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Editorials

Thought for Today

It is native personality, and that alone, that endows a man to stand before presidents or generals, or in any distinguished collection, with aplomb—and not culture or any knowledge of intellect whatever.—Whitman

Voluntary Care for Health Hazards

More than fifty-two million persons, or well over a third of our entire population, now are protected under some form of voluntary hospital expense insurance, while voluntary surgical expense and medical expense plans cover approximately twenty-six million and nine million respectively. At the same time more than thirty-nine million persons, or more than half those who are employed, have benefits for loss of income due to disability, which is the basic type of protection sold by private insurance organizations who write accident and health insurance.

These figures come from a survey of all voluntary accident and health plans which was made by a number of trade associations of insurance companies. They demonstrate how extensively the American people have undertaken the job of providing for their own protection, thru private channels, against the costs of sickness and accident.

An interesting feature of the report is that these plans for protection against hospital, surgical and medical expenses have grown up almost entirely in the past ten years. And the manner in which they have grown indicates that private enterprise is well able to meet this public need for essential protection.

While it is evident from the figures that almost two-thirds of our population do not enjoy such protection, the indications are that at the present rate of growth of the idea and the development of interest in it more than half the people should enjoy such protection within a very few years, even tho the Federal Government should do nothing along similar lines.

It should also be pointed out that the thirty-one million persons insured against loss due to disability actually represent more nearly complete coverage of this need than does the number insured for hospital expense since protection against loss of income is needed by those with earned income. Such coverage serves to protect those dependent upon the income producers as well as the individuals who are insured. So it is evident that in this field voluntary plans can adequately insure workers against loss of income due to disability.

A Great Career Closed

The resignation of General George C. Marshall as Secretary of State was not entirely unexpected but the reasons for it are to be deeply regretted for the people of the United States have been deeply sympathetic with the physical ills that have attended this great soldier, the directing genius in America's conduct of the recent war.

It was General Marshall upon whom President Roosevelt relied in the determination of the strategy that was to be employed to win the war. President Roosevelt recognized the stature of the man as did the leading military men of the world.

He might have been a commander in the field to win plaudits such as go to national heroes in such a great arena. He elected and President Roosevelt preferred that he stand at the centre of military operations and direct all phases of it in the world-wide struggle.

Thus the great qualities of the man were demonstrated in the successful outcome of the war — from a military point of view at least. But in the course of that work by General Marshall his qualities as a statesman likewise became known and it was a splendid choice that was made when he was named to direct America's foreign affairs and policies as Secretary of State.

His work in that department has been outstanding for its breadth of vision. It is significant of its success and the satisfaction with it on President Truman's part that in announcing Mr. Marshall's successor there is the statement that the State Department, under new leadership, will continue those policies.

Is "College" Necessary?

There were no surprises yesterday when the House and Senate met jointly to watch the tellers count the vote of the Electoral College. Or if there was a surprise it was that President Truman, who happened to be at the Capitol for lunch, broke precedent by being present during part of the counting. Mr. Truman and Senator Barkley got 303 votes and were elected. But this was a historic ceremony—and a nice day for it.

Possibly this will be the last time it will be performed. The country may be growing a little tired of its meaninglessness and of the constant danger that the Electoral College system will throw an election into the House. What sense is there in giving all the votes of New York to Governor Dewey, who carried the state by 55,000 votes out of 5,000,000; or all the votes of Illinois to Mr. Truman, who won by the narrow squeak of 33,612 votes out of about 4,000,000 cast? One solution would be to take a nation-wide vote, regardless of state lines. But this proposal would violate the principle by which the smaller states are at present a little overweighted in the College. They entered the Union with the understanding that they would have a minimum of one vote for each Senator and each Representative. They would have good historical grounds for objecting if they were weighted purely by population.

A more practicable plan is that of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who would assign the electoral votes according to the actual count in each state. Under this arrangement the 1948 electoral votes of New York and Illinois would have been split, but Mr. Truman would still have been elected. We hope the Lodge amendment will have consideration, even though the dear old College may thus be doomed. — New York Times.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Isn't it just like a Currier and Ives print?" she said to me over the 'phone, and I could have cheerfully choked her if choking people weren't against the law, against my principles of behavoir, but primarily for the first of these two reasons.

Because the lady who said these words to me with a happy gurgle in her voice is the wife of the man who is supposed to plow me out after every snow.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon and there was more than a foot of snow in my driveway.

We couldn't open the garage door, and even if we could have opened it we couldn't have gotten the car out.

* * *

Last fall this fellow came around soliciting my business.

He assured me that, never, never this winter would I have to worry about snow.

"As soon as the snow stops, I'll be there with my plow and get you out in a jiffy," he had said in fall when the sun was shining and the petunias were still in bloom.

But it's a different story now — it's three o'clock now and we are still snowed in.

Escuse me, I hear something rumbling up my driveway.

By golly, there he is — the man with the plow.

I have to go down to supervise the job — see you as soon as he is through.

* * *

The man with the plow has gone and the driveway is clear of snow — and of most of the gravel we put down last summer.

It's about sixty feet from the road to my house.

It took him about ten minutes to do the job.

"How much?" I asked him.

"Ten dollars," he said.

I almost fainted — but I remembered that people have died from exposure by fainting in the snow — and the way this fellow worked I am sure he was in such a hurry that he would not have waited to rescue me.

So I didn't faint, but got mad instead — and he came down to $7.50.

But, said he, he couldn't come to my place again.

He hadn't realized in autumn how far it was to my house in winter.

Furthermore, he said, according to the caterpillars who had unusually wide brown stripes last fall, this was supposed to be a mild winter and he hadn't anticipated any snow like this.

I only hope it won't snow again until I get another man with a plow.

They seem to be as scarce as hen's teeth around these parts — and as expensive as mink coats.

By the way, I looked at a Currier and Ives print in my living room, after the fellow left.

His wife was right. It looked almost as if they had used my home for a model.

But they certainly didn't use us people of 1948 and 1949 for models. The folks in that print looked much sturdier, much more self-reliant. And, believe it or not, much happier and healthier than the new, streamlined, button-pushing models.

A beautiful picture indeed! But, mad as I was at the plowman, did I sigh for the good old times of Currier and Ives?

I did not.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 8, 1924, a Tuesday

A chimney fire at 17 S. 7th St. nearly broke up the inaugural ceremonies in city hall Monday morning when Mayor Malcolm Gross and Councilmen Herbert L. Guth and William R. Bartholomew took the oath of office. Attending the ceremonies was part of the fire department staff who were to present a leather chair to former Councilman J. Herbert Kohler.

The first annual banquet of the Robert Mader post, No. 269, American Legion, Palmerton, was held last night at Keubler's hotel. H. M. Hasim, commander of the post, was toastmaster.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Christmas came late this year for the labor chiefs but they knew it had come when they heard the president's speech. For Mr. Truman had a little gift for every prominent union leader—and some not so prominent — who had campaigned for him.

In the words of one of labor's sharpest Washington lobbyists, with 20 years of hectic existence on the Hill:

"The speech had so many things in it for which we have been fighting for so long, we're a little dazed but happy."

* * *

Apparently from each of the labor delegations who visited Mr. Truman in the White House, and from the last group of powerful CIO chiefs whom he flew in from Missouri to meet during the holidays, the president picked exactly what they needed to bolster their unions—and had it written into his talk.

The speech, for example, was a colossal victory (and I'm not going Hollywood) for the Reuther Bros., Walter and Victor.

For years the Reuthers have been trying to get the government to build and run new steel plants. They need the sheet metal to ease bottlenecks in the auto industry, which frequently lays off scores of thousands of car workers because there is no steel for auto bodies.

When Reuther saw the president, he made a vivid point of all this. And in the speech, Mr. Truman virtually promised to put the White House in the steel business.

The talk was a victory, too, for the blunt, stocky, bee-lining Emil Rieve, textile workers chief, whose followers in New England are thoroughly frightened that the lack of "cheap electric power" will drive mills south leaving them in ghost towns without jobs.

When Rieve saw the president, he spoke to him of the need for a St. Lawrence river power project so that New England could have "less expensive electric power." He claimed it no longer was a do-good proposal, but a matter of keeping his unionized followers in jobs. The president threw in the St. Lawrence waterworks project.

Certainly everybody wants to see everybody else leave their inlaws and move into cozy, low cost homes of their own. But the construction trades workers weren't altogether allergic to the thought of hundreds of thousands of jobs which would come from government housing projects. They were facing unemployment in many areas.

This was put before the president in one of those series of labor visits. They wanted a program calling for 1,000,000 houses in four years. The president came out for 1,000,000 low cost housing units.

* * *

You may not know husky Red Fadling, who has a problem. He leads a CIO union of equally husky, axe-swinging lumberjacks and they've been cutting their way through the forests at such a rate they're afraid they'll deplete the forests and endanger their very livelihoods in a decade or so.

So Fadling's woodworkers want forest conservation in addition to the government spending for replanting trees. This was passed on to he president — and his speech said, "We must place our forests on a sustained yield basis," which means what big "Red" Fadling and his lieutenants want it to mean.

* * *

And so the speech went. For example: Much of the work of the textile and reail clerks unions would be automatically accomplished if they could raise the minimum wage to at least 65 cents an hour.

The labor chiefs called for $1 an hour—being shrewd bargainers. Mr. Truman asked for 75 cents.

This is the big year for pensions and welfare. Mr. Truman made good his promise to call for a cabinet post of public welfare, and backed the unions' program of medical care and increased pensions and job benefits. He went all the way down the line.

Oh, yes, there was the Taft-Hartley repeal bid. But that surprised no one. Mr. Truman was expected to deliver. He did!

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The figures on persons in hospitals for 1948 not yet being available, I shall in this article use 1947 figures. The following is pertinent data:

"A. Governmental 1. Federal hospitals, 1,285,126; 2. City, county, city - county, and state hospitals, 2,919,218; Total governmental, 4,204,344.

B. Non - governmental — 1. Non-profit, 10,177,508; 2. Proprietary hospitals, 1,447,662; Total non - governmental, 11,625,170 National total, 15,829,514".

Obviously, the bulk of hospitalization is being carried by non-governmental institutions and in that category, the voluntary non - profit institutions, dependent upon private charity, perform the greatest service. The Hoover commission report on federal hospitalization indicates extravagance and waste by federal hospitals, particularly those controlled by the armed forces. In a word, the best job is still being done by voluntary institutions.

The principal complain against the voluntary hospital, as against the entire medical profession, is that while the poor get excellent free service and the rich can afford excellent private service, the middle group, particularly the white - collar, middleclass fixed - earners, have a hard time meeting doctor and hospital bills. This problem is being met by the various Blue Cross plans, to which about 32,000,000 Americans now belong and which can be increased tremendously without government intervention. A practical matter of providing in advance for inevitable expenditures, the time is bound to come when every provident American will carry this kind of insurance as he does fire insurance. And it is a self-respecting method with neither private nor governmental charity.

In the present mood for socialization, various arguments are offered for enormous governmental expenditures which ultimately must mean government control of the $6,000,000,000 hospital plant of the United States. the dead hand of bureaucracy can destroy the wholesome flexibility of the voluntary hospitals which usually are controlled by a lay board familiar with local conditions and directed by a medical board of competent physicians and surgeons. The proof of the adequacy of our hospitals is that we have the largest plant in relationship to population and the best hospitals in all the world.

The criticism that areas in the United States lack hospital facilities is correct, but that can better be mended by private giving than by huge government outlays. And it needs to be done lest the bureaucrat's case be justified. No private charity can be more justified or bring better results. The figures show that a hospital bed has a cost of $4,199 and that general hospitals alone require 195,000 more beds than the 1,425,222 that were in use in 1947. In a word, if private giving is to provide adequate hospitalization for the civilian population of the United States, plenty of money has to be contributed not only for plant but for upkeep as well.

In discussions on this and related subjects, the attitude of many, particularly younger, persons is that as we pay such high taxes and can save so little on our earnings, why not let the government do the entire job? Of course, the answer is that socialization, while often starting in areas in which private effort is inadequate, expands to total socialization and the ultimate destruction of private life. The point at which socialization is the most dangerous is the very beginning.

The weakness of Oscar Ewing's position in advocating expanding government interest in this field is not that he wants more hospitals, more doctors, more adequate coverage; in all that he is right. However, instead of working within the framework of a system that has been remarkably successful and developing it further so that it achieves even better results, he seeks to imitate the British socialistic system, which is not working well in England, as recent admissions by British officials indicate. Oscar Ewing is like so many New Dealers: He sees every other country's grass greener than his own, even if what he really sees is only a tumbleweed desert.

