa. 'S Porra Rob Laubachs' worra aw darta un sin arya awganaima leit. Ow'r 's kon 'm Porra niemond non sawga, os er net wase wos tzu duh mit welshhawna flaish, un ol da onnerra guta socha won sie fer ihm shtain. Un so weit os sel aw gait, 'm Homer seinra Ellie gaits da sama waig. Sie hut sellie gons nocht bol ken augfol g'shlofa, un wase alla weil noch net eb sie tzu fiel, odder tzu wenich gessa hut.

'S wor 'n harlichie tzeit fer ol, un ol hen tzimlich shpote owets ferlossa fer hame gae. Eb sie fert sin, hut yaders 'm Rob un seinra fraw allas shaines un gutas gawinsh'd, os tzu winscha wor, in da hoffning os ol ihra g'sundhate un lava halta maiga, fer 40 yohr fon now widder so tzomma kumma, un die sama socha iwwer mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET. OW'R Heit is 'n grosser dawg in da Fianna Bauman ihr'm lavadie Fianna fon Long Swamp wohs heit 54 mohl hoert gnolla, wos ever os sel maina mawg.

Danovet uf kours hut sie 'n gabutzdawg party ei tzu nemma, ow'r wase alla weil noch net wem seinie, ow'r moodmos'd so halver 's maich'd ihra aignie sei, ins Clair Prica ihr'm Rautskeller.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Horoscope

Curb tendencies toward a too-aggressive nature — a desire for advancement irrespective of means and methods — or suffer the fruits thereof, hostility and injury to your cause. Safeguard your health. This date indicates intense ambition, a worldly attitude.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUESTION

If we were told to rise to fame:
If riches were the only goal;
If just before to earth we came
God said: "Succeed or lose your soul,"
Then few of us when we return
The blessing of the Lord could earn.

If we were told: "Be first and best!
Run fastest; strike the hardest blow!
No matter what may be the test,
Treat every rival as a foe!"
Heaven, with the term of life run through,
Would welcome home but very few.

If all were told the code of men
Must be the standard of success,
Oh, what of all the failures then
Who were contented, gaining less,
Served God the way they thought they should,
And with their strength did all they could?

Editorials

Thought for Today

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at his grave.
Woman!—Barrett

Better Rural Mail Service by Bus

Hundreds of rural communities are now receiving better mail service thru the operation of big highway mail coaches and many hundreds more will be getting this improved service quite soon for scores of surveys for new new routes are being carried on by the U.S. Post Office Department.

These big buses, which weigh almost ten tons, were first employed in 1941 on a run from Washington D. C., to Harrisonburg, Va. Now there are routes travelled by such buses in five states, Indiana, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Kansas.

By this service even the smallest community is able to receive excellent service and the interest of Congress in this development for the advantage of rural folks was evidenced when this year it provided necessary funds for such mobile highway postoffices after other post office transportation funds had been reduced.

Up to this time the rolling postoffices, staffed by one driver and one or two mail clerks each, have been used to supplant "star routes" on which mail is carried by contract carriers, or to replace abandoned railroad service. Ultimately this service is expected to make heavy inroads on the star service and it may replace less efficient rail service, if public demand grows insistent.

All but one of the present routes are being operated by the Department itself, but more may be operated on contract, as the result of recent change in the law governing such contracts. This will permit the department to renew contracts without advertising when their four year period, the maximum, expires. Thus more operators are expected to see their way clear to buy the expensive buses which contract specifications require. The speed and mobility of this system is indicated by the fact that one of the routes that has been established is 156 miles long.

Surveys for new routes go into existing service, population to be served and available roads. In the latter connection it is important that all bridges be strong enough. Obviously no route will be established where bridges under five tons capacity are encountered.

There may be quite a few communities in this section of country which are not getting the mail service they would like to have and to which they feel they are entitled. Petitions to the postal authority will bring about the preliminary surveys without a doubt.

For Cleaner Children's Mouths

Every community in this Lehigh Valley may well be interested in and keep its eyes on the State Health Department's first practical demonstration on the value of sodium fluoride for partial control of tooth decay which is to be begun next week in Bethlehem.

In fact the eyes of all people in this state who are interested in child welfare may well be directed to this test with about 250 children of the Nitschmann Junior High school, whose participation has been approved by their parents. Following this test, it is expected that upwards of eight thousand children in some twenty of the larger centers of population of Pennsylvania will be accorded the same advantage in the course of the next two years.

If the results prove as favorable in Bethlehem as similar experiments in other sections of the country, an important lesson will be learned for the advantage of virtually all our children.

It is a well-known fact that medical inspections in the schools reveal a very large number of cases of tooth decay in children and that defects of this type far outnumber all other types of deficiences. While a lot of these defects are corrected when attention has been called to them by the medical authorities, many are not. Far more important however than discovering these defects and having them corrected is to prevent them, for decayed teeth are harmful to digestion and the child's general health.

Prevention is what sodium fluoride is supposed to effect for it is believed that deficiency of fluorin in the body is largely responsible for tooth decay just as iodin deficiency results in thyroid troubles.

It is significant that the dentists—the people who fix up decayed teeth — are perhaps the persons most interested in preventing decay in the teeth of children. They are back of these experiments by the State and a committee of the Allentown Dental Society is going to be right on the ground at Bethlehem next week to note the result of the experiment.

A Potato Lesson

A reader writes to comment on Mr. Cole's recent story that Canadian potatoes were coming into the United States, because Canadian growers were able to take advantage of the guaranteed price in this country.

The reader suggests an editorial and we can do no better than to quote his own words:

A lesson from Mr. Cole's article "is that one restriction leads to another. Potato price supports now make necessary the prohibition of potato imports, else we shall be supporting not only our own farmers but those of every other country. More broadly speaking, any price control within a country necessitates building trade barriers around the country."

Wall Street Journal

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington.—It is most fortunate for America today that Governor Dewey is not making the kind of campaign President Truman is making.

For if the Republican nominee threw caution to the winds and made charges on a purely political basis, the nation would probably hear a little more on foreign policy than it has heard thus far.

In view of Mr. Truman's predictions of catastrophe if Mr. Dewey is elected, the latter might even feel justified in discussing the ineptitude of the Truman administration in handling the Russian problem.

It is well known that the British and French are influenced by the American government's policy and that the guiding policies are those formulated here in Washington by a small group to whom the President has delegated considerable power.

Mr. Dewey might ask to what extent the "military viewpoint" has dominated American policy and to what extent the "civilian point of view" has been more or less brushed aside. The "military viewpoint" sees physical force as the present and future answer. It is a viewpoint governed by fears of what another nation will do. So it usually considers intermediate steps to be academic, if not futile.

But the truth is that the history of America's record since V-J Day reveals many mistakes, enumeration of which is not just hindsight now. Those mistakes were argued at the time and vehemently protested by many observers.

The chief weakness in the American record is that it has assumed from the start there was little or no basis for cooperation with Russia and it has entered into the "cold war" on the supposition that Russia could be coerced. Russia, protesting that she is a sovereign equal, has adopted again and again an obstructive attitude but she usually points to an adamant position on the part of the western powers as an excuse for her retaliatory action. A record that would be unimpeachable might well have been made by the Allies. Perhaps it would not have led to a solution, especially if the Russians were bent on disagreement anyway. But there is no certainty that relations with Russia would have been any worse if experienced negotiators of the civilian school of thought, instead of the military, had been in key posts handling the negotiations in Berlin, Moscow and Washington, respectively.

The discussion of the "military viewpoint" does not mean that individuals who possess it are unduly belligerent or that they do not hate war as much as do those with a "civilian viewpoint." It means merely that they are governed by a psychology of fear in a negotiation and that usually diplomatic conferences surrounded by such a psychology are doomed from the start.

It is fortunate that Mr. Dewey isn't making an issue of these things, that he isn't accusing Mr. Truman of having abdicated his presidential office to the point where the nation is drifting into a crisis because he happens to be incapable of steering the foreign policy of the nation into peaceful waters.

"It is unfortunate, on the other hand, that Mr. Truman has so far forgotten the biggest argument that the Soviets have been using to undermine American prestige in those countries, like France and Italy, where the Communist sympathizers are trying to cause the people and their governments to veer away from the economic recovery program. The argument is that America is in a "boom and bust" cycle and will soon face economic collapse and be unable to meet her committments to Europe and that hence the countries now leaning on America had better make friends elsewhere while there's time.

Mr. Truman, by going up and down the country predicting that economic collapse is coming for America if the Republicans are elected, is probably doing so as a bit of "campaign oratory." Americans understand such extravagances of statement and exaggerations and tend to discount them. But the Europeans do not know why a President of the United States would say anything was going to happen that he didn't really believe was going to happen.

So the Russians are preparing their strategy on the assumption that Dewey's election means a big economic depression and a chance to move in throughout Europe. Such a fallacy can be of dangerous consequence and could conceivably strengthen the hand of those extremists in the Kremlin who may think the present year is the time to start a war. There is plenty of talk about a bipartisan foreign policy but President Truman is not aware apparently that he is straining is considerably by his speeches.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Heretofore I have always poked fun at the dear ladies to whom fashion means so much and who spends hours and hours on selecting a hat and days and days on the choice of a dress.

Just about a week ago, for instance, I saw an advertisement in the paper and showed it to my wife who was looking for a hat.

"Look at this," I said. "That advertising writer must be crazy."

She looked. But she didn't smile. She looked very serious, clipped the ad and put it in her purse, for future reference.

Here is how the ad read: I copied it, just for fun:

"Come see our enchanting new shop:

"A heavenly shop, all pink and gray and brimming over with the hats that are this season's darlings! Berets in many guises, pillboxes cropped to hug your head, tiny bonnets that flourish romantic feathers. All here for your delight."

* * *

But today the shoe is on the other foot. I need a new suit and a hat and some shirts and shoes. So I looked at the ads—for bargains. What I saw amazed me.

Apparently men, too, have turned fashion conscious and the advertising writers certainly are trying to make sissies out of us.

A suit has always been a suit to me. Either single or double-breasted. Either brown, gray or blue.

But no more. Look: "sharkskins with a difference. (Picture of a shark). In the design of the weave, the clarity of the colors, the styling of the models, we offer the mite of difference that wins a might of deference. Eagle Sharkskin $70.

They almost sold me on that one. But here is one even better than that. They take my "posture photo" for "precise individual tailoring."

And who could resist this one?

"The. . . label is the recognized signature of a master tailor. . . the proud flourish that signs a work of art. . . the real perfection that cannot be measured by the arithmetic of price. . . it is one of the obligations he owes to those about him. . ."

I shall clip all three ads and get me three suits, the one that wins me a "might of deference" (which I need badly,) the one that is made from a posture photograph and the one I owe to those about me.

I shall probably also buy me a dozen of those famous imported broadcloth shirts advertised at $144 the dozen, and a pair or two of those wonderful brogues at $38 that are "a true treasure of the gentleman."

But what is that? Squeezed in among all those gorgeous ads is a little one. But it stands out like a house on fire.

"What will you be earning 5 years from now?" asks the headline.

It is the ad of an insurance company.

It says nothing about deference or vanity.

But it does make me go into my closet and see whether that shine can't be taken out of the pants on my other suit; whether those frayed cuffs on my shirt can't be fixed and whether those shoes can't stand one more straightening of the heels.

I wish I hadn't seen that insurance ad.

It must be nice to be a gentleman of fashion.

(Copyright, 1948)

Try and Stop Me

A society lady in Darien met her husband's glamorous secretary for the first time at an office party and remarked pointedly, "It's wonderful meeting you. My husband has told me so little about you."

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

1 Peter 4.

The natural man lives to gratify the desires of the flesh, described in v.3 as lasciviousness, lusts excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries, thinking it strange that there are those who do not run with them to the same excess of riot, and ever speaking evil of those who refuse to 'go along'. In Romans 1:32 Paul speaks of such as well knowing that the judgment of God will come upon them as worthy of death, but they continue in their evil ways, and take pleasure in those that do them. So one day the Gospel came to those who were dead, v.6, in trespasses and sins, crying, 'Awake ye that sleep, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light'. Having responded, and now, as Christians judged by men in the flesh and therefore ridiculed, they live, dead to the world, but alive unto God spiritually, v.6. Old things have passed away for those who have been born again; all things have become new. Christians are to give themselves to charity; to be hospitable. They will be called to suffer in the kind of a world we live in, but when His glory shall appear, we shall be glad with exceeding joy.



PIONEER DAYS IN MAHANTANGO VALLEY

By MRS. CARRIE HAAS TROUTMAN
Pitman, Pennsylvania.

Continued

EARLY SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

The first school house in the Mahantango Valley was a log building in Upper Mahantango Township. It stood between the farms of W. E. Hepler and Charles Schultz on the north side of the road where a road turns south. The first teachers were a Mr. Bressler and Jonas Kayser. Only reading and writing in German were taught. Arithmetic was taught to some of the boys. Mother Haas said when she attended this school, only one girl studied arithmetic—Polly Baum, who was going to marry ,and did marry Mr. Wiest, the store keeper at Klingerstown, and therefore needed to know numbers! The teacher received very little pay for his services. Instead he boarded around at the homes of the parents who could not pay.

The first school where English was taught was in the Yoder School at the present Harry Snyder farm, where a road turns to the Southwest along Mahantango Creek. This farm was settled by Mr. and Mrs. George Yoder. George Yoder (1787-1827) came from Oley Township, Berks County. His wife was Elizabeth Reiner (1794-1888), a daughter of the first settlers. This building was a long, low bulding with a partition door through the middle which could be removed for church services. Religious services were held by both Lutheran and Reformed. The school was taught by John Henry Krebs, who was also Justice of the Peace. The first singing school was also held in this place by a Mr. Adams. He received 50 cents for 13 lessons. Lewis Stark was an itinerant teacher, going from house to house giving lessons in reading and writing, to those who had too far to go to school.

ENGLISH ENTERS THE VALLEY

The family of George Boyer, who came from Philadelphia, was the first English-speaking family in the Mahantango Valley. Mr. Boyer was a member of the General Assembly of the State Legislature. While in office, he introduced the Bill to have the County Seat removed from Orwigsburg to Pottsville.

MUSIC IN THE VALLEY

The Independent Cornet Band, a famous musical organization, was organized in 1850 near Line Mountain, Northumberland County, in the building now occupied by Charles Snyder. Later it was moved to Hepler P. O., Schuylkill County. Some of its members were D. K. Hepler, Andrew Hepler, Samuel Haas, John Wolfgang, Aaron Snyder, James Maurer, William Snyder and D. P. Maurer, etc. Irvin Boyer Sr. had charge of the transportation, and the high Bandwagon with four gaily decorated horses was an imposing sight at a celebration or **Badollya** and other social gatherings that engaged this band.

ELECTION DAYS

The first polling places were at the houses of John Wetzel, in what is now Eldred Township, and of Harry Willier. In what is now Upper Mahantango Township, elections were held at Moyer's place, later Henry Maurer's, at a place directly south of Nora Neugard's farm. Here **Lebkuchen** and whiskey were served on election days.

HOW THE MAIL WAS CARRIED YEARS AGO

The first Post Office in our valley was at Dr. A. B. Karterman's, known as Mahantango Upper and Lower. The mail was brought in once a week from Reading. In the late 'forties or 'fifties there were local post offices spaced about three or four miles apart. Along the Line Mountain road was Pitman, Line Mountain P. O. (at Joseph Maurer's below Howarter's Church), Leck Kill, Green Briar, Rebuck, Red Cross, to Dornsife. Along the central or Klingerstown Road was Pitman, to Leib, Hepler, Rough and Ready (named after Zachary Taylor in 1850), Klingerstown, Hebe, Urban, Red Cross to Herndon. Another route was from Pitman to Kehler, Haas, Weishample, Taylorsville to Gordon. Today the Star Routes bring the mail via Ashland to Pitman and from Dornsife to Pitman. There are two Post Offices, Pitman and Klingerstown, since the Rural Free Delivery.

A MAHANTANGO "COLONY" IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

When my mother was a very small girl (during the early 'forties), a number of families left this section for Red Bank in Western Pennsylvania. Many of them were related to our family. Among them was my mother's aunt, Elisabeth Brosius, married to John Hunger. There were Yoders, Haases, Brosiuses, Troutmans, Klingers, Maurers, Snyders, Schlegels, Buffingtons, Kuntzelmans, Heplers, Reiners etc. They were all from the section of Upper Mahantango to Klingerstown, Gratz and Valley View. They left in covered wagons. It took them more than three weeks to make the trip. They all settled in the section between Punxsutawney, Dubois, Brookville, New Bethlehem, Clarion, etc. The place where our nearest relatives lived was North Freedom, named by themselves. It is a very nice country among the gas wells. To the west are the oil wells. North Freedom lies at the junction of three counties, Jefferson, where my mother's aunt lived, Armstrong County, where they went to church, and Clarion, where their post office was at Mayport, about half a mile away.

When these people came ou there, everything was still wild and many of them got homesick. So their first meeting place was on a large rock they found close by. This rock is as large as an ordinary barn, almost flat on top. A short distance away is another one half the size, that would fit against the larger one. It looks as though they were heated and dropped from the sky. On the one side of each one it looks just like when something melts and starts to run down over the sides. On the top of the larger stone they held their prayer meetings. We were on this rock and it was one of the most interesting I have ever seen. Several large trees grew up in the crevices.

When we went to the North Freedom cemeteries, we found the names on the tombstones the same as here at home in our cemeteries. They remembered the same stories from their grandmother's girlhood days as I did from mine. After they were all settled out there, my grandfather, John Haas, walked out there to visit them, before 1850. My mother, Aunt Lena and GrandmotherNeugard were out to visit them in 1884. After that, my Aunt Lena was out several times.

BARRICK MICHEL

Our hermit, or **"Barrick Michel,"** as he was known, lived at a place directly on top of the Mahantango Mountain where the highway turns east. In his younger days he was turned down by the girl he was engaged to be married to. From then on he never looked at a girl or accepted anything which he thought a woman or girl was connected with! About sixty years ago his place could be seen, as there were stumps and parts of apple trees and cherry trees there yet in a small field he had cleared. He also had a garden and a hut made by himself from the stones he picked in his field. That time you could still see where he had his fireplace and where he slept. Every day he came down the mountain to a spring to get his water. The provisions he needed, he got at the farmhouse which is now the home of Monroe Wolfgang. There on top of the mountain he lived to be an old man and always kept himself out of the way of the women. One day when they didn't see him come for his water, they looked and found him dead. This place was always a place of interest but now is forgotten.

COLONEL SCHROEDER

One of the most eccentric characters of the Mahantango Valley was Col. George Schroeder. He was born November 8, 1816, at the farm which was once the home of Rev. Schlappich, Oscar Ramer and Jerry Rupp. He carried the honorary title of "Colonel" and drilled the boys of the valley in preparation for the Civil War. He was resolute, high-spirited, honest and very patriotic. He habitually whistled partiotic airs. After the Civil War he lived alone in a small cabin at Schroeder's Hill, a steep precipice covered with large spruce trees, at the foot of which winds the Little Mahantango Creek. At this place he tanned hides the quick process. In his large garden, besides vegetables, he planted tulips, hyacinth, narcissus, grape hyacinth and daffodils. These flowers multiplied and spread over a large area. This place was often visited by flower lovers a generation ago.

Colonel Schroeder laid out the town of Franklin Square. At the crossroads of this town he dug for gold to a depth of 90 feet. He found no gold but the eight-foot hole in the earth became a well of never-failing water which was used by the entire neighborhood during dry seasons. Franklin Square was an almost forgotten name until it was revived and put on the map, during the Pinchot administration, when the survey was made for the hard-surface road. During the life of its founder, the little town he laid out contained a church, a doctor, a photographer shop, a blacksmith shop, a saddler shop and dwelling houses for about seven families.

Colonel Schroeder drilled the boys at the famous time-honored **Badollyas** where the **Lebkuchen** (now a forgotten art among the Pennsylvania Dutch) were served. He drilled the boys to prepare them for the Civil War in Gabriel Herb's meadow close to the Salem Lutheran and Reformed Church at Rough and Ready. Everybody attended these affairs.

He had a dog named Wolf who was his constant companion day and night. One day one of his neighbors came with a gun to shoot his dog. He said the dog had killed a number of his sheep. The man was furious and wanted to shoot the dog, but Col. Schroeder shielded the dog with his own body and said "My Wolf shall not die today. If I have proof that my dog kills any of your sheep, I will pay for the damage and then keep my dog tied. But this time my Wolf is innocent, because he slept with me." A few days later the same man came again but this time to apologize and ask Schroeder's forgiveness. He said he found out it was another dog.

Mr. Schroeder often visited the Haas Foundry and Machine Shop. Mrs. Haas always baked his bread and pies. He always brought whatever was in season for the pies, such as cherries, huckleberries, blackberries, rhubarb, apples, etc., so it would be less work for her to make them, as he was kind and considerate. One day he stopped in at the shop again all exhausted and weak They asked him to stay until he felt better, but he said, no, he was on his way up to his sister's, Mrs. John Stehr Sr., at Haas P. O., a distance of about six miles or more. He said he could feel his end was near, therefore he would take his time and walk slow. When he came to his sister's home, he told her his end was near, so she put him to bed. When the neighbors heard this, they came to visit him and pray for him. He thanked them kindly and said, "You can pray, but please don't pray for me. If you were Henry Ward Beecher, I would also say the same. I always lived a good life." And thus he passed away, just as peacefully as he had lived.

To Be Concluded

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

EN RAAD ZU DE MAED

Die Grossmammi saagt:

Dochter, sei geduldich!
Die Welt iss dir nix schuldich!
Der Hochmut schmelzt un macht dir Drehne
Des Schmeechle iss gelogge—
Falsch wie der Reggeboge—
Die Scheeheit iss gaar net zu lehne.

Du bischt marrickwaerdich
Schtols un abaddich.
Du finnscht seilewes ken Mann.
Es bekummt de yunge Maed
Luschdich sei—un bleed!
Mer nemmt was mer griege kann.

Ich hass des Hohrgeschtriggel
So vanne amme Schpiggel,
'S iss yuscht der Hochmut, das dich zwengt.
Browier en bissel lache
Iwwer all die dumme Sache
Un saag: "Des hett ich net gedenkt."

Die Mannsleit sin all gleich,
Mei Maed, des saag ich eich,
Vun all de Landschaft, weit un breed.
Sie gleiche gross zu schwetze,
Zu liege un zu retze—
Sich abweise var de Maed.

'S iss all recht fer Kumpni halte
Mit de Yunge odder Alte,
Wann mer schur iss ass mer nanner gleicht,
Doch mer kann net karessiere
Un em Beau sei Haerz verfriere—
Geb acht! Verbrechscht dei Haerz verleicht!

Der Shep Hund denkt:

Do aeryets in dem Waasemfeld
Iss ebbes, das ich will;
En Knoche hawwich do begraawe
So vanne im Abrill.
Noh kummt so'n schpoter Zwiwwleschnee
Un deckt des Feld gans zu;
Wescht aus die Schpur—do schteckt er drin—
Doch weess ich gaar net wu.

Nau bluge sie fer'n Welschkarn Land
Un ich dapp hinnedraa.
Wann ich en weisser Blacke sehn,
Den pack ich eifrich aa.
Ich hass die weisse Kallickschtee,
Sie duhn mich oft vernarre;
Ich schnuffel draa, verlier mei Schritt—
So muss ich ewwe scharre.

Halt uff! Was iss sell weiss Ding dart?
Der Schwans vum alte Haas!
Nau Bee! Macht schnell! mer sin druff los—
Er schpringt mer dart ins Graas.
Er hupst so schraeks im Waasem rum—
Ich kann net recht druff ziele—
Am Grundsau Loch dart schluppt er nei
Un ich fang aa zu wiehle.

Ich kratz un scharr un gauz mit Luscht,
Ken Ketzer will ich fange.
Der Knecht am Bluge hot's bedracht—
Ich glaab aa mit Verlange.
Doch ruft er bletzlich: "Shep, kumm haer!"—
Hot ebbes in der Hand.
Ich follich ihm, geb's wiehle uff—
Dapp drieblich iwwers Land.

Dann sehn ich glei, was er dart hebt,
So iwwerdeckt mit Grund.
Er hot mei Knoche uffgeblugt—
Ich hab's in paar Sekund.
Deweil dass ich am Knoche fress,
Fallt mir en Schprichwart ei:
Wer sich verseimt, der finnt verleicht,
Die Esszeit iss verbei!

Try and Stop Me

A society lady in Darien met her husband's glamorous secretary for the first time at an office party and remarked pointedly, "It's wonderful meeting you. My husband has told me so little about you."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Heretofore I have always poked fun at the dear ladies to whom fashion means so much and who spends hours and hours on selecting a hat and days and days on the choice of a dress.

Just about a week ago, for instance, I saw an advertisement in the paper and showed it to my wife who was looking for a hat.

"Look at this," I said. "That advertising writer must be crazy."

She looked. But she didn't smile. She looked very serious, clipped the ad and put it in her purse, for future reference.

Here is how the ad read: I copied it, just for fun:

"Come see our enchanting new shop:

"A heavenly shop, all pink and gray and brimming over with the hats that are this season's darlings! Berets in many guises, pillboxes cropped to hug your head, tiny bonnets that flourish romantic feathers. All here for your delight."

* * *

But today the shoe is on the other foot. I need a new suit and a hat and some shirts and shoes. So I looked at the ads—for bargains. What I saw amazed me.

Apparently men, too, have turned fashion conscious and the advertising writers certainly are trying to make sissies out of us.

A suit has always been a suit to me. Either single or double-breasted. Either brown, gray or blue.

But no more. Look: "sharkskins with a difference. (Picture of a shark). In the design of the weave, the clarity of the colors, the styling of the models, we offer the mite of difference that wins a might of deference. Eagle Sharkskin $70.

They almost sold me on that one. But here is one even better than that. They take my "posture photo" for "precise individual tailoring."

And who could resist this one?

"The. . . label is the recognized signature of a master tailor. . . the proud flourish that signs a work of art. . . the real perfection that cannot be measured by the arithmetic of price. . . it is one of the obligations he owes to those about him. . ."

I shall clip all three ads and get me three suits, the one that wins me a "might of deference" (which I need badly,) the one that is made from a posture photograph and the one I owe to those about me.

I shall probably also buy me a dozen of those famous imported broadcloth shirts advertised at $144 the dozen, and a pair or two of those wonderful brogues at $38 that are "a true treasure of the gentleman."

But what is that? Squeezed in among all those gorgeous ads is a little one. But it stands out like a house on fire.

"What will you be earning 5 years from now?" asks the headline.

It is the ad of an insurance company.

It says nothing about deference or vanity.

But it does make me go into my closet and see whether that shine can't be taken out of the pants on my other suit; whether those frayed cuffs on my shirt can't be fixed and whether those shoes can't stand one more straightening of the heels.

I wish I hadn't seen that insurance ad.

It must be nice to be a gentleman of fashion.

(Copyright, 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

1 Peter 4.

The natural man lives to gratify the desires of the flesh, described in v.3 as lasciviousness, lusts excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries, thinking it strange that there are those who do not run with them to the same excess of riot, and ever speaking evil of those who refuse to 'go along'. In Romans 1:32 Paul speaks of such as well knowing that the judgment of God will come upon them as worthy of death, but they continue in their evil ways, and take pleasure in those that do them. So one day the Gospel came to those who were dead, v.6, in trespasses and sins, crying, 'Awake ye that sleep, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light'. Having responded, and now, as Christians judged by men in the flesh and therefore ridiculed, they live, dead to the world, but alive unto God spiritually, v.6. Old things have passed away for those who have been born again; all things have become new. Christians are to give themselves to charity; to be hospitable. They will be called to suffer in the kind of a world we live in, but when His glory shall appear, we shall be glad with exceeding joy.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is now fairly obvious that Thomas E. Dewey will be elected President of the United States. The Vinson fiasco has put a final touch to the Campaign. Everything after that is anti-climax.

For what the Vinson fiasco showed was that President Truman is hysterical, lacks balance and is capable of doing anything when desperate. This has nothing to do with partisanship. The danger to the country is great, for Presidents are often faced by sharp crises and the need for immediate decisions which, while they may not appear presently momentous, project themselves into history as crises. The Battle of Tours (732) between the Moslems and the French may not have appeared important at the time, but that event altered the history of Europe, if not the world. It determined the nature of western civilization.

Mr. Truman, in this one instance, disclosed not only a lack of historic perspective but an instability of judgment which imperils this nation. It is a sufficient cause for lack of confidence. In some quarters, George Marshall is being criticized for having spanked the President in public. There was nothing else to do. The United States of America is more important than any President. Loyalty must be to the country, not to any individual in it. Allegiance is to the flag, not to a man. Marshall had no alternative but to come back and fight this battle out. Had he lost it, he would have had no alternative but to resign. That, in the midst of a political campaign, would have been equally serious.

There is little question but that the Republicans will have a majority in the House of Representatives. It is not so certain that they will have a majority, or more than an organizational majority, in the Senate. At best, it may be a majority of four or five, which will make it pretty hard for the new President to put through an effective legislative program. It is for this reason that during the last weeks of the campaign Republican emphasis is upon the Senate.

Those most in doubt are Senator Ball in Minnesota, Senator Revercomb in West Virginia, Senator Cooper in Kentucky, Senator Robertson in Wyoming. The Republicans are making the strongest efforts to assure their re-election.

Any American President faces the prospect of an antagonistic Congress, because, unlike the British, our system makes it possible for the President to be of one party while the Congress or one house of it is of another party. Unless the President can form a coalition with members of the opposite party, he finds his legislative program stymied and his administration under such attack as to become ineffectual.

Such a situation wrecked the Hoover administration, so that after the election of 1930 he was practically unable to do anything. Measures which Congress ignored or rejected while he was President were passed when Roosevelt became President. The interregnum from November, 1932, to March 1933, was a nightmare not only for the President but for the country. Hoover, defeated, could do nothing; Roosevelt, not yet inaugurated, could do nothing.

That period has now been reduced to January 20; that is, from November 2 to January 20, 79 days, the United States will, in effect, be without a government. Truman will have no moral authority, although his legal authority remains; Dewey will have to wait until he is inaugurated.

Meanwhile, the world moves on. Should Truman, during those days, attempt some such course as the Vinson fiasco, he would be within his legal rights and Dewey would find himself loaded down with all the miseries that could emanate from it.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hoover invited Mr. Roosevelt to join him in action concerning the banking situation and actually held a conference about it at the White House, Ogden Mills and Raymond Moley joining them; but Roosevelt rejected such joint action on the ground that it was still Hoover's responsibility. Nevertheless, as soon as Roosevelt became President, he adopted the Hoover-Mills program as his own.

Perhaps Truman and Dewey will face this problem from a national rather than a personal and political standpoint and find a method that can work well for America.

(Copyright, 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Shall Italy express in some tangible form her gratitude to the United States for post-war aid?"

A Milan weekly newspaper is conducting a poll among its readers and many of them want to send us some priceless painting by Michelangelo or Raphael.

Others think a Tintoretto—who rates somewhat lower than the other two, artistically and commercially—would be enough.

But quite a few think that Italy has nothing to be grateful for and that the United States hasn't done any more than was her duty to a nation that had lost the war and was in need.

* * *

I don't think we care particularly whether we get a Michelangelo or a Raphael or a Tintoretto or nothing at all from Italy.

I don't think that we expect gratitude and particularly the kind of gratitude that practically amounts to so much payment for so much performance.

For so much you have done for us you get a Raphael: for so much only a Tintoretto.

What we have done for Italy, what we are doing for the other nations is not done for pictures or for monuments.

* * *

We are peculiar people over here, and we wish that other nations could understand our peculiarities a little better.

We are unquestionably the greatest bunch of idealists in the whole wide world. And that is something most other nations and most other people don't seem to be able to understand.

There is no question that all this help for Europe and for Asia was conceived by our statesmen out of good hard common sense.

They realized that hunger causes riots and wars. They realized that prosperity creates trade, and trade is the life blood of nations.

But the Marshall plan could never have been implemented if it had not been for the assent of Congress. That assent was overwhelming, because we, the people, were in overwhelming favor of giving help to the hungry and the needy.

And we the people did not think of trade and commerce when we said "Yes, give them help. We will pay more taxes and higher prices for our own things so that others may have something to eat and to wear."

When we said yes to the Marshall plan, we were thinking of those others as human beings who were suffering.

We were thinking of what we had learned in our early youth, to do unto others as we would want others to do unto us.

We were not thinking of Raphaels and Tintorettos.

But neither did we think that our motives would be so sadly misunderstood by those who did not want to, or could not, understand them.

We did not think we would be called warmongers and imperialists and usurers.

* * *

I wish that those name-callers and agitators could see you and me in our homes, minding our own business, wanting nothing out of life but a little happiness for ourselves and the rest of us.

It's kind of funny to call you an imperialist, isn't it?

(Copyright 1948)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A worried lady in Scituate entered a notions store and purchased two packages of invisible hairpins. As she paid for them, she asked, "Are you absolutely certain these hairpins are invisible?" "Lady, I'll tell you how invisible they are," the clerk assured her. "I've sold four dollars' worth of those pins this morning, and we've been out of them for three weeks."

* * *

General Thompson and Colonel Taubeneck strolled together down F. Street in Washington during the last year of the war, and were called upon, naturally, to return the salutes of scores of enlisted men. Each time Colonel Taubeneck saluted he muttered, "The same to you." General Thompson's curiosity finally got the better of him and he inquired, "Why do you always mutter that asinine remark?" The Colonel answered, "I was a private once, myself, and I know what they are thinking."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DUCK AND DEER

The ducks are on the wing again.
'Twill soon be time for deer.
The season comes when hunting men
From home will disappear.

The lure of wood and field is great
As hunters' wives well know.
The men will leave them home to wait.
Since hunting they must go.

Thus, as it was in ancient days
It still remains the same.
Man hunting goes. The wife who stays
At home must dress the game.

(Copyright 1948)

Editorials

Thought for Today

The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.—Talleyrand.

Put Chest Campaign Over the Top

Campaigners for the Red Feather agencies of this community met yesterday for their second report and they, together with every person who earnestly desires that this campaign shall not only attain but exceed its goal, must realize that the real hard pull is still ahead for only 41 per cent of the desired funds have been pledged so far.

It is a pull not only for the hundreds of volunteer workers who are giving of their time, energy and money but also for everybody in this community for these Red Feather agencies are our agencies. They are not operated by any small groups in their own interest. They are operated in the public interest because they belong to and serve the public.

Therefore it behooves the general public to determine individually that this campaign must be put across and be put across swiftly. Time for decisions should be afforded to most persons during the weekend when the demands of employment and family affairs generally become lighter and more time and thought can be given to other matters.

Over the weekend will be the time to decide that support for the Red Feather Agencies is imperative; that evidence of such support is desirable at once and that checks, cash or subscriptions should be mailed at once to the Allentown Community Chest. Don't wait for the knock on the door or the ring of the doorbell by a campaigner who may have called in fact a number of times when no one was at home or the executive of a business establishment was not in his office.

Mutuals Fine 100-Year Record

The centennial anniversary of that substantial business, the Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Lehigh county, has just observed and it is in order to congratulate the management of this splendid concern and wish the company well as it enters upon its second century of useful service to thousands of patrons.

Insurance of property is even more nearly universal than insurance upon lives. Destruction of property by fire, flood or any other destructive force can be a most serious blow to any persons who have not carried any insurance or have carried insufficient insurance. That property may well represent the savings of many years, and savings can be the product of many years of toil. Thus a property may well represent many years of the life of an individual or perhaps an entire family which has struggled and saved and denied itself to effect the savings necessary for its purchase or building.

So fire insurance companies are among our most helpful social agencies. It is important not only that they exist but that they be well managed. This is especially true of mutual companies.

It is a matter for satisfaction that a local company, with local capital that is managed by local men has carried on so well during the year, that it has always been in excellent financial standing and that it has been able by virtue of good management to give its clients full aid in their difficulties and provide them with solid comfort and assurance at all other times.

Pushing Fight Against T.B.

When the Lehigh County Tuberculosis Society early this year announced its intention of placing X-ray machines in the Allentown and Sacred Heart hospitals the decision was hailed as another step forward in the local battle against one of man's oldest enemies.

The results of that progressive decision appear in the statistics which were announced by the society during the week, for it is shown by these figures that 1231 handlers of food in our community received free chest examinations during the summer.

Consider how important it is that all people who handle food be free from this disease. You probably would refuse to buy food in a store if it were handled by and handed to you by a person obviously a consumptive. So you can see that it is important that all food-handlers be free of the disease.

Now the society is going even farther in its thoro work of discovering incipient cases of tuberculosis and paving the way to cure. In all the thousands of pictures which have been taken during recent years not many have been unfavorable. Those persons who have been found to be ill or soon to be ill have been warned and generally have taken the good advice that goes with such a discovery. Henceforth when such positive X-ray pictures turn up, larger and more elaborate pictures will be taken for even more thoro study and diagnosis leading up to treatment.

Then during next month, the society will begin its annual program of taking pictures of large numbers of children in the schools. This year's program calls for the examination of all children in the 11th grade and for all members of all athletic teams in the high schools and the junior high schools.

It is the ambition of the society in short time to have completed such study of virtually every person in the community. That is certainly a laudable program.

Of course it costs a lot of money. But the people of this community have indicated their belief in the value of this program and they will certainly re-emphasize their faith in it when at the coming Christmastide they contribute liberally and cheerfully to the sale of Christmas Seals — almost the sole source of income for the society.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

They hate this country's political guts.

They have a 20-year record of operating on a worldwide Communist timetable. Yet they wander in and out of our super-secret atomic energy industry, our highly classified secret radar plants, gun sight factories, aircraft and marine equipment assembly depots; and walk behind the closed gates of sites on which our most skilled technicians are putting together the most modern radio equipment and aerial motors.

Yet we're polite to them.

We're sending courteous notes back and forth between the Atomic Energy commission, which says they ought to get out of these strategic spots, and the operating company, which says "Help us get them out." The commission hints it will soon take action. There are mysterious references to the crowd's Communist record. Everybody's moving gingerly because a union is involved. CIO chief Phil Murray is loyal as usual to a labor outfit—although that outfit is as much a political maneuver as a union.

Everybody's afraid the union's feelings will be hurt—or that the union itself, the United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers (CIO), the famous UE, will be destroyed. Well, if that happens, its 500,000 members have only themselves to blame. Let them not put any onus on a country seeking to protect itself.

Why haven't those 500,000 members cleaned up their officers' hierarchy which includes the leaders of 100 UE locals, who on Apr. 5, 1941, helped to organize the American Peoples Meeting which in turn loudly opposed the war on the Nazis.

Why haven't those 500,000 members cleaned up their officers—of whom 101 (on May 25, 1947) signed the Communist Civil Rights Congress blast against the U. S. Congress' investigation of the Communist underground apparatus in this country?

Why haven't those members cleaned house of a man like their upper New York Regional Director Leo Jandreau, whose authority extends over the workers in the doubly super-secret Peek St. (Schenectady) Atomic Laboratory—and who, in testimony before the House Un-American Affairs Committee on July 25, 1947, was charged with having joined the Communist party in December, 1936.

Why haven't they driven from all influence in their union a vice-president called William Sentner, operating out of the St. Louis area—an avowed Communist party member, a leader and organizer of the Arkansas Communist party and an agent of the old Food Workers Industrial Union, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, a section of the Red International of Labor Unions (Profintern), which still has headquarters in Moscow?

And what about that other Trade Union Unity League leader, James Matles, now virtually boss of the UE.

Matles was boss and secretary of the Metal and Machinery Division of the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union of the TUUL. On Nov. 6, 1933, he gave open support to the Communist party—see the Daily Worker of that date. Why hasn't he been driven out of office?

And, of course, there's Jules Emspak, assistant boss of the UE (national secretary-treasurer) who in further testimony before the same House Committee on July 25, 1947 was named as a Communist party member and host at Communist party sessions at which plans were drawn up for continued control of this strategic union—now deep in the heart of the atomic industry.

If those 500,000 UE members can not safeguard their union—they should not squawk when some of us try to safeguard our country.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HOCHTSICH G'SHPICHTA:

Heit 'n woch tzurick wor 'n aryer uf ruhr im Bauscha dahl un da Lynnviller gegend, wie der Alfred Wert un die Margaret Bleiler iwwer der basem shtiehl gajump'd sin, in da Lynnviller kerrich. Da Margaret ihra shwover, der Porra Willard Weida hut der gnub tzu gatzoga, un sie fers airsht mohl mon un fraw k'haisa. Sel worra ow'r ol socha os kumma sin mit da hochtsich, die arrickshda g'shpichta hen g'shtart wies Alfreds' tzu da kerrick nous sin, un hen da Margaret ihr'm bruder Bill sei truck sehna fer da kerrich shtae, uf gadoll'd in da aller feddershda manier fer frish k'heierta leit ihra airshdie ride gewwa ols mon un fraw.

Der truck wor net yusht wunnerbore shae gadeckorate mit alla hond socha, ow'r hut aw unner-shittlicha shticker housrote socha galawda kot so wie 'n bavy kutch, 'n shuckle, uns wor aw 'n wesh line g'shpont, ol bahank'd mit eckicha weissa lumba. 'S wor aw 'n sitz hinna im body woh sie der Alfred un die Margaret druf gablonst hen, un noh is die g'shpass ob gonga mit da Margaret ihr'm bruder Herman "Benj" hinnich 'm rawd, un der Willie Herber navich 'm, fer 'm der waig sawga.

Sie sin 's gons ewwer end fom kounty ous gakess'ld un worra in New Tripoli, Steins Korner, im Kistlers dahl, un ol iwwer shunshd os wie wohs Alfreds' garn gawest weara,- dahame bei da Margaret, fer sich ready mocha fer g'shwind ferlossa uf ihra hochtsich trip. Un sie sin aw fert kumma, uns wor weil danoh os ols noch fon da hochtsich socha noh gabrent hen. Wie allas feriwwer wor, hut der "Benj" 'm Bill sei truck in der shub g'fohra, un der Willie Herber hame ganumma mit seinra aigna mashine. Allas wor ol recht bis 'm Bill Bleiler sei glainie dochter Barbara, gawunnert hut wie der "Benj" tzurick kumma is, woh er don der truck onna het.

Kayose wies sheina mawg, ow'r ferhoftich sei wons 'm "Benj" net shun gons un gore ous g'falla wor os er der truck in der shub het eb er der Willie hame ganumma het, un wor doch now in ra mechdicha fix. 'S wor shpote im dawg, uns lawfa is 'm "Benj" shier so hard gonga os wie aw fer tzu fiel ungnaedich blauderra. Er is ol iwwer rum g'shprunga der ferlora truck sucha. Endlich hut ebber 'n draw gamolm'd os sie 'n sehna hen der truck in der shub duh, un denk der "Benj" hut noh besser g'fiel'd, un wor fermuthlich froh os 'n hochtsich wie sel yusht ae mohl in ra lavens tzeit rum kumt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'S hut evens noch paar anda gakosh'd beim George Bautsch im Bautscha dahl.

Der "Benj" is 'm Willie 'm nagshd noh kumma mit 'm truck, un woh die mashine on da tzeit kotta hut.

Liever wie noh hinna nei g'fohra howwa, is der Willie iwwer paar anda nous os in da shtross worra, un der "Benj" hut die iwwericha gadroffa os net g'shwind ganunk ous 'm waig gakent hen.

Os m'r yusht draw denka, die boova sin aw so shnell fert on da kerrich noch da hochtsich, os der Porra Weida un sei fraw die Cleonice, 'n mechdichie tzeit kotta hen fer sie sucha, un hen sie net g'funna bis shier dahame.

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Revelation 1.

The name of the last book of the Bible should never have an 's' attached to it. Too often, even from a pulpit, we hear of the book of Revelations! It is also called the Apocalypse, its Greek name, meaning a revelation, as in v. 1. A special blessing is conferred on those who read, hear, and keep what is written in this book. John wrote his Gospel about the Son of God when on earth; his first Epistle concerning the sons of God on earth, 3:1, and the Revelation, showing us the Son of God and the sons of God glorified in heaven. He is writing to the seven churches in Asia (a province in Asia Minor), mentioned by name in chapters 2 and 3. The revelation was given to John while a prisoner on the Island of Patmos. (I had the privilege of seeing this island in '28 and '30.) The description of Jesus in the glory, vs. 13-16, is in marked contrast with Him as He appeared on earth in Palestine. Note His names in vs. 17-18. The subject matter of the book is largely 'the things which shall be hereafter', v.19. As the Old Testament closes with the prophetical books, so the New closes with this prophetical book, looking forward to His appearing in power and great glory.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Oct. 16, 1923, a Tuesday.

Members of the Cedar Crest college glee club gave a recital Monday at a meeting of the Quota club held in the Hotel Allen. Following the music, Cora E. Riley, new dean of the college, spoke on the Cedar Crest campaign.

Members of Salem Reformed church entertained their new pastor and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. William F. Kosman, at a reception and banquet at the Keystone Trail Inn. Speeches were made by various church officials.

Plans for a banquet were made Monday evening by members of Camp 406, POS of A. Speakers were to be Atty. Orrin E. Boyle and Atty. Lawrence H. Rupp.

Atty. and Mrs. David Horne, 1609 Turner St., returned home Monday evening after a two weeks' visit in Louisville, Ky.

George G. Blumer, 1344 Turner St., had returned home from the Allentown hospital where he had been a patient for five weeks.



PIONEER DAYS IN MAHANTANGO VALLEY

By MRS. CARRIE HAAS TROUTMAN

Pitman, Pennsylvania.

CONCLUSION

"MAHANTANGO STYLE" FURNITURE

Most of the rare antique furniture made in this part of the valley was made by a Mr. Masser. The bureaus were stained with a home-made stain in green, red, black or yellow, with designs copied from the old home-made birth certificates with angels, birds and flowers. The flowers were put on with a cork that was cut to resemble a flower, then dipped in the stain and put on alternately, red, then yellow.

Mr. Masser had no lathe, so John Haas, and later David, his son, did all the turning on a home-made lathe—such as curly maple table legs, bureau legs, bedposts, etc.—all those things that had to be turned on a lathe.

John Haas also made some very beautiful pieces of furniture for his family in 1836. Among them was a writing desk with many little drawers, and bureaus, tables and chests and bedsteads with the high four posts. This furniture was sold at the sales.

THE HAAS FAMILY

John Haas (1814-1856), a carpenter and millwright, built many of the first waterwheel sawmills and gristmills, and did repair work of many kinds. He married Maria Yoder, daughter of George and Elisabeth (Reiner) Yoder, and his two sons, David Y. Haas and Samuel Y. Haas, continued their father's business and added other lines of work. They built a large foundry, where a cast was made every three weeks, and a machine repair shop. The Haas Foundry and Machine Shop was located close to the line of Eldred and Upper Mahantango Township, between Hepler and Leib P. O. Everything the people needed, from this and the two adjoining valleys, was made or repaired here—things like grain cradles, plows, plowshares, grates, engines, lathes, later style sawmills, sad irons and stands, frying pans, large iron kettles, velocipedes, etc. In the 1840's and 1850's caskets were made as a sideline, the price ranging from $4 to $7. They were made of chestnut wood, stained with home-made lye, then varnished, with bright shining handles put on.

Samuel Haas, the older of the two brothers, whose death occurred April 1, 1876, at the age of 39 years, was an inventive genius. From the **Shamokin Times** is the following abstract: "Samuel Haas had been in delicate health from childhood. During his boyhood days he received three days of schooling—all he ever had. At an early age he showed evidences of remarkable inventive genius and mechanical skill. He was a watchmaker, machinist, painter, carpenter, iron and brass worker, moulder, and could, as people said, do everything, and yet never learned any trade. He taught and composed music. In his 14th year he made a French piano, as he called it—it was an upright music box which played 8 tunes. At 18 he made a diminutive stationary engine perfect in every detail and well finished. He also made a rotary engine. He was a watchmaker and could construct a watch throughout, and yet he never took any instructions in any business. He concluded that it was all foolishness to wind a watch every day so he made one that would run 8 days with one winding.

"He was always inventing and as one model was done he started on something else. A machine for boring and finishing fence posts, an invention to start wagons and horse-drawn trolley cars more easily, that it would not hurt the horses' legs or when passing over an obstruction, are to his credit. There was no limit to his ingenuity and skill." There are still some of these models in the family. He died very suddenly at the age of 39 in 1876, without haviny any of his inventions patented.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: It is of interest to add that Mrs. Troutman's own brother, Webster N. Haas (1874-1942), had the same remarkable talents as his uncle, Samuel Haas. After graduating in 1901 from Lehigh University, he became a Structural Engineer in Philadelphia, where he designed the first Market St. Subway and Elevated Railroad with the stations, and a large portion of the Frankford elevated stations. He also had charge of the design of the North Broad St. Subway and nearly all of the South St. Subway, as well as the Ridge Avenue, 8th Street and Locust Street Subways. In addition he designed the Curtis Building, two large hydro-electric plants costing $7,500,000, and several bridges in the Philadelphia area. Webster Haas was certainly a son in whom Old Mother Mahantango is justified in taking pride!—DY.]

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED

The early settlers had a hard time till they had their land cleared so they could grow enough to live on. To grow anything to sell was out of the question. The nearest market was Minersville, a distance of about 25 miles over two mountains and hazardous roads or no road at all. But little money was needed in those days. Everybody was satisfied just to have a living. When they needed anything such as sugar or coffee, etc., they would send whatever they had, such as butter, eggs, home-made soap, currants, green or ripe, or dried fruits, and have them exchanged for whatever the housewife needed. However, very little sugar was used for they used honey instead. Everybody had bees and wild honey was also plentiful.

Some families had two bakeovens, so they could dry everything in season—currants, elderberries, blackberries, cherries, apples, peaches, etc. Nothing went to waste then.

In those early days they had no wheat, so they ate rye bread and buckwheat cakes. Most of the food was cooked, not fried.

Some Pioneer Recipes

The following are a few tasty recipes used by the early settlers. Every baking-day something was cooked made with raised bread dough, like potpie boiled with ham or bacon. The dough was rolled out thin, cut in squares and left to rise again, then put in the kettle alternately with potatoes, cut in cubes, a little pepper, a small onion, and minced parsley. Translated into more modern terms, the recipe goes as follows:

Parsley Potpie

Use your favorite potpie dough, cut in squares, take about 6 diced potatoes, a large handful of onion tops cut in small pieces, a handful of parsley cut in small pieces, parboil potatoes, then fill the dough squares alternately with potatoes, parsley and onion tops, and salt to taste. Pinch the dough like apple dumplings and boil about 15 minutes then put on platter and cover all with slightly browned butter. Delicious.

Schwowe Gnepp

This recipe was a favorite in the Yoder and Reiner families. On another baking day these dough dumplings, or **Schwowe Gnepp**, were made. A number of small dumplings were made out of bread dough and left to rise until very light, then put in a kettle of boiling salted water. There was a rack made of narrow stripes of wood placed in the bottom of the kettle, to keep them from burning on the bottom. They were put in the kettle, around the outside and the center was kept open so the steam could get through. These were boiled from 20 to 30 minuts according to the amount in the kettle, and were eaten with rich sweetened milk. Translated into modern terms, the recipe would read: Use your favorite dumpling dough to make about two dozen dumplings about the size of a small egg. Drop dumplings into slightly salted water and boil for about 15 minutes. Remove and place on platter, use breadcubes browned in butter and a little sugar, and spread over dumplings, then pour one cup of boiling milk over all. Very delicious!

Venison was the main meat used by the earliest settlers. They prepared it by keeping it in brine for six weeks and then smoking it. When they were in need of meat they set a trap called a "Harsch Lick." They had a bent hickory tree over a hollow in the ground where the deer had their path. The trap for the central part of the valley was on the ridge a little north of where Simon Haas now lives.

The early settlers had plenty of fish too besides venison. There was very much more water in the creeks in those days, and fish were plentiful and not hard to get. They used either a spear or a net. The fish nets were knitted by the women out of the coarse yarn that could not be used for other things. The finest yarn made from the flax was made into thread and fine linen cloth which was used for sheets and pillow cases and dyed for dresses. The coarse gray-tinted was woven for straw ticks for the beds, towels, and feed bags that held three bushels. The coarsest yarn was used also to make ropes, bed ropes, strings, and fish nets. None of it was wasted.

The fruit trees for Mahantango and the adjoining valleys were grown in the Neugard Nursery along the highway on the Neugard Farm, now owned by Charles Schaeffer, close to where the farm buildings now stand.

There were some distilleries where whiskey was made and some oil mills where linseed oil was made from flax seed. Nicholas Brosius had a distillery where he made a mild brand of whiskey. Out of the refuse from this distillery hogs were fattened. Some were brought from other valleys, as well as from the neighbors' farms in Mahantango. In return they were rewarded with grain to pay for the fattening. This Brosius farm was for a long time known as the Neugard farm, and is now owned by Charles Schaeffer.

Before 1850 or even before the Civil War, glass fruit jars were unheard of. Everything was preserved by drying. Those years when the fruit crop failed, they did without unless they had kept some back from the year before, for such an emergency. They always looked ahead to have their own vegetable seed by leaving a certain portion of a row stand to ripen for seed. If their crop failed they got seed from a neighbor. Neighbors were always ready to share with each other.

The greatest hardship they had to endure in those early days was when the fire went out in the fireplace, and there was a blizzard outside. This only happened when they overslept. They had no matches and the only thing left to do was to go to the nearest neighbor to get live embers from their fireplace, cover them up and run home. These were the worst hardships they had to endure, especially where they had small babies or sick children. Sometimes they had to go more than once till they had their fire started again.

The first tannery in Mahantango was owned by Jesse F. Geist. The site of the tannery was on the farm now owned by William Wetzel. Here the raw hides of the steers and calves were converted into leather. George Kehler and Phillip Haas also erected a tannery.

In those early days there were no toilet preparations or fancy soaps and face creams. All the young girls used was homemade soap. They used buttermilk for rough skin, and the white of an egg on the hair before washing the hair.

The tar used to grease the wagons was made by placing split pine wood upright in a pit along the side of a hill. The pit was partly covered. The wood was then lighted from the top and as it slowly burned, the tar was drained off from the bottom through a pipe.

Andrew Moyer was an able gun repair man and he also made the good wooden pumps used in those days.

David Maurer had one of the first blacksmith shops.

My paternal grandparents, John and Maria (Yoder) Haas, made all their own crocks, jugs, etc., out of clay found in the meadow below their house.

Joseph Dunkelberger, who lived about three-fourths of a mile below Hepler P. O., had a loom and made all the first homemade carpet used in this vicinity.

Most of the children got one pair of home-made shoes a year. Through the summer months they went barefooted. Happy the youngster that could wear calf-leather boots!

The wool from the farmers' sheep was taken to the wool mills of John Maurer (1783-1854), on the road south of Howarter's Church. The wool, after being cleaned and carded, would be taken home to be spun and then woven into cloth or knitted into stockings by the members of the family. Mr. Maurer's successor, William Atkins, who came from Ireland, was an expert at dyeing and manufacturing different kinds of woolen cloth for men's clothing, also beautiful blankets. The mill is not there anymore. This property is now owned by Clarence Keim.

Nicholas Brosius, whose deed dates back to 1801, made barrels, hogsheads, large tubs, cone-shaped beehives, baskets, bread baskets and brooms, out of white oak, etc.

The people made their own dye by using sumac, walnut hulls, onion shells, hickory bark, etc. The clothes for the men and boys were made by the mother and older girls out of homespun woolen and linen cloth.

The wages received by the women and girls were 13 cents a day or 50 cents a week. The combs used by the earliest settlers were carved out of wood. The buttons for shirts and everyday dresses were homemade, made with the knitting needle. They braided long straw and made straw hats for the men. Other hats worn by men, including the silk hats of the pre-Civil War period, were manufactured by Samuel Ressler. He also had a store where the early settlers took their things to trade. At one time this was the only store east of Klingerstown. This is now the home of Simon Haas.

The women's hats and bonnets were made by Mrs. Peter Kutz. She not only made the hats but remade them over and over again as the styles and fashions changed.

They had no stoves in those pioneer days. The open fireplace served for both heating and cooking purposes. They raised their own flax, wove it into cloth and spun their own thread. They did their spinning by the light of the fireplace, and later by candle light. The neighbors came together to each others' houses to spin.

They made their own lye by leaching wood ashes. First they placed clean long straw in the bottom of a large kettle or homemade tub. Next they placed split wood on top of the straw, then they pressed hickory ashes over that and poured boiling water over it all. The lye water drained out through a pipe at the bottom of the tub. This lye was used for washing and making soap. They also made their own soda or saleratus by boiling this lye water until it gave a thick paste. The paste was then roasted until it could be ground in a white powder, powder. This was used in making cakes.

The early settlers did their farm work with oxen and cut their grain with the sickle, and thrashed it with the flail. In the early 'forties they started to cut grain with a grain cradle. The neighbors came together and helped each other, and that way community life started.

My maternal grandfather, Jacob Neugard, who came to America from Neustadt in the Black Forest, Germany, in 1832, and married a local girl, was a clockmaker and coppersmith. He made some of the large copper apple-butter kettles, etc., that are still in use in Mahantango Valley. His greatest pleasure was to serve on the Jury which he did quite often. Before there were any means of transportation, he used to walk all the way from Mahantango to Orwigsburg until the County Seat was moved to Pottsville, he then walked to Pottsville. His definition of money was, as he called it, a "necessary evil."

NOTE

For many of our readers the Hegins and Mahantango Valleys of Schuylkill, Northumberland and Dauphin Counties are unfamiliar territory little associated with the life and traditions of the Pennsylvania Germans. Dr. Don Yoder's excellent articles "Hegins Valley in Song and Story" (See the ECK, Jan, 11 through Feb. 8, 1947), and "Forklore from the Hegins and Mahantango Valleys" ECK, Oct. 4 through Nov. 22, 1947), and Mrs. Troutman's lively narrative concluded in this issue of the ECK have shown how rich this territory is in Pennsylvania German lore and history. These articles have offered but a forestaste of the more comprehensive work "The Pennsylvania Germans of the Middle Susquehanna Area" in preparation by Dr. Albert F. Buffington, the Pennsylvania State College, Dr. Don Yoder, Muhlenberg College, and the Rev. Walter E. Boyer of Leck Kill, Pa.—ED.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS:

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

New York.—A stack of railway ties is being assembled across the right of way of the Freedom train. Fiscal difficulties and an honest difference of opinion within the sponsoring American Heritage Foundation are bringing this deisel-driven symbol of liberty to a grinding stop.

The metal doors of the cars which hold the priceless documents which ensure the right of Americans to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness will clang close next week—for the election period—but it is possible that they will not open again.

Those in favor of prolonging the tour of the Freedom train, and they seem to be in a great abundance, insist that this would be the worst possible time to stop the program. They say that seldom if ever in our history has it been more imperative for the average American to know just how his country differs ideologically from the forces against which we are opposed.

The train has exhibited its historic contents to 3,004,894 Americans during 348 stops it began to roll 13 months ago. Approximately 700 American cities still want to see it. But there are officers within the non-profit, non-political Heritage foundation who believe that the train's job is finished; that the organization should now go on to other tasks.

A student of Americana would have done well to tour with the train and share its adventures.

In Los Angeles county it was held largely instrumental in the astonishing 400 per cent rise in the registration of voters. In Butte, Mont., an average of 43 per cent of the eligible voters had previously cast their ballots on local issues. In the first test which followed the appearance of the Freedom train there the total jumped to 84 per cent.

The train, and the newspaper, radio and pamphleting programs which emanate from it, has given battle to a pre-train state of affairs which showed that only 31 per cent of us knew of the existence of the Bill of Rights, and only 62 per cent of those who knew such a guarantee existed could state what was in it.

The tour was vigorously opposed by the Communist party at its start, and when it gained impetus from this opposition the Reds declared that it would run into difficulties in the south. But it pulled out of only two of the many southern cities it visited, because city officials insisted on segregation of the crowds waiting to view the exhibits. Greensboro, N.C., showed a greater response than any city of its size on the tour.

Curiously, the officials of the train had their most sweatful moments in Sacramento, Cal. A California committee in charge of arranging the program—which was broadcast over a Pacific coast hook-up—asked Chief Light Feather of the Seminole tribe (the chief is a college man) to be one of the speakers.

The chief and his retinue arrived on the scene in the middle of Governor Warren's speech and won an ovation (which stopped the speech) as they moved through the crowd to the train. The Indians were in ceremonial dress, including feathers.

The governor recaptured his audience after a time and continued, but now the chief had reached the platform and he boomed, in a voice that brushed aside Warren's speech and swept like magic over the Pacific coast, "Sorry about being late, but this—traffic got me all snafued up!"

Warren bowed out after that one and the chief took over. He pulled a speech out of his regalia and launched into an indignant blast on the federal government's treatment of Indians and listed many another redman's grievance. When it was over he turned to the somewhat anxious committee and said:

"Don't be embarrassed. All I was doing was utilizing my rights under the freedom of speech clause." while thousands cheered.

Another vignette: A Dutch student at a mid-western college became so attached to American life and ways that he sought permission to remain in this country. His application was rejected by Washington despite the pleas of the university and the many friends he had acquired.

Finally the day arrived when he had to leave, and within minutes of his scheduled departure Washington wired its reconsideration of his case. His university friends rushed to his room with the wire, but he was gone — though his bag was still there, p a c k e d. They scoured the town . . . and found him standing raptly on the freedom train, reading a copy of the declaration of independence.

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Without Respect. A Bluenoser."

Thus the writer of an anonymous letter signs himself, and, as usual, the letter is full of vituperation.

I have never been able to understand why these people who curse and condemn you are, nine times out of ten, too cowardly to reveal their identity.

But neither have I ever been able to understand why people who make more than $100,000 a year in this country seem to long with infinite yearning for the Green Pastures of Russia but kick like steers if anyone suggests that they be sent to that lush Utopia behind the Iron Curtain.

However, there are lots of things none of us understands about his fellow humans—and probably it is better thus.

* * *

But back to my "Bluenoser", whose home, by the way, is in Anderson, Ind. He couldn't hide that much because Uncle Sam's post office at least is not anonymous.

He criticizes a paragraph in one of my columns which read:

"I believe in morality, in temperance, in the exercise of will power. Will power is one of man's greatest assets."

"For a moment I believed you were a bartender instead of a writer," he says in his letter. "Anyway you will probably help to sell thousands of barrels of beer by your column."

He says that I did not give up smoking because of my will power but only because my doctor told me I should, and I am afraid of my doctor.

That part of his letter and a few other paragraphs are simply amusing in their childishness. They certainly would not have warranted a column.

But there is one thought in that epistle that irritated me very much, not because this "Bluenoser without respect" wrote it, but because the same thought has been expressed in so many other letters I have received.

* * *

Will power is nothing, writes this fellow. Only Jesus determines our actions.

To say otherwise proves "that you are a man without religious background and are helping people to become like yourself."

What utter nonsense!

Does anyone with the least bit of common sense believe that to be religious one must leave the responsibility for all his follies to God?

Why on earth were we human beings, above all other beings, given the power of our own decisions?

Shall God, shall Jesus be held responsible if you speed at 60 miles an hour and kill somebody or get killed?

Has not Jesus told us to obey the law rather than break it?

* * *

Your religion is yours to use or to abuse.

Your health is yours to use or abuse.

Your morals are yours to use or abuse.

My conception of religion is that I have been given all the beauties and the blessings of this earth to do with as I please.

The gift came from God. The use of the gift is my responsibility.

Else why do you think we have also been given that indefinable thing called conscience?

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Revelation 11-12.

In the midst of these days of crisis, two witnesses appear, v.3, prophesying for three and a half years (42 months, v.2; a prophetic year has 360 days, and a prophetic month, 30 days). There are those who think that the witnesses are Moses and Elijah (v.6 indicating certain phenomena associated with them in the Old Testament). But Satan is after them with a vengeance, putting them to death in Jerusalem, the city which rejected her King, v.8. Their bodies lay unburied for half a week, while the people rejoiced in their death, since the Gospel they preached offended them, even tormented them. But they revived, and, like Elijah of old, were taken into heaven, whereupon a great earthquake devastated the city. The third woe comes with the sounding of the trumpet, vs. 14-15, accompanied by an important announcement: the kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, v.15. The oldest manuscripts have the word kingdom in the singular. Read 12:10.

Horoscope

This is a fine time to straighten out minor details, and you can then be as gay as you wish, without excessive sentimentality. A number of benefits are prognosticated for your next year. Older people will give you valuable aid if you need it. Don't be oversensitive during this time, however, even if you encounter severe criticism.

Editorials

Thought for Today

Limited in his nature, infinite in his desires, man is a fallen god who remembers the heavens.
—Lamartine.

Life's Precedence Over Property

Allentown's City Council has learned by a re-appraisal of city property that present values and replacement costs have gone so high it is wise to increase insurance coverage by quarter of a million dollars. An earlier appraisal had fixed the value of city-owned buildings at $1,337,345. The new appraisal says in effect that it would cost at least $1,590,750 to replace these buildings at this ime.

Therefore, in the event of fire, previous insurance coverage would have been insufficient to provide for replacement of structures destroyed. So City Council, like a good businessman, has taken out additional insurance.

Many owners of property have been and are doing the same thing for there is no telling when or where the blow of devastating conflagration may strike.

But the thought that must occur to thousands as they note this watchfulness of business and of individuals over their real estate is: Do I have enough life insurance? The thought is logical for rising costs of everything have in effect reduced the value of every insurance policy. The amount of protection which a man has carried upon his life has had relation to the needs of a widow and children. Inflation has increased those needs, in terms of dollars, and therefore in terms of what a person's insurance coverage should be.

It is wise to be interested in the protection of values in property. But it is wiser to be interested also in the protection of the greater values that lie in life, in the productive life of individuals.

Excellent Choice by School Board

Choice of Edgar H. Mortimer as a member of the School Board to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Dr. George A. Flexer will be generally praised in the community.

One of the most prominent and useful men of the community, Mr. Mortimer will bring to the School Board intimate knowledge of finances — knowledge which a public body that collects and dispenses two million and more dollars a year can employ to the highest advantage.

It can be believed that a very large amount of persuasion was required from the board to persuade this already busily engaged man to take over the exacting duties of a school director which take so much of a person's time and provide no recompense.

It can be deduced that Mr. Mortimer accepted the post as the answer to a challenge to his good citizenship. Not all persons would meet such a challenge. Mr. Mortimer has, let it be said to his high credit. The Board, especially at this time, needs the presence in its body of a man of the calibre, training and knowledge possessed by Mr. Mortimer. It is to the Board's great advantage that he has accepted their invitation to be one of them.

A Drooping Red Feather

It is sad, sad to relate that the Red Feather Campaign failed to attain its goals and that its workers are just about the most downcast persons in the community today.

They labored long and faithfully. They did their part. But many who gave neither of time nor toil to the campaign, altho citizens of the community upon equal standing as to the derivation of benefits from the Red Feather agencies, did not even make financial contribution or did so in amounts far below what was expected and what, in most cases, it is confidently believed, was just and proper to expect.

A crippling blow has been dealt to the agencies which make up the Community Chest. Something has been done to the pride and prestige of the community which will suffer not alone by reduction in welfare activities but also stand in bad light when compared with the achievements of the people of nearby communities in recent similar campaigns.

What a splendid thing it would be if every person who feels conscience stricken at having "ducked" the solicitors of funds, or given them the so - called "run - around" and all those who accidentally were missed in the campaign, were to act voluntarily and send in checks and cash to the campaign headquarters! That would be the finest exhibition of public spirit ever seen hereabouts. That would enable the campaign to have achieved its goal. That would make it possible for Allentown's fine welfare agencies to continue their work upon the scale which the people of this community expect and upon the scale which in our day is rightfully expected of people in a community like ours.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

When you come right down to it amid all this howling about a third party, there's only one powerful group of men who can start one. And they're not sure they want to — although they have the millions in dollars and manpower, the political know-how, and pile-driving energy and daring.

I'm thinking of the crowd that met last Tuesday in Washington in a new political headquarters just a few squares down from the White House. I'm thinking of the group of super-successful union chiefs who make up the AFL's political brain trust.

* * *

This they're sure of — they want to stay in politics. And they're going to stay there. They've just appointed a five-man political strategy committee to bring in a set of practical plans framed in the style in which these veteran labor leaders are accustomed to operate.

The AFL chiefs don't just want to play back stage politics with the curtain up. They want political power for their unions — and they want it even if they don't make dramatic headline hams of themselves.

So they're thinking of November 3 as well as November 2.

Their five man committee will plan the most effective way for them to stay in politics in the non - presidential election years. And on the night of Monday, November 15 in Cincinnati's towering Netherlands Plaza hotel, this quintet will meet with the top AFL political league leaders and turn in their blueprint for permanent political action by their powerful federation of 8,000,000 unionists.

* * *

That Monday will be the first day of the AFL's annual convention. And that night the labor leaders will decide which of the convention sessions shall be turned into a political parley to decide whether or not the Federation should launch a third party; or whether it should invite other labor outfits into a tough political coalition to badger the two major parties in every election campaign from here on out.

What is not generallyknown these days is that the AFL strategists don't think themselves unsuccessful if they fail to beat a candidate they've marked as their e n e m y. They're satisfied to force him into expensive campaigning on the radio, in the press and via the loud - speaker - leaflets-on-the-street-corner technique. All this takes more money than many a congressional candidate can afford.

The AFL chiefs believe that even if the candidate they opposed is elected, the cost of winning will give him the shudders and soften him up so he'll vote the labor way during his term just to avoid another costly battle next time he runs. So, whether it's a third party or just a needling network the AFL men will decide on, they'll be in politics from now on.

* * *

But the third party field won't be abandoned even if they decide not to play that kind of political ball.

That'll be apparent in Milwaukee on Thursday, January 20, when some 2,000 labor men, farmers, cooperative s t o r e managers, civic outfit officials, and spokesmen for Negro groups will gather in the Beer City at Walter Reuther's invitation.

They'll sit in on a four-day "working conference" on what the auto union lads call "Political Action on the Community Level" — but what really will be a political rally to count noses for support of a third party, the third party Reuther's people have been talking about.

And among the star speakers will be Aneurin Bevan, leader of the militant bloc in Britain's Labor party, who will tell the folks how the British unions captured power.

This presidential campaign may not yet be over, but the labor men sure have started the next one.

(Copyright 1948)

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

Q. Please explain the expression "the distaff side."

A. The distaff holds the bunch of flax, tow, or wool from which the thread is drawn in spinning. Hence, symbolically, the distaff side refers to women's work, authority, or domain, or to women collectively.

Q. When was the year without a summer?

A. The summerless year was 1816. According to contemporary writers, ice and snow occured every month and people wore overcoats even in July.

Q. Did the state of Texas ever have a navy? R.P.O.

A. During the war Texas waged against Mexico for independence, 1835-36, Texas had a four-ship navy. This continued to harass Mexican commerce under the Texas Republic until 1843.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH RA LODGE FERSOMMLING: 'M Dinshdawg owet worra m' ferhoftich sei mohl widder noch da Jordan Lodge IOOF, in Schnecksville, 'n lodge os m'r shun in da dreisich yohr datzu kaira, ow'r wenich onna kumma. 'S wor der District Deputy Grand Master John Meckel doh fom Call woh uns shun fer wocha long alla mohl os er uns g'sehna hut, draw gamohnt hut fer 'm Dinshdawg owet noch Schnecksville kumma fer der unner Lechaw kounty District Deputy Grand Master Paul Keiss sehna die neia Schnecksville ombts leit ei shtella.

Nadierlich won m'r ebbes fershpracha, gleicha m'r unser fershpraches tzu halta, un hen owets unser nochber Morris Wehr garufa, sehna eb er net aw mit noch Schnecksville gang'd. Er is mit, un hen 'n iwwer rousie gutie tzeit kotta. Ferwos 'n mensch os tzu ebbes kairt net efter gait die fersommlinga ei nemma, wissa m'r net. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, m'r hen mohl awenich kunsiderra missa wie 'n Odd Fellow sich badrawga mus won er in ra uffna lodge is. Allas is ow'r shnell tzurick kumma un hen ken druvel kot fer mit 'm Bill Neff fon da Slatington lodge mocha, woh uf p'such wor, un grawd navich uns uns k'huck'd hut, un woh net denka dade fer 'n Slatington IOOF lodge fersomling ferseima.

Sis kayose mit lodges, wie fiel leit os datzu kaira, un wie wenich os gawainlich darta sin fer die ragelmaesicha fersommlinga ei nemma. Un grawd so gaits uns. Ow'r sis heit tzu fiel om gae in alla ecka, un 'n mensch kon yusht net rum kumma. 'S wor ershtounlich tzu sehna, wie wenich fon da alta bakonta os aw darta worra-sis 'n nei, yung folk os die lodge om gae halt -'s same wie aw mier ols die yunga gleader worra dreisich yohr tzurick wie m'r darrich die shteel sin, un gamaint hetta 's wear 'n sinn, fer net alla woch gae die Jordan Lodge fersommling ei nemma, un die socha im gong k'halta. Der Tommy Hollenbach doh fon da shtadt, woh der kummenda 20d Harning 60 yohr tzu da lodge kairt, wor 's eldshd glead in lodge yohra, un noh is all'm noh der George K. Hoffman fon Neffs kumma, mit 'm Howard Ritter un 'm Morris Wehr, aw alla bait fon da shtadt, net weit hinna draw.

Unser hute if ob tzu da yunga gleader fon heit, un os es net in Schnecksville is wie on fiel onnerra bletz-os g'fohr is os die lodge ous shtardt weil ken yunga leit may datzu gain. Die Jordan Lodge IOOF is reich in wockerra, yunga gleader, un hoffa sie halta die socha om gae, un griega iwwer dem 'n rousendie gutie, grossie kloss onnerra yunga kondidawdta fer die lodge aw nemma. Won sie duhna, tzailla m'r alla owet darta tzu sei won sie degree arwet shoffa, fer sehna eb die yunga leit fon heit aw noch so fergelshter'd werra wie mier worra, wie m'r "galoffa" sin.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Noch da fersommling huts essa gewwa, un woh der Earl "Bookie" Scheirer fon da Coopersbarrick lodge 'n lot fon uns fernarra k'halta hut mit da tricks woh er sich so'n gons arbadicher guter g'shick gewwa kon fer duh.

—PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Clare Jaynes is the pen name of two Chicago society authoresses and, when they are not writing novels, they are usually busy climbing jagged mountain peaks. Near the pinnacle of one crag they found an old mountaineer living all by himself in a rudely constructed hut. One of the ladies observed, "You must find it pretty difficult to get the necessities of life all the way up here, don't you?"

The mountaineer answered pleasantly, "I sure do, madam, and after I do get it it usually ain't fit to drink."

* * *

The latest pronouncement of the famous Mr. Goldwyn is, "Any man who gets himself psychoanalyzed ought ot have his head examined." He also told Composer Dick Rodgers, "Today everybody knows 'Oklahoma' is a great property. But I knew it five minutes after the curtain rose on the opening night. I knew it the minute that young fellow began singing 'Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning'!"

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Oct. 23, a Tuesday

Members of the Allentown Quota club met with the members of seven other clubs Monday evening at Reading. Anna Wessner was the spaker for the local group.

Members of the Scottish Rite Masonry of Nazareth and their wives attended a dinner meeting at the Nazareth Inn Monday evening. Dr. T. Teifon Richards, pastor of the First Welsh Baptist church, spoke on his trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sell, 1343 Turner St., were guests of honor at a surprise party given Monday at the Hotel Traylor in celebration of their 20th wedding anniversary. Speeches were made by Charles C. Ward and David McKee.

Members of the Art department at Hess Bros. attended a chicken and waffle dinner at the Keystone Trail Inn Saturday evening.

Dr. Louis C. LaBarre, 936 Hamilton St., resumed practice after a three-week absence. He had been attending classes at the Mayo clinic Rochester, Minn.

Mrs. Albert Boettger, 622½ N. Silk St., was spending several days in Hazleton visiting friends.



BOOK REVIEWS

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY (1946), VOLUME XI, 1948; pp. VII and 178; Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa. Ordered through Dr. E. M. Fogel, Fogelsville, Pa.—$5.00.

Volume XI of the Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society is comprised of four Articles, varied in content, and appealing to different groups of students of our Pennsylvania German folk-culture.

(1) Opening the volume is Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's **"The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario, Canada."** This paper, a valuable follow-up to the study by G. M. Ludwig of the Pennsylvania German influence in the Middle West, published in Volume X of the Society's **Yearbook**, deals (a) historically with the Pennsylvania German migration to Ontario, Canada, and (b) sociologically with present-day Pennsylvania-German influences upon Ontarian culture, as seen on the author's visits in the area in 1946.

In his pleasing and informal style, Dr. Graeff tells for us the story of a considerable though little-known migration from the eastern counties of Pennsylvania to the Ontarian frontier, a century and a half ago. Although this migration came in the years following the American Revolution, its motivation was not, as has formerly been stated, that the emigrants were Tories. Rather, the greatest single factor in this removal to Canada was the search for new and cheap lands. Land in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, had by 1800 reached $150 per acre. In Waterloo County, Ontario, the chief objective point of the emigration, land could at that time be purchased for one dollar per acre. The result was that at the same time when some land-hungry Pennsylvania Germans were rolling westward in Conestoga wagons into the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, others were trekking northward to find a new homeland in Ontario.

That was 150 years ago. After escorting the pioneers across the Niagara frontier into their new Canadian home, Dr. Graeff turns "to examine the survivals of the ethno-centric culture which the Pennsylvanians brought with them to Canada after their own residence for a century in the land of Penn. Now after their residence of a century and a half as citizens of the British Dominion we ask ourselves several questions. How much of the Pennsylvania has survived? How much has been adapted to new surroundings? What, if anything, has been lost?"