(Copyright 1948)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

2 Timothy 4:1-8

This Epistle is Paul's valedictory; his farewell to his successor, Timothy, one of his converts. He is interested in Timothy's mission, that of a minister of the Gospel. Again, Paul cautions him against false teachers, who would tickle the ears of those who would not have the truth, preferring a comfortable 'doctrine' which denies the fact of sin and the atoning death of Jesus. This sort of thing is rampant in the world today, subverting the faith of many. Preaching the truth in such days will mean persecution, v. 5, but Timothy's duty is to 'preach the Word', with a view to doing the work of an evangelist, even in the face of little encouragement. Paul himself had been a good example to Timothy, as he had now come to the close of his ministry. He can bear witness to the fact that as to the good fight he had been waging, he had fought it successfully; as to his course, he had finished it, and as to the faith, he had kept it, and it had kept him. He was now looking forward to the crown of righteousness reserved for all those who love the appearing of the Lord, v. 8.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The proprietor of a dusty and dilapidated bookshop south of City Hall appeared at the old publishing office of Horace Liveright one day and pleaded desperately for an extra three per cent discount. Jack Clapp, Liveright salesman, stopped him later in the reception room, and said, "Why are you so anxious for that extra three per cent? You know and I know that you'll never pay your bill anyhow."

"Liveright's always played ball with me," the bookseller explained, "and I'd like to keep his loss on me as low as possible."

Horoscope

Work that calls for attention to detail should interest you right now. In your leisure hours sports and scholastic pursuits may hold you. Expand your field of popularity in the next 12 months. You should forward your personal plans, make decisions and contact influential people.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER MUSTACHE IS G'FLOGA: Soicha os heit tzu dawg tzwae mohl gucka missa fer shure mocha os der Russell Peter fon da Peters Garage uf da Nord 12d shtross, der Russell nadierlich is, wissa ferleicht net die uhrsoch fon da grossa annerring. Ol worra shun fer yohra gawain'd der Russell sehna mit ma mustache-net 'n grosser, yusht so'n glainer shtruvel wish iwwer tzwarich unnich da naus har, net fiela may wie 'n tzaw barsh'd. Eb er 'n ols g'farab'd hut wie dale gamoodmos'd hen os er het wissa m'r net.-un wos noch mainer is, 's gait uns aw nix aw.

Ow'r da onner dawg is der mustache g'floga. Dale hen gamaint er het 'n ob gamocht fer drauerra, weil sei bruder Ollie in Florida wear uns wear so dunners kalt dart drunna. Onnerra ow'r widder hen 'n maining er wears laedich werra fer paar mohls die woch noch Easton gae der mustache grulla lossa. Aenicha waig, da onner dawg iwwer 'm bolvierra dart in da offis mit seim lecktrick lawn mower, hut ers uf ae mohl in der kup grick'd fers gons mustache waisa sarwer unnich da naus rous bolvierra.

Now der Russell hut sei lecktrick bolvier messer shun fer yohra gayus'd, ow'r 'n noch neemohls gayus'd fer neilond uf glora. Eb er ow'r recht aw g'fohra hut kot fer die airsht gamawd maya, huts gons waisa sich fosht gabissa, uns wor aeland im haichda grawd. Won er sich net g'sham'd het, wear er ains gongs uf sei Shtruddiebake gagrodd'ld, un pull foot noch Easton tzu da Lucy, fer sie froga fer 'm ous seim aeland helfa.

Tzu all'm glick wor der John Yarrick darta, un woh 'n share in ra desk shublawd leia hut kot. Der Russell hut gadonst wie won er die hossa sitz fol hummla het, un der John is uf der chob fer 'm sei bolvier messer lose drenna aenicha waig os er gakent hut. Sis 'm John noh ei kumma er dade net tzu da hoarchnidder union forever kaira, un maich'd ferleicht in druvel kumma. Fer safe shpiela, hen sie noh der Clarence Gorr aw g'shteld fer die feddershd dier watcha os ken "Master Barber" nei kaimt, un der Diehl Snyder hut ocht gewwa uf die hinnershd dier.

Wie die dierra ol gute ferwohr'd worra, is der John uf der chob un hut ae hoar noch da onnerra ob gagnabb'd mit seinra share. Der Russell hut alla gabut 'n gahairicher briller ous galust, un het g'fiel'd fer der shlatterrup donsa fer glora fraida wie er un sei leck-trick lawn mower widder tzwae worra. Wie die longa barshda ow'r mohl ol weck worra is es iwwerich gute gonga, un der Russell hut net uf gewwa bis sei mustache - allie ledshdie fusser weck wor. Die barichda sin, sei shweshter, die Hattie Rutt het 'n owets net gakent wie er hame kumma wear, un hut gae missa der John Yarrick hola fer gute shpracha fer 'n eb sie 'n nei ins hous galust hut. Wos die Lucy fon Easton tzu sawga gut kot kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r 's sol uns ken pieca wunnerra eb sie net aw gamaint hut der Russell dade sonderbore frem gucka-feil wie der Bob Haas.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Alvin Grim fon 704 Nord 7d shtross hut 'n funkle shtawl neiie invenshion.

Er is 'm Dunnershdawg tzu da deRohner'n in der shtore kumma on da 6d un Greenlief mit ma bushel sock uf 'm buckle.

Wie ainer gawunnert hut wos er im sock het, hut der Grimmie gaontwert, "Dandelion," un sich grawd iwwer hold un g'sawt, "mier sawga ols pisabet."

Wie ainer gawunnert hut wie in da welt os er don pisabet finna kent dies tzeit fom yohr, hut der Grimmie g'sawt, "Wel ich sawg d'r, ow'r breddichs net weiter rum, ich hob 'n pisabet magnet.

Now wos 'n pisabet magnet sei maich'd is may os m'r sawga kenna, ow'r is all'm noh 'n eisa woh der Grimmie noch da pisabet shteck tzieg'd, fiel wie leit ols gamaint hen os die gawitter rude der shtrawla aw tzawma dade.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

INFLUENCE

Men live their lives in countless ways,
Not merely drawing breath
As wanderers through nights and days
To what is known as death.

With all whom they may chance to meet,
To take from, or to give,
Either in victory or defeat,
Forevermore they live.

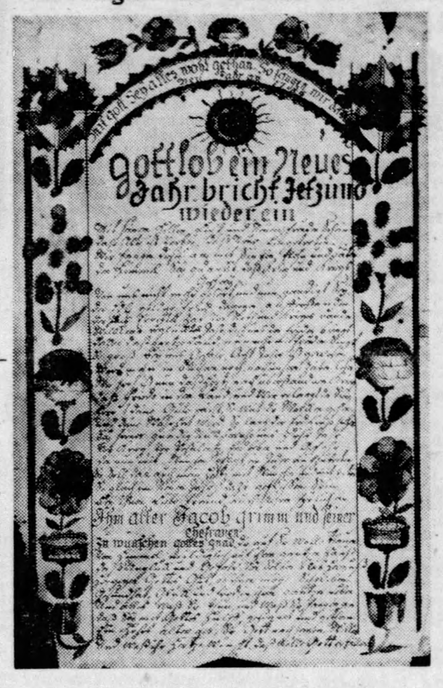
No measure mortals can devise
A single life to trace
Or learn what in the future lies
When two come face to face.

All flesh is fashioned to decay,
But influence lives on;
And one in countless lives may stay
Long after he has gone.

(Copyright 1949)



Mit Gott sey alles wohl gethan, So fangen wir das Neu Jahr an.



1784

Gott lob ein Neues Jahr bricht jetzund wieder ein
Mit seinem hellen Licht und neuen freuden Schein
Dasz Alte ist vorbey, dasz Neue eingetreten
Wir fangen dieses an, mit Singen, flehn und Baeten
Dem Himmel Sey gedanckt, dasz Krieg und Kriegs Geschrey
Von uns nicht mehr gehoert, und nun geendigt Sey.
Der edle goldne Fried, dagegen auferstanden
Der uns errettet hat, von Noth und Krieges Banden
Willkomm begluecktes Jahr, dasz uns den Friede bringt
Davon das gantze Land, nunmehr mit Freude singt
So grosz bey uns Gefahr acht Jahre ist gewesen
Wird man in Buechern noch nach unsern Zeiten lesen.
Wie froh ist nun das Hertz nach ueberstandnen Krieg
Dasz Friede in dem Land und wir erlangt den Sieg
Herr! deine Guete reicht so weit die Wolken gehen
Und deine Wahrheit wird, so lang der Erdkreis stehen
Sei ferner gnaedig uns, bewahr uns dieses Jahr
Vor Krieg, vor Pestilentz, Erdbeben und Gefahr
Da nun mit Wuenschen pflegt ein jeder aufzutreten
So soll dan auch mein Hertz mit Wuenschen und mit Beten
Sogleich im neuen Jahr dazu geflissen sein
Bey ihnen, lieber Freund, auch kehren froehlich ein
Ihm alter JACOB GRIM und seiner Ehefrauen
Zu wuenschen Gottes Gnad, die auf Sie wolle thauen
Vom Himmel mildiglich auf ihrem gantzen Hausz
Dasz Unglueck und Gefahr von selben bleib herausz
Hergegen Gottes Guet, ob ihnen moege schweben
Gesundheit, Glueck und Friede in ihrem gantzen Leben
Und alles was sie thun und was sie fangen an
Dasz sei mit Gottes Hueif gesegnet und gethan
Ein hohes alter geb, Sie Gott nach seinem Willen
Und was ihr Hertze wuenscht, dasz wolle Gott erfuellen

On a second page not reproduced here the New Year's wish then concludes as follows:

Auch wir diesz Neue Jahr, von Sie gefangen an
In guten Wohlergehn und alles Wohlgethan
So sey und bleibe Gott, der Anfang, Mittel, Ende
Und kroehne ihre Seel und Arbeit ihrer Haende
Ihre Kinder segne Gott in Zeit und Ewigkeit
Und fuehr Sie alle ein zur seeligen Himmelsfreudt

Dasz wuenscht von Hertzen Seinem Herrn Kirchen Eltestern in
Mackunschy, dem wehrten Freund Jacob Grimm, seiner Ehefrauen und lieben Kindern zum Neuen Jahr 1784 dero
Pfarrer Daniel Schumacher

In transcribing the above German verses the editor has been at pains to retain the original archaic and in some instances erroneous forms.—P.A.B.

PASTOR SCHUMACHER'S NEW YEAR'S WISH 1784

THERE was reason for rejoicing. Eight years had elasped since the long struggle had begun with the battle of Bunker Hill (June 17, 1775). The treaty signed in Paris, September 3, 1783, not only brought peace but it also recognized the independence of the 13 original colonies. The hardships of those long years had also been felt here among the quiet hills and valleys of upper Lehigh.

From his little farm in Weissenberg Township the Reverend Daniel Schumacher sent his valued friend Jacob Grim and family the illuminated New Year's wish reproduced in this issue of the ECK. Jacob Grim was a highly respected elder of the Lutheran congregation of Ziegel Church and lived in what was then known by the rather general geographic term of "Mackunschy."

Pastor Schumacher had come to Pennsylvania from Novia Scotia, preaching in Reading as early as 1754. He settled in Weissenberg Township (he wrote it "Weissenburg" and Weissenburgh") in 1758 and seems to have remained there the rest of his days, serving many scattered congregations throughout Lehigh and Berks, among them Allemaengel, Heidelberg, Weissenberg, Ziegel and Salisbury (Schmalzgass.) He remained an independent Lutheran preacher, never unitung with the Ministerium to the chagrin of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg. He was not only an able pastor but quite a skilled versifier and one of our earliest fraktur artists.

In the late Dr. Preston A. Laury's History of the Allentown Conference (Kutztown Publishing Co., 1926) we read that the Reverend Daniel Schumacher lived in Weissenberg Township to his death "about 1774" and that he rests in an unmarked grave in the old Weissenberg burial ground. It is apparent that this date is erroneous since the New Year's Wish is signed and dated as of 1784. Furthermore, there are extant fraktur writings of Pastor Schumacher bearing his signature and dates as late as 1786.

The New Year's Wish for 1784, not published before, is reproduced here by courtesy of John Joseph Stoudt. For other valuable examples of Pastor Schumacher's fraktur writings see Dr. Stoudt's recent book PENNSYLVANIA FOLK-ART (Schlechters, Allentown, Pa.).