In answer to these questions, Dr. Graeff pictures for us a rural and urban culture much like that of Eastern Pennsylvania. The descendants of the pioneers farm much as their cousins do in Pennsylvania. We are told that "the Swiss type barn is standard in Waterloo County." Most of the people still worship in "Pennsylvania German" churches, many of them being "plain people"—Mennonites, Amish, and Brethren in Christ (mistakenly called "United Brethren in Christ" on pages 33 and 53)—though Lutherans and others are among them. And remarkably enough, many of these "Canadian-Pennsylvanians" still speak the Pennsylvania German dialect. The old folkrhymes and folksongs are in evidence there. Dialect poetry and prose have been produced in Canada which rank with similar folk-literature from the Pennsylvania "homeland." 'And the author asserts from his own observations that because the nineteenth-century German emigrants who settled among the pioneers adopted the dialect as **Umgangsprache**, the dialect is today heard more frequently on the streets of Waterloo and Kitchener, in the Province of Ontario in His Majesty's Dominion of Canada, than in the Pennsylvania German cities of Allentown or Reading!

All of which is to suggest that Dr. Graeff's paper, dealing in so competent a way with a field hitherto little cultivated in Pennsylvania German studies, will prove of interest to all students of Pennsylvania German folk-lore, dialect literature, agriculture, and social history.

(2) The second article in the book, headed by an attractive title-page done in the antique style of the eighteenth century, is entitled **"Coppersmithing in Pennsylvania—Being a Treatise on the Art of the Eighteenth Century Coppersmith, together with a description of his Products and his Establishments."** Henry J. Kauffman, Professor of Crafts at Millersville State Teachers College, and author of the excellent volume, **Pennsylvania Dutch American Folk Art** (New York: Studio Press, 1946), is admirably fitted for the task of enlightening us on the work of the Pennsylvania coppersmith in the colonial period—a subject which has ramifications in both economic history and folk art.

In addition to describing the actual processes used in producing those lovely colonial warming-pans, ladles, kettles, and clock-faces which have long been collectors' items, Mr. Kauffman also describes the apprenticeship training the coppersmith of that day went through, and cites contemporary advertisements from early newspaper files. The subject will be of interest to others besides Pennsylvania German readers, for though Mr. Kauffman lists some 48 colonial coppersmiths in Pennsylvania, only about a dozen of these bear Pennsylvania-German names. The scholarly text, with Zoe T. Kauffman's attractive drawings, combine to make this article one of the most valuable to appear in the **Yearbook** since Volume I appeared in 1936.

(3) Lester W. J. Seifert's **"Lexical Difference Between Four Pennsylvania German Regions,"** the most specialized article in the **Yearbook**, appeals principally to those interested in a scholarly study of the Pennsylvania German dialect. The dialect regions treated are (1) Western Lehigh County, centering in Fogelsville, (2) Western Berks County, centering in Womelsdorf, (3) North Central Lancaster County, centering in Lititz and Manheim, and (4) the Upper Susquehanna Valley, centering in Hegins in Schuylkill County, Elizabethville in Dauphin County, Herndon in Northumberland County, and Middleburg in Snyder County.

The conclusions Dr. Seifert reaches as to dialect differences between these four regions can best be illustrated by several examples. In some cases, he states, "one word or expression was recorded in one region and another word was recorded in the other three regions with virtually no crossing." Thus **"die Ludzer"** (lantern) was recorded in Lehigh County, **"die Ladarn"** in Berks—Lancaster—Susquehanna. Or, **"Lunge-fiewer"** (pneumonia) was recorded from Susquehanna, where the other three areas yielded up the word **"Bruscht-fiewer."**

The author comes to the conclusion that the Lehigh and Lancaster regions are relatively stable core areas of the dialect, having had two centuries in which to crystallize their dialect vocabularies. Berks, being between these two, is interpreted as a transitional area, whose vocabulary looks both ways; and Susquehanna, since it was settled for the most part after the Revolution, is represented as less stable and unified than the others. The reason for this is that since the pioneer settlers came from both Lehigh and Lancaster as well as other regions south of the Blue Mountains, a new dialect mixture was started in the Susquehanna Valley a half century or more after Lehigh and Lancaster were first settled. It will be interesting to compare these conclusions with similar studies of these and other Pennsylvania German areas, which are being undertaken on a more extensive scale by Prof. Albert F. Buffington of the Pennsylvania State College.

(4) The volume closes with Arthur D. Graeff's "1946 in Pennsylvania German History," and an account of the 1946 meeting of the Society.

Thus the eleventh volume of the Folklore **Yearbook** sets a varied table for its readers. As usual the format, illustrations, and binding are up to the high artistic standards set by the former volumes of the series—for which all of its readers are indebted to the Editor-in-Chief, Prof. Preston A. Barba, and the Society's official printer, Mr. Edward F. Schlechter of Allentown.

—DON YODER

THE HOOSIER PASTOR, or Fifty Years in the Gospel Ministry by Joseph Allen Leas. pp. 124 Chicago: 1947.

When I picked up the volume on one of my periodical trips to Leary's in Philadelphia, my first glance took in nothing of interest to my mind, which usually, like a fancy radar apparatus, locates anywhere in my immediate environs, any choice items of Pennsylvania German interest! The title, **The Hoosier Pastor**, left me cold. But where had I heard the author's name—"Joseph Allen Leas"? At last the faithful file-clerk in my brain yielded up a folder labeled "Leas—Pennsylvania German family—Dunkard extraction—York and Adams Counties." I opened the book, and sure enough, the author was a Pennsylvania German from York County, who had become a distinguished Lutheran pastor and educator in the West. So I bought the book.

For those of you who are interested in the influence of our Pennsylvania German people in the Middle West, this book, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Allen Leas, entitled **The Hoosier Pastor, or Fifty Years in the Gospel Ministry** (Chicago, 1947), will be a delight. Written in an informal style, it tells the story of a Pennsylvania German community near Goshen, in Elkhart County, Indiana. There, in the land of the tall corn, where the Hoosier and the Pennsylvania German met, young Joseph Leas absorbed a hybrid culture. Delightful is his reminiscing over the "snitzings," the "pound parties," the ice cream socials, the sleigh rides and other old-time farm festivals—some Pennsylvania German in flavor, others of Hoosier origin.

Long after the boy settled in Indiana, he continued to hear Pennsylvania German in the family, High German at church. His Dunkard grandparents, with whom he lived, faithfully read their German Bible. Proof that German was still the language of devotion in his boyhood is the author's statement, written in 1947, that "The Lords' Prayer and Creed, though acquired in the German language, are still precious heirlooms." When, after his years in the "Shady Grove" School House, he went with other Elkhart County boys to Valparaiso to the Northern Indiana Normal School, to prepare for teaching, he heard Pennsylvania German among the students. There, he writes, "Prof. Roessler, the German teacher, had many laughs at the Pennsylvania German boys who called a **Schaf** a 'Schof,' or perhaps a **Pferd** a 'Gaul.'" And he tells us that the bookstores in nearby Goshen "always supplied the Lancaster Almanac, from which the state of the weather was gleaned. The Almanac was closely seconded by the York Gazette which carried the interesting articles by 'Danny Schnellkeffer' and 'Pit Schwefflebrenner.'"

Although reared in the Church of the Brethren, young Joseph Leas came early under the influence of Lutheranism. There, in a little rural Lutheran church, in a plain and simple worship service typical of the Indiana frontier, and through the instrumentality of a devoted country pastor, the boy was converted and called to the Christian ministry. Coming from such a background, Dr. Leas writes, "My religion, in consequence, has been slanted toward plainness." **"Chasubles and genuflections** have little meaning to me," says this Pennsylvania German Hoosier. "It is enough that things are done honestly, decently and in order."

While studying at the Chicago Seminary in the 1890's, he accepted a summer call as a student pastor to the Petit-Colburn Parish in the Wabash Valley. But let's listen as he tells how he got a place to stay: "The vestrymen had settled the matter as to where I should stay and whose horse should be at my disposal. On Monday after the first service, Mr. Brewer, the local music teacher, took me around to meet folks and, after calling on Dr. Stirewalt, we went to the place I was to settle. Mr. Snyder and the older boys . . . were out in the field. Mrs. Snyder was not sold on the plans. She was not entirely happy to have a stranger come in with whom she could converse with difficulty. Mr. Brewer knew a little of the Pennsylvania language and he informed Mrs. Snyder that the student could speak her language. Whereupon I hastened with "Yah, Ich can Deutsch schwetze." Mrs. Snyder almost screamed, "Sammy, hol der Dad." . . . Things were settled at once."

Upon his graduation from seminary in 1894, Rev. Leas accepted a call to the First Lutheran Church of Goshen, Indiana. From there he went to Red Wing, Minnesota, where he preached from 1895 to 1901. The difference between these two charges he expresses in the words: "In Minnesota there were no Pennsylvania Germans; in Goshen there were no Skandinavians. We must learn to eat Lud Fisk and Sil Salad." In his later ministry, Dr. Leas preached on the Pacific Coast, where he also headed the pioneer Lutheran Seminary in that area, until called to the pastorate of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Chicago, Illinois, from which he recently retired.

Dr. Leas reminisces at length on the great personalities in American Lutheranism in the generation that is past. Many of the names he mentions—Seiss, Spaeth, Passavant, Krotel, Schmauk, Frick, Roth, and Weidner—will awaken echoes in Eastern Pennsylvania. He especially dwells upon Dr. Revere F. Weidner—that Lehigh County farm boy who became President of the Chicago Lutheran Seminary. In a word he draws us a clear picture of the influence of Weidner's Christian personality on the country boy from Indiana—"His 'Good Morning, Bethren' even though the sky was dark and lowering, almost made one see sunshine."

Our jovial pastor also tells some entertaining stories from days gone by. There was Israel Hess, a neighbor of the Leas family in Elkhart County, and one of the prime wits of the region. He "had a brother who was a prominent Dunkard minister, but Israel had no time for religion and was mostly given to 'wise cracks.' One day in court, he was asked to give his name. 'My name is Hess,' he replied. 'Your first name, if you please, Mr. Hess.' 'My first name is Hess, I was born with that; later my mother called me Israel.'"

Another story is that told of the clergyman who "never would commit himself to a categorical answer to any question. He would always say, 'I make a distinction.' At a dinner party, it was decided to force him to give a direct answer. They asked, 'Would it be proper to baptize a baby in soup?' He answered, 'I make a distinction, if it were as thin as this which we are now consuming it would be quite all right.'"

We close with a poem quoted by Dr. Leas. It was written by Harry Chester, Elkhart County poet, for one of the Pennsylvania Picnics in years past. Hoosier, even Rileyesque in flavor, it nevertheless deals with the memories the Indiana pioneers treasured in their hearts from their earlier homes in the Pennsylvania German country.

There's somethin' in our birth-place that reaches to the heart,
The joy of child-hood happiness that memories impart
The old, familiar places of the long, long ago,
When youth was full of joy and song, and life was all aglow.
When sweetness of the spring-time of our lives was all abloom,
An' threads of hope and love and peace were weaving in a loom—
Ah! they were happy days for me, from pain and sorrow shorn—
Ich bin hier in diesem Lande, Pennsylvania Geborn.

O the fondest recollections of the dear old place where I
Used to wonder at the beauties of our mother earth and sky;
O, the dear old brook that rippled down the hill and through the glen;
And the dear old browsing meadow far removed from haunts of men.
And O, the dear old hill-side with its wealth of waving corn—
Ich bin hier in diesem Lande, Pennsylvania Geborn.

And O, I seem to see again through many, many years,
The luscious water-melon and the good old roasting ears;
The old familiar schmear-case and the good old-fashioned bread,
And all the other treats the dinner table spread,
My brothers' and my sisters' voices merrily achime;
I hear again the chorus at the dear old Christmas time;—
Ah, they were happy days for me, in lifetime's early morn—
Ich bin hier in diesem Lande, Pennsylvania Geborn.

—DON YODER

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 500 Main St.—Phone 7-9711.
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Whenever the Daily Worker is for someone, it is sound to take note. For the Daily Worker supports Soviet Russia and the Soviet Russian position against the United States. Anyone that Soviet Russia favors, I, for one, will not vote for—unless by his subsequent conduct he proves that he has repudiated the association and brought distress to his sponsors. A lot of old-fashioned left wingers have suddenly discovered that it is wise to have a change of heart, but the test is not lip-service; it is a complete and total denunciation of the Communists and all their works.

On July 28, 1947, the Daily Worker published an article from Washington, written by Rob Hall, on the subject of the 80th Congress. The heroes, from the Communist standpoint, of that Congress are listed in that article. Here is the exact wording:

"The heroes of the 80th Congress are few. They include a dozen senators led by Pepper of Florida, Taylor of Idaho and Murray of Montana. One of their number is a Republican, Morse of Oregon. In the House, progressives were even more hopelessly outnumbered, but there, too, a few fought for the policies of Roosevelt. Chief among them were Marcantonio, Powell, Klein and Celler of New York, Douglas and Holifield of California, and Eberharter of Pennsylvania."

I do not believe that the Daily Worker will continue to list Senator Morse as one of its heroes. As for the rest, I am sure that they have not lost their popularity. I have seen no evidence of such a change of heart in the Daily Worker. In fact, it continues to heroize these worthy subjects.

Senator Pepper did courageously refuse to run for vice president on the Wallace ticket. He preffered to remain a Democrat. Of course, had he walked out of the Democratic he might have been out of the Senate in due course. However, he did not take the risk of being elected vice president on the Wallace ticket. He left that to Senator Glen Taylor, who made the valiant sacrifice. At first Senator Taylor lace himself, but in recent weeks he seems to have wandered off the front pages.

Senator Murray of Montana, who is running for re-election this year, is undoubtedly embarrassed by glorification in the Daily Worker in the year 1948, but as an ardent New Dealer, he surely planned it that way and if his plans went awry, that is his fault and will undoubtedly result in repudiation at the polls by Montanans who want none of Stalin's praise directly or indirectly. Possibly Senator Murray does not object to being a Daily Worker hero in New York as long as it is kept quiet in Montana.

The test of congressional worthiness, according to the Daily Worker, is the relationship of these heroes to Communists, for this is what Rob Hall says:

"It was a session of scurrilous red-baiting which was not confined to the House Un-American committee. Because some dared to oppose the violation of constitutional rights by this latter group, they were sentenced to jail . . ."

In a word, a member of Congress becomes a Communist hero when he does not engage in activities which they call red-baiting but which may only be pro-American. It is an excellent test if done in reverse. That is, if they are for anyone, the rest of us ought to be against him. That is sound practice.

Here in New York, the citizens are faced by similar heroes: Vito Marcantonio, Lee Pressman, Leo Isacson and Paul O'Dwyer. Of these, Paul O'Dwyer has never quite been declared a hero, but the others are in the highest brackets. Their election would be detrimental to the United States and will reflect upon the people who live in those congressional districts. It will give to the whole American people the impression that there are Communist sections in New York as there are Communist faubourgs in Paris. That is a bad situation for this city, just as Florida, Montana and Idaho are bound to be worried about their heroes.

This is a good time for all Americans to come to the aid of their country.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It certainly is quite a dilemma when you can't make up your mind whether to write a column about love or wallpaper.

What has one got to do with the other?

Nothing.

But its writing time, so I have to decide what to write about. Then I go to my memoranda and look—and I write about whatever subject fits my particular mood, hoping that it will fit yours, too, when you read it.

* * *

It is a very bleak day and when I woke up this morning, the wallpaper in my bedroom annoyed me.

As a matter of fact, it had annoyed my wife, too, so she went out and got herself three of those enormous sample books that the wallpaper people put out.

But before I get back to wallpaper, let me tell you about that clipping on love, which I had intended to write about but shall not, at least not on this bleak day.

It tells about a psychiatrist with the intriguing name of Dr. O. Spurgeon English, who told the 100th anniversary meeting of the Pennsylvania Medical society that one of the chief troubles with the world is that it "regards love as nearly a luxury if not a sin" and that "nearly everybody is starved for love."

So you see, it is love that is the matter with the world and not, as we all thought, Russia. That is, of course, if dear old Spurgeon English is correct.

* * *

So now that we have solved the main trouble-problem of the world, let us get back to wallpaper.

As I told you, we are tired of our bedroom wallpaper, just as thousands of others are probably tired of looking at the same old design year after year.

So we decided to have the room repapered.

We have now looked at several hundred samples and we have not yet been able to agree on any one of them.

But we are agreed on one point: It is about time that the wallpaper manufacturers got busy on some more interesting designs than those same old flowers and scrolls and stripes they have been putting out for more than a century.

* * *

There is a new idea, of course. And that really brought on this column.

It is a group of "abstract" papers, designed by some San Francisco artists and now on display in New York.

These new papers, in my opinion, are guaranteed to drive anybody crazy. I have not seen them yet, but here is a little description:

"Vertebrate Mass. A pattern of primitive life forms in stark black on white."

"Doodles made during a long confusing conference. A linear pattern called Minutes of the Last Meeting."

"Counterpoint. Thin and heavy brush strokes over a striped background."

Now comes the most important part of the description:

"These papers will retail from $7 to $12 a roll."

* * *

Tomorrow we are going to a wallpaper store in Bridgeport.

They are advertising "the newest in wallpapers, 25 cents a roll."

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Oct. 30, 1923, a Tuesday

The combined circulation of the Allentown Free Library reached a new total of 18,131 books for the month, as announced at the meeting of board of trustees last night. The gain registered was 6,221 for the past month and 1,887 over last year.

The grain fields of the county have taken on new life since the heavy rains of last week. For a time it looked a though the dry spell would damage the full grain crop but that possibility has now been dispelled.

An explosion of coal gas in the coal house of the Fogelsville plant of the Lehigh Portland Cement Co. shortly after 5 p.m. severely burned three workmen, Tony Lorenzo, Andrew Pen and Albert Elias.

The fall convention of the Easton conference of the East Pennsylvania Synod of the United Lutheran church opened service in St. Matthew's Lutheran church Rev. John A. Richter, pastor. Rev. G. A. Greiss, D.D., pastor of St. Paul's church, was in charge. Rev. L. B. Wolfe D. D., general secretary of the foreign missionary society, presented the missionary question of Japan.

Forty young married people who for the past six or eight years have been holding an annual halloween party assembled at the M & M building last evening. Raymond Brey was master of ceremonies.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Joe Smith, recalling the triumphs of his old vaudeville act. The Avon Comedy Four, says this bit of dialogue never failed to bring down the house. His partner, Dale, began describing an earthquake he had witnessed. "The whole ground trembled," he averred. "Walls cracked, and dishes and glassware crashed into bits."

At this point, Smith interrupted by clapping his hand to his head and groaning, "That reminds me! I forgot to mail my wife's letter."

Editorials

Thought for Today

After all, there is but one race—Humanity.
—Moore.

For a Safe, Sane Hallowe'en

The annual celebration of Halloween with a parade occurs tonight to continue an institution of which the community may well be proud in that it has served and continues to serve as an outlet for the wild energies of hosts of young people who, before the parade idea was established, all too often put that energy into vandalism and much annoyance to society.

The Allentown police have given full and fair notice that violations of the law concerning destruction of property and other offenses will be severely prosecuted. The police have warned the parents of young people who may be wont to comit damage that parents will be held responsible for such damage. So it is not going to be helpful to feelings and easy upon the purse if the police nab some boy who has done great damage, (to a car or a show-window for example), and the cost is placed upon the parents.

The discipline maintained within the family organization must be exerted with particular emphasis at such a time as to behavior away from home. Otherwise there may be costly and highly embarrassing situations to clear away.

The best thing is for parents to encourage the idea of participation in the parade. There is "the" place for the girls and boys this evening. There is the place for them to be. They are going to be under excellent supervision. All the safety measures which the city government can throw around a group will be in force. And what is most important for the young people — the parade is the place where they can have a really good time.

Good Place for Men and Boys

This is the season of the annual membership campaign by the Allentown YMCA and the public press invariably endorses it as a campaign helpful to the Community because membership in the Y brings helpful influences to all who assume it.

The Y has been a leader among social welfare groups of the community for many years. And out of its membership has come the leadership for many other groups and for many phases of activity in our community. It has been a great training field.

The initial appeal however to hosts of boys and young men is not in the spiritual but in the physical field. There the Y has stood preeminent as well during all the long years that it has been engaged in world-wide work among young men. It has provided boys and men with ample and attractive place for play, for gymnastics and for competitive sport. It has operated upon the theory that it is good to have a scund mind in a sound body and it has sought to develop both.

So whatever the goal that is sought, a man or boy can find opportunity to attain it in the fellowship of the YMCA. There just about everything is offered in the physical and spiritual field.

Better Gasoline Promised

The American motorist, periodically threatened with a rumor of an impending shortage, received some comforting words the other day. E. V. Murphree, president of Standard Oil Development Company, reported that better gasolines to give automobiles more miles a gallon are being developed.

Such gasolines, Mr. Murphree said, will be needed to improve engines — with higher compression ratios — now being planned by automobile manufacturers. The new engines are reported to average 30 per cent more miles a gallon than present models using currently available gasolines.

The new engines will probably need 97 or higher octane gasoline compared with the present 84 octane regular gasoline. The industry has developed the basic "know-how" of producing the higher octane gasoline number in large volume, Mr. Murphree said. However, the motorist was warned not to expect the higher-number gasolines in the near future. Great expense and a long time will be necessary to equip the petroleum industry with the new equipment. And there is also the problem of holding down the cost so the saving in increased mileage isn't offset by higher price.

As a result of these factors it was urged that increase in compression ratio must not be carried out at too rapid a pace and the changeover should be done in gradual steps.

Also predicted for the future were new motor oils that would eliminate a need to change oil due to seasonal variations in temperature.

To quell any doubt in the motorist's mind about these developments it is only necessary for him to realize that the gasoline in his tank today is a far superior product to the gasoline that Charles Lindbergh used in his plane to cross the Atlantic in 1927.

Wilkes-Barre Record

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

There's a civil war between the north and the south whipping up inside the Democratic party—and this time it looks bad for the union side.

If you look close you'll see that the coalition which passes for the Democratic party has fallen apart — and the labor crowd is rushing for the pile of pieces. But they're discovering that "General" James Forrestal and the southern Democrats have gotten there "fustest with the mostest" money.

* * *

And that's where the civil war starts.

Powerful union chiefs, like Phil Murray don't want a third party. They don't think a successful new political outfit can be launched now, and just want to stay in the Democratic party and control it — if possible.

With them are the big city machines bosses — Like Chicago's Jake Arvey, Jersey City's Frank Hague and the Bronx's Ed Flynn. But the southern gentlemen say these big town operators are through, that they have no money, and that the labor boys and city bosses are welcome to each other.

Boss Hague, himself a sort of ersatz southerner by virtue of his succulent Florida estate, is never one to take an insult smilingly. He had word of this southern contempt for his political prowess just before Mr. Truman hit Jersey — and the report is that Jersey's political jiu-jitsu man turned out a miraculously large crowd for the president with a flip of the wrist as a nose-thumbing gesture toward his Dixie disparagers.

* * *

Crowds or no crowds, the southern conservatives say that the Hague-Arvey-Flynn kind of politics haven't much to offer the party.

The Yankee dollar is scarce, while there is gold below the Mason Dixon line. On the record, at least 50 per cent of the money raised by the Democrats has come from the south — but it hasn't been given nearly that much leadership or influence. So the southerners have decided that now is not the time to come to the aid of the party — unless it's their kind of party.

By "their," I mean Defense Secretary Forrestal, 28 southern senators, former Assistant Secretary of War Louis A. Johnson and indignant business men who got together two months ago to plan secret strategy for this civil war.

In a few weeks the other side will be conferencing. Shortly we'll see the labor political machines, both AFL and CIO mesh with the Arvey-Hague machines in the big towns.

* * *

There's reason for this northern marriage of political convenience.

Labor leaders love the city "bosses" as little as do the gentlemen from the south. But the union chiefs are practical men. There's little else they can do. They considered a third party. But that would take millions of dollars. And they won't spend it.

In 1944, even to elect Franklin Roosevelt, the CIO-PAC threw $350,000 into the campaign kitty. This year PAC spent almost $500,000. Obviously, a political party would cost millions.

And once launched, who would run a third party?

Many of the giant labor chiefs inside CIO hate each other. Nor is the AFL filled with brotherly love — even with John Lewis on the outside. Certainly, despite all the talk, the AFL and CIO won't merge into one huge labor federation. Not for a long, long time! So, if there were an independent party, there'd be a knockdown fight for control between the pro-Socialist labor men, who are more powerful today than is generally known, and the regular union chiefs who just want political influence.

* * *

Furthermore, they really don't think a third party can be successful. That's definite.

So, being already deep in the northern Democratic, and some southern, state machines (Kentucky and Tennessee, for example), they're tying up with the liberals on one side and the political machines on the other.

The civil war is on!

(Copyright 1948)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA STATE GRANGE KONVENTION: 'M Dunnershdawg owet hen m'r ob g'shtopt om Rajah Theatre, Reading, woh die State Grange sich die woch fersomm'ld hut, fer "The Career of an Idea" sehna, odder ewwa 'n lavenbild, fom history fon da Grange in Pennsylfawnia. 'S g'shpiel won m'r 's so haisa wil, wor g'schriva beim William E. Gordon fon State Kollege, un hut gons dicht 300 Grangers ganumma fer 'n gewwa. 'S wor die ort program, woh yusht Grangers wissa wie tzu gewwa, un aw yusht Grangers woh 2½ shtun hee hucka kenna tzu guçka mit ous ungruich werra. Der Kurtain sehna in da tzwonsich mohl ruf un nunner gae is shier ganunk fer aenich ebber uf die narafa kumma—ol os wie Grangers net. Ggrangers, ol leit fon da bauerreia, odder leit woh bauerra socha nagshd on da hartzer hen, sin 'n gadrei folk, un sin immer ready fer neia socha larna, uns wor 'n lot tzu sehna un tzu larna im "The Career of an Idea."

M'r hetta die socha in aim hoar ferfail'd, ferol os m'r in da fedderra roy worra fer in der theatre. Wie m'r ous g'funna hen fartel noch da sexa, os die dierra net uf gamocht werra sotta fer nei bis fartel noch da siva, worra m'r yusht ready fer ferlossa, wie freind inside drin uns gapishbert hen wos tzu duh. Wos noch mainer is, des shtick wear sei lava net in druck kumma wons net gawest wear fer sellie freind woh uns passa g'shick'd hen fer nei tzu ra hinnerra dier. M'r wolla sie net banahma, ow'r sawga "gross donk."

M'r hen g'sawt, yusht Grangers hetta so'n program gewwa kenna, un sel is wos m'r maina. Sie hen 'n grosser orchestra kot, 'n hunnerd singer odder noch may, un paar hunnerd onnerra,-ol Grangers fon iwwer da gonsa shtadt, un woh net ae mohl ol bei nonner worra fer practise halta. Ow'r mit da programs on ol da Grange fersommlinga, is es yusht nadierlich os die gleader free ei gabrocha werra fer shwetza un singa fer leit, un mocht nix ous wie gross odder wie glae die krowd. 'S sin die Lecturers fon da Granges os sellie arwet in hond hen, un won sie alsa mohl aw fiela wie won ol ihra arwet ol fer iwwa fiel wear, tzu sehna wie der William Gordon die 300 gleader tzomma shoffa hut mocha fer der program gewwa fom seim lava, aw ruf tzu heit woh wenich londs gagenda sin wohs ken Granges hut, wase m'r os sie net fer ewwa fiel g'shoft hen.

M'r wotta 's wear uns gewwa fer allas fertzaila os gawissa is werra in da tzwonsich lavendicha bilder bis der owet feriwwer wor. 'S ledshd dafon mit etlicha hunnerd leit drin hut em arbadich gawissa wos die Grange maint, un wie fiel granges un Grangers os es hut 's lond iwwer. Unser hute is ob tzum Bill Gordon, un ol woh helfa hen der program gewwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won aenicha sin, os gamaint hen 'm Frederick Frantz, master fon da Laurys Grange sei fliegel ruck wear awenich ferrunsl'd gawest, blaima der "Fritz" net, sel wor der waig wie der Pumpernickle 'm der ruck gewwa hut, uns wor ken tzeit tzeit fer 'n bigla lossa.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Revelation 21.

Isaiah, who has in his prophecy as many chapters as the Bible has books, sixty-six, announces in 65:17 new heavens and a new earth. So in the chapter for today, we have further details concerning the new conditions which shall prevail after sin has been eliminated from the earth. The holy city, the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, brings heaven and earth close together with God in the midst of His people. Hence there shall be no more tears, sorrow, crying, pain, nor death, for former conditions have passed away, and all things have been made new. And there is no uncertainty about this, for John is told to write: 'These words are true and faithful.' In the new earth will no longer be found those who, to a large extent constitute the criminal element in our social life today; murderers, whoremongers, and drunkards, for according to 1 Cor. 6:9-10, such shall not inherit the kingdom of God. A description of 'that great city,' the Holy and New Jerusalem, in marked contrast with 'Babylon,' is given in detail, beginning with v.11 to the end of the chapter: all glory and light, for the Lamb of God is the light there-of, v.23.

Horoscope

The time is a bit on the slow and indecisive. Don't be too unconventional. Prophesy says you may have a new and romantic friendship during the next 12-month period. Be alert to deception, however, remembering that "all is not gold that glitters." Concentrate on business during this time.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

AUTUMN

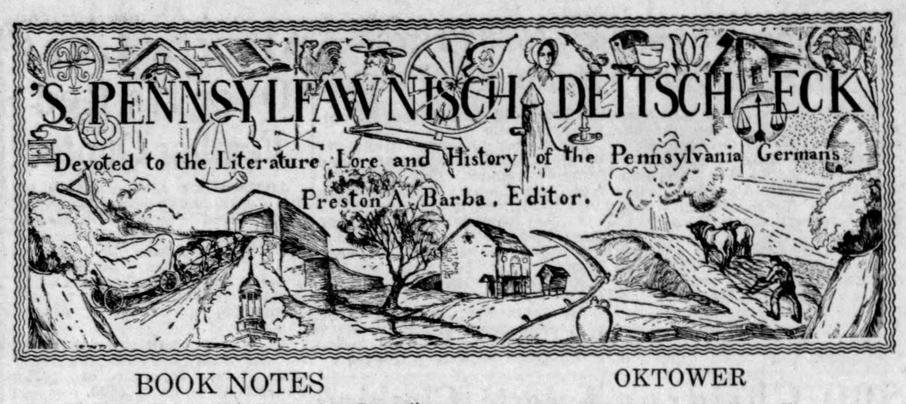
When men grow tired with time and toil
And strength from them has flown,
With fretful whimpering they spoil
The good years they have known.

They view life's winter drawing on
As something to be feared.
From summers that have come and gone
The joy has disappeared.

But trees, in autumn, done with strife,
Triumphantly express
Remembrance of the gift of life
In gold and scarlet dress.

They make of age a splendid thing,
For old and young to view,
Reminding all that with the spring
God will their strength renew.

(Copyright, 1948)



BOOK NOTES

THE ISLE OF QUE. By Elsie Singmaster. Decorations by Elmer Hader. 152 pp. New York: Longmans, Green and Company—$2.25.

Those who remember Elsie Singmaster's stories about Pennsylvania German life as they appeared in Lippincott's, Century, The Outlook, Harper's, The Atlantic Monthly, and other magazines thirty-five and more years ago, may expect the above narrative to be in the same key with such early stories as "Big Thursday," "The County Seat," "The Millerstown Yellow Journal," "Mrs. Weimer's Gift of Tongues," "The Vacillation of Benjamin Gaumer," or "The Man Who was Nice and Common." They will read in the **Isle of Que** a book of very different substance, of refreshingly unsuspected quality. Indeed a new Elsie Singmaster has emerged, one who has grown in the knowledge and understanding of her people and of the state of Pennsylvania and who has perfected herself in literary craftsmanship. What other Pennsylvania writer of today has so steadily held the regard and admiration of her reading public over so long a period of time?

The story is that of the Yoder family in general and of the growing boy Tim Yoder in particular. The Yoder family is headed by the capable Pennsylvania German widow, whose personality dominates her household of eight sons and three daughters. From people living on the Isle of Que, or at Selinsgrove just opposite, we learn that the Yoders are in reality the Bergstresser family, intimate friends of the author. As stated on the dedicatory page, this book was written "For Nellie Rupley Bergstresser and all her boys and girls." Mrs. Bergstresser is the widow of a Lutheran pastor. This admirable woman was chosen Pennsylvania's mother for 1947.

But this is more than the story of the Yoder family. At first its contents may seem rather meager but as we move from page to page we read with growing interest, not only because we soon begin to love the members of this lusty Pennsylvania German family, who find peace and happiness within the narrow confines of their home and on the Isle, but also because the author's intimate knowledge of our state, its geography, plant, bird and animal life is revealed to use on every hand. Still more enjoyable to this reader is the artistry with which all this is done and the author's esthetic relationship to her material, reminding us of that Austrian prose master, Adelbert Stifter, who also knew so well how to bring the outdoor world into artistic relationship with the lives of his highland people.

All lovers of Pennsylvania will love this book. The wide Susquehanna is itself the most vital and vitalizing character in it, presented now in its terrifying aspects as it unrestrainedly pours forth its wild floods and then again in gentler mood, according to Nature's round of seasons.

Our readers may wish to know about the Isle of Que, no longer today an island. It seems that when the Pennsylvania Canal was built along the Susquehanna the course of Penn's Creek at Selinsgrove was changed and with that the island became a peninsula. Concerning the Isle and its name Elsie Singmaster writes as follows:

"Centuries earlier, where Penn's Creek, a large stream, entered the river from the west, a tiny shoal had formed. At first a few feet wide and a few yards long, the shoal was visible only when the river was low; then, as silt was deposited, it grew higher, so that it was hidden only in flood. Seeds lodged upon it, roots matted the earth, water grass and rushes wove a net to hold more silt.

"Soon water birds nested among the rushes, and presently Indians built low huts. It was really a peninsula, and a Frenchman, exploring southward from Canada and recognizing its resemblance to a tail, named it the Isle of Queue, which soon simplified to Que."

Our readers may remember that it was on the Isle of Que that Conrad Weiser and the Indian Shekillimy effected their famous exchange. Said Shekillimy to Conrad: "I dreamt last night that I owned your rifle, Conrad." In accordance with Indian etiquette Conrad then handed his rifle to the Indian. Some time thereafter both were sitting together on a log, when Conrad now informed the chief, "Last night I dream that I owned this island, Chief Shekillimy."—"It is yours," said the Indian chief, but after due pause came the Indian's reply: "I guess, Conrad, we better not dream again."

* * *

THE SPANGLERS. A Novel of Lancaster, Pennsylvania and the Civil War. By Henry Castor. 308 pp. Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1948.—$3.00.

This novel is the brilliant achievement of a precocious youth. The characters that live their lives in the Lancaster of the Civil War are convincing enough, though somewhat lurid in thought and deed. The narrative glows with youthful vitality even though the author's at times sophomoric display of knowledge and his all too apparent straining for effect thru frequent use of period words and phrases may become irritating. The reader is impressed on every hand with the firm hold the author has on the history of the Civil War and the minutiae of the period. The passages in which he deals with campaigns, battle scenes and prison life are achievements of a high order.

The reader who is beguiled by the sub-title "A novel of Lancaster, Pennsylvania" to expect a novel about the Pennsylvania Germans as such will meet with some disappointment. We are of the opinion that this novel would not have suffered much if the local scene had been that of almost any other city in any northern state. The author was reared in Lancaster and would naturally have some acquaintance with the Pennsylvania Germans and their dialect. The pages of this novel are sprinkled with such words as **freindschaft, blutwurst, shusslich, dopplich, dummer Esel, hausfraw, dummkopps, hawsenpeffer, sauer braten, fressa table, siess kussler, rutsched, schtruvvlich, muks, opnemma, ponhaws, schnitz un knepp, nix kumma raus, dunderkopp, schnuffling, elbatritsches, belsnickel, schpringeles and schpritz.** Such is the nature of the dialect words, ill digested and superficially tossed about to add local color. Anachronisms as the collection of Stiegel glass and the purchase of Eicholtz canvasses at the "Hensel auction for probably as little as a hundred dollars," in the 1860's need not disturb the reader too much.

There is good writing in this novel and one can therefore only regret the author's efforts "to arrive" by descending to sex crudities and cheap Freudianism.

* * *

ES HARTZ FON DER HEEMET. The Cook Book of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Lehigh County Medical Society. 140 pp. To be purchased from Mrs. Clyde H. Kelchner, 3112 Moravian Ave., Allentown, Pa.—$2.00.

While this cook book is a distinctly local production, having been got out on the part of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Lehigh County Medical Society for the purpose of increasing the Medical Benevolence Fund of the State of Pennsylvania, it contains so many excellent recipes arranged in such convenient forms that many others outside our immediate area shall want to procure this book. The pages were reproduced by the Dorney Printing Company from the original long-hand recipes, which, with one or two exceptions, were contributed by the wives of Lehigh County physicians. "If, happily, writes the Editor, Beryl Collins Kelchner, "it should be a success, it will have been due to those who have so kindly sent us their best recipes, and to the enthusiastic, conscientious, and careful work of the committee which compiled this book."

Although the editor does not claim to have adhered only to Pennsylvania German recipes we shall find here many of the old favorites: Riwwelsupp, onion soup, pretzel soup, German soup balls, schnitz un knepp, dressing for dandelion, pumpkin pie, Moravian sugar cake, old-fashioned crumb cake, shoo-fly cake. These are some of the homey old recipes, but be not shocked if you find among them also many excellent and very sophisticated recipes such as Russian filling, oyster bisque, salmon mousse, jellied cucumber salad, Lynn Fontanne cheese dish and hot buttered cranberry punch (shades of our 18th century ancestral pioneers!) This is a practical book attuned to the needs of the modern housewife in a modern kitchen.

* * *

Dr. Graeff's "The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario, Canada" which appeared in the Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, reviewed by Dr. Yoder in last week's issue of the ECK, has already borne good fruit. Our Canadian cousins have taken renewed pride in their Pennsylvania origins. The Literary Guild of Ontario devoted its annual meeting to a consideration of Pennsylvania German Folklore. The meeting was held in Kitchener, Ontario, on October 7, 1948 and was attended by 1000 people. Many of the women present wore little white caps. There were greetings from the novelist, Dr. B. Mabel Dunham, in the course of which she spoke of the work done by Dr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Graeff among the Canadian Pennsylvania Germans. Miss Dunham is the author of that interesting novel "The Trail of the Conestoga" (MacMillan, Toronto, 1924,) which is the story of an emigrant family setting out early in the 19th century from the Lititz area in Lancaster County for a new home in the British Dominion. In her fiction she has done for the Pennsylvania Germans of Canada what Elsie Singmaster has done for our people here in Pennsylvania.

Following Miss Dunham's remarks action was taken by the members of the Literary Guild to send resolutions to Dr. and Mrs. Graeff as pioneers in the discovery of their ancient heritage. The main address of the evening was given by Dr. G. Elmore Reaman, Head of the Department of English, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, who spoke on "Pennsylvania German Backgrounds." In lighter vein were "Proverbs and Tongue Twisters" by Freeman Gingrich (a good old Lancaster County name.) The program came to an end with "Summary Remarks" by the Rev. A. B. Shelley, in which he extolled the fine traditions of the Pennsylvania Germans in Canada. At this meeting action was taken to meet annually for the purpose of reviving an interest in the history and lore of these Pennsylvania pioneers. We have also been informed that there are plans on foot to organize an Ontario branch of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.