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

WANN DER WINTER KUMMT

Der Wedderbropheet,
Der saagt, dass es deet
En harter Winter gewwe.
"Verleicht hot er recht",
Saagt als mei Knecht,
"Mer nemmt's wie's kummt, so ewwe!"

Doch was geb ich drum,
Doch kumm, Winter, kumm!
Ich bin vollschter eigericht.
Alle Fass, alle Zoll
In de Scheier iss voll;
Sie greckst vun schteevens Gewicht.

Die Geil un die Kieh,
Die Sei un Rinsvieh,
Die Hinkel un alle Gedier—
'S iss ihne net bang;
In meim Fudergang
Gebt's blendi fer ihre Blessier.

In Keller, im Haus,
Dart sehnt's aa gut aus
Mit alle Sart Rischterei;
Jars voll mit Sache
Fer gute Pie mache
Un etliche Galle Wei!

En Grumbierebaerrick
Un Heffe Latwaerrick,
Essich un Cider un Niss;
Ebbelschnitz, Sauergraut,
Siess Welschkarn gedaerrt—
Es reecht fer der Winter gewiss!

Un drauss im Holsschopp,
Hoch iwwer meim Kopp,
Schteht en Haufe Hols feigschpalte.
Wann mol die Kelt kummt,
Der Teekessel brummt,
Mir kenne uns all waarm halte.

Der Wedderbropheet,
Der meent, dass es deet
En harter Winter gewwe.
Es iss verleicht waahr—
Ich bin ready devor!
Mer nemmt's wie's kummt, so ewwe!

DER BUTSCHER DAAG

BALL kummt die Butscher Zeit un dernoh gebt's Metzelsupp un Brodwarscht. Meindscht du noch, ass sell eens vun de grosse Daage waar uff de Bauerei bei uns Buwe? Kannscht du dich noch erinnere, wie seller Daag als kumme iss, wie mir uns als gfreet hen far die Sei fange un sehne es beef schiesse? Lang far Daag maryets iss als der Daadi uffgschtanne un 's Feier unnich em Kessel gschtart far die Sei briehe. Eens noch em annere sin die Nochbere beikumme mit alde blechne Laddarne. Wie's emol hell gnunk warre iss far sehne, iss es ans Seischiesse gange. Generally als nein zu zehe grosse, fette Sei hot's gekoscht. About zehe Uhr sin mer nausgschickt warre fars beef aus em Schtall dreiwe far dot mache. Was iss als unser Haerz getschumpt bis es gegracht hot un er iss umgebaerzelt. Eb Middaag hot die chopper machine aafange glebbere un es Warschtfillsel iss aafange in der Zuwwer rolle. Es Fleesch far die Lewwerwarscht hot im Kessel gekocht un was hen mer doch als Seiniere gesse un grank warre un gekotzt. Im Nammidaag, about vier Uhr, iss es Warschtschtoppe aagange un sell hen mer als about es mensch enjoyed vun ebbes, awwer about selli Zeit hot's gheese: "Buwe, geht un duht eier Fiederes." Mer hen net gwaart far es zwett Mol gheesse warre un hen aa net lang zurick gemault wie die Buwe duhne heitzudaags. Em Daadi sei Schtiffel waare aus Harnisch Ledder gemacht un hen em yuscht schee gfitt unnich de Rockfliggel. Uff em Wek naus noch de Scheier sehne mer die schwarz Katz uff em beef Wambe hocke un die Hinkel schtehne rum uff eem Bee un waarte far ihre Welschkarn. Der Seischtall iss leer un der Hund hockt hinnedraa un fresst am "Beef' kopp. Bis mer unser Hoi, Schtroh un Welschkarnfuder runner gschmisse hen ghatt, die Geil gedrenkt un's Vieh gfiedert un allegebott eens abgfochte, dann waar der Gschpass so zimmlich fariwwer un es Nachtesse waar ready. Brodwarscht, Lewwerwarscht, runde Kichlin un Ebbelboi. Un dernoh iss es Gschwetz aagange:

"Du hoscht die Warscht zimmlich gut gedroffe."

"Ya, awwer sie hen blendi Sals."

"Ich meen sie heete ewennich meh Karyanner hawwe kenne."

Un so geht's um der Disch rum. Yedders hot sei sixpence zu gewwe un glei iss der Daag fariwwer—der Daag wu mir uns schunt wocheweis gfreet hen druff. Wu waar der Gschpass? Mer kann en net sehne. Un doch waar der Butscher Daag eens vun de grosse Daage im Yohr uff de Bauerei.

Der BOONASTIEL
(Thomas Hess Harter, 1854-1933)

BLEIB DU BEI MIR

Bleib Du bei mir! Der Owet schdellt sich ei;
In dunkli Nacht, ach Haerr! kumm zu mir rei.
All anneri Hilf un Droscht, die kann nix sei—
Helf de Hilflose, Haerr, zu mir kumm rei!

Schnell zu dem End geht aus die Leweszeit,
Der Welt ihr Macht mit all ihr Haerrlichkeit;
Wann des vergeht, was do iss lieb zu mir—
Ach Haerr! ich bitt: Bleib Du doch yuscht bei mir!

Bleib Du bei mir mei gansi Leweszeit!
Dei Gnaad dreibt aus dem Feind sei Schlechtickkeit.
Yuscht Du allee mei Hilf un Droscht sollscht sei—
Darch Wolk un Sunneschei kumm zu mir rei!

Ich faerricht ken Feind, gebscht Du Dei Sege mir;
Draene un Schmaerz; die sin net viel zu mir.
Net's Graab un Dodesgfaahr gewinnet hier—
Ich bin net bang, wann Du yuscht bleibscht bei mir!

Loss dann Dei Kreiz vor meine Aage schteh;
Es leicht die Nacht un fiehrt mich in die Heeh.
Der Himmelsmarye brecht schunn uff mich hier—
Im Lewe un im Dod, bleib Du bei mir!

done by FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.
The above rendition of "Abide With Me" was

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.—Morley.

Public Cheers Barnak Acquittal

There is no doubt that the acquittal yesterday by a jury of John Barnak in his trial for the murder of Madeline, his wife, struck a popular chord and that the general hope now will be that the findings of this jury will result in pardon for Barnak who almost three years ago was convicted on the charge of slaying his wife's companion on the night of the double murder, December 20, 1945.

Such pardon is not automatic. But can be regarded as logical. That logical conclusion will undoubtedly be presented by Barnak's attorneys to the Board of Pardons with the same eloquence and conviction that they employed in the trial which was concluded yesterday morning with the Court's charge to the jury.

Ever since the dual murder there has been wide public opinion that the defendant had become enmeshed innocently in a chain of much circumstantial evidence that to the first jury appeared convincing. Plus that circumstantial evidence was the testimony of witnesses identifying Barnak as one of the persons at the scene of the murder. But public opinion was not at all satisfied with that latter testimony and a flood of rumors that did not become admissible as testimony served to shape public opinion to believe that even tho Barnak may have been on the scene he was not the offender, and much other public opinion inclined to trust the alibi offered by the defense at both trials.

General opinion has been that others, with jealousy as the motive, were capable of committing the crime and that some one of them was the murderer and not John Barnak.

So the murder of Madeline Barnak and Lieutenant Benjamin C. Bowman goes into the Lehigh County file of many unsolved murders, notably the Mabel Bechtel, the Louis Genovese and the Gorgodian murders, all of which remain as deep mysteries to defy the old adage that "murder will out."

Something may develop to give the police authorities new leads. If the weapon with which the crime was committed were to be found or if some hitherto unrevealed witnesses were to turn up or a conscience-stricken criminal were to speak, the mystery might be cleared. One fact alone stands—two persons were murdered brutally. But no substantial facts have been turned up as to the identity of the murderer.

Give Soldiers Vote Right

Our Senator Tallman has prepared a bill that because of its fairness and popular appeal promises to become law to the advantage of our young men in the armed services in particular and to citizenship in general.

Senator Tallman proposes that such young men shall have the same full rights as citizens that our service men enjoyed during the war; that ballots shall be mailed to them from the counties in which they reside and that no matter where they may be, nor in what service they may be engaged, they still will be full-fledged citizens and as such enjoy all the electoral rights to which they should be entitled.

A lot of the young men may not take time out to mark and return their ballots. A lot of those during service in the war did not, but at least the opportunity was offered. The right was not denied to them. And so it will be if Senator Tallman's measure becomes law. Whether the young men vote or do not, the opportunity at least should be accorded to them.

High Honor for Fire Dep't

Allentown has won high honor in capturing first place among Pennsylvania cities for its fire prevention work and program for publicizing this desirable public activity during the year 1948. At the same time the city ranked 58 among some 2,928 communities of the United States and Canada.

Here is an honor toward which the Allentown Fire Department and the Chamber of Commerce long have been striving. It was a natural reaction for Fire Chief Marcks to say, upon learning of the receipt of the honor, that he is "the happiest fire chief in Pennsylvania."

And Allentown is happy too. It is good to know that the Fire Department is committed not alone to the fighting of fires but to their prevention and that they probably put more time and effort into the latter than into the former activity.

'Boss Man'

By HENRY McLEMORE

Visiting us for a few days is Mary Rose Bradford, whose husband, Roark, died not many weeks ago. His death was a great loss to literature, but an even greater loss to his friends.

Those of us who were privileged through the years to visit his home in New Orleans know that we will never meet his like again in our lifetimes.

No more will we hear him tell his stories — and only Irvin Cobb could match him.

No more will he be the "Boss Man" in the living room or the patio of his old and gracious house.

No more will Sam come in and play his mouth organ.

Sam is a great, big colored man, who had been with Roark ever since he was a boy, and the chance is that Sam was Roark's closest friend. He couldn't read or write, but his heart was as big or bigger than the things he didn't know, and his smile was fashioned after the rainbow. His favorite song, and the one he played best, was "The Star-Spangled Banner."

I'll never forget the first time I heard him play it.

The sun was just about to go down, bathing the patio in gentle colors. Sam pulled out his mouth organ and asked Roark what he wanted to hear.

"Play the one you play best," Roark answered. "Play the one that gets high and shrill and tingling in the middle."

So Sam played the national anthem, and I swear he played it better than the whole Marine band ever did.

When he had finished, Roark said, "Sam, what's the name of that piece?"

"I don't know, boss," Sam answered, "but I been in the army two times, and they sho' do place a mighty store by it."

No one who ever wrote had a truer ear for colored folk than Roark. And no one ever loved them more.

He ran a planation at a big loss each year, just to take care of the men and women who worked it. He sent scores of them through school, and he handed them money whenever they wanted it. He scorned the criticism of men like Walter White and Paul Robeson, terming them "professional colored men." They came to his house, and were welcome, but he always thought they had the wrong approach for the advancement of the race.

"They are the finest, sweetest people on earth," he would say, "and I just can't see them as a problem."

I wish I could again hear him tell the story of the colored soldier he met early in the war in a camp in Texas, I think. The soldier's left chest was covered with medals testifying to his prowess with the rifle — they cascaded down. Roark stopped him and exclaimed about the amount of medals — said he had seen many a solider in his life, including Sgt. York, but never one with that many medals for shooting.

"You must never miss the bull's-eye when you shoot," Roark said. "I want to know —have you ever missed?"

The soldier drew himself up, and had this to say: "Yessa, I have missed the bull's-eye, but I wanta say this — when I do it causes talk!"

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 15, 1924, a Tuesday.

The Allentown Flag Day Assn. met in the offices of Dr. B. W. Swayze, secretary, for the annual election of officers. With a few minor changes the organization remained practically the same. It was decided to hold the Flag Day celebration in West Park.

At a meeting in the Hotel Allen, the Quota club elected the following members to the board of directors: Mrs. Sue D. Smith, Agnes E. Paff, Mary E. Wagenhorst, Jennie E. Peters and Mildred H. Baker.

According to George Zimmerman, city controller, the city of Allentown had only $2,134 avalable for general running expenses. This, however, did not include $337,865 in the sinking fund for payment of interest and principal of the city's bonded indebtedness. The "special improvement fund" was also unavailable for any other purpose.

A.R.K. Art club was entertained at the home of Mrs. John Boroski, 116 S. West St. The club discussed the works of the famous painter, Millet. Papers were read by Sue Kanyok, Mrs. Herman Kostenbader, Mrs. James Lambert, Mrs. Albert Krauss, and Mrs. Elmer Reyer.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — The "one package" and "two package" ideas with respect to amendment or repeal of the Taft-Hartley act have in them more than meets the eye.