Dr. Graeff's work has stirred up interest here in Pennsylvania. As a result of his publication in the last Yearbook of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society some Pennsylvanias have visited their Canadian cousins in Ontario.—P.A.B.

OKTOWER

OKTOWER! Harch, was hoscht im Sinn,
So wie du machscht un hauscht?
Du bloscht ums Hauseck, ass es peift,
Un darch die Beem es rauscht.

Es Laab fliegt iwwerall do rum,
As wann's in Engschte waer;
Die Beem sin gans verroppt, verzoppt,
Un gucke blott un leer.

Die Wolke sin gans dunkelschwarz,
Du yaagscht sie darch die Luft;
Es macht as wann's voll Geischter waer
Dart hoch im Wolkeduft.

Mit Wind un Gschtiwwre hoscht dei Freed,
Un schittelscht Obscht un Niss;
Du schtosscht em Summer hart ins Yoch
Un dredscht 'm uff die Fiess.

Du hoscht ken Lieb fer Busch un Feld,
Die Blumme guckscht net aa;
Du hoscht ken Gfiehl fer Mensch un Vieh—
So ebbes denkscht net draa.

Du schmunselscht oft un lachscht dezu—
Heemdickisch wie der Maerz;
Dart freet sich alles, awwer du!
Der Winter hoscht im Haerz!

Un doch wie kennscht dann annerscht sei,
So alt wie du schunn bischt—
Halb Summer un halb Winter, ya!
So waarscht un bleibscht vermischt.

Ee Aag guckt noch em Summer hie,
Un eens em Winter zu;
Guck! 's hot doch Mensche graad wie sell,
So wechselhaft wie du.

20. Oktower 1916 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DER ROT KOLWE

Die Maad saagt:

Ihr mecht schpotte, wann ihr wett,
Ich geb kee gaar-schangs drum!
So Gschpass un Retz verzarnt mich net—
Es kummt mir vor, 's iss dumm!

Wann ich des Welschkarnbaschte gleich,
Un schaff im Welschkarnfeld—
Ich hab mei Ursach, des saag ich eich,
Ich hab mir's angestellt.

Letscht Friehyohr, so im Mitt vum Moi,
Am Welschkarnblanses Zeit,
Blans ich ee Nacht in yeder Roi
Paar rote Karne—gscheit?

Nau glawich, dass mei Zeit mol kummt
Fer'n roter Kolwe finne;
Un wann ich duh—dann waerd geschtumpt!
Muss mich net lang besinne!

Der Knecht iss so verdollt langsam—
Er gebt mir nie kee Boss;
Im Busch, im Haus, im Feld, im Schwamm—
Er saagt, er will ken 'Fuss'.

Doch wann ich so en Kolwe finn,
Un er iss naegscht debei,
Glaab du mir des—ich hab's im Sinn
Fer'n luschdich Bosserei!

DER SHEP HUND

Der achtyaehrich Tscho saagt:

"Kumm Sheppy, mir gehne,
Ich will emol sehne,
Eb du en Yaaghund bischt.
Die Flint iss gelaade,
Hab Schtiwwel fer baade,
Bin vollschter eigerischt."

Die Leit duhn all saage,
Fer recht Haase yaage
Der Hund sett vannehaer geh.
Henk dich net so zerick!
Schunscht hen mer kee Glick,
Schleck net mei Hand! Nee, Nee!

Shep, du finnscht die Schpur,
Es basst dei Nadur—
Ich hab net die Naas devor,
Verseim dich net so!
Un schnuffel mol do!
Un sehn was do drin waar.

Nau such mol, bei Heck,
Im Schtaakefens Eck,
Verleicht hockt ebbes dart drin.
Was? Widder ken Glick!
Dann kumm do zerick,
Ich hab ebbes schunscht im Sinn.

Die Flint uff meim Buckel
Mit ee Bie-Bie Kuggel,
Macht en Haas enninau net dot.
Hab yuscht sehne welle,
Wie die Shep Hund sich schtelle,
Wann's kummt in die Yaeger Not.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Only two politicians have been stubbornly insisting for weeks now that Harry Truman would be re-elected — and eagerly put their predictions on the record. One was Harry Truman. The other was a graying Ohioan, Jack Kroll, chief of the CIO's Political Action committee.

Early on the Friday before that election, Kroll walked in on Phil Murray in the latter's 15th floor headquarters in downtown Pittsburgh and announced that Truman was as good as elected. "You'll know by Wednesday noon," he asserted, and stuck to his analysis despite many good-natured gibes, thus becoming the laborite Jim Farley of this campaign.

On Election Eve, Kroll put his prediction on paper and gave it to an aide for safe keeping. When it was opened in front of us, it revealed that Kroll's estimate gave Mr. Truman 281 electoral votes, erring only in listing California for Dewey.

* * *

But Kroll was the only, I repeat, only labor chief who didn't think the Democratic party would fall apart Election Night.

In fact, so certain were these big time union politicos that the Democratic party was through, that, after a series of quiet sessions around Washington, they had decided to get together in a super-secret parley late this month in New York City and plan the strategy for saving what they could of the party. That meeting has been called off.

The labor crowd now is going to stay inside the Democratic party—and that's where Mr. Truman's first headache develops. There's no political aspirin for this one. The labor leaders believe what Jack Kroll knew all the time—that the union vote in the big cities swung the balance of power in this election.

* * *

They are emphatic in these post election hours with blunt statements that they got the vote out, not for Mr. Truman, but for what he had promised them: repeal of the Taft-Hartley law—soon; a ceiling on prices—soon; immediate implementation of the Democrats' civil rights plan, and so on.

This means that Mr. Truman must start purging the southern machines right off—for the CIO-PAC makes no secret of its passion for getting the Dixiecrats out of the party. They'll say as much to President Truman when he gets back to that White House porch he so clairvoyantly hung off the southern wall.

That's the pay-off. And they want it. Mr. Truman is a party man and will hate to purge. But he can't afford to lose the newly-powerful labor machine.

He knows, for example, that it won California, Illinois and Ohio for him. In many areas in these states, the union doorbell ringers scored a clean sweep for the Democrats.

Roosevelt lost Ohio in 1944. The unions took it back for Truman. The CIO auto union poured thousands of dollars to the fight in that state—and in Toledo, for example, actually elected the local CIO secretary, Tom Burke, to Congress. He's the first CIO leader to get into the halls of Congress except for those who got in as leaders of demonstrations.

* * *

As for the Ohio AFL machine, you get a fair picture of its whirlwind drive when you learn that its state secretary, husky Phil Hannah, delivered nearly 150 pro-Truman speeches in the final two months of the campaign.

And there was Massachusetts, for example, where the AFL and the CIO and the railway unions banded together, glamorized their campaign with propaganda broadcasts featuring stars like Vaughn Monroe, defeated three proposed union curbing laws and swung the state to Truman.

* * *

The president owes these laborite politicos something, and he's going to find that they want to be paid off in laws as Franklin Roosevelt did—and soon. They want Mr. Truman to be a labor president—or else . . .

He's going to find they didn't do it for love of him.

(Copyright 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A bright young lady of our acquaintance, a bright young lady 18 years of age, asked to see my wife in strictest privacy.

My wife consented, shut the doors, and the bright young lady poured out her trouble to my spouse.

Was she in trouble!

She had fallen in love with an old man.

Nothing could come of it, she knew that, but she couldn't help it.

But what was she to do?

She couldn't marry an old man, could she?

When she was 50, this man would be seventy-one, when she was 70, this man would be within nine years of a century!

My wife was duly sympathetic.

How old was this old man?

Almost thirty-nine, can you imagine?

My wife smiled indulgently. She probably remembered when she, too, would have considered a thirty-niner frightfully old. She also realized that that half-century-plus old chap upstairs working at his typewriter didn't seem old at all.

What did she tell the bright young lady?

Come to think of it, I didn't even ask her, and it really doesn't matter.

When my wife came upstairs to tell me about the visit, I had just finished reading John Crosby's column, Crosby being my favorite radio critic.

Crosby had written a column which I wish I had written.

He had told about the joy of not doing things.

For instance, he said, it was much more fun not to listen to certain radio programs at all than to turn them off, as, for an example, Gabriel Heatter.

He so much enjoyed not reading novels by Taylor Caldwell, or going to the Metropolitan museum and not looking at certain pictures.

* * *

This visit of the young lady in love with an old man of 39 reminded me of that.

When she gets as old as I, she too will enjoy not doing a lot of things that bother her now.

I am in what is optimistically called the prime of life, by which is meant those years between 50 and the wheelchair.

And you have no idea how much I enjoy not doing a lot of things.

I enjoy not worrying about a career or about making a lot of money.

I enjoy not having to commute any more. I enjoy not being bothered with turbulent romances and those awful post-romance letdowns.

I enjoy not giving a continental whether the Jonses have a bigger car than I have or whether the Van Dumberrys are going to invite us to their afternoon tea or not.

* * *

My wife could have told her youthful visitor about all this. She could have told her how much as we two are getting older, we enjoy not doing a lot of things that seemed so important when we were younger and more impetuous.

But I am glad she didn't. To appreciate the fun of not doing things you must first have done them.

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Proverbs 20

The first verse of this chapter calls attention to the curse of the drink traffic. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise'. Alcohol, used as a beverage, is a poison. Strange indeed that any civilized government should permit its manufacture and sale as a beverage, since all statistics show it to be the principal cause of most crimes, accidents, and social evils. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken', Hab. 2:15. Spent some time recently in Martinsburg, Pa. and in Collingswood, N. J., where one finds a congenial atmosphere, since the traffic is not tolerated there. And 'dry territory' is increasing in area. Honesty in business is stressed in vs. 10 and 14. For 'divers weights and measures' the Hebrew says 'a stone and a stone, an ephah and an ephah'. Stone here means a weight, and the verse means that a man shall not use a heavy weight when he buys and a light weight when he sells the same goods. All this is an abomination unto the Lord.

Many a boy to his sorrow has learned
Fooling the teacher was cheating himself.

Nobody rises by wishing to rise.
Vain is the talent bestowed on a shirk.
This is the secret of all enterprise:
Who gets the talent must put it to work.

(Copyright 1948)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE UNUSED TALENT

The higher the mountain, the broader the view.
The harder the struggle, the greater the gain.
Many can manage what's easy to do.
Skill's a reward youth must work to attain.

Knowledge by study and patience is earned.
Useless are books that are left on the shelf.

Editorials

Thought for Today

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.—Ullman.

Tri-City Airport Now a Fact

With the inclusion of the City of Easton and the County of Northampton in the Authority which operates the large and important local airport, matters have reached the stage where the business of aviation is locally on the best footing it ever enjoyed.

In a very short time the governing body will bear the name Lehigh-Northampton Airport Authority while the airport itself has already been renamed the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton Airport and all the major airlines, Federal and State aviation official bodies have been so informed.

All this is a logical development growing out of the economy and the geography of this area. Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton are sister cities. The big airport initially established near Shoenersville by foresighted Allentown businessmen was also so close to Bethlehem that it naturally served that community as well as it did the people of Allentown. Bethlehem's union with Allentown years ago in the development of local aviation was just as easy and natural as rolling off a log. The businessmen of the two cities found they could work together in a common interest and they have done a splendid job of it.

It was just another step to interest and convince the officials of Northampton County that just as Lehigh, her neighbor, was interested in aviation, so she might well be interested in it actively and aid in promoting it. Easton, which is nearer the airport than most cities are to their flying fields, speedily entered into the combine of three city and two county governments which now make up one of the strongest Airport Authorities in the country and are operating one of its finest fields.

All the municipal bodies are represented by outstanding citizens who are giving their best endeavors to the development of the flying field. They are doing wonders out there on the road to Shoenersville. It is a pleasure and a pride for everybody in this Lehigh Valley to see what is going on and to know that in this age of aviation facilities second to none enjoyed by people in other parts of the country are available here to those who travel by air, who send their mail by air and who trust their most valuable merchandise to air transportation.

Already the ABE Airport is a great institution. With every day it becomes better and more important. It already is on the timetables of leading airlines. It enters into the knowledge of just about everybody in the aviation business today. It has become a great airfield. It will become even more important as the years go on.

Hearty Welcome to USAACS

Allentown during the weekend will welcome the USAACS who come to this city for the 30th anniversary celebration of Armistice Day.

It has not been indicated how great the assemblage of this organization will be, but Allentonians will be glad to see the middle-aged men who thirty years ago spent pleasant days and months in this city while they were in training for service in France and Italy during World War I.

Thousands of these men continue to be remembered most favorably by the several hundred families which banded together to act as "Big Brothers" to them while they were here. Many of those "Big Brothers" have not survived the years but second and third generations, with whom the young soldiers of 1917 and 1918 became acquainted in the homes of the "Big Brothers," do remain and are ready to extend the heartiest greeting to returning USAACS.

The Election Thru Foreign Eyes

The world, which has never understood the peculiar mysteries of the American political process (a deficiency from which many of us are now forced to confess that we may be suffering ourselves), has responded in an interesting way to the re-election of President Truman. In Great Britain and Western Europe there is an obvious satisfaction, amounting almost to jubilation at times; in Nanking there is gloom; in Latin America there is a rather surprising cheerfulness, and from behind the iron curtain there issue muted evidences of embarrassment if not outright confusion. The theory in Belgrade that the election really represents a victory by J. P. Morgan & Co. over "the Rockefeller interests," while bizarre, may be set aside; the fact remains that an election in which both candidates pledged themselves with a complete sincerity to common aims in foreign policy, and into which foreign issues actually did not enter in any significant way, is being searched and interpreted abroad for its influence on the major stream of international relations.

This may seem odd of the outer world; yet in fact the election will have its influence. It has removed many nascent uncertainties — like those which led the Chinese political leaders to imagine that aid in abundance would flow from a Republican victory — and given to American foreign policy a continuity and authority which could not have been sustained if the nation had been obliged to go through a two - months "interregnum" and then reappear on the world stage with a whole new set of men in control of the policies over which there was no real disagreement. The fiasco of the Wallaceites has not only given the Kremlin a great deal of explaining to do; more importantly, it may have explained to the Kremlin itself the falsity of some of its own calculations on the imminence of American collapse.

New York Herald - Tribune

McLemore in Japan

By HENRY McLEMORE

(Author's Note: This is the second of two guest columns by Mr. Kazutaka Watanabe. In the first, Mr. Watanabe, managing director of the Institute of Politics and Economy, and a graduate of Colgate university, class of 1925, discussed the lost feeling of his people since the surrender "robbed" them of the iron rule of the emperor and the war lords. He compared the rule of the government to a ceiling lamp. As long as the Japanese had this ceiling lamp they felt secure, but once it was extinguished and they were left alone to think for themselves, they became lost. Today Mr. Watanabe continues along the same lines.)

By KAZUTAKA WATANABE

Tokyo, Japan. — It is difficult for Americans to realize how hard it is for the Japanese to think and act for themselves after so many years of being told exactly what to do every minute of their time.

Since the occupation of our country we have learned that an ignorant, tattooed GI many a time can make an educated Japanese feel ashamed. This is because the GI displays more understanding and judgment than the Japanese intellectual. The GI may not know anything about Kant and Hegel, but he carries around him an invisible veil of rich cultural background of 3,000 years.

The whole thing probably sounds strange and un-understandable to Americans and Europeans who have endured countless numbers of storms for many, many years. They underwent the Dark Ages, Inquisition, Renaissance, Reformation, Industrial Revolution, etc. They stained their hands and feet with tears and blood when they laid the foundation of civilization, brick by brick.

In Japan where education means information, we remember things but we do not know things. We are educated to be technicians, not only in natural sciences but also in spiritual sciences. We are clerks to work for our master. We are servants under the "ceiling lamp." We are to obey, not to think and judge. The spirit of "but" has been discouraged, and "yes" training has permeated through the masses of people.

Our training, physical and spiritual, has been perpendicular and not horizontal.

Consequently, our judgment, politeness, etc., stop at the gate of our house and group, and do not go any farther. And now that the perpendicular system of our society has been abolished, and the horizontal system of society yet to be established, is it a wonder that we are confused and groping? Yet the light shines through. The fall of our cabinet a few weeks ago is proof that democracy is working and that the Japanese is learning to think for himself and stand up and oppose his oppressors. Before the occupation the Japanese never considered what was done by higher-ups. Even if he knew his leaders were crooked and exploiting him, he did not dare speak up. Now the press and people are not afraid to do something when they know things are not going right.

If America will just be patient with us, and realize how long we have been in darkness, and how hard it is for us to realize that we have been given a chance to speak for ourselves, we will prove that America's friendship is not in vain.

Many Americans have asked me when the Japanese knew they were defeated. The Japanese with any sense knew we were defeated the minute we got news that Pearl Harbor had been attacked. That means we knew on Dec. 8, 1941.

I am happy to be able to write these two little stories for you. I hope they help Americans to understand how much we want democracy, not communism, in our country.

Horoscope

Clean up unfinished projects now. Watch your correspondence in business, financial and personal matters. Older people may help you, but do not trust them entirely.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Nov. 6, 1923, a Tuesday

County and city office holders are being elected. Mayor Malcolm W. Gross opposes Republican Edgar J. Lumley. Orrin E. Boyle and Dallas S. Gangewer oppose each other for district attorney.

Atty. Douglas Craig died Monday afternoon at his home in Mauch Chunk after a long illness. He entered practice after after his graduation from Lafayette college.

Members of the Allentown Music club held their first meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Nimson Eckert, president. The program included songs by Louise Lerch, soprano.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whitenight, 755 Lehigh St., returned from a six months' trip to California. Enroute, they visited Grand Canyon, Salt Lake City and various nationa' parks.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A Tammany big-shot returned with his family aboard the Queen Mary recently and the customs officer who was assigned to examine his baggage was anxious to incur the great man's good will. He made a cursory examination of the bag containing soiled wash, and then promptly slapped customs stamps on the other 12 pieces of luggage.

"I guess that takes care of everything, commissioner," he exclaimed cheerily. "All you need now is a porter." The commissioner's nine-year-old son, who had been observing the operation closely, interrupted angrily — and loudly. "Don't let him get away with this, pop! He hasn't looked at anything."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER BOOKMOBILE: Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fom wunnerbora blawn os die Allentown Library hut fer da leit fon Lechaw kounty, outside fom Allentown, bicher bringa? Soicha os kinner in da shula hen, wissa dafon, weil die kinner bicher mit hame gabrocht hen woh die socha oi shae, deitlich out laig'd worra. Un onnerra woh ken kinner hen, hen fermuthlich falaisa dafon im Call, odder hen k'hoert iwwer 'm radio wos om aw gae is In kartza werta, die Lechaw kounty Kommissioners hen finf dousand dahler fohr g'shtrack'd fer da socha mit helfa, ow'r 's nembt ols noch siva dousand dahler mainer fer allas in der gong griega. Uns sis sellie siva dousand dahler woh die londs leit g'frok d sin fer helfa uf mocha, mit ma dahler die familia tzu da Allentown Library gewwa, darrich die shule kinner.

In kartza werta, des is wos gatzailt is tzu duh. Die Allentown Library wil 'n "Bookmobile" kaufa, odder ewwa 'n grosser truck fer bicher, music reckords, un moovie filims tzu da londs leit nemma, 's same wie die shtadt leit noch da Library gae kenna fer die bicher un reckords laina. Der truck dade galawda werra mit bicher fon alla hond, un gang'd nous darrich die londs gagenda 's same wie 'n mailmon odder becker, iwwer 'n gawissner waig, mit shtopping bletz in gawissna gagenda, on gawissna tzeita. Leit kenta noh gae un bicher laina woh sie garn hetta, un aw arders iossa fer die nagshd trip rum bicher gabrocht howwa, os sie net hetta. Fonograph reckords sin aw gatzailt mit tzu nemma, un hoffa fer bei da tzeit moovie filims tzu bringa fer leit woh ihra aigna moovie mashina in da hameta hen.

Allas is frei, 's kosh'd nix fer die bicher un onnerra socha laina, yusht os die londs leit g'frok'd sin fer frei willicherweiss 'n dahler die familia tzu da Library gewwa, darrich die shule kinner woh aila weil ol iwwer om shoffa sin so fleisich os wie die eema. 'S mawg sei os es leit hut os maina sie graichda ken nutza ous da socha, ow'r so fiel kenna m'r sawga, os sie ken dahler besser shpenda kenna fer ihra freind un nochberra mit helfa os wie 'n dahler die familia gewwa tzum "Bookmobile" kampaign now om gae. Lossa uns uf un dawedder gae, so os die Kounty Kommissioners un die eiiLty Kommissioners un die Library wissa maiga, os ol der druvel um mee os sie sich shun gamocht hen fer die socha in der gong griega, net er ewwa fiel wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Raymond Roth fons Schnecka Eck nagshd on Scheidys hut da onner dawg 'n aryie erfohring kot wie er g'shwind 'n fersont sheesa hut wolla hinnich 'm hous drous.

Er hut die airsht flint gagrabb'd os handich g'shtonna hut-aenie os wenich leicht ob gonga is.

Wie er shier beim hawna wor, is der aint lawf ob gonga, un mit 'm tzweta hut er's marrick gons un gore ferfail'd.

'S hut der Ramie so fertzarnt iwwer die flint os er sie um der airsht baum rum gawick'ld hut os er datzu kumma is, un hut sie bout 50 foos weck uf 'n hecka haufa g'shmissa.

ONS SHAFER UN LOHRMANS SHOE SHTORE

-43 N. 7d shtross doh in da shtadt shure hen sie alla weil widder shaina shoe. Un aw net yusht shot fer grossa leit, ow'r aw fer kinner, uns beshd fon ol is, os sie aw wissa wie shoe aw tzu messa. Adv.



TOBIAS WITMER

By HEINZ KLOSS

For three-quarters of a century Tobias Witmer was little more than a name, when by curious coincidence the Editor of the ECK received in succession two notable contributions, one from the Rev. Harry D. Hontz, Harrisburg, Pa., published in the ECK for July 3rd; the other herewith published from Germany's most eminent authority on Pennsylvania German, Heinz Klosz of Stuttgart.

The Pennsylvania German settlements in New York have not been sufficiently populous to support a dialect literature of their own, but they have produced at least one contributor to the dialect literature published in Pennsylvania.

Tobias Witmer's father had emigrated in 1811 from Lancaster County to Western New York, where Pennsylvania Germans had founded the Niagara Colony. Here Tobias Witmer was born in 1816. The settlement was reinforced by a new inflow from Eastern Pennsylvania around 1830 and thus may have kept up the dialect for quite some decades.

As a dialect writer Tobias Witmer seems to have made his bow in 1869 when Edward Henry Rauch (1820-1902) printed his poem "Geburts-Daak. An mei Alti" (dated June 1, 1869) in his "Father Abraham," a little magazine he edited in Lancaster, Pa., since 1868. Four times at least this poem has been reprinted: in 1870 in the Feb. 8 issue of "Father Abraham"; in 1872 by Samuel S. Haldeman in his **PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH: A Dialect of South German with an Infusion of English** (p. 42); the following year by Rauch in the second number (Feb. 1873) of his newly founded magazine, The Pennsylvania Dutchman"; and in 1879 again by Rauch in his **Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook** (p. 216).

Other poems by Witmer published in the three surviving issues of "The Pennsylvania Dutchman" (1873) were "Die Freschlin" (according to Reichard, Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, 1918, p. 364, also in Trans. Am. Phil. Soc.), "Deer Himml uft Eerda" and "Der Schnae," while "Seks Oor" was included by Abraham R. Horne in his **Pennsylvania German Manual** (1875, p. 59).

Witmer's significance in the history of the Pennsylvania German language rests less with any poetic merits his rimed productions may possess than with the fact that he joined Edward H. Rauch in his struggle to have Pennsylvania German elevated to the level of a literary language on a footing equal in principle with English and High German and superior in practice (among Deitsch speakers) to High German. His peculiar contribution to the fight put up by Rauch was his proposal to introduce a phonetic spelling which compared to systems of spelling based on the English or the High German would mean both a compromise and an improvement and would give Pennsylvania German an ultra-modern garb.

In a letter to Rauch, dated Buffalo, Jan. 6, 1873, and printed in the second issue of "The Pennsylvania Dutchman" he congratulated Rauch on his attempt to promote the cause of the dialect by means of a magazine. "Your success is beyond doubt. Looking back to Pennsylvania for my Fatherland and my Motherland I cannot be indifferent to the progress that noble state is making. Your undertaking is a wide step on the way of progress. Pennsylvania German is good enough to **talk** and why should it not be written? All honors to the sons of Pennsylvania who will write and read and practice what their fathers have said and done. No less have we to be proud of our Pennsylvania German fathers than they had to be proud of their Old German fathers; and we have no sad remembrances to regret. And now if we can, in our Pennsylvania German literature, drop some of the inconsistencies of the orthography and of the syntax of both the modern German and the modern English notations, scholars and our grandchildren will honour us for our work. While however you take the English sounds of the letters as the base of your pronounciations, I have been led into the German believing that it will take less labor to teach the rising generation of Pennsylvanians to adopt the German sounds of the vowels than the English, while the scholar from Europe will read the Pennsylvania German as readily with that key, whether printed in German or English type, as he would the pure German."

The same number of Rauch's "Pennsylvania Dutchman" carried a prose composition illustrative of Witmer's ideas about spelling:

LOVE LETTER

An mei Anni

Liibi Fraa: Es is jetz schun e langi zeit das ich diir kei Love Lettr mee gschriwwa hab. Wan ich recht hab, so waar dr letscht in 1837 gedeet. Awwrer isch net tood gebliwwa. Dii neemlicha sentiments woo ich sellamool expresst hab, sin noch waaram. Di welt hot sich awwr fiil frendrt sliidr sellem.

Awwr duu hoscht dich kei bissl frendrt juscht miir den marriga ganga is, doo in derra groosa di neemlich Anni woo du warrscht woo ich dich 's eerscht mol gseena hab. Ich miss dich awwr aa alleweil recht arrik. Doo musz ich ewwa far mich selwr kocha, juscht ament as wan ich kei fraa het—graad as wii ich hab missa dii drei joor woo ich im kriig waar.

Doo wil ich dr juscht graad emol frtseela wii es miir den marriga ganga is, doo in derra groosa schtatt; un wan des dich net beweekt as duu doo in Buffalo kumscht un bleibscht bei miir, so wees ich net was ich aafang. Wel, doo bin ich am halwr finf uff gwekt, un bin raus un hab koola in dr offa getun, un hab's allr eerscht emol e liidli aus meinr Patent Poitri Maschiin raus gedreet (duu muscht mr frtseia das ich "Patent" do in den Love Lettr nei schreib, ich wees wol wii duu di Patents hassa tuuscht, awwr ich muss ewwa di warrat saaga, kum was wil) fum Ehestand woo aa in dr Buffalo Telegraph kumt, wan ich emold geld grik far dr druker tsaala.

Wel, woo ich des ding emol recht im gang hab kat, so hab ich nord emol aa gschtalt gmacht far 's marriga essa tsu rischta. Do hab ich wassr iwwr far kaffee, un dr buttr waar so hart as wii e nuss.

Wel des ding waar guut, ich schtell den buttr mittsampt 'm dellr in dr warming oven nei, as eer e bissli weech werra sol, das mr 'n aa schmiira kan.

In dr weil hab ich mei biifschteeks gebroota uff de gliidiga koola, des macht si herrlich wan mr si recht schnell uff de gliidiga koola reeschta tuut, bis si juscht graad gnunk sin. Des is fiil bessr as wan mr si im fett broota tuut, bis es leewa all raus, un 's schweinefett all nei kumt.

Wel, mit dem kaffee, un denna biifschteeks waar ich so bissi, das ich den buttr gants un gaarli frgessa hab kat. Uff eemol guk ich in den offa nei, un gsee juscht noch soo en kleena balla fun dem scheena, weissa, geela, roota buttr in dem dellr rum schwimma, im gschmoltzena likwid. Ich gschwind den dellr do krikt, un will raus mit. Deer dellr waar awwr tsuu breet far lewwl' tsuu dr offe deer raus, doo hab ich 'n schepp uff di seit dreea missa, un weil dr dellr frbrennt hees waar, isch des ding net arrik schtotti ganga, un eb ich 's gwisst hab waar di helft fun deim buttr uffm carpet rum gloffa. Bei tschinks! was hot 's mich awwr gekrenkt.

Hab ich gedenkt, wan des awwr mei Anni gseea deet, dii deet sich bucklich lacha. "Soo geets denna patent kerls, woo alsfart dr kopp so foll anneri sacha hen." Jaa, soo geets. Dii sacha hen mich soo excite, das ich desmol net so tenderli schreiba kan. Un ich hab aa mei Ehestands liidli net gants fertig gebrocht. Es is eppas in di maschiin nei kumma, soo das dr schtrap ab gloffa isch, un hot si gschtoppt. Dr neechst briif sol awwr bessr werra.

Des mool Farriwel,
Dec. 24, 1872 — PETER STEINEEL

The foregoing is interesting more for its spelling than for its contents. Witmer adopts the High German sound values. He doubles long vowels, and consonants after short vowels. He is radical in principle, substituting **f** for High German **v** (foll) and **ts** for High German **z** (frtseela), replacing **HG ie** by **ii** (fiil) and dropping the **e** before **k** after short vowels (gschikt). English loan words are written after the same pattern; likwid, biifschteek. But occasionally he is inconsistent, leaning toward the English in "excite," and towards the High German in "frendert," "ehestand," "schreiba" where he hould have written "frennert," "eheschtand," "schreiwa."

Six years later, the proposals of Witmer—who in our sources is invariably referred to as "Professor"—concerning a Pennsylvania German spelling reform were again brought before the public, this time by Rauch himself in his **Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook** (1879, pp. 226-227). Rauch stated that "after considering the matter, and making a few trials, we are almost persuaded that he is correct," and then went on:

"His system is simply to have each vowel to represent its own proper sound and no other, and this would need the addition of one vowel, making six instead of five, the vowels representing the sounds:

	Eng.		Eng.
inverted **a**	- aw	**i**	- e
a	- ah	**o**	- o
e	- a	**u**	- u

The "aw" we here represent by an "a" upside down (because of difficulties on the linotype we shall represent this sound by "aa".—P. A. B.). The difference between the long and short sounds is made by single and double vowels—as it and iit, or bot and boot."

After giving samples, Rauch declared boldly: "Eben so guut kann man daitsh schraiben—so wool aals pennsylvaanish daitsh odar english—ains so guut aals daas andere."

Here Rauch evidently had gotten himself into a mess of a mixture of High and Pennsylvania German. The subsequent lines were written in his mother-tongue undefiled:

"Un im Pennsilveenia Daitsh war's yusht so guut. Di fact is waan sii'm Witmer sai plan aanema deta daan kent's gaar kee misteeks geva im Daitsh, English odder Pennsilveenia Daitsh schraiwa, faar's war aal unnar dar seem ruul, un de lait kenta eens so guut leesa, aas 's aanar."

This is Rauch using Witmer's orthography with traces of "Schweffelbrenner's" spelling habits creeping in with words such as **fact** and **geva** where Witmer's scheme would have required **k** and **w**. Witmer himself seems to have modified his original system as used in 1873 by introducing a new vowel-letter and by replacing **HG ei, j,** and **sch** by **ai, y,** and **sh**—unless these changes are due to some arbitrariness of Rauch who may have tried to bring the whole nearer to the English spelling pattern.

Rauch has not followed his own recommendations. I have in my possession Schweffelbrenner letters from the years 1888 and 1889 where he uses the same system as in his "Father Abraham." It must not be inferred, however, that he did not mean his advocacy of Witmer's proposals seriously. He would in all probability have tried to introduce Witmer's system if only he had won over more adherents to his belief that Pennsylvania German was, and should be treated as a separate language, applicable to all levels of literary expression. It was from this viewpoint that he appraised the possible merits of the suggestions of Witmer, to whom he referred in another section of his **Handbook** (p. 208) with the characteristic remark: "Tobias Witmer, residing in the vicinity of Buffalo, N. Y. is also a good writer of the new-born language." As early as 1868 Rauch had expressed his views concerning the status of Pennsylvania German in the foreword to his pamphlet edition of the Father Abraham letters (**Pennsylvania Deitsh. De Campain Breefa fum Pit Scheffelbrenner** . . . Lancaster, Rauch & Cochrane): "The Pennsylvania dialect is not German but a compound or mixture of English and German. German words and entire sentences are often supplanted by the English." . . . After dwelling upon the ignorance of High German among the younger generation of Pennsylvania Germans he concluded: "In writing this dialect therefore in order to suit the many, we find it necessary to ignore the German entirely and treat the "Pennsylvania Dutch" as a separate and distinct language about to be referred as such."

It may be supposed—this of course is little more than guess work—that it was the lack of popular acclaim for his ideas about the higher literary possibilities of Pennsylvania German which caused Rauch no more to propagate the Witmer system after 1879. For what may be called the typical dialect level of literature the Schweffelbrenner system may have seemed sufficient. Possibly Schweffelbrenner the humorist himself was instrumental in defeating the purposes of Rauch the serious advocate of Pennsylvania German ascendency. His two Janus faces are symbolized by his two adaptations from Shakespeare in his 1879 **Handbook**: the broadly humorous and farcical paraphrase of Hamlet's Monologue and the dignified translation of Antonius' address to the Romans. Charles C. More, the greatest prose-writer in the dialect, once told me that Rauch in his last years was regretful of many of his Schweffelbrenner letters and the effect they had upon the prestige of his mother tongue as a literary instrument.

The statement made by Otto Springer in his treatise **The Study of the Pennsylvania German Dialect** (repr. Jour. Eng. & Germanic Philology, LII, 1943, p. 17) that in the long drawn out struggle concerning the spelling of the dialect the only principal difference was that between an (attempted) English and a German orthography, evidently needs slight correction in that there was a third pattern adhered to, to be true, by but few. In his little-known treatise "Die Pennsylvaniadeutsche Literatur" (in **Mitteilungen der Detuschen Akademie**, Munich, 1931, pp. 230-272) not mentioned in Springer's survey just quoted above) H. Kloss has referred to Witmer (p. 246): "At this point, where we touch upon the attempts to develop Pennsylvania German into a literary tongue, mention must be made of a man who wrote a few publications that have become known mainly with a view to extending and fixing the PG dialect, Tobias Witmer collaborated with Rauch in the publications of the latter, but he did not use Rauch's system of orthography. He devised and used a system of his own. His system is neither German nor English. It is purely phonetic and is based on international sound values that are at the same time those of High German."

In conclusion, Tobias Witmer deserves well to be remembered as a dialect writer of independent sweep of thought who was born and who labored outside the home-area of his mother tongue.

SECHS UHR

VUM TOBIAS WITMER

Nau schlaggt die Uhr sechs—yetz bass mol uff.
Was kumme die Buwe die Schtrosse do ruff,
Als wie die Soldaate vum hitziche Schtreit—
'S Daagwerk iss fertich—wie'n yeder sich freit.

Die Gsichter sin schmutzich un dreckich die Hend,
En mancher iss schwarz, dass mer 'n schier nimmi kennt,
Awwer's Haerz iss recht ehrlich, 's Gewisse iss weiss,
En yeder iss schtols uff sei ehrlicher Fleiss.

Die Fraa duht schunn lechle, die Dier in der Hand,
Es Esse iss fertich, 's iss alles im Schtand;
Die Kleene duhn hupse for lauder Plessier,
Un kisse der Daadi schunn hauss vor der Dier.

Yetz haer mit de Seef, un 's Wasser recht waarm,
Es weist sich gans ann're Haut uff em Aarm;
Es Hemm iss gebiggelt, 's guckt alles gans nei,
Un yetz kummt's Vergniege, die Haerzer sin frei.

Der Himmel wuhnt do in dem Heisli uff Aerd,
Es Weibli iss fleissich, un er iss sie waert;
Die Kinner sin braaf un sie gehe in die Schul,
'S iss alles in Ordning, 's schafft alles bei Rul.

Mit Musick un Zeitung un 's Owed-gebet,
Mecht ich emol wisse, was meh dass mer wett
For die Zeit zu vertreibe, mit Kinner deheem—
Wer meh will wie des, der dauert yo eem.

* * * * *

Yetz schlaggt's widder sechs—er macht sich do raus,
Un glei iss en wussliches Lewe im Haus;
Un eb dass die Peif uff em Schapp drunne brillt,
Hot er schunn sei Kaffi un 's Kaerbli iss gfillt.

Do kumme sie widder—en kleeni Armee,
Sie laafe so 'lively'—ich gleich sie zu seh.
En yeder verschteht, was sei Aerwet soll sei,
Er hot glei sei Blatz un schickt sich aa nei.

Yetz schnarrt emol 's Raad, un die Schtiempeif brillt laut,
Un alles bewegt sich mit Fleiss yuscht ebaut;
Der Blosbalg heilt un die Drehbank die schnarrt,
En yeder iss bissi—nau schafft net zu hart!

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.19; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It can now be reported—and should be reported as one of the major maneuvers of this highly-politicalized month—that the Communist party's underground apparatus has completed its plans for the invasion of Harry Truman's new administration.

Within a few days, on Nov. 15 to be exact, a crew of skilled Communist operators will begin registering manpower for the new "cells" to be set up in Washington — and throughout the country.

This network is to be the most secret the party has yet developed. No party records will be kept, except for one secret master list — which won't be on paper. It will be memorized by the special agent in charge of each group.

* * *

In each of these cells, whether it's in Washington under instructions to seep into key federal departments, or in Detroit under orders to get into strategic factories or in the few atom research towns gathering bits of information to be pieced together later — in each of these cells only one man or woman will have a complete list of the party's members.

These group and section "organizers" and "chairmen" will have to memorize the names, addresses and occupations of their followers. For no party cards will be issued. No permanent records will be kept.

And each section chief will have to memorize more than just names and addresses—because, starting with the morning of Nov. 15, the party people will not only register their followers and recruits but take inventory of their skills, hobbies, jobs sentiments and trustworthiness.

* * *

Then after the "registration" period is over, the party plans to slip picked people into Washington. As far as the shrewd Stalinist operators are concerned — this is the moment.

They feel that the election was a left-of-center explosion which blew into Washington, not only a pro-labor administration, but one which will need a lot of bright young experts on all the scores of little crusades for which their people are especially trained.

To the Communists this is 1933 all over again—1933, when they began setting up their cells for invasion of the first New Deal. So they're busy little operators, working hard on blueprints designed to make their people respectable, and on setting up new innocent fronts through which they can operate.

* * *

The other day, for example, orders suddenly went out of Communist national headquarters to all their labor people to sign the non-Communist affidavits required by the Taft-Hartley law.

This strategy will enable Communist union chiefs who never actually joined the party to sign the documents and keep control of their unions, which were rapidly slipping out of their hands. Where a union leader is too Red-tainted to sign, he simply will resign as president or manager and be named chief organizer or head of some department — thus permitting him to retain control of the union without having to sign up.

And so the labor outfit stays in Communist hands, although its official leaders have signed non-Communist oaths.

Why all this bother? Because such unions then can demand representation on all the federal boards about to be created.

* * *

Then comes the actual wooing of "good old Harry" and his administration by the pro-Communists. A few days ago the axe-tongued Harry Bridges, most fiery of the pro-Communist union leaders and Pooh-bah of all the labor Leftties who insulted Truman for months before election, seconded a motion at his union meeting congratulating President Truman. Said the Leftist Harry about the successful Harry: "We must give credit to a guy who fought a tough battle . . . ."

The wooing has replaced the feuding.

Copyright 1948

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It's just possible that I should have my head examined. There must be something wrong with me.

After these many years as a newspaperman, after associating with the so-called intelligentsia, after all the filth and cynicism and sophistication of night clubs and gyp joints all over the world, I get more and more of a kick out of this America of ours.

Yesterday I told you about the DeCicco Shoe Shining Co., Inc., an organization that could flourish only in the U.S.A.

Today I want you to meet Mary Victoria Izzo, of Richmondville Ave., Westport, Conn.

* * *

Or rather I should have said the former Miss Izzo.

Because Miss Izzo is Mrs. Paul Papageorge now.

Mary Izzo has been and will be again, after the honeymoon, the head girl at the soda fountain in Colgan's drug store at the corner of State St. and Taylor Pl. in Westport.

To every Westporter Miss Izzo has been Mary.

She is about four feet ten in height, has fiery red hair and a temper to match.

I have never seen anybody perter nor anybody who can make a better meat loaf sandwich or a better chocolate soda than Mary Izzo — pardon me, than Mrs. Paul Papageorge.

* * *

Right across the street from Colgan's drug store there is a diner called Club grill.

One can look right into that diner from the drug store. Paul Papageorge works in that grill. He is a good-looking young fellow with dark hair and a sunny disposition and I doubt that anybody can make a better hamburger sandwich than Paul Papageorge.

* * *

Well, as these things do happen, the two met and fell in love.

None of the customers knew anything about it until the papers announced the engagement and then the wedding.

You should have seen the stories in the two weeklies in Westport, and in the papers of the neighboring towns as well.

If it had been the most important society wedding in Connecticut, it couldn't have got more space than Mary's and Paul's "nuptials," as the papers called it.

* * *

They told of the bride's "off-the-shoulder white satin gown with a full skirt and a fingertip veil" and of the white orchids she carried.

They told of how the Rev. Hatzilambros officiated at the wedding in Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox church in Bridgeport, and described the bride's traveling ensemble as "a gray gabardine with black accessories."

They also told that Mrs. Papageorge would go back to the soda counter after the honeymoon and Mr. Papageorge back to the Club grill across the street.

* * *

But, best of all, one of the papers told, in its real estate column, that the bride's father "is adding two rooms to his home for $2,500."

That, my friends, is America.

(Copyright 1948)

Horoscope

Cling to practical policies now; mental pursuits are favored. Discretion should be exercised in the months to come, also tact and circumspection in all your affairs. Choose your friends carefully, and avoid extremes in all things. Wise guidance should be given the child born today, as the nature will be quite emotional.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

LETTER XXII

Beloved, we are now facing the
time you used to dread.
There are pads upon his
shoulders and a helmet
on his head.
He is prouder of his sweat shirt
and the cleats upon his
sho
Than the surplice worn on
Sundays when he marches
by the pews.
And, exactly as his father's
were,
his eves are now a-gleam
As he joyously announces:
"I'm a member of the
team!"

From after school to supper
you will find him in the
yard,
Unafraid of bumps and bruises, learning how to be a
guard.
All he talks of now is blocking
and the way to throw a
pass.
If as willingly he studied he'd
be leader of his class.
I remember as I watch him
getting ready for a game
How you worried for his safety
when his daddy did the
same.

Beloved, it has happened! ten
years old and something
more.
With a uniform upon him like
the one his father wore.
Through the curtain do you see
him? Do you shudder when
he's thrown?
Do you worry as you used to in
the years so swiftly flown?
Do you fret about the bruises
and the bumps upon his
brow?
Well I thought I ought to tell
you, just as you, I worry
now.

Editorials

Thought for Today

Each young and beautiful being shapes around it events that are themselves young, beautiful and happy.—Maeterlinck.

Another Red Threat to Air Lift

The air lift to Berlin now has been operating for five months, despite picayune effort on the part of Russia to prevent it and by so doing to force evacuation of the German's former capital city by the United States and Great Britain.

Continuing however with their petty annoyances, the Russians now threaten to force down any planes caught straying outside the 20-mile corridor thru which American and British planes must fly in order to reach Berlin from western Germany.

Earlier bluffs and pestiferous annoyances included "buzzing" of the big transport planes by Russian Yak fighter planes. That child's play on the part of an air force which has hundreds of miles of air over Germany in which to fool around apparently has been abandoned because it did not frighten the Americans and British. Nor did they in fact take any considerable notice of it.

Then the Russians announced air maneuvers in the corridors which were already full of planes loaded with food and fuel. That also got nowhere. There were no collisions and no incidents. Then they announced that they were going to engage in anti-aircraft exercises in the vicinity of the corridor. Whether they did or did not carry out this threat, the fact is that they did not scare off the western powers' aviators.

So it is likely that the latest threat is just another bluff. However it should do a lot to make the aviators more cautious, especially since the season for poor flying is at hand and flying by instrument instead of visibility is oftener resorted to. A plane can easily get out of its course by ten miles, half the width of the corridor. In fact it can get out of that course in three or four minutes. So our aviators will have to be more cautious.

But of this the Russians can be certain: The air lift is going to be continued and nobody is going to be scared off. The lift, titled "Operation Vittles," is serving its purpose. It can take about 6,000 tons of cargo into the big city daily when conditions are good. It has been doing half that well in bad weather. It has built up a stock-pile equivalent to seven weeks of flying. More planes are being put into the operation.

Most of all is the determination of the American people that the American position in Berlin and our prestige with the German people and other western nations shall not be permitted to suffer thru the puerile schemings of Russia.

Now Let's Get That Bookmobile

It is an unique campaign which is being conducted thruout the city and county for the establishment of a Bookmobile service for the rural areas and the response which it is receiving indicates its popular appeal and the desire of the community that, because folks cannot conveniently visit the big Allentown Free Library, the services of the library are to be taken to them.

The campaign is securely grounded in the youth of the community. In the schools they are taught the use of books as the tools necessary for the shaping of their education. They learn the value of books and the type of books which are desirable for their needs. It is the children who are doing a phenomenal work in securing the memberships that are necessary for the procurement of a Bookmobile that will move into all parts of the county, make stops at all strategic points where interest has been evidenced, and make books available to those who desire them.

The Bookmobile is an idea long since advanced but not consummated. Now it is to be made a reality. It will become a reality if all persons interested in community advancement will aid it by taking membership in the current campaign.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — The strange behavior of the Soviet government in the last two weeks has occasioned a good deal of puzzlement here. But the principal conclusion being drawn is that the opportunity for an adjustment of the Berlin blockade and perhaps other major issues beteen the United States and Russia is better than it has been in many months.

Although only circumstantial evidence is available, it points strongly to the facts that the Russians have been stalling on the Berlin blockade issue while waiting for the outcome of the American presidential election.

Fantastic though it may seem to many persons in this country, the Russians have all along been persuaded that the candidacy of Henry Wallace was significant. The cryptically worded statement issued by Premier Stalin himself just a few days before the election in which he intimated that the American voters would repudiate the Truman administration at the polls, was taken to mean that the Soviets were already gloating over a Truman defeat. But actually it was construed by those who know Russian affairs to mean that a substantial vote for Wallace would constitute such a repudiation in the Soviet view.

Certainly there was nothing in the record to justify the assumption that the Dewey-Dulles policies in World affairs, assuming a Republican victory, would have been any different from those of the Truman-Marshall regime. For several months there have been reports from Moscow to the effect that the Russians were pinning their hopes on Henry Wallace's candidacy. Again and again American diplomats have reported that the Russians were convinced that Wallace would win. Just why the Russian sources of information on this side of the Atlantic were so poor is hard to understand. Or if they were reporting the Wallace vote correctly, just why the Russians chose to disregard it is one of the mysteries of Russian psychology.

But now that the election is over, the Russian statements have taken a new tack. The Dewey candidacy is now represented as having been "imperialistic," and it is apparent that the Russian press would like to manifest a friendlier feeling toward President Truman.

Perhaps the most significant development of all was the way the Russian newspapers—which of course are government-controlled and government-directed—seized upon a dispatch this week in a Washington newspaper stating that there was a possibility of a meeting between President Truman and Premier Stalin. Although the Key West dispatches reflected President Truman's disinclination to have such a meeting unless it takes place outside of Russia, the important fact is that the Russian press played up the item about a Truman-Stalin visit, indicating clearly that the wish may well be father to the thought.

There is evidence that the pinch of the counterblockade, about which little is being said but which is being felt in the Russian zone in Germany, may have been a real influence in causing the Russians to manifest eagerness for an immediate settlement of the Berlin blockade.

It is significant that the secretary general of the United Nations, Trygve Lie, has been active in the days since the American election and that the dispatches from abroad indicate that he is working on the currency problem which of course, is the crux of the whole issue at present.

This correspondent has maintained from the start that the Berlin blockade was susceptible of settlement through the efforts of mediating governments. The negotiations which were carried on by the Argentine foreign minister in behalf of the six "neutrals" really accomplished a good deal by narrowing the area of agreement and disagreement between the east and the west.

As to a meeting beteen President Truman and Premier Stalin, there may be more to this than meets the eye. Mr. Truman is adamant on the point that he wil not go to Moscow, but there certainly is no reason why he wouldn't be glad to attend a meeting in Sweden or some other neutral country. The only importance of such a meeting would be to clear the atmosphere and produce a friendlier feeling in the world.

So far as actual negotiations are concerned, the questions are too complicated to be taken up by heads of state. Even though they may reach agreement on principles, when it comes to implementing such principles through direct negotiations, experience has proved that stumbling blocks occur. So the process will have to be reversed—an agreement will have to be reached first by the diplomats on the "details." Then if a meeting between heads of states is arranged, it would introduce the psychologial factors of friendliness and peaceful intention—which, of course, could be of great help as gestures of friendship so needed in a troubled world today.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Proverbs 27:11-28:28

A son can cause great joy, or great grief, to a parent. 'My son, be wise, and make my heart glad' says a father to his son in 27:11. 'A continual dropping on a very rainy day' is a realistic picture of a contentious, nagging woman, v. 15. 'Bray' in v.22 means to break or grind small, as with a pestle in a mortar. Treat a fool as severely as that, and yet it will be impossible to eradicate his foolishness, because of his persistency in his folly. Life on a farm is referred to in vs. 23-27. The condition of one's flocks is important; if well fed, v.25, the lambs will provide clothing, and the goats will furnish milk and food, being the base of a substantial economy. In 28:1 we learn that the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but it has been said that they make much better time if some one gets after them. The reference is to a guilty conscience, which, according to Ps. 53:5, is in great fear where no fear is. In Lev. 26:17 we read that 'ye shall flee when none pursueth you'. A guilty conscience is never good company. Therefore we are to confess our sins unto God, who will forgive, and grant us a clear conscience.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

On his 92nd birthday Oliver Wendell Holmes disclosed the secret of his success in conversing with beautiful young debutantes. "I simply tell them," said Chief Justice Holmes, "that I won't refrain from talking about anything at all because they're too young, if they won't because I'm too old."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON DA VALLEY GRANGERS: 'S wor finf un tzwonsich yohr tzurick os der Clarence Wehr un sei fraw die Sadie fon da Freidens gagend, die Washington Grange aw ganumma hen nagshd ons Jim Peters wertshous, in Washington township, Lechaw kounty. Ow'r wie leit alsa mohl duhna darrich ihra g'shefta, sins Clarenca finf yohr shpaiter noch Red Hill, Montgomery kounty gatzoga, woh sie die gons tzeit dahame sin. Die Washington grange, un grange arwet is dief in sie nei gawartz'ld, un die weil os es tzu weit wor fer noch da Washington grange gae, hen sie ihra aignie grange g'shtart uf 'm tzweta shtuck fon ihr'm wogga shub. Valley Grange nummer 1880.

Sie hen glae aw g'fonga, ow'r ihra grange is so shtarrick gawoxa, os sie ihra hall fergraiserra hen missa, un hen now ebbes wie 'n hunnerd dreisich gleader. Won sie fersommlinga hen mit mainer leit wie blotz, laina sie der Red Hill town hall, woh m'r shun tzwae mohl worra ihra fersommlinga ei nemma. Bout 'n yohr odder so tzurick wor die Laurys Grange darta nunner uf p'sch, niemond hut howwa gawist wohs hee gait, un drunna hen sei aw net mainer gawist os wie os p'such kaimt, ow'r net gawist war odder fon woh.

Net long tzurick wies unser blessier wor fer shwetza on ihra Grange Booster fersommling, hut der Clarence Wehr, master fon da grange g'sawt sie hetta im sin fer ains fon da tzeita noch Laurys uf p'such gae. Weil m'r immer maina 's wear g'shpass fer leit denka mocha, hen m'r g'frok'd ferwos sie net aw kaimta wie mier kumma weara- unna's on die gluck hanka war kaimt. Der Clarence hut ferwillich'd sel maich'd ken shlechter blawn sei, un mier hen fersprocha fer der brief woh er 'm Frederick Frantz shicka hut wolla sawga os sie kaimta, aryads shunshd nous nemma fer maila fer unser Grangers gons fon da da shpoor shmeissa tzu denka war kaimt. M'r hen der brief gamail'd in Womelsderf, un wohs der "Fritz" gore gore ken lang ganumma hut ous tzu finna, os ken grange nagshd wear. 'N postal kort shpaiter hut g'sawt sie kaimta bei bus.

Wel, aenicha waig, 'm Dunnershdawg owet sin 48 Valley Grangers noch Laurys kumma bei bus un tzwae mashina, un ol hen 'n gutie tzeit kot. Die Mary Weiss, lecturer fon da Grange hut der gons program ready kot im gewwa un woh iwwer rous gute wor. 'S airsht dale worra louder laedich wichdicha socha-'n program fom Armistice Dawg, mit ra rade beim Porra W.U.Kistler fon da Valley Grange. 'S ledshd dale fom program wor ol g'shpass, mit ma warigle huls parade bei da weibsleit, un 'n fashion show bei da monsleit. Der owet is ol tzu shnell rum gonga, ow'r 's wor 'n owet os kem os darta wor sei lava fergess'd. Sis uf p'such gae wie sel, un leit fom ainra gagend leit fon ra onnera besser bakont werra, os helft die Granges ols noch shtaryer mocha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wolla hoffa da Valley Grange ihra uf p'such gae wor yusht der awfong fon ra lot so trips os unnershittlicha granges mocha maiga, fer sehna wie onnerra Granges aw kumma, unGrangers fon onnerra gagenda larna kenna.

Public Opinion

Editor,
Morning Call
Sir:

By what authority does that superior being our "big game" hunter consider it his sworn duty to overrun our land and exterminate our pets by using them as targets for practice.

One of these so-called sportsmen while proudly strutting over our property in search of game, Monday Nov. 8, 1948, disposed of a beloved pet belonging to my small brother.

He should be presented with a medal for bravery. Particularly he should feel proud to see how sad he has made one child. Maybe he could do the same for some other child and feel much prouder.

These "sportsmen" have the privilege of hunting game on our land. Why in return haven't they the decency to live and let live animals not in the game class.

In my opinion, burning in a slow fire is far too good for one of these second-rate morons.

Marguerite Berninger
Quakertown R.2, Penna.



FALLIWALDER

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

As one travels across southeastern Pennsylvania in the fall of the year one cannot but be impressed by the large commercial orchards and their fruit which is unsurpassed by any grown anywhere in our entire country. There is little left, however, to remind the traveller of the fine orchards that were once to be seen on every farm, whether it was along the Jordan, the Ontelaunee, the Tulpehocken, the Conewago, the Conocochesaque, or in the valley of the Shenandoah—all country settled or largely inhabited by our Pennsylvania German people and their descendants. Many of us just past the half-century mark remember the apple orchards of our youth. Old age, neglect and the San Jose scale took their toll some forty years ago.

The apple is one of the oldest cultivated fruits known to mankind. Both the apple tree and its fruit are mentioned a number of times in the Old Testament. Tacitus mentioned that the early Germans ate the fruit of wild apple trees. The tree has been cultivated in Europe for centuries. It was therefore only natural that all nationalities—French, English, Dutch, Swede, German—should bring the apple with them to America. Strange as it may seem, although the first settlers found the apple growing wild in the New World, pomologists tell us that all our cultivated varieties are descended from Old World trees.

To the city dweller who eats "an apple a day" and to the farmer who has not a single apple tree left on his farm, the importance of the apple in the home life and the economy of our ancestors may be hard to picture. With the home markets—Allentown, Reading, Lancaster, etc.—only one-tenth, or less, of their present size, one may indeed wonder what the farmers did with all the apples when each farm had its orchard or two. A larger market like Philadelphia was too far away to afford an economic market for such a heavy and bulky commodity before the days of the railroad. Old records and accounts show that this difficulty was overcome by distilling the apples to "apple jack", whereby 8 bushels were concentrated in bulk and weight to four gallons. Also, compared with present customs, the home consumption of the latter product was enormous.

A better picture can be obtained from a letter of a Pennsylvania farmer to the U. S. Commissioner of Patents in 1851, in which he estimated the yearly requirements of his family of twelve. "We use 5 barrels of cidar and 18 bushels of apples to make apple-butter for a 12 months' supply, and 1 or 2 barrels of watered cider for vinegar, considering it preferable to any made from poisonous alcohol. One family will consume 200 bushels of apples a year, if they have an orchard yielding a full supply of the best sorts, in regular succession, say—

100 bushels of summer and fall apples for eating cooking, drying, etc., at 25 cents per bushel	$25.00
100 bushels best winter apples at 50 cents	$50.00
5 barrels cider at $2.00	$10.00
18 bushels sweet butter apples	$ 4.50
2 barrels of watered cider	$ 2.00
Value of apples consumed by one large family	$91.50

He added "where a farmer has not a good supply of fruits, a great deal of money is carried to stores to purchase molasses and other substitutes, not so good or so wholesome for a family of children."

Unfortunately he did not tell in his letter how many bushels he needed for his farm animals. Farm journals of the 1830-1840 period are full of articles on the value of apples as food for cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. "Apples are most excellent food for beeves."

"Hogs care nothing for corn if they can get apples; if sweet, the apples may be given without boiling; if sour, they must be boiled." "Sweet apples and good eating apples are to be preferred as food for horses, sheep and cows."

If the writer of the letter had been a Pennsylvania German he might have added $2.50 for the bushel of **schnitz** which the average family sold at the country store. This does not sound like good economics for it took a bushel of apples to make 7 pounds of **schnitz**. However, the **schnitz** were made of dropped apples which otherwise would have gone to waste. The drying of **schnitz** and other fruit was confined almost entirely to the Pennsylvanai Germans. Apparently the practice was not even general in their homeland in Germany as the author of a German cook-book in 1802 felt it necessarp to explain to his readers that **"Horden" (PG hard)** means a "kind of table" used in drying fruit. Also, Schoepf, the German surgeon who travelled across Pennsylvania in 1783, found **schnitz** something out of the ordinary and left us a description of an early **schnitz** party. "Three miles from here at Orth's Tavern, we found quarters for the night. The whole family and neighbors willing to help, all of them Germans, were occupied in peeling and cutting fallen apples (mostly green), so as to dry them; the English country-people have not so generally adopted this means of using their superfluous fruit. For the entertainment of the numerous company a humorous old Irishman was retailing his jests."

The writer of the letter indicated his distaste for poisonous alcohol, otherwise he might have included the apples that frequently went into the making of **seidereil.** Schoepf, mentioned above, also left us an account of "cyder-oil," as he called it. "Our quarters for the night were at Heller's, a lonesome tavern at the foot of the Blue or Kittatinny Mountains. Already a good many settlers, especially Germans have come to live here, in a narrow but pleasant valley, and scattered as they are in the bush one hardly knows they are there. It was a Sunday and we found assembled at the tap-house (according to the traditional German custom), a numerous company of German farmers of the neighborhood, who were making good cheer with their cyder and cyder-oil. Cyder-oil is a pretty strong drink; it consists of the combustible spirits of cyder, mixed again, in divers proportions, with cyder of the best grade."

With all these various uses it can readily be seen why large orchards were necessary. Moreover, orchards then were far different from the commercial orchards of today and the yield was but a mere fraction of what it is now. The fruit often was of a non-descript variety. The first nursery in the United States was started about 1730, but commercial nurseries generally did not flourish until after 1800, and among Pennsylvania Germans were not patronized until long after that. The pomace pile was the nursery. The orchards were planted from seedlings from the pomace pile. Whenever a tree produced fruit in quantity it was entitled to a place in the orchard as a cider-apple tree. A seedling that produced fruit of quality and flavor was worthy of cultivation for household uses, and every neighbor borrowed twigs for grafting on his own stock. Many of us remember the farm orchard where half of the trees were of the "cider" variety. Fruit growing was far from the science it is today.

The first book on the care of fruit trees, printed in America, was "A Treaties on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees" by William Forsyth, gardener to the King of England. This was printed in London in 1802 and the Philadelphia edition appeared in the same year. The first book on the subject written especially for America was "A View of the Cultivation of Fruit Trees" by William Coxe, and was printed in 1817.

Before these two books were printed there had come from the press of Jacob Schnee of Lebanon, in 1799, a curious little pamphlet of 16 pages—one of the rarest of Pennsylvania German imprints—with the imposing title "Der Wohlerfahrne Baum-Gaertner, oder gruendliche Anweisung zur Behandlung der Obst-Baeume, nebst einer Anleitung zur Bienenzucht." This little book contains 12 pages of rules for the Pennsylvania German fruit grower. All trees must be planted in October "im Volmond." If any of the roots are broken, they must be cut off "aber mit keinem Brodmesser, sonst werden die Wurzlen brandigt." If the apples are to keep during the winter, pick them in September or October "wann der Mond acht Tage zugenommen hat." To prevent fruit from dropping off before it is ripe "sammle die Raden, die im Korn wachsen, reis sie mit den Wurzlen aus, und wenn sie anfangen welk zu werden, so macht man ein Kranz daraus, und guertet ihn um den Baum, so behaelt er die Frucht, bis zur rechten Zeitigung." If you want to grow sweet apples on a sour apple tree, bore a hole in the trunk of the tree and "fuelle das Loch mit Honigschaum, und vermache es mit einem Theil von Hagendornen, und umgrabe den Baum mit Saumist." While this booklet was rather of an occult nature, nevertheless it shows that the publisher saw the need among his countrymen of information on this subject.

Beginning about 1830, agricultural and horticultural societies sprung up throughout the country and brought a change for the better. The county agricultural societies in Pennsylvania were organized in the 1850's, the ones in Lehigh and Berks Counties both in 1852. The latter, especially, was prominent in the propagation of new varieties of apples. No less than 22 varieties that originated in Berks County attained sufficient importance to be listed in the 1857 edition of Downing's "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," notably among these were the Keim, Krauser and Falliwalter.

The total number of varieties in the country, however, ran into the hundreds. It was Thoreau who mused over the thought that "it would be a pleasant pastime to find suitable names for the hundred varieties which go to a single heap at the cider-mill." He would have had none named after man. In this respect he would have been delighted with some of the Pennsylvania German names. Each locality, of course, had its own varieties and often different localities had different names for the same variety. In the writer's own community, within a radius of three miles, there were at least four named after families—Hunscker, Harter, Handwerk and Kern. There were as many others with descriptive names. The **Hawwer Abbel** ripened simultaneously with the oats. The **Schmutz Abbel** had a waxy skin and was yellow in color. There were several varieties that went by the name of **Rabbel Abbel,** from the fact that the seed rattled when the fruit was fully ripe. The **Hutmacher** was a sweet apple, red striped, with a whitish bloom. It probably got its name from its shape. There were two varieties of "pound apples, one sweet and one sour, both called **Hengscht Abbel.** How much more descriptive than a common name like pound apple! **Hengscht Abbel!** A name that implies size, beauty, zest and all the other superlative qualities! The oddest variety was a small green apple, about the size of a golf ball and about as hard, green all over except for a reddish blush on those that were fully exposed to the sun. It grew on a tree with drooping branches, like the weeping willow, and was called **der Henk Weide.** The fruit was so hard it was edible only after it had been buried in the ground all winter. In spring, when the more desirable varieties had been used or gone the route of decay, **der Henk Weide** tasted mighty fine. From Berks County came a variety called **Gewiss Gut.**

The most famous of all Pennsylvania German apples, however, was the **Falliwalder.** It was the only one that attained nation-wide notice. Its origin is obscure and the spelling of the name varies. It was first described by Downing in 1845, from a sample submitted by a Mr. Garber of Columbia, Pa. However, the tree was already widely distributed at that time, and from the fact that ten different authorities also call it the "Tulpehocken" apple, it is believed that the tree originally grew in western Berks County. Considering the time it takes for an apple tree to reach bearing age, and considering the fact that it was already wide apread in 1845, it is safe to say that the first Falliwalder must have been discovered early in the 19th century. A letter in the U. S. Commissioner of Patents' report for 1858 names it one of the six best varieties for Pennsylvania. The various spellings used are—Fallow Water, Fallawater, Faldwalder, Fall de Waldes, Fallenwalder, Fornwalder, etc. With no agreement on spelling it is easy to understand that the origin and meaning of the name should also be uncertain. There is one story which is rather pretty, and it is as good as any other. A seedling grew up in a forest. The mighty trees of the forest overshadowed it and stunted its growth, and no one took notice of the crooked, spindly little thing. The woodmen came along and cut down the forest. Then the seedling lifted its head, grew up and bore fruit. "Elliott's Fruit Book, or the American Fruit Grower's Guide" (1856) says "It sprung up in the woods, and was left standing after the other trees were cut down; hence the name Fallenwalder, or apple of the cut-down woods."

A cold winter evening—a full woodchest—a warm kitchen stove—the neighbors are over for a nice social evening. Mother brings out plates and paring knives and we all eat a Falliwalder or two before they go home.

The woodchest has gone to the antique collector—the kitchen stove has made way for an electric range—there are no more Falliwalders—the kitchen is dark—everybody goes to the movies. Such is progress!

DER YAEGER

Vum JOHN BIRMELIN

Der Yaeger, der Hund un die Flint,
Die gehne schunn frieh uff die Yacht;
'S iss kalt, un en beissicher Wind;
Do waerd yuscht noch driwwer gelacht.

Daerrich Felder un Baschdert druff nei,
Fassande un Haase sin frei;
En fleissicher Hund vannehaer,
Der rechelt 's sich selwer en Ehr.

Der Yaeger iss schtols uff die Flint,
"So gut as mer eeni noch findt!"
So richdich im Zuck un genau im Visier—
Mit so me Gewehr iss es Yaage 'n Blessier.

Un wann sich mol ebbes verregt,
Do waerd schunn die Flint aagelegt;
Der Yaeger iss wacker, der Yaeger iss kiehl,
Un losst er's mol grache, do drefft er sei Ziel.

Nau hawwich ken Hund un hab aa ken Flint,
So gehn ich wull net uff die Yacht;
Doch heer ich des Schiesse, gedraage vum Wind,
Do freet's mich im Haerze wann's gracht.

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—UNITED PRESS

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Memoer Audit Bureau of Circulations.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Claude Robinson, president of Opinion Research Corp., which is the commercial side of the Gallup poll, puts the Gallup error as follows:

Truman, poll 44.5 per cent; latest 50.0 per cent; poll error 5.5 per cent. Dewey, poll 49.5; latest 45.8; poll error 3.7. Thurmond, poll 2.0; latest 1.9; poll error 0.1. Wallace poll 4.0; latest 2.3; poll error 1.7.

By "latest," he means the vote as recorded on November 4. Perhaps, he hoped on that day, that it would change perceptibly.

In his report to his customers, Mr. Robinson philosophically states:

"All sciences progress by making mistakes. Every doctor and every engineer makes careful studies of his failures in order to find and remove the 'bugs' in technique. The polling experience of 1948 most certainly will make pollers re-examine and improve their methods."

In his report to his cusrect. When a doctor makes a serious mistake, the patient often dies. It may be of some value to the world at large that the doctor writes a learned dissertation on his error for a technical journal, but that does the dead man no good. He is dead.

Similarly when an engineer designs a crazy bridge and it collapses and those upon it are hurled into the river beneath to find a watery grave, it does them no good that he says that if the bridge had been built differently, it would not have collapsed.

The errors of science may be as costly as the errors of nonsense. Doctors' fads have done incalculable damage and some of the peculiarities of statisticians—temporarily popular—may do infinite damage. Claude Robinson then makes the point:

"Men of action want answers, not 'whereas' and 'on the other hand.' People in the polling profession must take a stand. In this case, the result was not a happy one."

That puts the "men of action" where? Suppose the results are often bad but are covered up by pseudo-scientific gibberish which misleads. Perhaps, had Mr. Dewey ignored them, he would have conducted altogether a different type of campaign. In Ohio, he lost by a hair. How is such a loss explained? Men will argue about it for many years; yet the fact is that the total vote for governor was more than 300,000 higher than the total vote for president. Not only did numerous Ohioans stay away from the polls, but more than 300,000 voted for a governor but not for a president. Why? Certainly a "scientific" poll should have discovered that before the election—if there is any science to it at all.

The correct journalistic approach is altogether different from the pollsters. Unless he is one of those prima donnas who projects himself as a news item, the journalist states his case as he sees and believes it on the day he writes. He does not attempt to shake the world by prophecies and predictions. He does not personally make history; he only reports history from one man's perspective. He differs from the historian because he writes only for today; the historian gathers the items together, compares one with the other, weighs and judges the validity of the account and reaches a conclusion which is revised by other historians.

After all, about 21,000,000 Americans out of about 45,000,000 voted for Dewey and a large part of the press supported Dewey. That does not mean that the press or the 21,000,000 were wrong in their support. An American does not support a candidate because he must win; he supports a candidate because he believes in him and what he stands for. Those who voted for Norman Thomas were just as right or wrong as those who voted for Truman or Dewey or the vegetarian from California. The only ones who may have been totally in error were those who voted for Wallace—but that is a different argument.

In a word, the harm the polls have done this country not only in this but in prior elections has been to give the impression that the object of an election was not to debate principles and to consider men, but a horserace with handicaps. That is as un-American as the Communist party. It is a negation of our whole conception of the free, secret election.

(Copyright 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

From a lot of my mail and from many conversations with people I have come to the conclusion that an awful lot of folks haven't the slightest idea of what living means.

They seem to think that living and excitement are synonymous. They can't see anything interesting in everyday living. They are searching—and most of them searching in vain—for glamour and thrills.

"How I envy you newspapermen," they write or say. "Your life must be so exciting. You are right in the midst of everything. You travel; you meet interesting people; you have a front row seat in the spectacle of life."

It is that last statement, which came to me only yesterday in a letter from Dayton, Ohio, that got my goat.

He compared the monotony of his life with the color of mine.

And he closed his letter with a paragraph in which he expressed his sympathy with my present condition.

"Now that you are more or less confined to your home," he wrote, "you will get an idea how most of us feel who have to spend the greater part of our lives in the confinement of our local surroundings."

Apparently this fellow is able bodied, of sound mind, well paid, happily married—and extremely one-sided.

I wonder how much he has seen of Dayton.

I wonder how much he has explored his own community—a darn good and interesting community—I wonder how much he has done and is doing to make Dayton a better city.

I even wonder whether he went out and voted on Nov. 2.

Looking at life, my dear readers, is not gallivanting all over the world looking for oddities.

That is Bob Ripley's job, believe it or not, not yours or mine.

Looking at life means looking at the kind of life that most of us live and, by looking at it right, getting the most out of it that can be gotten.

That Dayton fellow works in a drug store.

To me there aren't many more interesting places than drug stores and hardware stores, where all kinds of people go for all kinds of things.

I spend hours in our local establishments — Colgan's and Greensberg's—looking at new gadgets and things.

This morning Joe Colgan showed me a little blue bottle with 50 white pellets in it. The price was $24.95.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, "What is that for?"

"For seasickness."

"Isn't that terribly high?" I inquired.

"Have you ever been seasick?" he asked.

"I certainly have."

"Wouldn't you have gladly given $1,000 to get rid of that awful feeling? I think $24.95 is cheap."

If I had more space I'd tell you about that little gadget that lets you cut your own hair at home. Only 69 cents.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Revelation 22

Those who have the printed list of the daily readings for '48 will find that the word Revelation is printed as Revelations, which should never be done. The assignment for today is the same as that for Oct. 30, where the word is correctly printed. As John is permitted to see in vision the City of God, he observes a river of pure water, called the water of life, and the tree of life, yielding 12 kinds of fruit, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. No curse rests upon this city, for sin and death are no more. There is no night there, therefore no need of candle or sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof, 21:23. In these days one is tempted to ask, what is the wave-length of the radiance proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb, v. 3. Perhaps scientists will some day find here the mystery of the so-called cosmic rays explained. Wonders in the realm of science are multiplying daily, and who knows but what John has been permitted in advance to behold the glories which shall some day be revealed, when God shall have made all things new, 21:5.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

LOST CHANCE

He would have reached the
top if he had dared
Step after step to climb.
He might have captured great-
ness had he cared
Enough to spend the time.

The skillful hand by practice
must be earned.
For skill the young must
wait.
But all the tedious drudgery
he spurned
Until it was too late.

Boy, gathers skill and know-
ledge while you can —
Now while it's yours to get—
Lest the lost chance for tri-
umph as a man
Life-long you will regret.

Copyright 1948

Editorials

Thought for Today

Time cools, time clarifies; no mood can be maintained quite unaltered thru the course of hours.—Mann.

Dulles Appointment Spells Unity

If any further evidence were required as to American solidarity in the matter of foreign policy, particularly in the European field, President Truman has supplied it by appointment of John Foster Dulles as acting chairman of the American delegation to the United Nations.

Mr. Dulles, a Republican, was one of Governor Dewey's closest advisers during the recent Presidential campaign and it was expected that in the event of Mr. Dewey's victory he would be named Secretary of State. Yet, in the face of such political background which in other times would have been accepted as unpardonable antagonism, President Truman accords the highest position in one of our most representative and important bodies to Mr. Dulles.

It is true of course that Mr. Dulles has a rather nominal position, that it will not be his part to make the important decisions but that they will be made in Washington. Nevertheless his selection to carry out and voice those decisions and to help to make them thru his knowledge and advice constitute important position.

The important point is the emphasis to Russia or whomsoever else it may concern that the people of the United States stand back of President Truman and the delegation to the United Nations; that this delegation is speaking with authority and their pronouncements will be supported by the American government.

Keep Mails Moving to Europe

With a strike of longshoremen on the Atlantic coast, shipping is at a standstill not only as to outgoing business but also as to incoming. Passengers, mail and freight are affected and only the former category can get around the difficulty, namely by taking train for Canadian ports where the great ocean liners now are forced to dock if they want to transact their business

Very serious is the effect upon the mails, more than 150,000 bags of which are said to be piled up in the New York office alone. Furthermore, all the ships which came into port since the strike have had to return to Europe with the mail which they had brought here for delivery but which could not be unloaded because of the strike.

It has been the proud boast of the U. S. Post Office Department that despite all difficulties, "the mail must go thru." Altho it will cost a great deal of money to hurdle the present difficulty, the Department in devotion to outstanding service for the people of the United States might well dispatch all foreign mail to Canadian ports.

While the longshoremen are not thinking of the people of Europe and have no sentiment as to their longings and expectations as to the vast numbers of gifts, particularly Christmas gifts, which are in those mailbags, the U. S. Government might well in this emergency adopt such an extraordinary policy. Then Christmas will be what the Europeans hoped it would be and what hundreds of thousands of gift-givers in this country planned Christmas should be for their relatives and friends.

Turkey Supply 10 Per Cent Under '47

The American festal season that has grown up around Thanksgiving Day is near at hand and in millions of households thruout the land preparations are afoot for observance of the family reunion day that is a briefer forerunner of the larger family reunion idea that clusters about the Christmastide.

The Thanksgiving Day dinner is the focal point of these preparations and the focal point of that dinner in millions of homes will be America's contribution to the world's gastronomic delights—a plump, golden-brown, roasted turkey, with abundance of trimmings.

This year hower it is anticipated fewer American tables can be so adorned for American turkey growers report a total of fewer than 32 million birds, a reduction of about 10 per cent from the 1947 figure and the smallest crop since 1938 when there were several million fewer hcuseholds to be supplied.

As a result of this small supply and greater demand, prices thruout the country already are well in excess of the 1947 figures. While there is variation from city to city, the price trend has been upward this year and there is general warning and advice that if you want a bird, you'd better get it at once.

It can be added that the supply in cold storage also is low. Figures at the beginning of the month showed only 34 million pounds of the bird in cold storage, or about half as much as was in the frozen state a year before, while in February last a total of 83 million pounds was reported to be in the lockers and freezing rooms.

These figures indicate that more and more turkey is eaten at other seasons of the year than Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. This trend has been accelerated whenever there have been meat shortages and the caterers and householders have had to turn to fowl for their principal meat dish.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Cincinnati— Mr. Truman is going to make a lot of exhilarated union chiefs unhappy, they'll soon discover.

Certainly he'll spend the next few years paying off those who helped elect him—but he won't be a "labor" president.

A few of the top men running the AFL convention know a story which should have been the tipoff. It tells of an exuberant conversation President Truman had with AFL President Green a few hours after the recent post-election victory parade in Washington.

During their talk in the White House, Mr. Truman turned to Green and said:

"I know every single person in every group that helped me. Remember that. I'm going to deliver to my friends. The others can worry for themselves."

What the president said then, and what a long string of his top aides have not said here in their speeches is solid evidence that Mr. Truman does not believe he owes his election to any one group—including labor.

It's important to note that not one of the high presidential assistants who flew here from Washington and from the haven of vacationing brass, Key West, thanked the AFL for its political activity. Nor did they deliver behind-the scenes promises to make the AFL leadership happy, it now develops.

One presidential aide did promise that the Truman administration would take the government out of labor relations and strikes. But others indicated that Mr. Truman had no intention of junking that part of the Taft-Hartley Law which gives the president the power to end the John L. Lewis type of national crippling strikes.

Typical was assistant to the president, Steelman. He flew here from Key West, flashed toothy smiles, bobbed his head several hundred times at union leaders he thought important, expressed his love for labor—and came out against communism. But he made no promises. He committed Mr. Truman to nothing.

All of which tells you why the shrewder labor politicos here have blueprinted a master plan for capture of political power with which to impress not only Congress, but Mr. Truman and his Democratic party as well.

They are, for example, going to make a special drive for hundreds of thousands of dollars early each year to finance an invasion of the Democratic party in an effort to influence party slates by capturing nominations for city, state and federal offices in the primary elections.

Labor chiefs here frankly admitted this in their official decision, whoopingly adopted by the convention, to stay in politics permanently.

"A drive for voluntary contributions for use in political campaigns will be instituted yearly to insure adequate funds well in advance of primary elections. . .," their statement says.