It is a strange case in which labor unions really want to dictate the procedure by which Congress shall consider legislation. Like other lobbies here, they have every constitutional right to petition Congress and to urge that certain legislation be taken up in a way that will be favorable to their interests. But Congress alone decides how much it will yield to such pressure and influence.

In the case of the labor-union lobby, it is getting ready to threaten members of both houses with punishment at the polls if they fail to do as the labor unions ask. This is very effective because the citizens who could be interested in defending members of Congress at the ballot box for voting their convictions without regard to threats are not organized and hence that part of the membership which sees no support for their side is inclined to be timid and do what the labor unions want.

The labor viewpoint quite naturally favors a "two package" approach—that is, repeal of the Taft-Hartley act and reenactment of the Wagner labor relations law without change except to keep the five-man National Labor Relations board, which used to be composed of three members under the old law. Then the labor unions say they will be willing to see a new law passed which carries out some of the proposals for a substitute made by the president.

Even this minimum is reluctantly agreed to and the truth is the labor leaders feel confident that once the Wagner act is restored there will be no further legislation at this session. This does not mean they will favor such a step, but it does mean that the attempt of the groups which represent a public-interest viewpoint to get some of the features of a balanced labor-management law enacted would meet such opposition as to prolong the debate. Each side would accuse the other of being responsible for the death of the legislation.

For 12 years after the Wagner act was passed in 1935, the labor-union lobby succeeded in preventing any amendments whatsoever. A favorable majority in the Senate committee helped to bottle up all amendments. The House on several occasions by overwhelming majorities voted to amend the Wagner law. This reflected a mandate from the country. The Democrats were in control of Congress while all these measures passed the House. Both parties wanted it.

Counting on the support of members of the Senate labor committee who have been handpicked to help do what the labor-union lobby wants, it may be expected that a "two package' approach would end any chance of a balanced law. It would be the first dramatic evidence that the "fair deal" was not being given as promised.

But even if the so-called "one package" approach is used, the situation could be very much the same. Labor leaders would ask that the amendments be kept to a minimum and, in order to expedite the legislation, the majority in Congress would be pressed to put the measure through with a few non-controversial amendments and let the whole matter be studied by a joint committee of Congress.

The chances of delaying passage of the "one package" bill in any form satisfactory to the neutral group which wants to see a fair law adopted are dependent wholly on whether the country really becomes interested in the issues, or whether Congress considers that a "mandate" was given by the people to put a one-sided labor law back on the statute books.

The Republicans could filibuster and delay passage of the "one package" bill until a satisfactory compromise was attained, but the same Republicans are now conspiring with the radical Democrats to limit debate and amend Senate rules so that the Senate can steamroller a bill through just as the House does.

The Republicans seem to have miscued on their strategy on filibusters. This is a weapon of the minority and the Republicans are in the minority. The southern Democrats probably would vote with the Republicans on labor issues if the latter would not press changes in the rules on filibusters. It will take a little while for the labor bill to reach the Senate by which time the civil-rights controversy will have clarified the position of southern senators and perhaps Republicans, too, on the matter of filibustering.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

State Farm Show
Harrisbarrick, Pa.
da 13d Yanner, 1949.

My Lieva Laiser:

'S lava is ous 'm Farm Show. Fiel fom fee is ferkauft on fendu, onners is uf 'm tzurick hame waig. Exhibitors fon alla orta sin on da shtunna tzaila bis sie awfonga kenna ob reissa. Sis now fartel noch da tzwelfa, un in wenicher os fier shtun fonga sie aw ob reissa. Bis sex uhr danovet guck'd der blotz sich nix may gleich, un bis uhra ochta, is may wenich doh wie die grossa ardickle, un trucks, un trucks woh in nonner rum fohra os sie shier net wissa ihra waig nous finna. So arrick os farna har g'shoft wert fer allas tzomma griega, so shnell,-un oft mohls 'n lot shneller, gait allas ousa nonner, uns yairlich Farm Show is yusht may wos leit sich dafon erinnerra kenna.

'S Farm Show is 'n lot may wie yusht die socha os m'r sehna kon, die bondshlip, uns gelt os gawunna wert in priza. Sis 'n blotz wohs bauerra folk fon da Shtawdt, un ol mit indressa in bauerra socha nonner larna kenna, un besser bakont werra. M'r kenna 'n grossie annering sehna in da yohra woh m'r shun doh rous noch 'm Show kumma, un woh har shtom'd fom airshda yohr, 1931 os es Show k'halta is werra im neia gabei. In 1939 is der Arena gabout werra, onnerra gabeier sin aw k'hank'd werra bis now 14 ocker unnich doch sin, un woh in da nochberschoft fon finf million dahler wert socha fon alla orta bei gabrocht wor fers Show fom 1949, 's graish'd un beshd mocha os noch wor.

Uns sis aw nimmy yusht leit fon unserra aigna shtawdt os kumma fers Show sehna. Sie kumma bei fon iwwer 'm gonsa lond -so gore da welt. Des yohr worra 40 howwa fon Alabama woh sie aw om blawna sin fer 'n Farm Show in der gong griega. Der fohrganger fon da drup wor der Haygood Patterson, "Commissioner of Agriculture and Industries for Alabama," 'n chob bout 's same wie der Miles Horst, Secretary of Agriculture hut. In da drup worra bauer, munufacturers, un bisnis leit, -ol leit wohs nembt fer so'n Farm Show in der gong griega, un om gae halta wons om gae is. 'S airsht gabei in Alabama wolla sie mocha 'm grossa Hershey Arena noh, un tzaila fer ihra Show halta fiel wie unsers k'halta wert,-mit ous shows, un mit ous da gawainlicha socha os tzu finna sin on londs fairra. M'r winscha Alabama glick, un sin shure won sie halver so hard shoffa fer ihra Show in der gong griega da 25d Yanner wie sie indressa ganumma hen die tzwae dawg os siedoh om show worra, os Alabama 'n wunnerbore Farm Show grick'd.

Ferol os heit der ledshd dawg is, huts 'n lot bakonta leit.

'S Call pickter is ow'r net so gross os es werra wear, won der Charlie Lichtenwalner fon Macungie, un 'n lot onnerra, net paar minuta shpote kumma weara. Die airshda leit fon dahame os m'r da morya g'sehna hen, hen m'r aw gadroffa om station wie m'r gonga worra die Call's hola. 'N fraw hut g'sawt, "Des is yoh der Pumpernickle," un shure ganunk wons net 'm George Warmkessel sei fraw wor woh mits Winfield Lutza rous kumma is. M'r hen sie mit noch 'm Show ganumma, un aw noch 'n Mr. Peifly fon Reading haisa mit gae, 'n tzweter kousin tzum Sid Peifly fon Smith and Peifly.

Der Charlie Lichtenwalner is rous kumma mits Charlie Mangold,-des is der Charlie un sei Ellen, un ihra tzwae maid, Delores un Isabell, un da Delores ihra guter freind, Jimmy Guldin. Der Harold Fehnel fon Cross Roads wor doh mit seim boo Richard, Paul Edelman, Joe Nemchik, Albert Wetzel, un Donald Haftel. Der Laurin Chattin fon nagshd on Seipstown wor hous mit seinra dochter Sandra un seim bruder Malcolm fon Massachussets, woh all'm noh widder der Elmer Bear froga mus fer 'm sawga, wos m'r g'schriva hen fom. 'M Laurin sei boo Bruce hut shofe doh hous kot, un hen aw der Dick Chattin g'sehna woh hunna wor fon State Kollege woh er in die shule gait larna wie besserra kee tzu raisa, un mainer milich griega fon wenicher kee.

Der George un der Adama Henninger worra hous mit ihra weiver, un wunnert uns, eb 'm Adam sei fraw Florence draw gadenk'd hut wie sie etlicha yohr tzurick om halb nocht ferlora wor mit ma finf don truck uf 'm Jochery. Wen sotta m'r alla gabut aw dreffa die woch darrich wie der Brooke Ball, free'r assistant kounty agent in Lechaw. Er is now kounty agent in Jefferson kounty, un wie 'n guter Pennsylfawnish Deitscher fon dart drous uns g'sawt hut, er wear iwwer rous gute gaglicha. Der Walter un Schlegel un sei boo Paull fon Moorestown worra hin un hen arya indressa ganumma in aenich ebbes un allas os tzu duh hut mit grumbierra. Der David Kistler un der Marlyn Levan fon Wannamakers worra rous kumma mit 'm George Billig un boo Robert, un hen sie etlicha mohl aw gadroffa, ow'r glawb net os sie uns immer g'sehna hen. 'S same halt aw ous mit blenty onnerra-heit so wohl wie aw onnerra dawga. M'r hoffa soicha os m'r net ganan'd hen fergewwa uns, -'s wor net os m'r sie fergessa hen, odder fergessa hen wolla, 's worra yusht tzu fiel, un des is ol fon uns, fom 1949 Farm Show.

Pumpernickle Bill.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Philippians 4:11-23

The reading for today continues that which we had as an assignment last Tuesday in chapter 4 of Paul's letter to the church in Philippi. In v.10 he thanks the members of the church in that city for a contribution made for his support as a traveling missionary. Paul believed that the laborer is worthy of his hire, 1 Timothy 5:18, apparently quoting Luke 10:7, the same sentence from the lips of Jesus. Paul had to put up with all kinds of conditions and experiences, hinted at in vs. 11 and 12, and more fully described in 1 Cor. 4:9-13. But there is a note of triumph in v.13, where he says: 'I can do all things through Christ Which strengtheneth me.' So he commends them, however, for their help in his particular need, v.14, and follows with a note of pathos as he says that no other church seemed to care, v.15; indeed, they had shown their interest upon several occasions, not only once, v.16. His supreme trust is in God Himself, as in v.19 he testifies: 'My God shall supply all your needs (and his, too) according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

James A. McNeill Whistler, the talented but imperious American artist, once summoned a great English surgeon to his suburban home in the middle of a freezing winter night. The surgeon arrived in a state of anxiety that changed to black rage when he discovered that it wasn't Whistler who required emergency treatment, but his poodle!

The surgeon squared accounts at a fashionable dinner party shortly thereafter. In the hearing of Whistler's richest patrons, not to mention London's leading art critics, he asked loudly, "Say, Whistler, what will you charge to paint my kitchen and pantry?"

* * *

Ray Washburne, proprietor of the Williamstown bookstore, received a rush order the other day for "one copy of Dale Carnegie's 'How to Stop Living and Start Worrying'."

Horoscope

An excellent time for mental work, writing or contacting others. Some good fortune should be experienced by you in your next year, also some unexpected changes. The child who is born today is of an optimistic nature, who will take events in stride and aim at success.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Will you forgive me if I write one more column about the Christmas holidays and then not say another word about them until next December?

It was Christmas eve and I was sitting at my television set, watching carol sings, church services, the lighting of the Community tree on the White House lawn.

I saw faces lifted to heaven, hands folded in prayer.

I saw good cheer and laughter; I saw friendship and kindliness.

It seemed a wonderful, wonderful world.

* * *

The evening paper was delivered.

I switched off my television set, went to my study upstairs and turned to the editorial page first, as I usually do.

My eye fell on the editorial cartoon.

It was headed "Star of Hope."

A huge Christmas tree, all lighted up, and above the top star, in letters of light, "Peace on Earth."

Instead of the usual lead editorial there appeared the same letter that has been reprinted in the same place every year for almost a half century.

It was the answer to a letter a little eight-year-old girl had written to the paper's editor these many years ago. In it she had asked "Is there a Santa Claus?"

In his answer, the editor, long since dead, had said:

"The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see."

* * *

I turned from the editorial page to the front page.

But here, while Christmas carolers were singing of peace and joy, were headlines of a different kind:

"Gift-laden Visitor Shot by Off-duty Cop". "Knife May Yield Clew". "Land and Air Warfare Continues In Holy Land on Christmas Eve." "U.N. Orders Stop to Indies Fighting." "Tugboat Strike Threat Gains as Talks Fail." "Misery in Bethlehem at Christmas."

* * *

I felt blue. I wondered. I asked myself: "How can we sing about peace and good will when we are so full of strife and of ill will?

"How can we sing praises to the Lord when the Lord seems to have forsaken us?"

* * *

At midnight my wife and I went down to the living room.

We turned on our television set to see and hear the Christmas service at St. Patrick's cathedral.