This money will be turned over to regional directors who will have working for them the year round by the 1950 congressional election "trade union political stewards directing effective teams of volunteer workers in every one of the 110,000 urban and rural precincts in this country," union chiefs disclosed.

This means they will throw into action in the next 20 months the largest army of political workers in history—at least 1,000,000 centrally coordinated, trained people.

And this army will be in the field.

Topside labor chiefs are worried about 1950. They admit that 1948's victory may be blitzed out by a light vote because:

"There are upwards of 100 districts in which a fall off of only 10,000 votes would mean the defeat of friendly congressmen in 1950. . ."

In that event, in two years the labor leaders would have no claim on Mr. Truman, for they couldn't prove that there was a labor vote.

They could prove only that they worked hard in 1948 and won because Republican overconfidence lost for the G.O.P.

But if the labor politicos win in 1950, Truman will quickly reconsider his decision not to be a "labor" president.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Richmond Auto Court
Richmond, Va.
da 17d Nofember, 1948.

My Lieva Laiser: Ich denk ihr gucka won n'r sehna fon woh m'r schreiva. Die Katerinah un der Pumpernickle sin uf 'm waig for aryads onna. ow'r wissa ols noch net recht woh woh hee, un aw net wie long os m'r bleiva. So fiel wissa m'r ow'r, os m'r da farmie dawg om tzaea uhr die shtadt ferlossa hen mit unser'm glaina bloe fogel, un os m'r bis da novet halver siva doh hunna in Richmond worra, 281 miles fon hame. M'r sin uf route 222 noch Reading, fon darta uf route 122 noch Oxford, un fon darta uf route 1, darrich Baltimore un Washington D. C. noch Richmond.

M'r hen middawg ganumma in Baltimore, un woh m'r uns in aim hoar in druvel gablauder'd hetta -un ol darrich karrabsa boy. Wie die dish obworter'n kumma is froga wos m'r noch wotta, wie m'r unser ribba roasht gessa hen kot, hut sie ow'r grawd tzu fershtae gewwa, os sie nix may het wie karrabsa boy. Die weil os m'r dafor shun fernart sin werra mit karrabsa boy un karrabsa kustard, hen m'r gawunnert ebs don aw boy wear, un net kustard wos sie het. Eb sie ow'r recht g'sawt hut kot 's wear "Pumpkin pie," hut die Katerinah uns gahairich wedder die shins gakick'd, un awfonga blauderra fom wedder. M'r hen gawist wos sel maint, ganook'd, m'r wotta "pumpkin pie," un eb die dish ob worter'n recht fert wor, hut die Katerinah g'sawt, "Duh dummer ding, so dumma socha froga. Duh bish'd alt ganunk fer wissa os sie doh hunner der unnershit net wissa g'shwishich boy un kustard, sis allas boy tzu ihna. Wos duh grick'sh'd is kustard, -un grawd so wors aw. Ferwos m'r die froke shtella hen missa wissa m'r net, mit ous 's wor weil m'r net sin fer gawerts, un kon eich sawga os der kustard woh sie uns gabrocht hut fer boy, gaharich galawda wor.

In Washington worra m'r wenich ferlora, ow'r die weil os m'r aenicha waig net recht wissa woh m'r hee wolla, wors ol ains. Dadarrich hen m'r awenich may fon da shtadt g'sehna wie m'r so hetta, ow'r hen naryads ob g'shtopt. Endlich hen m'r die brick iwwer der Potomac erblick'd, un sin sella waig tzurick uf route ains kumma. So weit os londschoft aw gait, guck'd allas so weit doh runner wie aw dahame rum. 'S graws is dar, die bladder sin fon da bame, un die bauer wohs bauerlond hut, hens welskern gabosh'd, un ihra shpote yohr's arwet weck. Fon Fredericksburg doh runner is bol nix wie bushlond, mit ainra grossa sake meal noch da onnerra. 'S sake meal on da manshda bletz, ferbrenna sie, un die gons luft reech'd noch bind shmoke. Sis halver nina, un hoerra ols noch 'n huls sake brumma ken fartel mile weck woh m'r unser kabin hen.

So weit os kabins aw gain, is garaida fol -un sin ols noch eiferich om baua. Die gons West woh m'r 'm onnerra summer darrich sin hut tzu sawga ken kabins un motels, gaeich wos m'r so weit g'sehna hen. Un die prica sin aw os wie 's net nagshd so hoch os wie 's lond drous. Wies were shunshd bletz finna m'r ous. Unser kabin os m'r hen, ains fon bout ma hunnerd, is ae helft fon ma tzwae shtubbicha, b o c k a shtaina gabei mit shteam hitz un shower, hut Brussel karbet fon wond tzu wond, 'n gute bed, paar dish, 'n vanity, guta shteel, radio, telefone, un lecktrick fan, -ol fer fier dahler die nocht. Farna drous is aw 'n grosser ess blotz, ebbes os m'r net bol aw dreft in da West, -'n ess blotz os tzu da kabins kairt.

Richmond is 'n alter blotz. 'S wor doh woh der Kaptain John Smith lond kauft hut fom Insha Chief Powhatan, in 1609, un 'n settlement gamocht hut woh er "None Such," k'haisa hut. Richmond is ous galaig'd werra ols 'n shtadt in 1737, un is der Kapital werra fon Virginia in 1779. Die Virginia Convention is doh k'halta werra in 1775, woh der Patrick Henry sei arya speech gamocht hut; uns wor aw der blotz woh die Siddlicha leit in 1861 ous gamocht hen fer ous da Union gae, un woh der gross griek g'shwishich da Nord un Siddlicha shtadta gabrocht hut.

Richmond hut bout 225,000 eiwohner, un fon da graishda duwocks marrick heiser im lond. 'S sin aw grossa cigar, cigarett un chawduwock factories doh; hen bobier meala; duhna grossie druckerrei bisnis: un hen fiel eisa foundries un shtawl meala; un mocha 'n mechdichie lot mashinery. Sie hen aw fier kolleges fer weissa leit, un aw neager kollege. So weit os socha tzu sehna sin, kent m'r 'n mohnet doh tzu bringa, un wear noh net rum. Un mier, -wel mier ferlossa morya free fer weiter 's lond unna nous weil m'r 's im blute hen fer travla, maiga m'r hee kumma woh m'r wolla. 'N onnerer dawg fertzaila m'r weiter.

Wie immer,
Der Pumpernickle

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

When Irvin S. Cobb, was taken on as a cub reporter for the Paducah, Ky., weekly newspaper, the editor reminded him, "Put in plenty of names, son. Folks hereabouts like to know what their neighbors are up to." The leading paragraph of Cobb's first story read, "There was a fire in Colonel Eli Levington's stable last night. The casualties were Zenia, a dappled mare, and two cows named Laurabelle and Minnie."

Horoscope

This is a good time for intellectual interests, for seeing friends and taking trips. You should enjoy great happiness in the near future, make many new friendships and experience good fortune. Today's child should have a strong love of home and relatives and have, in the main, a happy and successful life.



Was hot's geduh?

What did it? Was it labor? Was it the farmer? Who and what reelected Harry Truman? These questions were asked by millions on November 3rd.—WAS HOT'S GEDUH? This question was asked by Gottlieb Boonastiel 60 years ago. In 1887 Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second President of the U. S., in his message to Congress strongly advised readjustment of the tariff charges on certain imports and also duty-free admission of certain raw materials. This message became a basis for the Democratic platform in 1888. Cleveland was unanimously nominated for re-election to the presidency. However, at the election in November Grover Cleveland was defeated and the Republican candidate, Benjamin Harrison, was elected. "Was hot's geduh?" is one of the dialect letters which Col. T. H. Harter wrote for his newspaper The Middleburgh Post. This letter was later published in his well-known "Boonastiel." Our readers may find it interesting reading at this time.—ED.

Ich hab noch ken furlough grickt far heem geh un mer sin noch all der Rewwer drowwe. Mer hen schier alle Daag Bekenntnis Schtund un yeder ebber iss dernoh erlaabt sei opinion gewwe wege was uns so geleddert hot an der Leckschon.

Der Sam Kissinger behaabt die Demograade hette uns bschisse mit ihre grosse tickets.

Der alt Petzmiller 'blame't unser defeat uffs Welschkarnbaschte, weil die 'Publicans all an der Aerwet waare uff der Lechschon Daag.

Der Schgweier Lawbuck soschpeckt ass die 'Publicans ihre Campaign Schmals all warre iss eb der neint November.

Der Bensch Harrison behaabt, es waer nix gewest as der verlumpt McGinty Tariff as uns defeat hot, un der Bill McGinty schiebt die Schuld uff seller karyos altfashioned grossdaadi Sunndaags Hut, as der Bensch Harrison als draagt, wann er in die Kaerrich geht.

Die Betz Grill behaabt de 'Publicans ihre Kinner waere all Maed gewest far die ledschte zwansich Yohr, un die Sechs-Fuss-Betz soll gsaat hawwe, ass mei narrische Brief viel zu duh hette ghatt mit unsere Schlaeg.

Ich far mei Paerd hab mei eegeni opinion. Wann emol die Leit en notion nemme, dann weess mer net wu sie schtoppe. Ee Schof tschumpt iwwer die fence un die Drof yaagt hinne nooch. Es macht nix aus wie gute Zeide as mer hen, yeder ebber meent sie kennte noch besser sei, un wann en schwerer Regge en grosser Graawe darrich me Mann sei Welschkarnfeld gerisse hot, dann iss die 'Publican Paerdy ge-blamed warre defor. In fact, alles as letz gange iss, iss de 'Publicans in die Schuh gschitt warre bis yeder ebberall geglaabt hot, sie waere die Schuld vun alles Schlechtes. Of course, die Demograade kenne grosse Imbrufments mache uff deel vun de 'Publicans ihre Sache. Zum Beischpiel, was iss die use en lot loafers un Rumlaefer fiedere vum Government—Kaerls wu ken fimf cent wert sin in eenichere Bissniss un griege dernoh en appointment vum Government an e paar dausend Daaler 's Yohr un verdiene ken roder heller cent. Die 'Publicans hen yuscht e paar zu viel vun selle Kaerls in Schmals ghalte. Wann sie als grosse Daate geduh hen in ere campaign dann hen sie en appointment grickt in me department, un wann der manager vun sellem department gsaat hot, er waer voll un hett ken Blatz far meh Hilf, dann iss er instruct warre far Blatz mache un der sucker hot sei Loh grickt yuscht es same as wann er alle cent verdient hett. Es iss schier der same Weg in unserem Harrisbaerrick. Es duhne alle session vun em Semly un Senate en lot Kaerls appoint warre zu offices as far gaar ken use sin, un dernoh kenne sie mit eenere Hand am Harrisbaerrick Ditz henke un mit der annere die boliticians deheem raawe. Selle Weg kenne sie es double aadreiwe—awwer die Zeit kummt, ass die Leit ihre mind uffmache, ass sie net 'afford' e kenne en Congressman odder Senator 'elect'e vum County yuscht far die Bludsuckler sie abhandle, wie fette Sei far offices in Harrisbaerrick.

Guck emol e bissel aus deweil, ass ich net deheem bin un du kannscht verleicht selwer sehne, was so Bissniss en influence hot uff die voters, wu ihre Sache gut meene, un dernoh kannscht du Schleet un pencil nemme un selwer ausrechle, wie lang ass selli Sache noch gehne bis alles zum Deihenker geht. Ich glaab, ass die Bludsuckler uns meh votes gekoscht hen, as der McGinty tariff, un wann die Demograade sie losschicdle, dann duhne sie grosse Dienschte zu unserem Government.

Es iss en grossi chance far Imbrufment far unser demograadische Freind un ich glaab, ass sie es duhne, wann sie net zu hungerich warre, eb sie uffs Nescht gehne far briehe.

WILLKUMM ZU LEBANON DAAL

Written for the Seventh Lebanon Valley Versammling held in Lebanon on November 4th, 1948.

Kumm du heem noch Lebanon Daal!
Schenscht Eck im ganse Land!
Blooe Barye iwwerall
Rings rum so wie en Schall.

Friehyohrs Felder grie mit Glee,
Summers mit Gold bedeckt;
Schpotyohr—so wunnerschee,
Winterzeit—Baawoll gefleckt!

Kumm du heem, verlorner Freind,
Do wu die glee Schwator
Lacht zu re Sunn as scheint
Aus Dach vun Wolke glor!

Geb mir dann dei freindlich Hand
Un nemm en Gruss vun mir.
Willkumm! schreiw ich an die Wand—
En Bendel henkt an de Dier.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

IN DER KICH

Under the above headline we shall from time to time offer, with the assistance of our readers, all sorts of information concerning our regional cuisine. Our Pennsylvania German cookery is famed far and wide. Has it been too highly praised? Is it only a nostalgic deception of the mind that our foremothers bequeathed to us a superior cookery? Or does the Southerner and the New Englander agree to its excellence? We solicit your kind assistance.

Do any of our readers past fifty recall seeing spinach growing in Pennsylvania German gardens before 1900? If so, do you recall in what form it was served?

Do any of our readers past fifty remember that their grandmothers used carrots for any other purpose than for vegetable soup?

Did your grandparents eat any other "greens" in spring than dandelion?

Have any of our readers eaten **Sauerambel** or **Halwer Gaul?** If so, in what way were they served? Can you furnish us with recipes?

Have any of our readers eaten **Sauerambel** pie or known anyone to bake it? Who can furnish us with the recipe?

Who of you still bakes onion pies? Do you call them **Zwiwwlekuche?** Please furnish us with recipe.

When is a "Kuche" not a cake?

What is your favorite stuffing? Do you call it **Fillsel** or some other name?

Kindly send your replies to: The Editor of the Eck, Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DER SCHIMMEL DENKT'S DARRICH

Do schtehn ich erleenich
In meim Schtall.
Mei Meeschter iss am Bluge;
Icn meen ich sett meh Aerwet
Ausrichte—net yuscht ruhe.

Von Esse un Fresse
Do fehlt nix.
'S iss immer Hoi im Hoireff
Un Welschkarn Schrot wann in de Not;
Salz-Schleckes wann ich's aadreff.

Doch meen ich gewehnlich,
Der Bauer
Sett mich efter uffgscharre;
'S waar mol en Zeit, net wie's iss heit—
Dau duhn sie mich yuscht so eischparre.

Bei Blugzeit hen die Leit
Als gerufe:
"Yep! Giddap! Druff los, varnehaer!
Do kummt der Schimmel, bei Himmel!
Tschie! Haa! Dreh aus! Greiz Gewehr!"

Sellemols waar ich schtols
In meim Gscharr.
En Kummet mit goldene Schpee!
Die eisne Schtreng schtrack, mei Hufeise glatt—
Schritt schtols—mei Kopp in de Heeh!

Nau geht es, so verleed es,
Halfter fescht.
"Der Tractor" saagt der Bauer,
"Kann fart bluge unni Ruhe,
Un fresst yo gor ken Hawwer."

So stehn ich gans erleenich
Unni Pflicht.
Doch alsemol, iwwer 'm Schtriggle,
Gebt der Bauer, extraa Hawwer
Un Schtroh fer mich bulli eiwiggle.

So meen ich gewehnlich,
Er saagt mir:
"Danke—aa, du alter Schimmel—
So dann un wann, so wie ich kann,
Schpann ich dich ei im Geils-Himmel!"

OIER SUCHE

Der klee Knecht saagt:

"Nau such die Oier," die Mammi ruft,
Sell iss gaar net notwennich;
Ich weess graad, wu die Oier sin
Un all die Neschter kenn ich.

Sie schicke mich, weil ich allee
So hoch nuff graddle kann,
Un schlupp als unnich 'm Seischtall nei,
Zu eng fer'n grosser Mann.

Die menschte Hinkel sin zu faul
Ihr Oier zu verschteckle;
Doch alsemol iss eeni schlau—
Browiert ihr Nescht zu decke.

En Dutzend sin nau in meim Karb—
Deel weiss, deel brau, paar gehl.
Doch wu iss dann de scheckich ihr's?
Die legt yo unni fehl!

Nau wu kennt dann ihr Nescht sei heit?
Im Fudergang? im Schopp?
Die iss zu gscheit—ich glaab gewiss,
'S wiehlt ebbes in ihr'm Kopp!

Ich hab sie heere gackse laut
Die Mittaagszeit im Schwamm.
"Was dutt sie dart?" haww ich gedenkt—
Des finn ich aus, bei Gum!

Ya, dart im dote Haerschegraas,
Gedeckt mit daerre Bletter,
Dart piepst en scheckich Oi so raus—
Sie gebt gaar nix ums Wetter!

Ich bin der champion Oiermann,
Sell weess die Mammi aa;
Wann ebber mir vorkumme will,
Muss er frieh maryets draa.

Wer immer will fische un yaage,
Muss zerrissne Gleeder draage.

Seller Nixnutz (Prof. Albert F. Buffington) who every Sunday broadcasts his entertaining dialect program over Station WKOK, Sunbury, recently related the following:

Letschte Summer, wie ich am Rumdraewele waar in de differende Kauntis vun Pennsylvaania, wu sie Deitsch schwetze, hawwich aardlich viel Schdories gheert. Deel vun denne Schdories deede mer "Tall Stories" heese in Englisch. Do iss eeni, as en Karl drunne in Pennsburg in Montgomery Kaunti, mir verzeehlt hot. Er hot gsaat: "Ee Daag, wie ich an der Grick am Fische waar, hen die Fisch all mei Beet uffgfresse, un ich hab noch net heem welle, awwer ich hab nix ghatt, as ich yuse hab kenne far Beet. Bletzlich hawwich awwer en gleeni Schlang genotist, yuscht paar Fuss vummer weck, un die Schlang hot en Grott im Maul ghatt. Sell hot mich arrick froh gemacht. Ich hab die Grott aus der Schlang ihre Maul genumme un hab sie uffgschnidde far Beet. Ich hab awwer wennich sarri gfiehlt far die aarm Schlang, weil ich re ihre Middaagesse weckgenumme hab, un so, far sie wennich bezaahle far mei Beet, hawwich re en paar Drobbe 'Whiskey' ins Maul gschitt. Die Schlang hot sich aagschickt, as wann sie zufridde waer, un sie iss fart gegraddelt, un ich bin widder ans Fische. Awwer noochdem ich ebaut fimf Minudde am Fische waar, hawwich ebbes gfiehlt wedder mei Schdiwwel schlagge, un wie ich nunner geguckt hab, dart waar die **seem** Schlang widder mit **drei** Grotte im Maul." - - Wann der selli Schdori glaabt, verzehl ich eich noch eeni:

In Monroe Kaunti hot mer en Karl verzeehlt, wie er zwee Fassante un ee Haas uff ee Schuss grickt hot. Er hot gsaat: "Ich hab yuscht die eent Fassant gedroffe, awwer wie sie am runnerfalle waar, hot sie feschtgegraebbt an re annre Fassant, un hot sie mit runner gebrocht um sie feschtghalde in ihre Glooe."

"Awwer was weeich em Haas," hawwich gfrogt.

"O," saagt er, "mei Flint hot gekickt un mich zerickgschlagge, un ich bin uff der Haas gfalle, wie er verbeigschbrunge iss. Seller weg hawwich zwee Fassante un ee Haas uff ee Schuss grickt."

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle

Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

The Pines Cabins
Sex mile outside St.
Petersburg, Fla.
da 22d Nofember, 1948.

My Lieva Laiser:

Heit sin m'r fom east koast fon Florida riwwer uf der west un wos 'n trip fon 230 mile iwwer der Tamiami trail darrich die Everglades. Fer 50 mile alsa mohl ken mensch tzu sehna, nit wie sumblond, hecka, fish royer un osehawna. Sei lebdawg hen m'r net so fiel osehawna g'sehna wie darta-drubba fon 50 bis 'n 100 hucka lasa mohl im waig, gucka fer gawilber dote g'fohra bei mashina. Wie m'r nagshd kumt fliega sie uf, un gucka so sheb tzu da mashine nei. Tzu all'm glick missa m'r tzimlich lavendich gaguck'd howwa-hen aenicha waig net gsehna os aenicha uns noh komma sin.

Of dawaig fon Miami bis noch Naples, is 'n kanol om pike har. Mushkeeters worra ols so shlim in selra gagend, os ken mensch laves sich wor fer drous sei. Wie sie der pike gabaout hen-so'n shainer waig os aenicha aryads tzu finna is, hen sie der kanol gamocht, mit onnerra konal alla waiga bei fers wosser ob iawfa lossa fom sumblond, un aw ruh mocha mit da mushkeeters. Sie hen fish in die kanol, un woh die over fon da mushkeeters g'fressa hen, bis heit tzu dawg bol ken mushkeeters may tzu finna sin. Ow'r hut alla gabut kayose garocha om kanol har, un wissa alla weil noch net wos es wor-eb 's wosser wor, odder die politicks woh ferwick'ld sin in selra kanol bisnis.

Bout tzaea mile ous Miami hen m'r 'n alter kerl aw gadroffa mit ra policemons badge aw, die ledshd 'dike watcha os may im sel'm gonsa kanol waisa is. Die tzeit wor woh hunnerda so dikes worra fers wosser fon ainra gagend halta fon iwwer die nagshd lawfa. Aenie noch da onnerra, sin die dikes uf gablosa werra mit dynamite, un niemond wase wars gaduh hut. Lond aigner missa kanol wosser toxa batzawla, un 's sin grawd bout so fiel fer die kanol, os wie aw dagaea sin. So fiel is ow'r fershtonna, os dousanda fon dousand ocker lond os ols owwich wosser wor, fer die ledshda tzwae yohr unnich wosser is, un niemond wissa wil wohs wosser bei kumt. Sie yusa flat buddom shiffer mit windshiffer propellors, net yusht fer in da kanol rum fohra sehna os nimmy may dumhata gadriwwa werra, ow'r yusa aw sellie sama boats, fer iwwer os m'r maint wear graws lond fohra. ' graws guck'd wie won m't hoy mocha kent, ow'r 's sis fon drei bis sex foos wosser unna drunner. Der Unkle Sam hut yusht $2,800,000 gelt erlawbt, fer helfa sellie Florida wosser bisnis in arder griega. So wie mier 's aw gucka, is yusht ae waig sel tzu ferannerra, un sel is, Florida on aim end uf jackayusht war kon sawga wel os es recht end is.

Bout drei fartel darrich die Everglades hen m'r ob g'shtopt omma ess blotz os garunn'd wert bei ra fraw beim nahma Weaver. Sie wor ains fon da airshda os m'r g'funna hen os uf gaaigend hut os sie fon Florida wear, ow'r hut g'sawt sie dade ken koffie kocha, bis im January won die gross bisnis shtarta dade. Noh sin m'r 25 mile weiter g'fohra noch Naples, un woh so'n ungshuldich un ruich shteddle fon bout 1700 eiwohner is, os aenich aryads tzu finna is in Florida. Die shtadt hut siva mile sond ufer uf 'm Gulf of Mexico, guta shula un allas shunshd os es nembt fer 'n shtadt fartich fartich mocha. Sie hen so gore 'n wochlichie tzeiting, 'n yohr a l t-Collier County Journal glawwa m'r hais'd sie, un woh m'r ihra reporter June Stallons bakont sin werra darrich die Eda Breau in da Chamber of Commerce offis. Da June ihra mon der Burlles shoft im power hous, un da Eda ihra mon der Jerry is 'n lectrician. Die Eda kumt fon Ohio, un shwetzt hoch Deitsch-sin tzimlich gute m i r nonner fert kumma Deitsch shwetza. War guck'd fer 'n ruicher blotz fer der winder shpenda, gait net letz in Naples.

Wos sot die Katerinah erblicka wie m'r darrich Sarasota ruf sin, wie dehl Amisha bauer. Nadierlich hen m'r g'shtopt un sin tzurick galoffa, un hen g'sawt, "Wel, sis ow'r heit shure shae wedder." 'S worra drei bei nonner, un bletzlich hen sie tzurick gaontwert, "Yar, sis ow'r aw." un may hut net g'sawt werra breicha tzu wissa, wos os wos wor. Die drei manner wor der Noah Schmucker, der V. S. Hochstetter un der Jacob Schrock, drei Amisha fon da Kokomo gagend, Indiana. Die drei, un noch 'n lot may fon ihra freind, kumma yohr fer yohr doh runner fer der winder shpenda won sie ihra arwet dahame weck hen. Sie raisa 's manshd frucht un welshkern, woh na blenty tzeit gebt fer ihra arwet weck griega, un Siddlich gae ebs kalt wert. 'N lot fon na hen now aw shun lond kauft in Florida, un sin om bauerra woh sie tzwae krop 's yohr raisa kenna unna aenicher druvel. Der Noah is ow'r hunna fer sei g'sundhate, un der "V. S." der eldshd dafon, but rums un shtums ous ferkauft weil die prica hoch worra, un is gute tzufritta sei hamet 's yohr rum mocha, in Florida. Ainer 'n batschlor 55 yoh yung, hut yusht k'heiert, un is hunner uf sei hochtsich trip.

Wie m'r om "Ed's Trading Post" ob g'shtopt hen in Palmetto socha iwwer gucka, hut 'n weibsmensch gawunnert fon wos dale fon Penn. os m'r kaimta. Wie m'r g'sawt hen, "Allentown," hut sie galocht fon ohr tzu ohr, un g'sawt sie het 'n bruder os darta shoffa dade fer die P.P. un L. Co. Der bruder hut sie g'sawt wear der Ed Mills, bei da ob messer boova, un ihra nahma is Virginia Worthington.

M'r hetta noch gute St. Petersburg mocha kenna eb dunkle, ow'r hen noh kabins g'sehna a unnich hocha bind bame drin, un hen ous gamocht fer doh bleiva iwwer nocht fer $5, un morya free die ferry nemma 'n mile weck, fer noch St. Petersburg gae. M'r sin im hartz fon da bauerra gagend fon dem dale fon Florida. Sie raisa dale oranges un grapefruit, ow'r rachla 's lond mainer wertfol fer gorda socha raisa, so wie tomats, bohna, grout, gummerra un peffer. Sis allas irrigation doh, sie hen da onner dawg der airsht raya kotta-'n halb tzol in ocht wocha. Sie bora brunna fon 400 bis 600 foos dief fer ihra wosser griega, un woh fon selwar ous lawft. Ae brunna gebt gawainlich ocht uf 13 ocker lond. 'N average bauerrei is 'n 100 ocker gross, ow'r 's hut dale fon 1200 bis 2000 ocker. Lond net uf gaglor'd, un wohs noch blenty hut, koshd so on da 50 daler der ocker, un bauerreia mit gabeier, ferkaufa so fon $200 bis $250 der ocker. Won sie guta yohra hen, nemma fiel fon da bauer fon ma $1000 bis $1500 der ocker ei. Fer ihra freea, free yohr tomats, griega sie oft mohls $12 bis $15 bushel. Heit worra sie 's haich'd fer der summer, $8.60 's bushel-ol grawsa gree garubb'd.

Weibsleit dawg lanner ferdiehna $4 der dawg, un monsleit $5 der dawg, odder ewwa fer 9 shtun. Ow'r wie 'n bauer os borefreesich rei kumma wor mit ra truck load bohna g'sawt hut. "Understand it right, mister, that nine hours means six hours standin' up restin' their backs, and three hours bendin' down workin'."

Ow'r ich denk mier besser lossa die schreib mashine ruga, un gain ins bed so os m'r morya free tzeitlich rous kenna fer sehna wies guck'd in St. Petersburg, un Tampa. Wie immer, der

Pumpernickle

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the readers of this column is worried.

She lives in Michigan. She is well educated, well-to-do, middle-aged and a widow.

She has never been in New York and now for the first time in her life, has time and leisure to take a prolonged trip.

She wants to see the shows. She would like to visit some of the better night clubs and restaurants.

In other words, she wants to do what, in her opinion and the opinion of thousands of others, most New Yorkers do every evening.

* * *

But the lady is afraid.

Don't they have robberies in the best hotels as a regular occurrence?

Doesn't she read about murders and holdups and rape and mayhem almost every time she looks at her newspaper?

Is it safe to go to New York?

Is it probable that she will get back to Michigan unharmed, or is it more likely that she will get murdered?

* * *

She doesn't care so much about herself, she writes, but she wants to bring her nephew along to act as her escort, and she is worried about him because of that Toronto executive and churchgoer who was murdered at the Waldorf Astoria a while ago.

Might that not also happen to her nephew (who, according to the lady's letter, is about forty years old and able-bodied and able-brained)?

* * *

I would have answered her letter individually and let it go at that, if so many people didn't have that same idea about New York and, as far as that is concerned, about almost every big city.

Of course there are murders and thefts and holdups in any city where the murdering and the holding-up and the thieving promise to be lucrative.

So what do the criminals do?

They go where they expect to find fools and degenerates.

They watch for those showoffs who must let everybody know that they have a lot of money in their pockets or who must make jewelers showcases out of themselves.

* * *

If you want to catch fish you go where you think the fishing is good, don't you?

Well, so do crooks.

Those crooks are excellent fishermen — and fisherwomen.

They know exactly where to go. They use exactly the right kind of bait.

They set out their lines and troll. They follow the fish right out of the pond to their very hotel rooms.

There are two kinds of bait that have been found most effective: Liquor and sex appeal.

Both are guaranteed to catch the full illegal limit.

* * *

Of course, come to New York, dear lady.

Enjoy yourself, but don't make a fool of yourself.

And as far as your nephew is concerned, I can almost guarantee him a safe return home.

He won't get hurt if he keeps out of the ponds where the sharks do the fishing and where the most delicious fish is the sucker.

Editorials

Thought for Today

The true way goes over a rope which is not stretched at any great height but just above the ground. It seems more designed to make people stumble than to be walked upon.—Kafka.

Belated Addendum

Following the recent American elections, the London Daily Telegraph went to its Shakespeare and came out with a timely quotation from "Henry IV," Part 1:

I saw . . . . Harry
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat. . .
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world. . .

Here is one more proof that Shakespeare furnishes a mot for every occasion. And as a belated addendum to a contest which is still sending Shakespearean echoes back from the shores of Albion, we might quote one poignant phrase from "King Lear":

"Poor Tom's a-cold."

Christian Science Monitor

Thumbs Down for Jap Criminals

General MacArthur has permitted the sentences of the Japanese war criminals to stand and former Premier Tojo and other leaders will very likely go to the ignominious gallows while a score of lesser criminals who plotted and carried out Pearl Harbor and perpetrated atrocities upon wide scale in the course of Japan's military campaigns in Asia are to serve long prison terms.

MacArthur, under the rights accorded him in his military capacity in Japan, could have changed any of the sentences, subject to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. His decision to take no stand in the matter except that of approval of the results of the international court which tried the defendants has already met with much approval in this country. But it is entirely possible that some of the defendants, if not all, will appeal to our highest court, altho some, like Tojo appear to desire to be hanged at once and have it over with.

But again the question as to the culpability of Emperor Hirohito in this entire matter comes up. It has been established that he could bring the war to an end by the declaration of surrender that followed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Therefore it is argued that altho a monarch who was under the control of a cabinet of strong men he also must have been consulted and been a party to the war plans.

However Hirohito was spared for important political and social reasons. It appears to have been argued that the ends of justice could be attained by the conviction of Hirohito's cabinet members and military leaders and Hirohito could be used better dead than alive. And it has turned out that way, according to all indications. The Japanese, devoted almost fanatically to their royal family, have rallied for recovery under the direction of the emperor, who has been moved around by MacArthur like the manager of a puppet show. The result has been that Japan has made far more rapid recovery than Germany, that a definite program is under way and that the people themselves are more reconciled to their defeat than are their former European allies who, like themselves, thought their day had arrived to become masters of a continent.

First Opera to Be Televised

When radio became so well developed that it could be employed for the broadcasting of opera direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a tremendous advance was made for the American people in the field of music appreciation.

Today the productions by the Metropolitan have auditors in every part of the country who hear quite as well the great operas by the great artists as the bejewelled occupants of the boxes in the Golden Horseshoe.

But thruout this enjoyable experience for people who cannot go to New York for the opera, and probably could not get tickets of admission if they did travel to the metropolis, there has been lacking the satisfactions that come from employment of that other sense, sight. They have not been able to see the magnificent settings for the beautiful operas, altho in their mind's eye and with the aid of announcers' descriptions they have been able to picture the scenes.

Now on Monday evening next television begins where radio left off. As an experiment, the opera "Othello" is to be presented on television. It will be the opening night for the Metropolitan and those who have sets will be able to see and hear not only the opera upon the stage but many of the interesting audience activities upon this night that is so important and brilliant in New York social and musical life.

Announcement of the experiment frankly admits that there are so many problems connected with it that this may be the one and only opera to be televised this season. But it is hoped that the real tests in operation will lead to the solution of the technical problems involved and that it will not be long before opera by television will be as common and as frequently provided as opera by radio.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Someone ought to write a book entitled "How to Bring on the Worst Depression in American History." It wouldn't take long to write. The speeches of the CIO leaders and lately of a few Democratic party politicians would furnish all the text necessary.

One of the principal chapters could be "How to Destroy the Profit System" and still another "How to Weaken America's Industrial Strength in the Next World War."

Unfortunately these titles are not as fantastic as they may seem. The indifference of the average American who has not taken the trouble to analyze the recent wave of so-called popular sentiment on the subject of taxing away corporation profits may be responsible for the sabotaging of the American economic system.

Thus there has been bandied about for months now the fact that American corporations will make a record high of 20 billions of profits in 1948. Labor unions say it justifies a "fourth round" of wage increases. President Truman in a misguided moment during the campaign called it "swag." Now the argument runs that an "excess profits" tax must be adopted by Congress to take a large part of this money for tax revenues.

But what is the truth about those corporation profits? Who has gotten them? What have they been used for? Sen. Flanders of Vermont, a liberal Republican, has wisely started a congressional investigation to bring out the facts. It's the most worth-while inquiry that has emerged on Capitol Hill in years.

Certain questions can be answered by the investigation. Have the profits been used to rebuild and repair plant and equipment? Have they been used merely to give stockholders more dividends? Have they been used to finance expansion and improvement of facilities? For, thanks to the New Deal's shortsightedness and the fears of more curtailment in the future, there is no such thing any more as raising capital in the so-called equity markets. Investors are too scared and if they make any gains they are taxed away. No more certain way exists to bring on state socialism than to deprive businesses, old and new, of any means of raising risk capital. For then the government has to provide capital and this means government personnel in the management and finally a totalitarian regime in which government is the master and not the servant of the people.

Every time some of the radicals make speeches about excess profits taxes and the high profits of industry there are certain facts that they overlook:

1. During the last three years business spent about 70 billion dollars for rehablitation and expansion of plant and equipment and to acquire inventories of goods.

2. Internal financing—the use of "profit" money rather than outside money — furnished about 42 billion dollars of the sum spent for the above purposes. The balance was obtained through increases in bank loans and some new issues of securities.

3. Thus 20 billions of profits per year would not be enough to meet the above average of more than 23 billions of expenditures even assuming that all the profits could be so used and stockholders were to get no dividends to pay them for the use of their savings.

4. Expenditures for new plant and equipment alone amounted to 12 billion dollars in 1946, about 16 billions in 1947 and will amount to more than 19 billions in 1948.

Now are the stockholders getting all the profits or is America getting them in the form of improved plant and equipment to meet the demands of a growing country and of our new programs of world help? Here is the answer:

In the post-war period, less than one-half of net earnings has been disbursed to stockholders in dividends as contrasted with three-fourths in 1939 and two-thirds in 1929. Conservative dividend policy has been prompted by a desire to avoid borrowing and to avoid seeking equity captial in markets where the investors are plainly discouraged and reluctant to invest because they fear dividends will not be forthcoming under policies of confiscation of private enterprise by government.

The above statistics and explanation of their background can be found in a speech delivered this week by Winthrop Aldrich, chairman of the board of the Chase National bank. But with a little digging even more facts of that kind are readily available to newspapers, magazines, radio and to professors of economics in the colleges. Yet it is strange how little one hears about what happened to the record high of 20 billions of profits earned this year or last by corporations — the soundest phase of recent economic development, the real cushion against depression, and the greatest barrier this country has devised to beat inflation through high production. Lower prices and even higher wages are possible but not if capital formation is stifled by destructive taxation.

(Reproduction Rights Reserved)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Psalm 91

This Psalm without a heading may likewise, with Psalm 90, be from the hand of Moses. The note of a dwelling-place is common to the first verse of both Psalms. The name of Bezaleel, the builder of the tabernacle, means 'in the shadow of God'. The name of another builder, Besodeiah, in Nehemiah 3:6, means 'in the secret of the Lord'. The meanings of both of these names seem to be incorporated in v. 1: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall lodge under the shadow of the Almighty'. Imagine a father speaking thus to his son about to leave the protection of his father's roof. In v. 2 the son replies by way of testimony to his own faith in his father's God. His father then overloads him with promises, vs. 3-13, assuring him of God's protection, 'Because', v. 9, he had made the Lord, Who was his father's refuge, his own habitation. Verses 14-16 show us God speaking to the father concerning his son, 'Because' he had set his love upon Him, giving him, with six 'I wills' (really eight), assurance of temporal and spiritual deliverance and salvation.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

LAUGHTER'S TEST

You laugh when the wind
blows another man's hat,
But that is no test, since we
all can do that.
Suppose it's your hat through
the traffic you chase,
Do you go after it with a grin
on your face?

You laugh at the blunder the
other chap makes.
We all can do that, since no
courage it takes.
But when some embarrassment happens to you,
Can you laugh at yourself as
the others will do?

That life has its heartaches
cannot be denied,
But it also, at times, has its
comical side.
And since folly relentlessly follows us all,
The proudest among us will
ride to a fall.

My boy, when they laugh at
some blunder you make,
Be the first to admit that
you've made a mistake.
When folly has robbed you of
pride or of pelf,
Be humble and gracious and
laugh at yourself.

(Copyright 1948)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Nov. 27, 1923, a Tuesday

Radio station WSAN broadcast its first program that evening from 8 to 10. It opened with an address by Harry I. Koch, president of the Chamber of Commerce, followed by speeches by Morning Call representatives. Music was presented by the Hunsberger Moll trio of harp, violin and cello and by Mrs. C. O. Hunsicker who sang English folk ballads.

Dr. Sanford T. Lyne, osteopathic physician, was guest speaker at a meeting of the Quota club Monday evening at the Hotel Allen. He explained the basic principals of his work.

Mrs. Lucy Huebner returned from New York City where she had been visiting her cousin, Margaret Keck.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Solomon, 625 Ridge St., Monday morning.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A New Orleans lady took her daughter to New Hampshire for her first northern vacation. The little girl was disturbed by strange insect noises after she had been put to bed upon arrival. "Everything buzzes up here, and I'm scared," she told her mother. "Nonsense," said the latter. "Louisiana angels are watching over you all the way up here, Darling. That's just the buzz of their wings you may be hearing."

Vastly reassured, the little lady subsided, but a couple of minutes later screamed, "Ouch! Mammy! Mammy! One of the angels just bit me."

Horoscope

This is an excellent time to promote friendships, harmonious relationships, and for quiet gatherings and fun. A busy, happy, active and successful year is ahead. Translate your plans into action in all relations of life. Born on this date a child should be endowed with many fine qualities and much talent, and could go far in life.



DER DANKDAAG

HEIT iss der Daag as der Governier vorgsetzt hot far Dank zu gewwe. Es hot viel Leit as gaar net wisse was es meent. Deel meene es waer en Daag far sich rund voll Welschhinkel fresse un dernoh grank warre druff. Der Mensch kann en Sau vun sich mache so gschwind iwwer em Fresse as am Saufe. Ich gleich selwer am Disch sei wu en Welschhaahne verrisse waerd—net as ich Welschhinkel gleich, awwer es iss alsfert ebbes Gutes mit verbunne. Viel Leit gehne zu grosse Expense far ihre Esse uffgriege—abbaddich so Familie as reich sin. Dernoh danke sie Gott as sie so gut aakumme mit lange Gebeder awwer denke net draa ass verleicht ihrem naegschte Nochber sei Kinner Hungersnot leide. Hoscht du in deim Lewe draage-denkt ass me aarme Mensch Mithelfe en viel greesseri Blessier iss, as wie en gross Middaagesse aus em Weg schaffe? Es sin viel Leit as alsfert Dank gewwe weil sell ken Geld koscht, un wann net Grischdedum frei waer, dann daede sie ken Fippenny Bit gewwe defor. Aarme Leit Mithelfe macht en lang un haerrlich Lewe. Der Mann wu nix gebt zu niemand, der iss wie en Wasserpond as net auslaaft. Es Wasser iss grie un schleimich un Grodde un Schlange hocke uff der Benk. Bei ihre kummt alles ei un nix geht aus. Der Mann wu alsfert gebt iss wie es Baerrick Wasser. Es grickt viel un gebt alles was es grickt. Wu 's annelaaft sin die Felder grie, die Veggel singe uff de Baem un die Ferelle schiesse drin rum wie Wedderleeche. Es Wasser lacht un danst un tschumpt far Freede. Mer gleicht es Wasser drinke un mer kann sich net zu naegscht dezu hocke wann mer mied iss. Es hockt sich niemand naegscht an en grieni Wasserpond far Blessier sucha. So iss es mit em geiziche Mensch. Er gebt nix un gratzt alles zu sich wie en Grebs. Es schwetzt vun nix als Geld, un Land, un Welschkarn, un Sei; un wann du ihm lang genung zuharrichscht gebt er dir's Schiddle. So dutt's grie, schleimich Wasser. Ich bin en aarmer Mann, awwer so verhafdich as ich dir's saag, wann ich 's affordé kennt, dann waer mei greesschti Blessier so aarme Deihenker mithelfe.

Awwer sei wie's will, ich hab mei Gsundheit, un ee Tschigger aus de schwarze Boddel macht mich als so reich fiehle as der Jay Gould als hot, wu gsaat hot, er daed ee Million Daaler gewwe, wann er sei Niralgia 'cure'e kennt. Es sin hunnerde vun alde Weibsleit do am Baerrick as meene sie hette ihn 'cure'e kenne, awwer wann er all des Gegreider genumme hett, as ich hab wie wie ich der Gickser ghatt hab, waer er dot gange lang eb er iss. Ya, es hot yeders ebbes far dankbaar sei. Der Parre Mohler iss dankbaar ass er sei Luh grickt alle Vaerdel Yohr, un die Leit sin dankbaar, ass sie en Parre hen as es Evangelium recht auslege kann. Der Hollereck iss dankbaar ass er en guder Handel iwwer der Bar ghatt hot darrich es letscht Yohr. Der Meik Bixler iss dankbaar ass er net gfange iss warre, wie er em Sam Siesshols sei Seidefleesch gschtohle hot, un der Tscheki Haahneyaerrick iss dankbaar ass Sei Schwaer zwee Bletz geeegent hot. Die Polly iss dankbeer ass sie ihre Gottlieb hot un ich bin dankbaar ass ich noch mei liewi Polly hab.

Sie saage die Welt waerd besser, awwer ich glaab net dass Dankgewwe viel helft wann mer net als ebmols ebbes noochschiebt. Wann der alt Sammy Sendepetzer heit in die Kaerrich kummt un bed bis er ummechtich waerd, dann sei net verschrocke. Yuscht heb ihm 's Glingelseckli unnich die Naas.

DER GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.

BOOK REVIEW

Pennsylvania German Society. **Proceedings and Addresses**, Volume LIII (1944-1946). Norristown: Pennsylvania German Society, 1948. Pages xxiv, 125, 171. $5.00.

The fifty-third volume of the **Proceedings and Addresses** of the Pennsylvania German Society, which appeared this year, is made up of two articles, both of which deal with important leaders of the Pennsylvania Germans in the colonial era—the Sower Family, the printers of Germantown; and John Caspar Stoever, the itinerent evangelist who planted Lutheranism over so wide an era in Eastern Pennsylvania.

(1) The first of these articles is by Edward W. Hocker, Germantown historian and genealogist, and bears the title **"The Sower Printing House of Colonial Times"** (125 pages). Although it comes to no startlingly new conclusions, it presents in interesting summary, the chief facts of the life and work of various members of the Sower family, with principal emphasis upon the first two generations.

Christopher Sower, Sr. (1693-1758), reared in the atmosphere of Separatism in Westphalia, that refuge for radical pietists and spiritualist from other parts of Germany, came to America in 1724. After spending some time in Lancaster County, where he came in touch with the Beissel movement, he settled in Germantown. There, in 1738, on type imported from Germany, was issued his first important work, **Der Hoch-Deutsche Americanische Calender** for 1739—the first number of the famed "Germantown Almanac" which was to win its way into so many farm homes in Eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland. Year after year, from 1738 until the 1780's, it continued to be published, with its old familiar cover and optimistic motto of **"Hoffnung besserer Zeiten,"** and was as eagerly read in its last days as when it first appeared. This was Sower's Contribution No. 1 to Pennsylvania German culture.

Sower's second contribution was his newspaper, **Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichts-Schreiber,** begun in 1739. Contribution No. 3 was the famous German Bible of 1743, reprinted by his son in 1763 and 1776—the first Bible in a European language to appear from an American press. This was not, we should remember, because the English settlers of the Thirteen Colonies regarded the Bible with less interest than did our Pennsylvania German forbears. No English Bible had yet appeared for the simple reason that the English Universities had the royal monopoly on the printing of English Bibles for Great Britain and her colonies.

Sower's personal traits are portrayed by Mr. Hocker in interesting fashion—his courageous forthrightness in attacking such evils as slavery, his firmness in his Separatist faith which led him to quarrel with the Ephrata Brethren over the theology of some of their hymns which he was to publish in the **Zionitischer, Weyrauchs-Huegel** in 1739. His political influence and his unfavorable judgment on the Charity School Movement also figure on these pages. As an editor he was quite opinionated and dogmatic, frequently adding churlish comments of his own to the news items, and even to advertisements. Somewhat of an opportunist, he published Whitefield's sermons in German, in order to ride to wealth on the wave of the golden-tongued evangelist's popularity. Unscientific as his rural readers, he admitted that, in order to get the weather predictions for his almanac, he read the chief English almanacs and compromised between six different ones! And he must have cut an interesting figure with his patriarchal beard, as he visited the wharves to help sick and destitute German immigrants. But the age was fruitful in producing such individualists, such "characters," as Sower—even his wife had a mind of her own. For sixteen long years (1728-1744), she preferred the rarefied religious atmosphere of the Ephrata Cloister to her husband's home in Germantown!

No less interesting as printer and man was his only son, **Christopher Sower, Jr.** (1721-1784.) While his father had remained a Separatist, the son became a minister in the Church of the Brethren, and served with Alexander Mack as pastor at Germantown, the "mother church" of the denomination in America. Continuing his father's newspaper, almanac, and printing business in general, he added, as the Sowers' Contribution No. 4, the first German religious magazine in America, the **Geistliches Magazin,** published in two volumes from 1764 to 1772, now a rare collector's item. Mr. Hocker's surmise that this was "probably the first religious periodical issued in America" (p. 74) is, however, incorrect, since Thomas Prince's **Christian History** had appeared in Boston during the New England Awakening in the 1740's.

Even more interesting was his personal life. Rising at 4 a. m., he spent until 5 in devotions, then breakfasted at 7. Dining at 12, he enjoyed tea, coffee, or chocolate at 4, then finished off the day with supper at 10. Despite his great wealth, he lived rather austerely, as befitted a Brethren minister. But a great tragedy struck him down in his prime—he was arrested and his property was confiscated during the American Revolution. He was mistakenly charged with the taint of Toryism by the Revolutionary leaders. Actually his position was that of a Christian neutral or pacifist, the position held by the great majority of the Brethren. Out of his large property, he managed to salvage only his clothing and some provisions. But his spirit was not broken. He remained true to his Brethren faith—he knew that he had been right—and he stayed in Pennsylvania, preaching for the Brethren until his death in 1734. His innocence was recognized by the new Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in 1792, when its Assembly voted his heirs what remained unsold of his former property.

The remainder of Mr. Hocker's article deals with the younger generations of Sowers, most of whom seem to have had printer's ink in their blood, too. The Check List of Sower Publications would be more easily read if the titles had been set in italics rather than within quotation marks. The brief bibliography misses several important recent works, including Rufus D. Bowman's **The Church of the Brethren and War** (Elgin, Illinois: Brethren Publishing House, 1941), which is an indispensable source on Christopher Sower, Jr. But the article as a whole will make its contribution as a convenient summary of the work of all members of the important Sower Family.

(2) The second paper is by the Rev. Dr. R. L. Winters, and is entitled **"John Caspar Stoever—Colonial Pastor and Founder of Churches"** (171 pages.) In 1728 there arrived among the scattered and unorganized groups of Pennsylvania Germans in the eastern part of our state, two emigrant Lutheran pastors from the Palatinate, John Caspar Stoever, father and son. The father pushed on to Virginia, where he became the first regular Lutheran pastor. The son labored first in the Philadelphia and New Hanover area, then settled in Lancaster County in 1734. This was almost a decade before the arrival of the "patriarch" of the Lutheran Church in America, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg.

Dr. Winters describes for us the untiring missionary labors of this pioneer evangelist. A champion of Lutheran orthodoxy, working in the backyard of Ephrata, the citadel of Sabbatarianism, Stoever rings it about with four strong Lutheran churches—Muddy Creek, New Holland, Brickerville, and Lancaster. He pushes the Lutheran missionary frontier far into Berks, Lebanon, Dauphin, and York Counties, and makes yearly missionary journeys into Maryland and Virginia. Finally removing to Lebanon Valley, he directs the work in his large and self-appointed parish until his death in 1779.

Stoever has been maligned by some earlier writers. Although Dr. Winters does not spare Stoever for his part in the so-called "Tulpehocken Confusion," where he maintained for years a rival faction in the churches of his brother ministers, he does give both sides of each controversy in which Stoever became entangled. His relations with Muhlenberg were a sore spot for many years, until their reconciliation in the 1760's, when Stoever finally joined the Ministerium. Although they can be partly excused on the ground that their individualism developed naturally out of the pioneer conditions of those days, it must be admitted that they both lacked Christian charity toward each other. In attempting a balanced judgment of the issues between them, Winters rightly portrays the work of these two men as complimentary. Stoever founded many of the Eastern Pennsylvania congregations—Muhlenberg organized them into the Ministerium in 1748. Stoever's work was necessary in the pioneer period—Muhlenberg's organizing activities were the next logical step.

Stoever the man thus appears to the reader as a dogmatic orthodox Lutheran, zealous for the faith as he conceived it, but not cooperative with his brother ministers. Like most other pastors of the colonial period, he received a small salary, and was forced to supplement it with a flour-milling business and the shrewd organization of the Lebanon Land Company, a real estate business in the rich Lebanon Valley. Such activities never took priority over the ministery with him, but they seem to be the basis for Muhlenberg's unfortunate charge that Stoever cared "for nothing but bread." But, as Dr. Winters delightfully reminds us, did not Stoever's brother minister in the Reformed Church, "Parre" Stoy, sell his famous "Kretz Salve" throughout his parish, even advertising it from the pulpit?

The text of this article is unforunately marred by many typographical errors, as well as some errors of fact. The Rev. David Candler of Hanover appears as "Chandler," the Moravian-Reformed missionary Brandmueller appears as "Johann Brand Miller," Kocherthal as "Kochertal," Lochman as "Lockman," Steitztown as "Stietztown." In Winters' list of Stoever's 84 preaching-points many names appear such as "Canashicken," "Gummery," "Helm," "Lampert," "Schiefenthal," which the author should have made some attempt to identify, possibly adding a map to show the extent of his subject's labors. The locating of Annweiler, the home of the Stoevers in the Palatiinate, "on the eastern slope of the Haardt Mountains in Bavaria," is of course misleading to those who are unware that the Palatinate was in some periods known as Rhenish Bavaria. Questionable also is Dr. Winters' statement that the town of New Holland in Lancaster County was named by Holland Dutch settlers.

Despite these minor criticisms, the work is one which needed to be done, and the subject has found a competent biographer in Dr. Winters. Througout the book proper tribute is paid to this pioneer spirit who ministered as Lutheran pastor to some eighty-four communities in three of the thirteen colonies.

—DON YODER.

In the last issue of the ECK we pulished Boonastiel's political letter "Was hot's geduh?" Prof Meville Boyer of the Allentown High School Faculty, correctly points out to the Editor that this letter refers not to the Harrison election of 1888, but to the reelection of Grover Cleveland in 1892. Reference to the McGinty (!) tariff definitely dates it.—ED.

11

PENNSYLVANIA

Der Eckschtee Schdaat

Pennsylvania! was bischt du so schee,
Mit Barye un Hiwwel, gross un glee;
Lang sin dei Rewwer un gleena Gricke,
Sie zin iwwerschpannt mit schtarye Bricke.

Dei Landschaft iss yo so wunnerbaar schee,
Es macht gaar nix aus, wu ich hie geh;
Dei diefe Kaffte un fruchtbaare Deeler—
Wer do waer kummt, der macht ken Fehler.

Viel Eise, Zinc un Kohlemeine gross
Sin verschteckelt in deim diefe Schoss,
Un bringe Meind raus in grosse Heife—
Mer kann des Wunner schier net begreife.

Dei fruchtbaare Felder un grosse Bisch
Beweise des iss net yuscht en Gegrisch;
Un do hot es aa alle Aarde Gschefte;
Die Leit wu vorschtehne, sin vun de beschte.

Du hoscht scheene Wege far iwwerall hie
Iwwer Barrick un Daal—weit gehne sie;
Bewohnt bischt du vun alle Sarde Leit—
Sie kumme vun iwwerall, sie kumme vun weit

Sie heessen dich der Eckschtee Schdaat,
Un des bischt du aa gans gewiss;
Du schtehscht far's Recht un guter Raat,
Un ehrlich duscht was dei Pflicht iss.

In Friede wie im Krieg duscht du
Far unser Wohlschtand schaffe.
Gott segne dich un was du duscht—
Pennsylvania! wer kennt dich besser mache?

Locust Daal —ELFIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building, Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle.
Telephone 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708.
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622.

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Editorials

Thought for Today

Cease from anger at the fates
Which thwart themselves so madly.
Live and learn
Not first learn and then live.
—Browning.

A Heated Week Ahead

City Council has a big job cut out for itself next week when it sits as a board of appeals to hear complaints from taxpayers who are expected by the many hundreds to crowd into City Hall every day to make appeals against revised assessments that have been placed upon their properties.

Notice of these changes in assessment—most of them upward—have been received in the mails during recent days and weeks. To most taxpayers the increase in assessment has been received as a sharp and sudden blow which has stunned them. When they have recovered sufficiently to do some thinking they have seated themselves, pencil in hand, and made calculations. Having been informed that the tax rate is going to be reduced from 14 mills to 9 mills, it is simple to figure what taxes will be under the new assessment and compare them with the tax that was paid this year on the former assessment. It is safe to assume that, in cases where the assessment increase is in a lower proportion than the tax rate decrease and a property will be required to pay lower taxes, there will be no appeals.

But there are thousands of cases, according to all indications, where the tax bill will be higher. Where it is substantially higher the owners will want to know why.

It is very likely that Council, acting as a board of appeals, will have palpable errors pointed out and that reductions will be made. It is quite certain also that a lot of cases will be taken to the Courts for that would appear to be the present expectation and mood of a lot of property owners who have become alarmed and even angered by the new assessments.

The situation would of course be a lot easier for all parties concerned if it were not for the fact that the Allentown School District is linked like a Siamese twin to the municipal government in this matter of assessments.

Under the law, the School District gets its assessments from the City. Whatever figures as to property ultimately are arrived at by City Council become the base of tax levy by the School District.

If there were absolute assurance that the School District will reduce its tax rate in inverse ratio to the increase in assessment there would be calmer approach to this matter from many quarters. That certainly would ease the fears of those who have figured out a lower tax bill next year, despite the new and higher assessment figure, and those whose city tax bill will remain unchanged.

Mail Gifts at Once

During the war the people under much prodding and by reason of their own emotions got into the habit of doing Christmas season mailing very early in the month of December and, in the case of overseas mail to soldiers and sailors, they did their shopping three and four months ahead of time and followed thru with early shipments abroad.

The laxer times which have come upon us have brought about slump in this attention to Christmas season mailing. So Postmaster Bauman properly has issued words of warning.

With a knowledge of the volume of business that can be handled by the Post Office department from day to day, even with the greatly expanded forces of men and women, Postmaster Bauman says that unless a lot of mailing is done at once, a lot of the late consignments are going to lie undelivered in the local post office, or other offices, until after Christmas Day.

No consignor of a Christmas gift wants this latter thing to happen. No matter how close to December 25 the gift is turned over to Uncle Sam for delivery every consignor seems to expect that the mail trucks and trains and men and airplanes stand awaiting his letter, gift or card and then will rush its delivery sometime before the Christmas bells begin to ring for the joyous day.

So speed that Christmas shopping and follow up with speedy Christmas mailing. Time is running out rapidly. And much of the value of a Christmas gift will depend upon its timely arrival.

Distorted Films

Once again Americans are told that the movies they send abroad hurt rather than help the nation. Latest of these witnesses is Miss Margaret Sechrist, of New Cumberland, an exchange teacher, who spent last year in England.

Talking to Rotarians yesterday Miss Sechrist said "most of our films are bad propaganda since they distort life in the United States. We really should be more selective in those pictures we send overseas."

Hers is not the only testimony on this point. Not much is done about it. Without suppressing the freedom of speech and freedom from slavish censorship, it ought to be possible, if film exporters will not play the game, to arrange on some other basis that the United States shall cease being distorted and misrepresented on the silver sheets of foreign movie houses.

Every American, including newspapermen, know how distorted are some of the film stories, the de luxe living, the westerns, the city rooms, even the gangster milieus. Knowing the distorting American audiences can shrug, grin, bear or tolerate it. That does not come easy for the audiences on foreign soil. That puts America out of focus. It is unfortunate. Harrisburg Patriot

Attack and Defense

By HENRY McLEMORE

New York. — Quite a controversy is raging over the merits and demerits of the so-called platoon substitution system in football. As you know, this system calls for two separate teams — one for offense, the other for defense.

It is rumored that some of the bigger and more affluent colleges have a third team whose sole function is to listen to the coach's pep talk before the game and his half-time admonitions — or ravings, as the case may be.

The future of this system will be debated at the forthcoming annual football coaches' meeting in San Francisco.

Even if it is ruled out of football I believe it has great possibilities in the American home.

It is a rare man indeed who has the versatility to cope with all the situations which confront him as a husband. As every benedict must know, marriage ceaselessly alternates between attack and defense. One minute you're dishing it out; the next minute you're taking it on the nose.

Most husbands are better on the offense than on the defense. Let the little woman go $7 over her yearly clothing allowance, keep him waiting for three minutes, get one little scratch on the car fender, and he can launch an attack that would make Michigan or Notre Dame apple green with envy. In four quick plays he will surge to victory — 11 yards by sarcasm, 14 yards by self-pity, 6 yards by household profanity, 44 yards by a shovel pass from a sulk to masculine domination, and he's over for a touchdown.

Unfortunately, the husband does not always have possession of the ball. Sometimes he fumbles and mama recovers — and he finds himself on the defensive. That's when he yearns for the two-platoon system. That's when he would like to be yanked out of the house and have a substitute sent in for him.

For example, here is the situation:

Husband, due home for 6:30 (on the dot) dinner because wife, at husband's specific request, has prepared his favorite meal —cheese souffle and popovers. Husband, delayed by hospitable acquaintances, forgets to look at watch till 8:15. Telephone call reveals wife's offensive backfield in full motion.

A situation like this calls for one thing, and one thing only: a defensive substitute capable of withstanding any series of plays his wife may be planning to throw at him.

Another example:

Wife insists husband join her and five other girls in friendly poker game. Game starts off conservatively, with only deuces, treys and one-eyed Jacks wild. Husband maintains solvent position until losing players suggest seven-card stud with all black cards wild. All ladies present gleefully agree and launch baffling razzle-dazzle attack on his bankroll.

Husbands who have been caught in this or a similar situation have but one alternative — run in a defensive substitute or lose their sanity.

Many an admirable husband can fill ash trays but not empty them; throw clothes on the floor but not pick them up; play with the dogs but never feed them or hunt for them when they run away. Husbands need a substitute to perform these unpleasant tasks, thus leaving them to remain perfect in the eyes of their wives.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Dec. 11, 1923—A Tuesday.

Henry I. Koch was re-elected president of the Allentown Chamber of Commerce at an organization meeting of the board of directors. James R. Kinsloe was re-elected managing secretary.

A meeting of Liberty Bell chapter, D.A.R., was held in Trout Hall, Mrs. L. Anewalt, regent, presiding. Mrs. John Ebbecke reported on the work of the Americanization committee.

Members of Sgt. Holveck post No. 328, VFW, nominated without opposition Gen. C. T. O'Neill as post commander. Others nominated to the slate of officers included Harvey E. Haines, Harry Rickert, William H. Ainey, Rev. E. H. Carhart Jr., Rev. E. A. Butz, Fred Albe, Edwin Peiper, Capt. William A. Ruch, and Lt. E. J. Quinn.

Warren W. Smith, proprietor of the First Ward Printing shop, acted as host to fellow members of the Ammonsdosue Camping club, who gathered at his home for their annual business session.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

Washington, — If a pulp magazine hack tried to sell the Hiss-Chambers mystery to an editor, and put down the events just as they have been happening of late, he'd wind up with a surly rejection slip.

This one is confusing even for a Congressional committee, where a certain amount of native confusion is routine. Everybody seems to want in this particular act, and one wonders whether some appalling important business isn't being trampled to death here by double-talk, vapory allegations, false alarms, too many spokesmen and professional jealousy.

For a time the other night when Isaac Don Levine was on the stand it appeared that the House Un-American Activities committee was going to put the federal grand jury on trial. The congressmen are plainly sore as unpunctured boils because the feds, who seemed to go to sleep on this case for many months, awoke with a lurch recently and grabbed the committee's two prize exhibits—Hiss and Chambers.

What followed after that was a fantastic jig-saw which, it is to be regretted, has had the caucus room guffawing from time to time.

The committee announced late last week that it would begin public hearings last Tuesday at 2 p.m. It yelled for its two bristling witnesses, but the feds wouldn't spring them out of New York. So the committee said okay, smarty, we'll have our hearing at 2 o'clock anyway, but it will be closed.

But at 11 a. m. Tuesday morning the committee said that the thing would be open anyway. It opened indeed at 2 p.m. but on the motion of Rep. Hebert (D.-La.), it was immediately closed. Mr. Hebert explained that he had not had time to study the day's business. The boys retired to a private chamber.

Fifteen minutes later they were back. The hearing was open again.

Rep. Nixon's office was giving out conflicting statements under his name while Nixon was boating to Panama. Rep. Mundt was issuing other statements through the committee hawkshaw, Mr. Stripling. On Thursday afternoon Mr. Mundt went on a local television show to state that the committee had nabbed one of the "mysterious" witnesses it has been trailing. Half an hour later he announced that the committee had not nabbed same.

There was considerable furore over a Mr. Peurifoy's assertion that other governments —Mundt said they were the Russians and probably the Germans and Japs—were able to break what was called "the State department code" by reason of securing whatever dope Chambers, a retreaded Communist, was able to turn over to them a decade ago.

Truth of the matter is that there are a number of State department codes and it has been the practice of the department for years to give them a shuffle every few months. Further to achieve secrecy in transmission, the department sends a message in one code to a certain point and then it is relayed on to its eventual destination—through other stations — in separate codes.

Mr. Peurifoy amended his testimony 24 hours later to the extent of inserting a "maybe" or two into what he had said.

Levine placed the name of Donald Hiss into the proceedings the other night, and made it pretty strong that this Hiss was mixed up in what we call the underground apparatus. But members of the committee itself took reporters aside later on to recommend that they forget about Donald because everybody else says he's a peachy fellow.

As for Chambers, he was pictured Thursday night as a shining knight and lovable patriot for admitting that he was once an active cog in a sleepless machinery which seeks to overthrow the government which then, and now, affords him some fame, fortune and security. The feds were depicted as a villainous lot bent on throwing the book at the poor innocent soul. If it had gone another ten minutes I, for one, would haved chipped in to any kitty raised to buy Chambers a medal.

Horoscope

This is the time for delightful social functions, and late hours should keep you feeling peppy. Do not be afraid to adopt new and original business methods—as the result should be gratifying. The prevalent vibrations favor writing, children, travel, study and inheritance. You may expect a very forceful personality to develop for the child born today. He or she probably will be active hard-working, original, of quick perceptions and much fertility of thought and action-clever and lucky.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

John 14.

This chapter has comforted more Christians than any other in the Bible. Let not your heart be troubled, says Jesus, and how many have died of 'heart trouble' because they knew Him not. Life in this world is short at best, a preparation for the life beyond; for the Christian in the Father's house, whither Jesus has gone ahead to prepare a place for us. But reservations must be made here and now, for there is no 'moving', no change of condition possible after death. 'Mansions' in v.2 do not mean fifty-thousand dollar dwellings. The word means abodes, 'abiding places', from manere, to remain; in contrast with the idea of temporary dwellings, for we are but pilgrims, passing through this word to our permanent abodes. Then Jesus promises to come again, to take us unto Himself, that where He is, we may be also, or, as David puts it in the 23rd Psalm, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever'. Note the important statement, v.6, of Jesus concerning Himself: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life'. No other person could ever have said that. The peace He gives, v.27, is the best preventive of 'heart trouble'.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A doctor in a small Polish town, trying desperately to collect enough fees to balance his wife's extravagance, was called to treat the sick daughter of a poor scholar.

"Name any fee, and I'll raise it for you," begged the scholar. "Only save my daughter."

"It's a difficult case. What if I don't save her?" asked the doctor.

"Whether you cure her or kill her, I'll pay," promised the scholar.

Unfortunately, the daughter died despite the doctor's best efforts, and he submitted a bill for a thousand dollars. The scholar cried this was exorbitant, and the case went to the local judge for arbitration. The judge considered all the evidence and then turned to the doctor. "As I understand it, sir," he said, "you were to be paid whether you cured this poor girl or killed her. Did you cure her?" "No," the doctor admitted. "Did you kill her then?" "Certainly not," roared the doctor. "Very well, then," decreed the judge, "the case is dismissed, and the doctor deserves nothing at all."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MORYA IS DER DAWG:

Yar bei jupperty, morya is der dawg fon da tzwet yairlicha Pennaylfawnish Deitscha Grishdawgs train exkursion noch New Yarrick. 'S sin ethlicha socha os m'r garn hetta os yaders in ocht nemma dade os mit da train noch Nei Yarrick gain. Fers aller airsht, os m'r ous shtarta om Allentown Lehigh Valley station, bredsees om tswonsich minuta noch da sexa, un ferlossa Bedlehame tzwelf minuta shpaiter. 'S werra ken tickets ferkauft on da stations. Ae kerrich wert k'halta fer der Bedlehamer passengers. 'S wert nix ferkauft uf da train, un unser rote is fer yaders awenich ebbes tzu essa mit nemma, weil m'r 'n gons foller farmie dawg fer uns hen in Nei Yarrick.

Driwwa im Pennsylvania Station gain m'r fon da train uf die bussa fer die 16 mile bus ride noch La Guardia Airport. Die weil os alla minute tzailt, hofa m'r 'n yaders helft tzeit uf mocha, un die bussa filla so shtarrick os miglich. 'S sin alsa mohl tzeita ufda bussa woh ferleicht net ol bei nonner sei kenna os garn bei nonner weara, ow'r die gons drup sin unser aigna leit, un hoffa 'n yaders dut sei g'flich fer yoh ken minute tzeit ferlierra. Filla die bussa so shtarrick os miglich, des da g' shwinder os os m'r fert kumma, des da mainer tzeit hen m'r drous om Airport.

Drous om Airport is essa un drinka tzu kaufa, un aw 'n lot tzu sehna. Tzeit gait shtarrick, un hoffa os ol in ocht nemma uf wos fer ra bus os sie nous sin, un widder uf die same bus gain fer tzurick nei noch Radio City gae. Halta eich bei da drup, so os niemond hinner lossa wert, un aw os m'r in tzeit die shtadt nunner kumma fer aryads omma ess blotz nei shtoppa nagshd on Radio City, fer bissel essa. So fiel sin m'r shure, os ken tzeit is fer 'n foller middawg arderra, un glawwa os es ken shlechter bawn sei maich'd, fer awenich ebbes im sock howwa fer dei mauga halta fon tzu long werra won m'r ungfare wenich shpote rei kumma sotta.

So weit os in Radio City gae aw gait, sin m'r net gons shure tzu wos fer ra dier os m'r nei gain. Worta fer sellie barichda eb n'r fon da bus gain won m'r tzurick kumma fon La Guardia Airport. Elf uhr is die tzeit fer uns nei gae uns Show shtart om tzwelfa. 'S airsht tzu duh won m'r drin sin, is sitza sucha uf 'm airshda floor. Sis nix tzu kaufa fon essa odder drinka im Radio City Music hall, ow'r sis drink wosser tzu griega in shtubba unna drous im "kaller."

'S Show gait ous bout halver drei, un woh yader'm blenty tzeit gebt fer essa, so wohl wie aw darrich Radio City gae, odder onnerra shows sehna. M'r hen widder glaina korta un woh m'r hoffa os ol awhanka maiga eb sie bakont sin in Nei Yarrick odder net. 'S hut immer leit in so ra drup woh frem sin, un die korta awhanka is ae waig os 'n yaders wase war tzu unserra drup kairt. Uf da kort sechta aw, os die train der Pennsylvania R. R. station on da 32d shtross un 7d Avenue owets ferlust sharaf om tzwonsich minuta bis nina. Sis blenty blotz im station fer beim warma worta uf die train. Un fergessa net, unser tickets sin yusht gut uf unserra aigna Pennsylfawnish Deitscha exkursion train, un kenna net gayus'd werra aenich aryads shunshd. Won ebber die train ferfaila sot wies shun hen, mus es sich 'n ticket kaufa fer uf ra shpaiterra train hame. Niemond sot shpaiter noch 'm station kumma wie fartel noch da ochta, un noh in ocht nemma uf wos nummer track os sie sawga, os die Pennsylvania Dutch exkursion train om worta is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Soicha os tzu bisy sin fer supper nemma die shtadt drowwa eb sie owets noch 'm station gain, kenna essa un drinka griega im grossa station ess blotz woh m'r tzomma kumma fer hame gae.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some time ago a new family moved into our section of town.

They were a family of grown-ups who had chosen our community for two reasons.

They had spent the summer here and fallen in love with our scenery, the nearness of the water, the coolness of our summer climate.

That was the second reason.

The first reason was that their son and his family were living within five miles of here and they wanted to be nearer to them than the fifty miles that separated them when they lived in New York.

* * *

The head of the family came to me with a complaint yesterday.

I am repeating it to you, because it is typical of so many communities, and it may be typical of yours.

When those people moved here a few of the neighbors called on them and welcomed them in courteous frigidity.

That was all.

Since then they have been wandering around without making any friends or getting any taste of community life.

But they own their home and so they are on the taxpayers' list.

And that tax list in our community — and probably in yours, too—is the greatest sucker list in America.

* * *

There is hardly a day that they don't receive some kind of solicitation in the mail.

It may be a bargain sale of seat covers or garbage cans. It may be the opening of a new restaurant or gas station.

But the most frequent type of solicitation is the charity appeal.

They know that their name has been obtained from the tax list, because there is a slight misspelling on that list and that same error appears in every panhandle that comes to them.

* * *

These new neighbors of ours don't mind contributing to charities. They have money and give freely.

But the thing that gripes them is that so many of the appeals say: "we know your interest in your community", or "we all want to see our community be happy"—or something like that.

But what, my new neighbor asked me, does our community do to arouse our interest in it, or to make us happy in it?

* * *

He is right.

Our community, and probably yours, does absolutely nothing to make newcomers community-conscious.

A community's duty lies not only in paving, street-cleaning, policing and fire-fighting.

Communities are made up not of bricks and stones and cash registers.

Communities are made up of human beings with souls and hearts and emotions and longings for companionship.

* * *

If there is a tax assessor, why not have a commissioner of welcome? If the police department can tell us not to do certain things why not have a friendship committee to guide us in doing things together?

* * *

I wonder whether I haven't got something there.

(Copyright 1948)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

GOLFING PARSON

Now until the winter passes
Back we've sent him to his classes,
Back to gracious living teaching,
Back to weddings; back to preaching.

Back to suppers and to dinners,
Back to full-time saving sinners.
Leaving golf, and us, behind him.
In his study now they'll find him.

Cold the winds and bleak the fairway.
Silent now the clubhouse stairway.
It is winter, and the grill room
Is a lonesome and a still room.

Golfing parson—spirit tender,
'Tis with sadness we surrender
You once more unto your people
Gathered 'neath your holy steeple.



IN DER KICH

Our questions pertaining to Pennsylvania German cookery in the ECK for Nov. 20th brought forth such generous and informative replies that we should like to share some of them with our readers.

From Carrie V. Bitting, Coopersburg: "I was greatly interested in the questions under the heading 'In der Kich.' Being way past fifty years and born and raised a Pennsylvania German, I can say that spinach was raised long before 1900. My grandmother and her sister used to tell me they had it in their gardens soon after their marriage (1859 or 1860). Asked how it was served, they told me they cooked the end of a ham and when nearly done, added peeled and sliced potatoes, and when the potatoes were nearly done the spinach was added and boiled for about eight or ten minutes.

"Carrots were only cooked in vegetable soup so far as I know.

"Yes, our grandparents also ate other 'greens' besides dandelions in the spring—sorrel, **pokebeereschuss** (poke berry shoots), **Schpringe Kresse, Winder Zwiwwle** and **Boikraut.**

"Onion pies are still baked in some families, as some of the older folks express a wish for them once in a while. They were called **Zwiwwlekuche.** Mother used to bake them when I was quite young.

"Fillsel can be made in different ways, but my favorite stuffing is the following old-fashioned one: Diced potatoes, sliced onions, salt and pepper, put in a frying pan with shortening, fried until tender and nicely browned. Then make a batter of eggs, salt, flour and parsley, pour over the other mixture and stir until the eggs are cooked. Cool and stuff into chicken, turkey, veal roast, etc."

From Pearl B. Bortz, Macungie: "I always enjoy the ECK and noticed the article 'In der Kich.' Now to answer some of your questions:

"CARROTS.—I remember my grandmother using them in chow chow because they made it look 'so nice.'

"GREENS.—My maternal grandmother would boil the young cabbage plants that were left over in the seed bed, season them with diced bacon and drippings and a little vinegar if desired.

"ONION PIE.—We call it **Zwiwwlepie,** and eat it hot like corn pie. Line a pie dish with dough, trim off edges and crimp. Fill with thinly sliced onions, dot with salt, pepper and butter and add milk. Bake rather slowly until golden brown and serve hot. Another variation is to use a strip of bacon on top of the onions instead of the butter, or to use an egg beaten into the milk, but we do not care for either of these.

"FILLSEL.—Yes, we call it that. Boil potatoes and drain. In a small frying pan mix about 4 tablespoons of butter and lard, a good-sized onion cut fine, and a slice of bread cut or crumbled. Stir constantly and fry until onion and bread crumbs are golden brown. Add this mixture to the potatoes, then add a beaten egg and finely cut parsley and mash, adding enough hot milk to make the desired consistency. I use this when filling pig stomach or any fowl. Sometimes I use a small piece of smoked sausage cut fine and mixed with the last few spoonfuls of **fillsel** when filling a pig stomach, thus having one end of plain **fillsel** and the other end with the smoked sausage."

Mrs. Emory M. Moyer, Souderton, writes: "Yes, we frequently had onion pie. We parboiled the sliced onions, placed them in a pie pan with a good undercrust, seasoned them with salt, pepper and bits of butter and some milk. Place in oven and bake to a nice brown. We used to keep warm milk on the table for anyone who wanted more than was in the pie. They are delicious and I am sure many housewives still make them.

"My stepmother, Mrs. Aaron K. Updegrove, of Valley View, Schuylkill County, baked a **Sauerambel** pie for me when I was a girl. My friends at school used to say how good it was and how it tasted like rhubarb pie. I gathered the nice young leaves of the **Sauerambel.** They were placed in a crust like any other pie and seasoned with sugar (A sugar then), bits of butter and plenty of cinnamon. It was the only trial we ever gave it, for it was not at all like a delicious rhubarb pie."

From Harry E. Lichtenwalner, Macungie: "In the ECK for Nov. 20th you inquired about **Sauerambel, Halwer Gaul** and **Zwiwwlekuche.** Mrs. Annie Hermann, 75 years old, says she cannot remember about **Sauerambel,** but **Halwer Gaul** she remembers eating. It was cooked like cabbage. She also remembers baking **Zwiwwlekuche.** The onions were sliced and fried and placed in a pie crust. A custard filling containing salt instead of sugar was poured over the onions and then the pie was baked."

Mrs. Stanley Arthur, East Mauch Chunk, writes: "I am one of the many who enjoy the ECK. I am glad to supply you with some of my mother's good recipes that she and grandmother used and we daughters still use in cooking and baking. We are granddaughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Best of Walnutport, who lived on the well-known farm of Jacob Best just south of the bridge. On this farm my grandparents raised many greens and vegetables. I will always remember spinach and green cabbage plants cooked with ham and potatoes. Smoked ham was cooked until nearly done, then spinach and diced potatoes were added and cooked until done. Vinegar was added at the table, if we liked. Green cabbage was cooked the same way, but this I could never take to the order, not even to this day.

"Grandmother also boiled carrots and diced potatoes with salt beef or bacon. Carrots and parsnips were cut up and dried. Both were then ground in the coffee mill and added to the coffee in preparing the breakfast coffee. These dark-brown roasted little blocks were tasty and grandmother used to let us pick them out to eat when she ground the coffee. Grandmother also cooked **Seiohre Bledder** or pig's ears (plantain). These are very good, but must be scalded twice before adding to the ham or bacon. This also asks for a dash of vinegar. I still cook them if I can get them young, for old leaves cannot be used.