And there, in that midnight sermon, I heard the answer to the questions I had asked myself earlier in the evening.

It isn't the Lord who has forsaken us. It is we who have forsaken the Lord.

When we go back to His teachings, no matter what our faith, then there will be peace on earth.

And not until then.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE MANY ARE FINE

Some men do evil. There's no doubt of that.
Some women, too, and shame it is to say.
But there are many, and with them I've sat,
Who, unobserved, live well from day to day.
I've known them and I know them—high and low,
And rich and poor—who strive to do the right.
Their lives against the mean and sordid glow
Like beacons on a dark and stormy night.

I know that there is evil rampant here.
I've looked on much I've never understood.
But though in print their names may not appear,
Many are fine, clean living, gracious, good.



LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

IF OUR readers could transport themselves back across 225 years to Indian Creek Valley, in what is now Franconia Township in Montgomery County, they would behold the same gentle contours of hill and valley that greet our eyes today, but they would find those hills covered with sturdy forests untouched by the hand of man and the fertile valleys still untilled but for a few isolated clearings on which rose rudely built log huts. One of these was occupied by Heinrich Rosenberger, pioneer and progenitor of a large and widely distributed Pennsylvania German family.

According to family tradition Heinrich Rosenberger came from Zweibruecken in the Palatinate. His name is not to be found on the ship lists recorded from 1727 on, and it is therefore to be assumed that he came prior to that year. It is further to be assumed that he was not a redemptioner, for those earlier German emigrants to Pennsylvania, unlike those who came in the forties and fifties of the eighteenth century, usually had money enough to pay for their passage and some additional money to purchase land in the colony.

That first little log house built by Heinrich Rosenberger was occupied first by him and then by his son Heinrich for nearly eighty years. It then gave way to a stone house, bearing in its gable a date stone with the inscription: **Johannes M. Schwerdle, 1809.** This Johannes M. Schwerdle, a redemptioner, had come to America in September, 1772, while still a minor. Heinrich Rosenberger, Junior, had paid Schwerdle's passage for which Schwerdle not only repaid Heinrich Rosenberger, Junior, with three years of service but also married one of the said Heinrich's daughters and in the course of time acquired through the will of his father-in-law the original Rosenberger farm on which he then built the stone house with the date stone inscribed as above. Some of the descendants of Johannes Schwerdle are known today as Swartley!

But let us return to the Rosenbergers. It has been assumed that Heinrich Rosenberger, Senior, had also other sons, for it is known that in 1739 a Benjamin Rosenberger settled in Hatfield Township, only six miles southeast of Heinrich Rosenberger's farm. In the following year, 1740, a Daniel Rosenberger bought land for a farm in the same township; and in 1745 or 1750 a John Rosenberger also bought land in Hatfield Township. Whether these were also sons of Heinrich Rosenberger, Senior, seems not quite certain. All of them were Mennonites.

The Rosenbergers must have been a diligent and thrifty poeple. The above-mentioned Daniel, who in 1740 had purchased 150 acres was able in 1769 to add 200 more acres to his farm. His will, which was probated in Philadelphia on September 23, 1771 (Montgomery County then still being a part of Philadelphia County) was written in German, but an English translation was also filed with it. From the latter we quote the following provisions Daniel made for his wife:"

"I give to my loving wife Fronica (a **short form for Veronica**) for her own, our bedding and bedstead, with what is belonging to it, her chest with all the linen cloth, our pewter ware, two pots, and one cow. Likewise I give to my loving wife for her yearly maintenance, the new stove room, kitchen and cellar, what she has use for, firewood to the house, 8 bushels of rye, 5 bushels of wheat, 3 bushels of buckwheat, a fat hog of one hundred weight, apples as much as she useth, all which to be yearly during the time she remains my widow. I also give to my loving wife two hundred pounds money for her maintenance, to use as much as she hath need of, while she remains my widow, and the remainder to come to my heirs."

Daniel Rosenberger left the remainder of his estate to his four children, David, Isaac, Ann and Mary. That his two sons might remain in possession of the land, he devised to David 200 acres, charging him however with the provisions made for his wife and the duty of carrying out those provisions and of feeding and pasturing his widowed mother's cow; but David was also to pay L.800 in installments for the land, less an allowance of L.100 for the time that he had served his father. The remaining 159 acres were devised to Isaac, who was to pay L.100 in installments for the same. The total amount derived from the sale of the land and from all other sources was, after all debts had been discharged, to be divided equally among the four children.

To execute proper distribution an inventory of the personal property left by Daniel Rosenberger was therefore filed on Oct. 9, 1771. This inventory is expressed in terms of pounds, shillings and pence (for which proper symbols are not available on our linotype.) It placed an evaluation of L.14 9s. on his wearing apparel and L.2 2s. 6d on his books. Of cash there was a little over L.28 and in bonds, bills and book accounts over L.561. Articles that the widow kept for herself were valued as follows: Her chest with contents, L.21 16s. 3d.; her bed with furniture, L.9 10s; all the pewter, L.3 4s. 3d.; a teakettle, 16s; 2 iron pots and 1 "lead" (a pot made of lead), 14s.; a cow, L.6. The inventory further included a clock and case, a pipe stove, 2 tables, 13 chairs, delftware, earthenware, tinware, knives and forks, glasses, a plain chest, a chest with drawers, a dresser, 2 large clothes presses, several beds, or bedsteads and bedding, bed-cases, sheets, pillows, pillow-cases, table cloths, hand towels, several lots of woolen cloth, blue linings, woolen yarn, linen tape, thread, hemp, tow, flax and wool. Of household utensils there were pot racks, fire tongs, iron pots, a copper kettle, a bake-plate and "lazy-bag," pans, ladles, funnels, sieves, candlesticks, a steelyard, a coffee-mill and a conch shell (probably used for a dinner horn), one big wheel and two little wheels (for spinning). Mention is further made of wheat, corn, rye, barley, buckwheat, beef, pork, honey, molasses, salt, dried apples, cabbage, cheese, butter, lard, vinegar, hops, tallow, wax, soap and brandy. There were 4 horses, 1 colt, 9 cows, 4 heifers, 2 calves, 1 bull, 10 sheep, 4 hogs and 16 hives of bees.

Of farm and other tools, equipment and supplies there were listed the following: Grubbing and other hoes, shovels and spades, axes, a broadax, maul and wedges, cleaver, pick, cross-cut saw, augers, drawing knives, planes, chisels, pincers, anvil, hammers, grindstone, sheep shears, scale and weights, chains, plows, harrows, sickles, grain cradles, wheatstones, rakes, pitchforks, ladders, an apple mill, windmill, wheelbarrow, cutting-box, flax brake and hatchel, gun, lantern, wagon, horse gears, currycombs, 3 saddles, 1 sidesaddle, harness leather, dressed sheepskins, upper and sole leather for shoes, parcel of window glass, lumber, shingles, nails, riddles (coarse sieves), baskets, bags, barrels, casks, tubs, pails, bottles, oats, hempseed, flaxseed and timothy seed.

We have believed it worth while to present this inventory to our readers. To the student of social and economic conditions in colonial Pennsylvania the value of such an inventory is apparent. What a Pennsylvania German farmer possessed and used in his daily activities in 1771 is also interesting to the general reader. The inventory offers a concrete illustration of what a simple Palatine immigrant family could achieve in the second generation through diligence and thrift when opportunity was offered under a kindly government. Surely Pennsylvania was the land of milk and honey.—ED.

For the above material we are indebted to **THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS. A sketch of Their History and Life. of the Mennonites, and of Side Lights from the Rosenberger Family, by Jesse Leonard Rosenberger, the University of Chicago Press, 1923.—ED.**

SEHNSUCHT

'S iss ebbes gfunne wann mer farliert,
'S iss gut far alle Schmaerz mer schpiert;
Doch wann die Yugend mol fargeht,
Nemmt's ebbes, wu im Haerz drin schteht,
Wu kummt ewich nimmi bei.

Mir schtaerker sin, un besser, wann
Mir ausgewachse sin zu Mann;
Doch fiehlen mir 's waar ebbes siess,
Schpringt Yugend noch mit gschwinde Fiess,
Wu kummt ewich nimmi bei.

Ebbes Scheenes iss fargange,
Dief un ernscht iss es Farlange;
Mir suchen fruchtlos bis die Elt
In der Luft un darch die Welt,
Doch's kummt ewich nimmi bei.

Ich kann 's net nenne, 's iss ken Schmaerz
In Kopp un Kerper, odder Haerz;
Hab nix farlore—Sinn, Nadur—
Doch ebbes fehlt, un des iss schur,
Un 's kummt ewich nimmi bei.

December 1947. —RALPH S. FUNK.

IN DER KICH

Our request in the ECK for December 11, 1948, for information concerning molasses cookies know as **Bellylaps** brought forth some interesting and valuable replies.

Mrs. Robert A. Wertman, Sr., Catasauqua, writes: "I have lots of mother's old recipes. Among them I find the following for bellylaps. Take 1 quart of baking molasses, ¾ cup of butter and lard mixed, 2 eggs, 2 scant tablespoons of soda and enough flour to allow the dough to be easily rolled. Roll out to a thickness of ⅛ inch and count out with round cookie cutters (or at Christmas time with figure cutters of less intricate design.) Put on tins and bake around 350° to 375°. These cookies remind one of the old-fashioned honey cake."

Carrie V. Bitting, Coopersburg, writes: "The recipe I found in my mother's cookbook reads as follows: Add 1 pint of New Orleans molasses to 2 well-beaten eggs, beat well, then add 1 cup yellow sugar; stir in some flour. Next dissolve 1½ tablespoons of baking soda in 6 tablespoons of vinegar, add to the above and ad dmore flour as required to stiffen the dough. Roll out about ⅛ inch thick and cut out with a round cookie cutter about three inches in diameter."

Our inquiry about rolitsches (rollichies) brought only one reply. We are grateful to the aged **Mrs. William J. Kressler, Easton,** for the following detailed instructions for making a dish little known among our generation: "Take one beef tripe, cleaned and scraped thoroughly; 12 pounds of upper round or chuck of beef. If chuck is used, remove fat, bones, and gristle. Cut the tripe into 14-inch squares; then cut beef in strips 12 by 2 by 2 inches. Lay the squares of tripe on the table and then place five or six of the long strips of beef lengthwise on the squares of tripe. Season carefully with salt and pepper and sparingly with an equal mixture of thyme, sweet marjoram and rosemary. Then roll tightly lengthwise and sew firmly both ends and down the middle. This quantity will make about five rollichies. Place them in a large pot, cover with about five inches of water, bring quickly to a boil and then simmer for about three hours. In the water put an onion, a small bay leaf and a small piece of dried red pepper and half a cup of vinegar. When done take out and put in a large vessel. Next morning prepare a pickle of cider vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar (to taste) and ¼ cup of mixed pickle spices tied in a bag; boil this for about five minutes, remove the spice bag and let the liquid cool to room temperature. Place the rollichies in a stone crock, pour the pickle liquid over them, weight them down with a plate and heavy stone and set in a cool place for 6 weeks. My husband's grandparents lived in Leithsville and he said his grandmother served them at supper cut in half inch slices, rolled in flour and fried in butter with a gravy in which she put ½ cup of the vinegar. I am sure my husband would have felt less defrauded if the turkey had been absent from the Christmas dinner table, than if there had been no rollichies."

In Lambert's **Pennsylvania German Dictionary** the word is entered as **rolitsch,** f. Eng. rollichie (small pieces of beef stuffed in bags of tripe, pickled in diluted vinegar, sliced, fried and served with gravy. Dutch rolletje.—

We find the word in **Webster's Unabridged Dictionary** as follows: **rolliche,** also rollejee, rollichie (D. rolletje a little roll.) A kind of sausage, made in a bag of tripe, sliced and fried, famous among the Dutch of New Amsterdam and still known, esp. in New Jersey.—

We have continued to receive information upon our earlier inquiries concerning the use of "greens" among our Pennsylvania Germans.

Carrie V. Bitting, Coopersburg, wrote that "our mothers and grandmothers used to be very fond of **schniddle graas** or **schniddel salaad.** It was called Italian fennel, now known as Florence fennel. It was boiled a minute in sour cream dressing with eggs and bacon and was really delicious."

Question: Have any other readers an acquaintance with **schniddel graas** and knowledge of its use? Kindly reply.

From our frequent contributor, Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, we have a letter from which we quote the following: "I have not been able to find anyone who made **sauerambelboi,** although the aged Mrs. Wolfgang seemed to remember hearing of people who made it. Mention of a **sauerambelboi** immediately brought to her mind an instance in her youth, in Hereford Township, where she worked for a family who made **seibaerzelboi,** that is, pie filled with common purslane. Both **sauerambelboi** and **seibaerzelboi** apparently were made something similar to rhubarb pie. In Heidelberg Township I recall my mother mentioning the fact that some people ate **Seibaerzel** (when she was weeding the garden of the obnoxious weed) but I do not recall that she ever mentioned just how it was used. While I am writing about these old dishes, I might mention that in Saegersville, about 45 years ago, there was an old lady who used **seiohrebletter** (common plantain) for a salad. She used the small leaves when they were tender and, I think, made a salad with a dressing similar to that used on garden lettuce or dandelion. I do not know whether this was a common custom elsewhere, but I remember some of the women of the village liked to talk about old Sally and her **Seiohrebletter zelaat."**

Will anyone enlighten us further on the use of **Seibaerzel** and **seiohrebletter,** either as edibles or medicinally?

Why were carrots so little used among our ancestors? And on what did their prejudice rest? Quoting again from a letter received recently from Mr. Hollenbach, we read: "One thing that interested me was your inquiry about the use of carrots. I never saw a carrot or tasted a carrot until I was 18 years old and then it was not in a Pennsylvania German family, or what is generally understood as a Pennsylvania German family. I taught country school just outside of Slatington and boarded with a family where I tasted my first carrot. The woman was a daughter of immigrants from Germany, after the Civil War, although she herself was born in Pennsylvania. Carrots were just not eaten by anyone in Heidelberg; nor were any raised in the gardens. They were not even used in soups. When I come to think of it, I never ate vegetable soup until I went to live in Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania Germans in Heidelberg liked their vegetables "straight" and 'n greater quantity that they come in vegetable soup."—

How long ago do our older readers remember eating carrots in vegetable soup? Or was vegetable soup not served in the olden day?

This is the butchering season among our rural Pennsylvania Germans. Who will inform us about the proper proportions of buckwheat flour and cornmeal in the making of pannhaas?

Who remembers the old-time **Metzelsupp?** What do you understand by that word? Was it a soup? If so, how was it made?—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

In sorrow he learned this truth—
One may return to the place of his birth,
He cannot go back to his Youth.
—Burroughs

Half Century of Service

Celebration last night of the 50th anniversary of the Pioneer Fire Co. properly was marked by high honors to its little more than a handful of surviving charter members but a thankful citizenry undoubtedly, thru this event, will be reminded of an opportunity to pay quiet, but just as sincere, tribute to the entire company which thruout half a century has done so much to make life and property safe in Allentown.

The big golden anniversary occasion served to recall an era in the city's life and activities. Around the turn of the century and in the course of the city's rapid growth every community, as determined by the boundary lines of wards, developed a sense of solidarity and common interests. That prompted determination to furnish protection for the people of the community and a fire company was the answer. Thus residents of virtually every ward in the city felt that a fire company should be established in the center of their community, that it should be equipped with the best possible fire-fighting machinery, properly housed, and that it should be manned by men quickly drawn from a vast reservoir of fire-fighters at the first peal of the fire alarm.

Thus Allentown speedily added many fire companies to the group of veterans — the America Hose Co., the Rescue Hook and Ladder Co. and the Good Will Fire Co. And all the companies, spread thruout the growing city, enlisted vast numbers of eager men who were willing to take up training as to the handling of equipment and the development of coordinated fire - fighting. In the work of securing funds for the purchase of equipment, and property for the housing thereof, many social functions were conducted so that the fire company became the center of the social activities of many communities. To this day, despite changes in the fire-fighting system thru the introduction of a paid fire department, many of the companies, including the Pioneer, continue to occupy this social position and prominence.

Allentown cannot and will not forget the volunteer firemen who for decades protected the city and did so almost entirely at their own expense. They had an enjoyable time in doing it. None ever regretted their unselfish work and sacrifices. They were the better citizens for it. They did much for the advancement of the city and they continue to do so.

More Meat for World

World population is growing at very rapid rate, due in large measure to the discoveries of Science which have reduced infant mortality and extended the life span, but the world has not grown as to acreage upon which food can be grown to feed the increased number of mouths.

Instead the past century has witnessed the depreciation of much arable land in all parts of the world by erosion. Its destructive hand has been strengthened by man's careless and wasteful practices in the cutting of timber and the tillage of cleared land.

Obviously since population is increasing and promises to increase steadily it is important that mankind employ its food-producing acres to better advantage and that it find and develop new food-producing areas which have not been employed hitherto by reason of discouraging factors.

One of the biggest prospects in this latter category is that which is offered by the development in England of a new drug with which, it is said, cattle can be inoculated against the various diseases carried by insects, particularly the tsetse fly of Africa.

The new drug which is known as Antrycide has already been tested in Africa and it is said that it successfully combats the cattle diseases which collectively are known as trypanosomiasis. Enough will be manufactured this year to inoculate about two million cattle and larger production of the drug is expected in 1950.

The importance of this drug can be known when it is realized that Britain and most of Europe depend upon the outside world for virtually all their meat supplies. She has vast colonies in Africa and vast grazing areas therein. Yet all of Africa is said to have only about 16,000,000 head of cattle — not much more than can be found in the much smaller area of our southwestern United States. Undoubtedly Africa could be made a source of vastly larger meat supply which is exactly what the British expect to make it beginning this year in Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda.

But the British do not expect to stop at the borders of their own colonies in which successful cattle raising has been difficult or almost impossible because of the tsetse fly. Next month an international conference will be held in London. France and Belgium, whose African colonies are similarly beset and handicapped, will be represented in discussion of Antrycide and the means to put it to use in their colonies.

Recession 'Around the Corner'

The spectre of recession plagues many people in business and, more poignantly, millions of workers, many of whom recall the decade of the '30's with dread.

The economists, studying all known economic factors and striving to appraise intangibles, come up with various reports in carefully guarded language so that no very definite conclusions can be drawn from what they say.

However there is a highly hopeful word from the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia which reports its analysis of present economic conditions and "suggests that recession will stay 'just around the corner' during 1949."

This institution has its finger upon the business pulse, especially as to business in this part of the country and if we can believe the doctor, business matters and employment will not be of the "boom" variety but should be fairly steady.

The bank adds that prices "are likely to be fairly stable, tho there will be numerous departures from the general trend by individual commodities."

All of which will be interpreted in about as many ways as there are individual minds that do their own thinking in such matters.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I am peeved.

Not a very sensational opening for a column, I admit, but see whether you wouldn't be peeved, too, under the same circumstances.

You remember the sensational case of Faye Emerson Roosevelt a couple of weeks ago, when she nicked herself accidentally with a razor blade, don't you?

Well, for that little "accidental" nick, she got pages of publicity, front page publicity, at that.

She got her picture in the papers, all over a lot of papers, dancing with her husband, looking lovingly into his eyes; another one with his arm around her waist and many, many more.

* * *

It certainly was wonderful, a million dollars worth of publicity for nothing.

Now take the case of my wife.

Here she is going around with two of her fingers bandaged up. (She burnt one of them on the hot stove and cut the other one while slicing bread.)

She can't even get her gloves on. So every policeman, every sheriff, every district attorney can plainly see the fix she is in.

Is she accused of having tried to commit suicide?

Does the district attorney summon me to his office to see whether I might possibly be prosecuted for attempted murder?

Why, just imagine.

The editor of our little weekly, who knows my wife, met her only this morning.

He looked at her bandaged hand.

"Hurt yourself?" he asked, and walked on.

Nobody seems to pay the slightest attention to my wife's injury.

The only fellow who paid the slightest attention to it was a friend of ours who asked facetiously: "Trying to do a Faye Emerson Roosevelt, eh?"

And that fellow, being a comic artist, doesn't count.

* * *

When Elliott Roosevelt was interviewed by a couple of dozen reporters up in Poughkeepsie, after the case had been dismissed, he told them he hoped the dismissal would be given as "equally big headlines" as what he termed the "accident".

(The story of the dismissal appeared on page 15, column 3, with an itsy-bitsy one-column head.)

* * *

My wife says she can't understand why that razor-blade case got so much publicity in the first place.

Anybody knows, she says, how the Roosevelts hate publicity and that, with whistles, bells, gongs and sirens, they have tried to keep out of the public eye ever since she remembers.

I wonder whether she's kidding me.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Jan. 22, 1924, a Tuesday

The barn of Paul S. Meckley at Neffs was destroyed by fire early Monday morning. The house and garage were saved by the work of a bucket brigade. The blaze pointed out the need for a fire company in North Whitehall township.

Members of the Lehigh Valley Dental society met in the officies of Drs. G. F. and J. T. Hummel, 9th and Linden Sts. Dr. Alexander H. Reynolds, secretary of the state board of dental examiners and chairman of the national committee of dental education, spoke on the duties and training of a dental hygienist.

A petition requesting a new cement road from Fountain Hill to Mountainville was received in the county commissioners' offices. The document, containing 5,000 signatures, was presented at a mass meeting of Mountainville residents.

Methodist students of Allentown were guests of the Epworth League of Asbury church at a banquet and reception. More than 300 students from Cedar Crest and Muhlenberg colleges and Allentown Preparatory school attended.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bachman of Macungie were guests of honor at a party held at their home in celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary. Music was provided by the Macungie band.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Psalm 42

This is the Psalm of the panting heart and the longing heart, the former for water the latter for God. To hunger can be found as a figure of speech in Mathew 5:6. 'Meat' in v. 5 as always in the Bible, means food. The word for meat in the Bible is flesh. Hermonites in v. 6 should be Hermons, the three peaks of Hermon in the Lebanon Mountains. God gives His people songs in the night, v. 8 (See Job 35:10, and, as an example, Paul and Silas singing praises in the prison of Philippi at midnight, Acts 16:25). When discouraged, depressed, or downcast, verses 5, 11, and 5 in the next Psalm will cheer up the one who knows God as a very present help in the time of trouble: 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him Who is the health of my countenance and my God'. The countenance can easily register the difference between despondency and cheerfulness. A Christian should alwyas be of good cheer!

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The newly-elected mayor of a corruption-ridden city on the eastern seaboard dropped in to inspect the municipal insane asylum, and asked the superintendent, "What sort of question do you put to inmates who claim they're cured?"

The super, annoyed at the interruption, said, "A typical problem is this: Captain Cook journeyed around the world three times. On one of the journeys he died. Which one was it?"

The mayor pondered, and remarked, "That's too tough for these poor people. I ain't even studied that much history myself!"

* * *

"It won't be long now before the Russians have that atom bomb," boasted the reporter from the Worker. "In about five years a dozen agents will pack bombs in suitcases, travel inconspicuously to the various capitals of decaying western democracies, and, boom! that will be that!" "Ridiculous," scoffed the News man. "Where do you think they're going to get the suitcases?"

Horoscope

See others on this anniversary, plan improvements and attend to personal matters. In the next 12 months, use original tactics with perseverance and courage, and success should be your reward. Discretion—it should be kept in mind—is always helpful. Originality may very well be the outstanding quality of the child born today. An inventive turn of mind should also help this child make a success of life.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Whatever the purpose President Truman or his advisors had in mind in dedicating the entire inaugural address to international rather than national affairs, the fact remains that it is almost unprecedented in history.

Perhaps it is an omen of good things to come, for the president certainly gauged the interest of the world correctly as he chose to emphasize above all else the desire of the United States for peace with Russia.

This is the moment when a move for peace is most opportune. The Russians already seem to sense it, for they have switched their propaganda to peace talk. Also, as the new administration opens, the inaugural address serves notice that all Americans are united on the single theme — peace in the world. No other topic could have aroused such widespread approval. It was a way to reiterate the non-partisan feeling that the American people have about international affairs nowadays.

With a new secretary of state — young, vigorous, resourceful and experienced — taking hold here, it may be that the Russians have come to the conclusion that this is the time to start on a new tack. Certainly any evidence that the Russians mean what they espouse will be welcomed.

The atmosphere is one of suspicion, of course. There are some who believe that it is futile to discuss anything with Russia. Up to now the United States has insisted that the Russians must show their good faith by some concrete act. But there are moves that can be made which do not involve risk and which can be utilized to test the earnestness of the Russian purpose.