"Sauerambel and **Halwer Gaul** were made into salad as well as **Schpringegress** (watercress) and **Millichkraut** (wild lettuce). For such salads she made a dressing of one tablespoon of flour, 2 teaspoons of sugar, salt, vinegar to taste and one egg. Bacon or ham fat was fried out until light brown and then added to the above mixture together with sour milk or buttermilk and cooked until thick. This dressing is cooled and then poured over the greens, like dandelion.

"For **Sauerambel** you line a pie pan with pastry, sprinkle a little flour in the bottom, brown sugar over that and then fill with the **Sauerambel** that has been well washed in hot water and drained. Add some lemon juice or vinegar and brown sugar and bake as you do other covered pies.

"Onion pies are a treat in our home, the way our Mommy (as we called our grandmother) used to make them. Line a pan two inches deep with pastry, sprinkle flour on it to keep the pie from getting soggy; then dice bread, slice onions, then fill one layer of onions, then bread, then onions and the last layer must be bread. When the pie is filled up high add dots of butter and sprinkle with salt and add one teaspoon of sugar and pepper, as you like. Fill it up with sweet milk, let it set three minutes, fill up again and then bake it in a slow oven until the onions are done and the bread is light brown. Sometimes we spread the bread with butter before dicing it. We called this pie **Zwiwwlekuche.**

"The following **Fillsel** (stuffing) recipe is more than 100 years old and we never found one we liked better: Dice bread in three-fourth inch blocks, brown it in shortening on top of stove, stirring it all the time until a light brown; put it into a mixing bowl and add well-cooked potatoes with one-half cup of the potato water, one onion, parsley, salt and pepper; mix well, then add two well-beaten eggs and enough milk to moisten. Half a loaf and one cup of potato is usually enough for a medium-sized chicken. Add sage if you like."

DES NEIYOHR SOLL DIR GNAEDICH SEI

Des Yohr geht schnell seim Ende zu,
Ball waerd es Glaas gedreht
So wann ich dich net sehne duh,
Iss des nau mei Gebet:
Des Neiyohr soll dir gnaedich sei,
Soll bringe dir viel Schdick
Vun Gnowwelochwarscht un Gollerei,
Sell macht dich fett un dick.
Sollscht alles hawwe, was gut iss—
Un dei Familie aa—
Vun Hinkelfleesch zu Hickerniss.
Yuscht denk e bissel draa:
Wer zu viel fresst (ya, des iss wohr)
Grickt oft Bauchweh defor.

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Locust Daal im Grischtmunet, 1948

Liewer Editor:

Die Grischtzeit iss widder do un die Leit sin eifrich am Sache kaafe fer annere Leit Freede mache. Iss es net gut, as Grischtdaag alle Yohr widder kummt? Deel Leit hen Grischtdaag alle Daag 's Yohr rum, awwer deel vergessen es widder ball. Fer so Leit nemmt 's Lewe widder so en alle-daagsicher Schein. Sie verliere der Schtarneschein as um ihne iss an de Grischtzeit.

Grischtdaag iss en wunnerbarri Zeit. Sie losst noch lang noochderhand ihre Merker. Es hot Leit, as meene es breicht net sei—mer breicht ken Grischtdaag, awwer selli Leit hen der Schtarneschein yuscht verfehlt un hen "'s Grischtkindel in der Wieg" noch net im Haerz.

Un noh kummt die Neiyohrszeit. Mich wunnert's was es Neiyohr uns bringt. Es sin viel Sache am geh. Vorleicht bringt es der "Friede auf Erde," wu mer all so froh waere defor. Was der Engelschaar uns verschproche hot, des dutt unser liewer Vatter uns aa schicke, mer misse yusht fascht draa glaawe un bete defor.

Un nau winsch ich dem Editor vum Eck un alle as helfe am Eck un am Morning Call en haerrliches un glickseliches Neiyohr mit "Gottes Segen auf allen Wegen."

Beim Eck lese hawwich viele scheene Zeite ghatt. Es hot uns viel Neies un Lehrreiches gebrocht un viel Leit Freede gemacht. Machen yuscht so weiter un wann die Zeit kummt, ass es Babier nimmi so raar iss, dann machen 's Eck widder greesser, wie's frieher waar.

Mit beschtem Gruss an Eich all.
ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

ER GEHT HAASE HUNDE

DER anner Daag bin ich un der Billy Bixler gange Haase hunde am Baerrick naus. Mer hen em Sam Petzmiller sei grosser Bullhund mitgenumme far die Haase eiyaage. Der Billy hot em Mike Haahneyaerrick sei aldi Flint gelehnt. Die Flint iss about nein Fuss lang un hot en Loch wie en Fleeschschdenner. Sie hot noch die ald Sart Flindeschloss. Wie mer sie gelaade hen, dann hen mer emol em Handvoll Bulfer nei, dernoh en ganser cut Waerrick druff gschdampt. Uff sell hen mer en Teebleddli voll Schrot un dernoh noch meh Waerrick. Glei hot der ald Hund en Haas uff de Fiess ghatt, un es iss am Baerrick naus gange. Der Billy hot mer die Flint niegelangt un hot gsaat, ich sett der Haas schiesse. 'Nee," hawwich gsaat, "du bischt der bescht Schitz un tannscht en umlewwele wie gaar nix." Nau, ich hab geglaabt, as es ald Luder 'kick't wie en wollschdreemicht Kuh un dohaer waar ich so willich, ass der Billy der ersht Schuss raus schiesst. Glei kummt der Haas darrich die Hecke zu hupse un der Billy faahrt uff un "futsch" iss es Bulfer in der Zindpann aagange. Des hot der Haas vergelschdert un er iss aafange schpringe, un wie die Bix losgange iss, waar er anyhow en Vaerdel Meil darrich die Hecke draus. Der Billy iss en Schdick mit de Bix zurickgange un dernoh iss sie selwer fart, awwer sie hot en gross Schdick Haut vum Billy seim Backe mit. Ich hab ihn gfunne in de Hecke leie about elf Schritt vun wu er gschdanne hot ghatt. Es ersch: hawwich gemeent, er waer mausdot, awwer glei hot er die Aage uffgemacht un hot mich gfrogt, eb dann die Nofember Leckschon noch net varbei waer. Ich hab en erinnert ass mer am Haase hunde waere gewest, un ass er die Bix abgschosse hett. Dernoh hot en mich so wild aageguckt un hot gsaat: "Well, Gottlieb, bin ich varschrpunge odder die Bix?" Zwee Schluck vun sellere Kefferbrieh, wu ich unner em alde Sammy Sendepetzer seim Hoischdock vergraawe hab ghatt, hot en widder uff die Fiess gschdellt. Mer hen geguckt far die Bix awwer hen sie net gfunne, un mer sin zu der conclusion kumme ass sie net runnerkumme waer bis uff em annere Seid am Baerrick. Mer hen dernoh yeders en guder Hewwel genumme un sin em Haas nochgange, awwer der Ketzer waar zu gscheit un iss uns allemol ausgedreht. Mer hen dernoh der ald Hund vun der Gschpur un sin naus noch de Felsekepp. Glei hot er widder laut gewwe un mer sin uff die Gschpur, dann saagt der Billy, "Look out, Gottlieb, es iss bei ginnerasity en Baer!" Nau ich bin net schlimm far Baere such—ich hab kenner verlore, un anyhow, en aarmlicher alder Mann, as yucht aus em Grankesbett kumme iss, en Baer aadreffe un nix hawwe far sich zu 'defend'e as wie en Hewwel, hot mich gaar luders schlecht g'suit'. Ich hab an die Polly gedenkt, un wer sie heiere daed, wann sie en Widfraa gewwe daed. Un dernoh iss es mir eikumme, ass sie gsaat hot, ich waer en Haerzkauer un es daed mich nix dot mache, weil ihre ken so gut Glick erfalle kennt. Ich hab gegrische, "Kumm an, Billy," un bin uff der Baer los. Der Hund hot ihn gfange ghatt un sie waare schunt epaar Minutte am fechte gewest. Wie ich anne kumme bin hot der Baer uff em Rick gelegge un der Hund hot ihn am Hals ghatt un hot en aa glei dotgetschokt ghatt. Mer hen der Baer noch net halwer abgezogge ghatt, dann heer ich es Laab rabble hinnich mir un guck rum, dann sehn ich en Bissketzel sich uffschdraube un hot der Hund gebendert far fechde. Der braaf Hund hot mir in die Aage geguckt un hot dernoh gsaat so bleen as en Hund es saage kennt:

"Gottlieb, ich farricht mich far nix. Ich hab der Baer geleddert, awwer frog mich net far die schdinkich glee Bisskatz aapacke."

Ich hab em gude alde Hund der Kopp gschdriche un hab zu ihm gsaat:

"Wasser, du bischt recht. En Hund as Baere dotmache kann, der sett sich net abgewwe mit Biskatze fechde."

Mer hen unser Baer heem un nau lewe mer widder wie annere Leit, awwer die drei Sache hawwich selle Daag gelaernt:

1. Wann du en alde Flint abschiesse witt, dann loss ebber schunscht sie hewe.

2. Wann du en Baer fange witt, dann loss der Hund ihn erscht dot mache.

3. Ass viel Mensche, wie Bisskatze, lewendich darrich die Welt kumme unne wehgeduh yuscht weil niemand sich schdinkich mache will mit de gleene Rotzkeffer zu fechde.

GOTTLIEB BOONASTIEL.
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933.)

We thank Mrs. Milton E. Staudt, New Ringold, for the package of **Sauerambel,** sent by courtesy of the Rev. Franklin D. Slifer, Topton. It found its way into the first **Sauerambel** pie made in our kitchen. Good!

Speaking of recipes, we call attention to the Pennsylvania German recipes published by Paul R Wieand, Guth's Station, and done in gay block-print **Fraktur** Sie heemeln em aa!

Will our kind readers help us find answers to the following: We remember from our childhood Christmas seasons molasses cookies known as Bellylaps. *We find them mentioned nowhere in modern cookbooks. Who knows the recipe? And who knows what a* Rolitsch *is and how to make it?—ED.*

19

THE MORNING CALL

Published Daily Except Sunday in the Call-Chronicle Building Sixth and Linden Streets, Allentown, Pennsylvania, by

Call-Chronicle Newspapers, Inc.

Publishers of The Morning Call, Evening Chronicle and the Sunday Call-Chronicle

TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: Patterson and Center Sts., Lansford—Phone 708
EASTON: 52 Center Square—Phone 8622

PUBLISHERS

J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Donald P. Miller, Executive Manager; J. C. Shumberger Jr., Controller; Fred W. Weiler, Circulation Manager; Samuel W. Miller, Managing Editor; William D. Reimert, Executive Editor; Charles C. Curtis, Advertising Director; Percy B. Ruhe, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Weekdays, One Year, $12.75; Six Months, $6.38; Three Months, $3.19; One Week, 25c. Sunday Only, One Year, $3.64; Six Months, $1.82; Three Months, 91c; One Week, 7c. Weekday and Sunday, One Year, $16.39; Six Months, $8.20; Three Months, $4.10; One Week, 32c.

ASSOCIATED PRESS—INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

Member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited by this paper and also local news published herein.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly-Smith, Inc.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Editorials

Thought for Today

The man who never in his life
Has washed the dishes with his wife
Or polished up the silver plate—
He still is largely celebrate.
—Morley

Machines in Coal Mines

Coal mining costs have become so great that the belief of engineers and inventors in mechanical devices to replace thousands of men who go down into the bowels of the earth is getting wide encouragement. In fact, it has already resulted in development of a machine which may revolutionize the industry in this country and make it unnecessary for thousands of men to subject themselves to the hazards and inconveniences and other disagreeable factors in coal mining.

In the western Pennsylvania coal fields a machine now is at work cutting, drilling, blasting and loading coal at the rate of two tons a minute.

Here then is a continuous miner which can be kept at work 24 hours a day, seven days a week and 365 days a year in all the operations necessary to get coal out of the earth.

The machine works like this:

The thirty - four inch high, twenty-five and one-half-foot long machine has a ripper bar, on head at the front which tears coal upward from the working face and discharges it into a conveyor on the machine's back. The coal is carried to a hopper car in the rear and then to shuttle cars. The machine is mounted on caterpiller treads and can turn to the right or left. The ripper bar and the rear conveyor each swing in a 45-degree arc so the machine can mine around a corner. The actual speed with which coal can be mined varies with the characteristics of each seam and of every mine in that seam. It also varies with the efficiency of the transportation system in hauling coal away from the machine.

It is not too much to expect that this machine will revolutionize a great industry. It cannot be expected that it will immediately be adopted to the complete displacement of thousands of men. It will be a gradual process. But the pressures of high costs of mining, particularly labor costs and such matters as high insurance rates and very costly safety installations, promise to bring about the revolution with all the speed that the industry can afford for it is not to be overlooked that one machine costs about $50,000 and large capital investment will be required to make the turnover from men to machines.

Keeping City Clean

The police department's foray yesterday against alleged gamblers and their headquarters is in line with the department's general policy as to this type of illegal behavior and fairly well organized commercial vice.

This vice makes a lot of young men parasites upon society. The lure of swift and large gains without manual labor, the false glamor of sporting life and the flashiness in dress as a rule of those who engage in it are temptations that lead all too many astray at an early day.

There can be no expectation on the part of Chief Christine and his police to put an end to all gambling. But he can and proposes to do a lot as to gambling. The city has been kept pretty clean of all such business and Chief Christine admirably intends to keep it so.

Make Xmas Tree Safe

In many homes, even in some where there are children still innocent as to the Santa Claus myth, Christmas trees already are being set up and prepared for the happy holiday season.

Thus the source of many fires in dwellings and business places during the Christmastide is being established. So it is well that just everybody is made aware of the fact that the Christmas tree, with all its adornments, can be turned into a destructive monster in the twinkling of an eye.

The Lehigh Valley Safety Council, acting in cooperation with the national body, seeks to advise everybody in this community of this danger and point out ways of avoiding it. Thus it is recommended that trees be dipped in advance of their being set up in a solution of nine ounces of borax, four ounces of boric acid and a gallon of water. Or the fluid can be sprayed upon the tree after it has been set up. This treatment is said to reduce the inflammability of the evergreen's needles which normally, after drying in the average American home or business place for a week or so, are almost as inflammable as gunpowder. It is also recommended that trees be set in containers of water to prevent the rapid drying of the needles and that the water supply be kept steady for the tree until it is taken down after Christmas. This prevents rapid drying of the needles.

It is also pointed out that many other inflammable articles that are common during the Christmas season be given an application of the borax-boric acid solution. This goes for cotton trimmings of trees and other types of decorations such as wreaths and evergreen boughs. It even goes for Santa Claus' whiskers, which upon occasion have been known to go up in smoke and flame.

The Christmas season is such a joyous one that nothing should be permitted to mar it. Simple precaution as to fire is one way of keeping it unmarred.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE SILVER SPRINGS: Fiel hen shun gawunnert wos m'r maina dada os es shanshd gewest wear uf unserra Florida trip 'm onnerra mohnet. Darta mit gaits wie der glae boo woh die same socha g'frok'd is werra waeich seinra airshda trip noch Nei Yarrick. Der glae boo hut g'sawt, er het allas gaglicha, un so is es uns gonga mit Florida. Doch won m'r tzurick guck'd huts gawissna socha os m'r net fergessa kent won m'r wot-ungfare wie unser trip on da Silver Spring, nagshd on Ocola, uf ma glaws buddem boat.

M'r hen wenich fertzailt fon da trip in ains fon unserra Florida brief, ow'r die weil os so fiel shun gawunnert hen waeich 'm blotz, un aw weil 'n freind uns garetzt hut m'r hetta bissel galoga wie m'r g'sawt hetta die shpring wear 80 foos dief, hen m'r ous gamocht fer wenich weiter fertzaila fom blotz.

Die Silver Springs sin alla weil om gae fer gelt mocha, un wie aw bout allas shunshd is in Florida. 'S sin etlicha shpringa os darta ous lawfa, die graish'd dafon 65 foos long, un 12 foos hoch. Wie fiela may shpringa os sin wissa m'r net, ow'r sehnt ol iwwer won m'r owwa druf rum fohrt, woh g'wella der weiss sond in die hae kocha. 'S lawfa alla dawg 801,000,000 golla wosser ous da shpring, un woh 'n shtrawn mocha nine mile long bis noch 'm sae. 'S wosser 's yohr rum shtaid on 72 degrees, un is so glore wie glaws.

'S wosser kumt fom raya os in selra gagend fall'd, un woh alla druppa dafon darrich der sond nunner in die ard soak'd. 'S wosser is so wunnerbore glore weils g'filter'd wert darrich sond, un aw darrich kollick shtae ruf kumt wohs helft glore mocha. 'S grebshd dale fon da unner wosser bilder os tzu sehna sin in da moovies, worra ganumma on Silver Spring. Die Springa sin fon 30 bis 40 foos dief, 81 foos om aller diefshda. Aenicha waig, so sechts im buch woh m'r kauft hen, un woh allas shae ous laig'd.

'S wor der DeSota woh die shpringa g'funna sol howwa in 1539. Fermuthlich wert der Ponce de Leon sie aw g'sehna howwa wie er om gucka wor fer "The Fountain of Youth." Die Insha hen fer yohra ihra hameta drum rum kotta-ae tribe noch da onnerra, bis die Seminoles ous gadriva sin werra in 1842. Fer yohra wor der blotz woh die boats now landa, 'n waraf woh flat boats bauwol, malossich, tzugar un huls galawda hen, un g'shlawfer hen sie nunner noch 'm sae ganumma.

Die boats garunn'd bei leck-trick battery fers wosser glore halta, nemma bout 25 leit uf 'n trip. Der budda in da mid fom boat is glaws, 'n halb tzol dick, un woh m'r ol iwwer darrich nunner uf der budda sehna kon. On fiel bletz is allas tzu gawoxa mit greena blonsa woh alla orta farva shmeissa won die sun shein'd. 'S sin 36 unnershittlicha orta fish tzu sehna, dale "Catfish" may wie drei foos long. Noh sin aw elf orta shilgritta darta, un etlicha orta shawla fish.

Die trip nembt bout 'n shtun, kosh'd $2.30 der kup. 'N onner boat nembt leit darrich der "Jungle." Der kerl os es boat runn'd fertzailt wos tzu sehna is, un wista ferleicht noch awenich mainer wie m'r so duhna, won unser fuhrmon-'n neager, net so yammerlich foul gawest wear. 'S hut g'sheind er wear tzu "mead" fers moul uf mocha grawd wie sie sawga os ol die leit werra dada os fer 'n weil in Florida dahame weara.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R UNser Florida trip wor fer londschoft sehna, un net fer tzeit shpenda.

Mohl shpaiter fertzaila m'r woh m'r onna gangda won m'r 'n mohnet odder langer, dart drunna tzu bringa wotta fer ruga.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 18, 1923 — A Tuesday

Members of the City Planning commission in session yesterday morning in the office of Mayor Gross were unanimous in endorsing the proposed extension of Hamilton St. as the western approach to Allentown from Reading. The plans, as drawn by Bascom and Sieger, provide for the extension of the street to 26th St. connecting with the Reading pike at Cedar Crest college.

Facts about Allentown: Assessed valuation, $67,639,020; bonded debt, $1,133,800; tax rate, city .008, school .012; bank resources $41,000,000; number of factories, 312; volume of annual output, (estimate) $140,530,500; wholesale merchants, 159; churches, 72; schools, 26.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — It isn't particularly important whether President Truman dislikes the House committee on Un-American Activities or whether he thinks its investigation was a "red herring." It isn't even important whether Mr. Truman is or is not giving the American people a wrong impression about his own attitude toward the whole anti-Communist investigation.

What is important is that, despite all the political bickering, some very significant facts have been revealed which are shocking.

Documents containing the secret correspondence of the United States with its diplomatic representatives abroad were taken from government files ten years ago and found their way into the hands of a self-confessed spy for Soviet Russia.

The methods by which this information was uncovered may have been clumsy and open to severe criticism. Methods of Congressional committees have always been subject to accusations of unfairness because of the tendency to call witnesses and leave implications concerning their alleged guilt.

But the facts have come to light now and the processes of governmental prosecution are at work. All the ends sought by the house committee — which was primarily trying to show that looseness existed in the executive branch of the government—have been in the main accomplished The very idea, however, that any committee has achieved a "victory," as mentioned by one of the press association dispatches, is repugnant to thoughtful people, who do not believe these procedures should be matters of contest or rivalry between anyone.

The Department of Justice has been attacked as uncooperative, the theory being that it was not willing to put President Truman on the spot because during the campaign he called the inquiry a "red herring." But the department cannot proceed in the spotlight of publicity, and what happens in a grand jury room must necessarily remain secret anyway. The fact that the statute of limitations had run on any act of thievery ten years ago made it impossible to consider seriously any indictments of persons allegedly engaged in such rifling of the files. This means that, no matter how sensational the disclosures, there was no way of indicting anybody for an offense alleged to have been committed a decade ago. The federal law says that, after a certain number of years, there can be no prosecution.

When an indictment was finally handed down in New York this week, it was not on the basis of any accusation of theft of files as such but on the charge that perjury was committed by a witness before the grand jury. This now confines the prosecution to a narrow field, but it illustrates just the same why the Department of Justice was not able to arrest a lot of people heretofore and accuse them of spying or stealing files.

The House committee, on the other hand, was in a position to investigate anything. The very looseness of the procedures in Congressional committees enables a certain amount of exposure to be done even after the statute of limitations has run. If the subject is one with which the people are deeply concerned, they overlook the extremes of such procedure and think the Congressional purpose is a beneficial one. If, on the other hand, it never is proved that any of the persons accused were actually guilty, the committee will have done a disservice in publicizing the names of innocent persons.

A mere indictment is not tantamount to a conviction. It is simply an accusation deemed sufficiently important to bring about a trial in court. Here the accused is innocent until actually proven guilty. Until then opinions must be suspended and headlines that create any prejudices must be dismissed from the minds of those who may be called to try the case.

There is no doubt that political motives before the election played a part in the debate about the value of the House committee on un-American Activities. Unquestionably the Republicans were making capital out of the Chambers-Hiss case during the campaign. But the developments about hidden microfilms came after the election and should have been treated on a nonpartisan basis.

Mr. Truman may still condemn the House committee for its methods — opinions will differ on the value of such committees and certainly there is need for rules to protect innocent witnesses — but the case has now gone to the courts. Hence any comments from the president or anyone else, giving the impression that the work of the grand jury was motivated by any considerations other than the public interest, will not be received as just or fair by the public.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

John 1.

'In the beginning, v. 1, takes us back much farther than the same phrase in Gen. 1:1, which marks the beginning of time, for John's Gospel begins in eternity. In this chapter we read of Jesus as life, light, grace and truth. He, the Son of God, was made flesh, v. 14, and dwelt among us, that He might show forth the love of the Father, and give His life as a ransom for man's sin. John the Baptist, v. 6, was the one divinely appointed to introduce Jesus to men, exclaiming to the multitude on the banks of the Jordan: 'Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world'. John gives us no particulars about the birth of Jesus, but quickly passes to His ministry, beginning with an allusion to His baptism, vs. 31-34. Jesus usually referred to Himself as the Son of man, but this is preeminently the Gospel of the Son of God, v. 34. In fact, John writes this Gospel to show that Jesus was the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of God and that believing, men might have life through His name, 20:31. In the remaining verses of this chapter, note the names of several men who came to Jesus as His disciples: Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Nathanael. Compare v. 51 with Genesis 28:12.

Horoscope

Keep your eyes open for new ways of earning money. Some happiness and progress will be registered by you although, in general, your life in the next 12 months will keep on an even keel. Be sure to make the most use of your opportunities as and when they are presented. A kind heart, an affectionate and hospitable disposition, and foundness of home and relatives is prophesied for the child born on this date.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The Flonzaley Quartet had just concluded a concert at Town Hall when a lady descended upon the second violinist, and demanded a look at his instrument. She examined it minutely, and then exclaimed, "It looks exactly like a first violin!"

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

These pictures, diplomas, etc., have been lying about since last June waiting to be framed. The good lady dodged the issue. I suspected a prejudice against diplomas, a discrimination against those of us who were being highly honored.

So, last week, in the excitement of the Christmas spirit, I seized the various items, deciding that I would bypass the old girl and do them myself. But where? Having a luncheon engagement nearby, I decided to risk a department store. I figured that a department store must have everything.

I plowed through women. It seemed that all the women in the world were assembled in this one store. Fat ones and skinny ones; cheerful ones and grouchy ones; in mink coats, Persian lamb coat and no coats at all. In front of me, to the right of me, to the left of me, they stood stock still. Women somehow know how to get around women—but a little man is lost in this sea of femininity.

Finally, I reached the haven of the fifth floor where the customers were fewer and the lights dimmer. It is where they sell furniture and create a superior atmosphere. And there I found a couner where they sell frames, and a very nice young lady who knew what I wanted before I told her and got me away quickly and cheerfully. I had put one over on the boss.

So I came home and announced my triumph.

"What color did you get?" I was asked.

"Black," I replied.

"What shade of black?"

"What do you mean, what shade of black?" I demanded. "Black is black."

She answered. "Black is of many shades. There is a lacquered black which shines. And there's a dull finish. Some look bright and some have a kind of satiny softness. Which did you get?"

Silence.

"What size frame did you buy—½ inch, 3-8 inch, 1 inch, 2 inch? What?"

By that time, I could only hang my head in shame. I ordered some frames. My saviour at the store said they were suitable. She is an expert. She sells frames every day and all day long. Who am I to quarrel with authority?

By that time, the picture frame absorbed me. It was more important than the Chambers - Hiss trial, Berlin, the Ruhr, the loss of good manners in the world. I was certain that I had bound the diplomas in funeral black a foot wide.

So I went to find the saleslady. There were even more women than the day before. They were all talking colors. They were all eyes. They were at every counter and in every aisle. They knew what they wanted and stood like anti-tank barriers against a male.

Everybody in the world was buying picture frames. There was a swell lady ir a Persian lamb coat who wanted a frame for a picture that looked to me like the finger-pictures that little girls do when they slobber ink all over their clothes. She said it was very valuable. It's all in the eye, I suppose. I waited and waited for these gals to get over comparing this with that. One wanted "shallow gold."

I butted in with the suggestion that "shallow gold" must be one of those shades my wife talks about when she says that that isn't yellow, it's canary. To me, yellow is yellow and black is black and cerise is red. But not to the old girl. I know my colors, all ten of them, but she has them by the thousands or millions or even trillions. There are off-shades and patinas and finishes.

So I waited for the argument on "shallow gold" to end and by that time I knew all about women and why they have to dye their hair. And it came my turn and I told my tale of woe and I showed my sample — and would you believe it? The young lady had sold me exactly what I should have ordered if I knew as much as the old girl knew about the shade of black and the width of the frame and the softness of the finish.

Luck? Not on your life. It was masculine efficiency

(Copyright 1948)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

The other evening, on Mary Margaret McBride's television program, I listened to and looked at some of Byron de Prorok's adventures.

I was particularly interested because this famous explorer is a fellow member of mine in the Adventurers' club, and I was quite proud when he showed the picture of planting the club's flag on the highest hill of North Africa's "Lost Desert".

It sort of made me feel as if I had been along on that dangerous expedition.

* * *

However that was not what impressed me most.

De Prorok showed many of the things he and his men found when they excavated long-lost products of century-old civilizations; civilizations of two thousand and more years ago; civilizations to which we refer in that superior way of ours as primitive.

There were exquisite bits of jewelry, such as earrings, bracelets and brooches—every bit as exquisite as the finest you see in today's best jewelry stores.

There were paintings and statuettes and cameos as fine as anything our best artists have produced during the past century.

There were many other objects that gave mute evidence of the fact that those days of two thousand years ago were not only not primitive but that we proud and boasting forty-eighters have progressed very little in two thousand years—nay, I wonder whether we have not been backsliding from a creative point of view.

When De Prook showed some of the ancient architecture it made me think in comparison of some of that horrible modernistic stuff they are putting up these days.

And it also reminded me that our finest modern architecture is nothing but an adaptation of the ancient Greek and Roman.

Look at your own public buildings. Look at your finest residences with their classic Greek lines, or their Roman columns. If you think I am wrong, ask any architect.

* * *

But to more practical things. Christmas is coming and, as usual, the problem of buying Christmas gifts.

Every mail brings circulars and folders from stores in New York and Connecticut. Every newspaper carries seductive ads.

But what do they offer?

The same things they offered twenty years ago— and probably the same things they offered two thousand years ago.

Two thousand years ago, by the way, ladies used compacts and lipsticks and mascara. So if you buy someone a compact you are no more original than a swain of 200 or so B.C.

There are bathrobes and sweaters and neckties and gloves for the men. There are jewelry and perfume and undies for the ladies. (And, of course, there are always and probably have always been mink coats.)

There are many new gadgets and inventions of course.

Who will give us something new in expressing the Christmas spirit?

Who will give the Byron de Proroks of 3948 an opportunity to excavate something different from what they found in 1948.

I guess the French are right when they say in one of their proverbs: "The more things change, the more they are the same."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

CHRISTMAS TRICK

Very willing now is he.
Washes when it's time for tea;
Being good as he can be.

Sister now he doesn't tease;
Picks up every toy he sees,
Trying very hard to please.

Out of bed to start the day;
Dresses quickly, doesn't stay
Dreaming precious time away.
Parents long have understood
Christmas coming, as they should,
Children show they can be good.

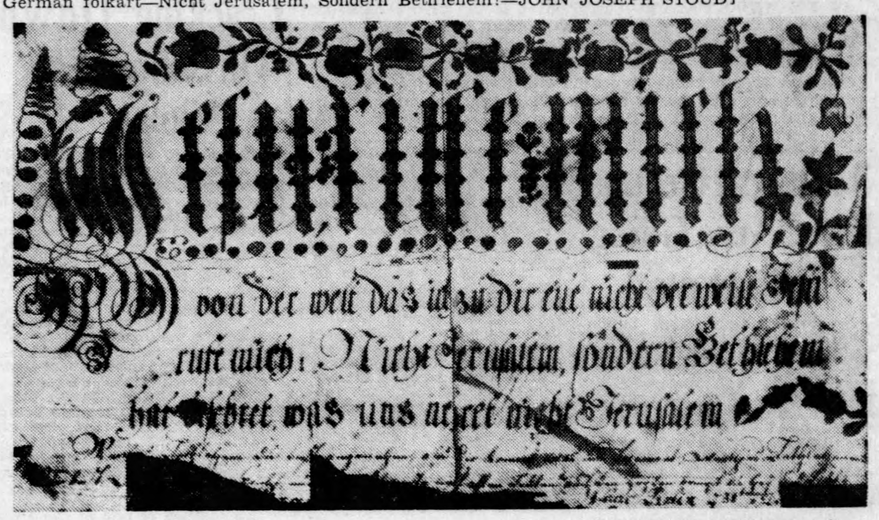
Not for childhood this alone.
Wiser we, and older grown,
Make this Christmas trick our own.

Like the children then are we,
With a smile for all to see,
Being good as we can be.



BETHLEHEM

On Christmas Eve in 1741 Count Nikolas Ludwig von Zinzendorf came into a stable in the small, unnamed Moravian settlement along the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania. It was a humble scene. With animals sharing the sanctuary, with the primitive frontier outside the door and the cultured world of Europe thousands of miles away, the enthusiastic Saxon Count was stirred. He began to sing the quaint old words of Adam Drese, "Jesus, call Thou me, From this world to flee . . . Not Jerusalem, Rather Bethlehem!" And from this old hymn the village was given its name—not Jerusalem, but Bethlehem!—In the piece of illuminated writing illustrated below this fine hymn is written out, and the story of the naming of the city by the Lehigh is continued in Pennsylvania German folkart—Nicht Jerusalem, Sondern Bethlehem!—JOHN JOSEPH STOUDT



BETHLEHEM

The following detailed account of the Moravian settlement on the Lehigh is from Bishop Joseph Mortimer Levering's History of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania (1903), pp. 77f.

"The first extant record after the mention of his (Zinzendorf's) arrival brings to view an interesting Christmas Eve scene. They were assembled in the little log house at the close of Sunday, December 24, N. S., to observe the Vigils of Christmas on the same day on which their brethren in the far-off Fatherland were similarly engaged. Besides other services of the day, they celebrated the Holy Communion, as befitted a Sunday so significant for all who participated. Then, with the Christmas theme uppermost, their devotions were protracted until after nine o'clock. It was a novel and unique occasion which awakened peculiar emotions. Their humble sanctuary, with beasts of the stall sharing its roof, brought the circumstances of the Saviour's birth vividly before their imagination. With the forest about them, stretching away to where heathen multitudes lived in ignorance of Immanuel, the relation between the subject of that holy night and their purpose towards those dwellers in the forest possessed their minds. It stirred the quick fancy of the Count, always keenly responsible to such impressions. Acting upon an impulse, he rose and led the way into the part of the building in which the cattle were kept, while he began to sing the quaintly pretty words of a German Epiphany hymn which combined Christmas thoughts and missionary thoughts, as suggested by the homage of heathen sages before the infant Jesus, and made conspicuous in the character given the observance of Epiphany among the Brethren in those days of first missionary zeal. Its language expressed well the feeling of that house, and the place in which it was sung make the vision of the manger seem very real. The little town of Bethlehem was hailed, its boon to mankind was lauded, the star that guided the magi to the spot and the light of the gentiles there beaming forth were sought, humble supplication at the Redeemer's feet was uttered in successive stanzas, and then the song ended."—

The German Epiphany hymn referred to is that of Adam Drese, born in Thuringia in 1620, for a time Kapellmeister at the Court of the Duke of Sachse-Weimar and later Kappellmeister of Prince Anton Guenther of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen at Arnstadt, where he died in 1701. In his later years his house became the meeting-place for early Pietists, and thus his hymns, for some of which he composed both text and music, early became favorites among the Moravians. His "Jesu rufe mich" was incorporated in the original Herrnhut hymnal of 1735 and because of its associations with the naming of Bethlehem it has continued to be cherished by the Moravian Brotherhood. The original hymn consists of nine stanzas. Our **Fraktur** reproduced above has the first four which are here printed both in German and English:

Jesu rufe mich	Jesus call Thou me
Von der Welt, dass ich	From the world to flee,
Zu dir eile,	To thee hasting;
Nicht verweile;	Without resting;
Jesu rufe mich.	Jesus call Thou me.
Nicht Jerusalem,	Not Jerusalem,
Sondern Bethlehem	Rather Bethlehem
Hat bescheret	Gave us that which
Was uns naehret;	Maketh life rich;
Nicht Jerusalem.	Not Jerusalem.
Werthes Bethlehem,	Honored Bethlehem,
Du bist angenehm;	Pleasant I esteem;
Aus dir kommet	From thee springeth
Was mir frommet,	What gain bringeth,
Werthes Bethlehem.	Honored Bethlehem.
Du bist, wie man spricht,	Thou no more of right
Nun die kleinste nicht;	Art called least in might;
Allen Leuten,	Unto all men,
Auch den Heiden	Yea the heathen,
Bringst du Heil und Licht.	Brings't thou health and light.

WAS MEENT'S?

Sie schtehe rum un pischpere
Un welle 's gaar net sei;
Sie laafe rum mit Pecklin
Un verschdeckle sie owwedrei.

Sie schaffe darch halwe Nechte
Un reese der lieblang Daag.
'S iss ebbes Abbadiches a-going—
Mer sehnt 's mit me halwe Aag.

Die Schdross iss gfillt mit Mensche,
Un all die Schdores sin voll;
Der Santa Claus hockt in de Fenschder
Un schpielt en grossi Roll.

'S iss alles schee mit Lichder
Un Grenz uff aller Seit;
Es glizert mit Gold un Silwer
Un gut gedressde Leit.

Verleicht kannscht du mer saage—
Dann ich bin net im Schdand—
Die Meening vun all dem Uffruhr
Un show uff yeder Hand.

—LOUISE A. WEITZEL.

SCHLOF, BEWI, SCHLOF

'N Schockellied fars Grischtkindel

Schdill iss die Aerd
Un schdill die Nacht—
Es iss die Nacht
Wu alles wacht—

Sanft wie en Yugenddraam,
In seidne Schuh,
Vun Druwwel unverschdeert
Un saryelos,
So schleicht die Nacht draa hie.

Es iss karyos—
En Fir-beind zeicht,
Vum Wind gebeicht,
Mit yedem Blaat,
Mit yedem Nascht,
Vun Lieb belascht.
Er zeicht un singt—
So glor wie gsaat—
Dei Schockellied:
"Schlof, Bewi, schlof—
Die wusslichscht Blumm
Uff Aerdeschooss bischt du!
Schlof, Bewi, schlof,
Un nemm dei Ruh!"

Es iss die Nacht vun deinre Gebort
Du bischt yo Gott in Menschekleed,
Sei Lieb in Dir, der Mensche Freed,
So lang vum Menschevolk erwaart.

En Schdaern bickt nidder,
Der goldichscht Schdaern im Himmel dart!
Un leicht mit schtolse Eenichkeet
Vun owwerei—
Un schdimmt mit alles ei
Es siesscht vun all de siesse Lieder,
Dei Schockellied:
"Schlof, Bewi, schlof—
Die wusslichscht Blumm
Uff Aerdeschooss bischt du!
Schlof, Bewi, schlof,
Un nemm dei Ruh!"

En Engel kummt
Un singt allee.
Der Himmel brummt—
Es sin viel meh—
En ganser Chor,
En Engelchor!
'S iss wunnerbaar!
Was singe sie
En Melodie!
Ihr JUBILATE
Haerrscht iwwerall.
Es schdeicht un schallt,
Es leicht un gnallt
Iwwer Baerrick un Daal.

Die Schofhaerd wecke,
Die Hieder verschrecke—
Sich schdracks hieschdrecke
Uff der Grund!
Die Engel duhn kund;
"Lob sei zum Gott!
Dem heechschte Gott!
Dem Mensch uff Aerd der Friede
Un Hoffning dutt er biede."—

Die Engelschaar verziehe sich,
Die Hieder saage unner sich:
"Loss uns geh noch Bedlehem zu
Un die Sache seh
So wunnerschee!"
Sie eile schnell noch Bedlehem zu
Un finne die Maria
Un Joseph ihre Mann,
Un in me Ochsedrog
De Grischtkindel.
Dann singe sie—
Wie Fir-beind Baam
Un Schdaern so glor—
Un owwedrei der Engelchor,
Sei Schockellied:
"Schlof, Bewi, schlof—
Die wusslichscht Blumm
Uff Aerdeschooss bischt du!
Schlof, Bewi, schlof,
Un nemm dei Ruh!"

So wandle dann die Keenich drei,
Versammelt aus de Faern
Un gfiehrt vum helle Schdaern,
Ihr Bhalter dir zu bringe,
Ihr Psalter dir zu singe.
Sie singe dir—so singe mir
Zu Grischtdaagszeit in Ewichkeit
Dei Schockellied:
"Schlof, Bewi, schlof—
Die wusslichscht Blumm
Uff Aerdeschooss bischt du!
Schlof, Bewi, schlof,
Un nemm dei Ruh!"

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL hot des gsunge.