Plainly an interlude in the "cold war" is due. The Russians have more to gain than lose by agreeing now to an Austrian treaty and to a lifting of the Berlin blockade. These matters can be negotiated promptly if there is a will on both sides.

Mr. Truman's inauguration speech will be read throughout the world as a serious proclamation of American purpose. For it tells that the United States intends to go ahead with the North Atlantic security alliance and with its program of economic rehabilitation for Europe — two circumstances that should make the Russians pause and determine whether this isn't really the best occasion to end the "cold war" and usher in a new era of peaceful relations between former allies.

Important as the president's inaugural address was to the world, it will be regarded by many Americans as merely a restatement of what has been said all along by the present administration. Significance attaches to the fact that Mr. Truman chose to disregard the cleavages of our economic warfare on the domestic front and to utter no word concerning his domestic policies except in the most abstract sense. He declares that he favors a strong America and feels it is important to maintain prosperity. These are welcome platitudes, for in them both conservatives and radicals can take comfort. The radicals think prosperity will be preserved by more spending of public money. The conservatives believe it will be maintained by preserving private initiative in business and by the encouragement of risk capital.

The fact that Mr. Truman made no mention of any legislation will be viewed by business men as reassuring to some extent. The less demagoguery on the domestic front, the more unity can be achieved in the difficult and perplexing tasks that lie ahead if the American economic system is really to remain strong and prosperous.

By every standard Mr. Truman's inauguration was big—a big parade and ceremony, a manifestation of big military might and a revelation of the political power of big government. If bigness is synonymous with success, the inaugural was, indeed, a big success.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE GRUNDSOW IS OM TZOVLA: Tzu wissa wie warm os es wor in da fergongna wocha-wedder os sie oft mohls donkbore weara fer howwa in Florida, is es leicht tzu sehna ferwos die Grundsow shun om tzovla sei sot, fer in ra woch unna halva fon now rous kumma, 's wedder brofatzeiga fer die nagshda sex wocha. Des shpote yohrs shlofa gae un net wocher werra bis da 2da Harning is ol recht won die widdering is wie sie sei sot sel tzeit fom yohr-rau un kalt, ow'r fer im neshd leia un shlofa won die fladder mice rum sin, un die hummla un micha fliega, sel is aeland im haichda grawd.

So weit os m'r wissa wor die Grundsow sare damemeedich un gadrei darrich ol des "Florida" wedder. 'S wor etlicha mohl so hee un doh woh freind un g'sawt hen sie dada glawwa sie hetta unser "Grundsow" sehna hous rum shpringa, un ainer hut evens gamaint, 'n mashine het unser wedder brofate dote g'fohra drowwa on Mantzville, nagshd ons Lester Troxells'. Der schreiver hut evens g'sawt er het die Grundsow sehna im grawwa leia, mous-rocka-dote.

M'r worra arrick donkbore un froh fer die grundsi barichda griega fon unnershittlicha gagenda darrich die tzeit fom warma wedder. Ow'r mit da grundsi ols wedder brofate, gaits wie aw mit ol da Wedder Brofate selwar. 'S mocht nix ous woh m'r onna guck'd, odder mit wem os m'r blaudder'd, 'n yaders wase fon ebber os maint, 's kent wedder brofatzeiga. Die ledshd woch om Farm Show hut uns ainer fertzailt wie 'n Professor fon Nei Yarrick 'n gons neier waig ous g'funna het fer shpote yohrs sawga, wies wedder werra dade darrich der winder. Un wie dada n'r denka os ers dut-un sol ous halta.

Er fertzailt fon da shpote yohrs wollicha rauva woh m'r sehnt groddla - die ort woh gail sin in da mid, un shwartz on da anner, odder die anner gail, un die mid shwartz. Wel aenicha waig, wie m'r shtarta hen shmuntzla wie der kerl uns fertzailt hut wie der Professor ous g'shtudiert het, des da wenicher farab os die raub het in da mid, des da leichter dade der winder werra, hut der kerl gawunnert eb m'r net draw glawwa dada, weil m'r shmuntzla dada.

"Wel," hen m'r g'sawt, "so weit os der rauva glawwa aw gait, kon ebber duh wies wil, ow'r wos uns lechert is, iwwer kerl woh duh 'm Professor hais'd. Selar Professor is grawd wie die gross mehrtzahl fon sella kerls sin. hen ihra kep in da wolka, un die fees fom grund. Noh won sie alsa mohl die gree ard sehna darrich 'n riss in da wolka, maina die ohrma drep sie hetta ebbes gons neias g'funna os noch neimond dafor g'se hna het, g'shweia aw wist dafon. Aenicha waig, der kerl huts shier net glawwa kenna wie m'r 'm g'sawt hen os selar rauva wedder glawwa so alt wear wie der nardshtarn unnich unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit, un os es 'n Professor nemma dade fer maina er het ebbes neias g'funna.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu da Grundsow ols 'n wedder brofate, sel is 'n gons arbadich gadierts tzu uns Breeder Grundsi, 's same wie aw der Belsnickle 'n gons arbadicher mensch is tzu da kinner on Grishdawgs tzeit. Unser Grundsow shloaft, alla weil, ow'r tzov'ld shun in ihr'm neshd fer da 2da Harning rous kumma uns sawga wos fer widdering is es gebt in da nagshda sex wocha. Sel is die wichdich Grundsow woh des yohr noch finf unnershittlicha Grundsow Lodges tzu gae hut fer da breeder Grundsi die deitlich wedder brofatzeiging gewwa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Net os m'r glawga wolla, ow'r sis doch awenich ferdreaslich tzu denka, wie shae os es wedder die woch darrich wor wie m'r 'm grib ob worta hen missa. un wie wiesh'd os es now sheind tzu werra, os m'r bout ready sin fer nous gae.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Building a Rock Garden

By HENRY McLEMORE

Next to affording me the chance to build my collection of hotel towels and ash trays into perhaps the finest one in existence, nothing about my recent trip around the world pleased me so much as did the discovery of the Japanese rock garden.

Just a word about my towel and ash tray collection. I first became interested in stealing these items from hotels in Nice, Italy, back in 1936. Broker than the brokest pair of church mice, Jean and I were trying to see Europe before the shoe string snapped. In front of St. Mark's we met —or were met—by a mid-western couple, obviously rich. They were staying at the Danielli, they were travelling on a boat which had plush funnels, and were using caviar for toothpaste.

This was their first trip to Europe, they said, and would we like to gondola to their suite overlooking the Grand canal and see what they had collected in Europe. They showed us what was then probably the finest collection of hotel towels and ash trays in the world. Bath mats from Budapest. Guest towels from Greece. Ash trays from Ankara, London, Paris, St. Moritz and Prague. They pointed out, with pardonable pride, how lovely their home would look when all these trophies of the chase were scattered about, and how impressed their guests would be when they could dry their heads on a towel from Lucerne while spilling an ash into a tray from Claridges.

The bug hit me right then. Since then, travel has taken on a new glow for me. Let others watch the sunsets—I'll snitch a towel or tray. In the past 12 years I have built up a great collection, one which I hope will some day have a wing for itself in the Metropolitan. I intend to leave my ash trays and towels to the world, and refuse to sell a single treasure.

Back to the rock gardens. now. And how happy the discovery of the Japanese type of rock garden has made me.

The Japanese rock garden is just that.

A garden of rocks. Nothing else.

I, too, have a rock garden. In the back of my house. For years, Jean has insisted that I plant it in flowers. Petunias, and phlox and all that sort of stuff. Either the seeds I buy are no good or I don't have a green-finger, because nothing grows.

So, following the Japanese, I have just planted my garden in rocks.

I can make a rock grow. That's down my alley. Next year I hope to add a brick or two, and a double flowering concrete block. After that — well, there is no telling where I'll stop. A corner devoted to old railroad tracks. A shady nook filled with the sweet odor of blossoming granite.

Rocks need so little care. It's amazing how much a rock will stand. Birds can bite them without hurting anything but their beaks. Caterpillars can crawl all over them without effect. Weeds can try to strangle them, and all a rock will do is grin. They need practically no water and little fertilizer to keep them in robust rock health.

Stop by some time and look at my rock garden.

In a few years it may well be the showplace of America.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

TWO VIEWPOINTS

The weather man predicted snow.
The old folks shook their heads.
The children said, with eyes aglow:
"Then we can use our sleds."

The weather man predicted cold,
With wind at moderate rate.
"We'll find it bitter," sighed the old.
The young said: "We can skate!"

The weather man predicted sleet.
The old said sadly: "We
Must slowly walk the slippery street."
The young: "What fun 'twill be!"



ALLE SARDE WARDE

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

—JOHN BIRMELIN

We solicit your aid in rendering the proper definitions for the following eight unusual Pennsylvania German dialect words. Are they still a part of your vocabulary? Illustrate their usage in a dialect sentence. Kindly send your replies to: Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

DER ABWEISER	REZE (a verb)
DIE ESCHEPUDDEL	DER TEGEL
DER FLINTEWISCHER	DER SCHPELLBAAM
DER DRESCHFLEGGELKILB	'S MARREBLATT

We return to the dialect words offered in the ECK for March 13, 1948 and are now able to furnish the following definitions and illustrations:

DIE SCHBIELSCHISSEL—Dr. Edwin M. Fogel, Fogelsville, points out that the first component of the word is related to the High German **spuelen,** to wash off or rinse, as also illustrated in **Schbielwasser,** rinsing water. Dr. Robert A. Fritsch defines it as "the good old dishpan in the kitchen sink in which is the **Schbielwasser** to wash the dishes."—Albert G. Stahl, Allentown, points out that the word is synonymous with **Gscharrweschschissel,** a widely-used name for 'dish-pan.'—Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, writes: "It is interesting to me because it is one of those words of the dialect used only in certain localities. I never heard the word until after I was married. Mrs. Hollenbach's mother, who came from Maidencreek Township in Berks County and who was 86 years old when she died 8 years ago, used this word and a number of others not known to me. She also used all the other words in which **schbiel** appears—**der schbiellumbe, 's schbielwasser,** and the verb **uffschbiele.**. My own mother, who spent her entire life in Heidelberg Township, Lehigh County, used only one of these four words, namely **schbiellumbe.** Even **schbiellumbe** was used by my mother in a slightly different sense—it was not just a dishrag used to wash dishes, but rather a rag used to wipe up the kitchen table, the kitchen sink, etc. The words used by my mother were die **gscharrweschschissel, 's gscharrweschwasser,** and **'s gscharr wesche.** A cloth used specifically to wash dishes was **der gscharrweschlumbe."**

NAU—This little monosyllabic word (Eng. now) has an unsuspected origin. Commonly believed to be one of the many borrowings from the English it is actually an ancient German word still used in the dialect of the Palatinate in the form of **nau.** Prof. Ernst Christmann, Kaiserslautern, the widely-known lexicographer, who has devoted a large portion of his life to the study of the Pfaelzer dialect, has recently sent the Editor of the ECK the following valuable comments about **nau.** "It is a good old German word, namely the same as the High German **nun** which in the Middle High German was still **nu,** and should have taken the form **nau** in the High German of today, but since the word occurred so frequently in unaccented positions the vocal **au** weakened into **u.** In the western Palatinate however the **au** has been retained. The High German form today is **nun,** but in all the days of my youth I only said **nau** as in 'Nau es die Schul aus!' " The vowel is nasalized slightly, apparently to compensate for the absent **n.** Listen to your neighbor and perhaps you will also be able to detect that final nasal sound in **nau** here in Pennsylvania. In a little book of Christmann's dialect poems entitled **GRUEMMET** (1939) we find the following instances of **nau:** "Harch!—aus'm Dal dun nau(n) die Glocke klinge."—"Hinner 'em Dorf in de Gaarder setze die Rose schun a(n), heert mr vun oweds bes morjeds nau(n) aa die Nachtigall schlah(n)."—"Nau(n) singt im Dorf dehaam die Sens."

DIE SCHEEDSAEG—Dr. Edwin M. Fogel defines it as a one-hand cross-cut saw and is of the opinion that the word refers to the English **shad,** since the blade of the saw roughly resembles the shape of that fish. But Albert G. Stahl writes: "Perhaps in English it is shadsaw. A saw to divide timber, or to use to separate planks of lumber . . . In German **Scheidensaege,** a saw to separate or split larger pieces into smaller ones. It has a supplementary handle for mounting over the regular handle to give a better grip. It can also be placed on the opposite end for the second man helping to saw."—We are not quite satisfied with these definitions and should welcome further enlightenment.

DIE MAULZIEHERBEERE—Raymond E. Kiebach, Stony Creek Mills, Berks, writes: "Was du die Maulzieherbeere heesscht, sin in de Nochberschaft bekannt ass 'die Schbarwele' un owwe naus in Berks saage sie 'die Mischble.' Die duhne em es Maul waahrhafdich verziehle wann sie net zeitich sin."—Some time ago a friend said to the Editor: "My grandfather used to make wine of **Maulzieherbeere.** Do you know what kind of berries they are?" The Editor is inclined to believe the correctness of the information given in "Plant Names and Plant Lore among the Pennsylvania Germans" by David E. Lick and Rev. Thomas R. Brendle in Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, Vol. XXXIII (1922), in which we find reference (p. 269) to the CHOKE CHERRY (Prunus virginiana L.) known in our dialect as **Fogelskarsche, Maulzieher** and **Wildkarsche.** We further read that this berry is used for making wine.

DIE BACKOFFEKITSCH—Frank H. Oberholtzer, Allentown, defines it as a "hearth scraper, a hoe-like implement with a long handle so as to enable one to reach all parts of the oven hearth to scrape out ashes and coals. This brings us to **der Backoffehuddel** (not on your list, but very necessary) which consisted of a long stick to one end of which a piece of rather heavy cloth was securely fastened. This was used after the ashes were scraped out to wipe the hearth or floor of the oven clear of all ashes or dirt."—The Rev. Ivan H. Bean, Brandon, Wisconsin, who was reared a Pennsylvania German in Canada, writes: "Our folks came to Canada from Berks or Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Two bake ovens in Canada stand out—the one on my uncle's place. Its face was in the summer kitchen beside a fire-place and its body was in the woodshed. It was said to have had an opening so that the fire could be raked out into the fire-place. The one on my grandfather's place must have been in use in the eighties and the early nineties (of the last century). There was the big house, its kitchen, then strung on the summer kitchen with bake-oven division and next to it a huge **Hols schopp.** I must have seen all the tools of this bake-oven used or hanging there again and again . . . As well as is known, quick-firing wood was placed right in the body of the oven, fired until reduced to coals and proper heat, after which all the fire was raked out, the place mopped and made ready for the bread . . . I guess the instrument used was something like a long metal hoe, a **kitsch.**"

DER BACKOFFESCHIESSER—"This," writes Frank H. Oberholtzer, "was usually made from one piece of board, one end of which was shaped like a straight spade about 9 to 10 inches wide and also that long and planed to a thin edge in front. The rest of the board was shaped into a handle long enough to reach all parts of the oven to put in and take out the loaves of bread or other things. Wann's Feier ausgebrennt waar, hot die Mammi die Kitch genumme un die Esch un Kohle vum Haerd ins Eschloch gscharrt, noh der Huddel in Wasser gedunkt, en wennich ausgedreht un der Haerd gut ausgebutzt. Noh en Leeb Brod Deeg aus em Duch uff der Schiesser un en gans hinne uff der Haerd un so fatt bis des Sach all im Offe waar un wann's gebacke waar hot sie es Brod un die Kuche mit dem Schiesser rausgenumme. O! was waar des Haerdbrod so gut! Wann ich des hett, mechte die Becker vun heit geh mit ihre uffgeblosne Deekgnoddle."—Raymond E. Hollenbach points out that Lambert in his Dictionary defines **Backoffeschiesser** as a baker's peel, but does not denote the origin of the word, whereas Horne in his Manual gives **Schuetzel** as the High German equivalent. We are inclined to believe that **Schuetzel** is only the diminutive form of **Schuetz,** shooter, and that **Schiesser** may be a later dialect formation under English influence.

DER MAA(R)DERVOGGEL—English, hod for carrying mortar—a V-shaped trough, writes Frank H. Oberholtzer, "with one end closed and mounted on a stout handle which is about 4 feet long used to carry bricks and mortar.—Dummel dich mit sellem Voggel voll Maarder—meiner iss schier all"—Albert G. Stahl adds the interesting comment that a friend informed him that the hod was also called a **Maaderamschel.**

ALDFRAENKISCH—All of our informants agreed that this word signified "old-fashioned or out-moded."—Besser aus der Welt, ass wie aldfraenkisch sei (Oberholtzer). But no one shed any light upon the origin and deeper significance of this interesting word which is also used in the High German, no less a person than Goethe having used it, until the letter from Dr. Ernest Christmann brought the following very illuminating comment: The word first came up in the Pfalz after the year 1300, that is, in the period of knighthood, which had brought into the valley of the Rhine and into the area of the Kurpfalz a breath of Gallic culture and a new mode of life, which in contrast to the culture of the Franks, the early Germanic ancestors of those who occupied the Rhine Valley from its mouth southward across the present Palatinate and eastward into Baden, seemed very new and fashionable, and left the ways and manners of those of Frankish, or Franconian descent, **alt Fraenkisch,** or as we continue to say here in Pennsylvania **aldfraenkisch.**

We are very grateful to our various informants for such valuable and enlightening information.—P.A.B.

DER SCHNEE

Yetz kummt der Schnee,
Der schneeweisse Schnee,
As wie die Engelin aus der Heeh,
As wie des Laab,
Des blummiche Laab,
Wu dausetweis fallt vum 'maple' Baam ab.

Do kummt der Knecht,
Der fleissiche Knecht,
Der schaufelt e Wegli un macht alles recht;
Er saarickt schunn frieh
Far's aarme Vieh;
Wann er um der Weg iss, 'suffer't es nie.

Guck yuscht die 'fence'!
Die alt Poschte 'fence,'
Die Poschte hen Kappe, die Riggel hen Schwens;
Es alt Scheierdach,
Des hot aa sei Sach,
Un die Baerglin sin deckt, 's waerd alles gans flach.

Der alt Nochber Guth
Mit seim breede Hut,
Der lacht schunn vun weitem—er iss gut zu Mut;
Sei Deckel gelaade,
Im Schnee bis an 'd Waade,
Kummt er schunn so freindlich mit ehristliche Daate.

Un guck, die Schulkinder,
Sie griesse der Winter,
Beim Schneeschtarm do lache sie—gehn aa viel gschwinder;
Sie schpringe sich mied
Un waerme 's Geblied,
Un dnoh wann sie dart sin, singe sie's Lied.

Mei Annie kummt tschprunge,
Wie mei Haerzseede klinge!
Sie kummt meiner Mammi e Metzelsupp bringe;
Der Wind yaagt die Flocke
Darrich die goldiche Locke—
Ich wett yuscht vun mir waer sie aa net verschrocke!

—TOBIAS WITMER.

For information about Tobias Witmer see the ECK for July 3 and Nov. 6, 1948.

EM KARL SCHMUTZ SEI WILLE

ICH, Karl Schmutz, mit me gsunde Kaerper (yuscht ich hab harti Haut uff der Naas, wu ich grickt hab darrich mei Naas in annere Leit ihre Bissniss schtecke) un en schlechter Verschtand, mach des mei letschter Wille un Teschtement (do soll die Grenk mich hole!) wie folgt:

Erschtens,—Mei Fraa, die Bally Schmutz, soll die Heemet hawwe, wann sie sie bezzaahlt (sell hawwich vergesse zu duh); weiters, soll sie mei aldi Schmokpeif, mei Duwacksack, der Kicheoffe mit drei Fiess, der Schaumleffel, wu ken Schtiehl hot, der brau Ochs, der Geessbock, mei alder Hut, mei Iwwerhosse, wu ich als aa hab fer ausmischde un mei Unnergleeder hawwe, so dass wann sie widder heiert, ihre neier Mann doch ebbes grickt, das ebbes waert iss; sie soll aa en dausend Daaler vanne weck hawwe, awwer sie muss sehne wu sell haerkummt.

Zwettens,—Mei eldschter Bu, der Pitt Schmutz, soll der Mischthoke, die Beisszang, die Kafflmiehl, der Saegbock, die Millichsei un der Warschtschiesser vanneweck hawwe mit me dausend Daaler, wann er sehnt, wu es beikummt.

Drittens—Mei zwetter Buk, der Bill Schmutz, soll die Feierzang, der Latwaerrickriehrer, der Seikiwwel, der Schubbkarrich, die gross Brotpann un der linkshendich Schpiggel hawwe mit me daunsend Daaler, wann er sehn,t wu es beikummt.

Viertens—Mei eldschti Dochter, die Suss Schmutz, soll die Flachsbritsch, der Oierkarb, die Schmierkann, der Dreschfleggel, die Gwitterrude, der Mischtschlitte un en Man n mit me dausend Daaler hawwe, wann sie so ebbes finne kann.

Fimftens—Mei zwetti Dochter, die Betz Schmutz, soll die Holssaeg, die grumm Fleeschgawwel, der Schleifschtee, es Wetzharn, der Babbegoi, un en Mann mit zwee dausend Daaler hawwe wann sie so ebbes finne kann mit ihrm wieschte Gfress.

Sechstens,—Mei alder blinder Schimmelgaul soll gschlacht warre uns Fleesch zu Warscht gemacht un de Bolidischens zu fresse gewwe, so dass sie (wie die Englische saage) bissel "horse sense" griege un duhn mol ebbes Gutes fers Land inschtatts vun yuscht liege.

Siwwetens,—Mei Biwel un Gebetbuch soll der Parre Schnitz hawwe; es will doch kens vun meinre Familie sie lese.

Achtens—Ich beschdimm der Pitt Gretz als Verwalder vun meim Haab un Gut, weil er zu faul iss ebbes schunscht zu duh.

Gschriwwe Sebtober der zwett, achtzehhunnert un Febewerry.

Gust Budderfass
Zeige: un sei Fraa
die Liss Budderfass

sei
Karl X Schmutz
Maerrick

Contributed by Frank O. Oberholtzer.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. —Burke.

Lights Too Costly to Junk

Allentown is deeply interested in the bill which has been introduced into the State House of Representatives by J. Calvin Frank of Dauphin county and which would permit third-class cities to continue the use of overhead street signals, rather than replace them with the four-corner type that now is standard and is required by State law when new installations are made.

Allentown and many other municipalities have much money invested in overhead signals. The signals are still operative and while they certainly are not so good for safety in motoring as the four-corner type, they should not be junked especially since there are very few municipalities, if any, which are so prosperous that they can afford to throw them out and promptly install the newer and more expensive type.

Certainly Allentown would like to be up-to-date in this respect. Certainly Allentown would like to have a system that is uniform and, for that reason, less likely to bring confusion and danger to traffic. But Allentown, and we suppose many other cities as well, is having a hard time making ends meet. It simply cannot afford to install the new type of signals.

Just as fast as is possible, it can be known that Allentown will fall in with the standard system. Already six intersections have received protection of this type. And all future installations will be of this type.

But the thirty-five overhead signals and those on Center Square are practical and effective. Until the City has the cash or until the overhead signals go out of commission, they should be permitted to remain without violation of the law. Motorists will get along with the somewhat conflicting system of lights.

Remove Oleo Taxes

Once again the homemakers of America, through their representatives in Washington and in many of the State Legislatures, are declaring their position with regard to oleomargarine, a pure food product nearly all of them use and appreciate, in spite of the obstacle placed in their way year after year.

The facts are these: With four out of five families in this country consistently using margarine in their homes, those who buy the family's food ask an end to the discriminatory taxes which increase the cost of a basic food, and an end to the restrictions which still compel those in 18 states to finish processing this food at home by adding the color traditional for eye-appeal when margarine is used as a table spread.

American consumers almost won their fight last year when their repeal Bill overwhelmingly passed in the House of Representatives and (a test vote showed) would have passed in the Senate had not an end-of-session rush blocked the Senate action.

The 81st Congress, responsive to the wishes of its constituents, acted as soon as it convened this year. Now completely bi-partisan, if it was ever anything else, the margarine campaign was immediately launched by the introduction of more than a dozen Bills by Representatives eager to sponsor this long overdue reform. All have been submitted to the House Agriculture Committee and a typical Bill should soon be reported out for a House vote. The provisions of all are similar. H. R. No. 3, by W. R. Poage (D) and H. R. No. 232 by R. J. Corbett (R), for instance, would repeal per pound taxes on margarine 30 days after enactment of either Bill and would repeal license fees on manufacturers and dealers effective 30 days after enactment, or July 1, 1949, whichever date is earlier. These Bills would also add a new section to the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act so as to require all persons who serve colored margarine at a public eating place to display prominently a notice to that effect, also to label each separate serving so as to identify it as margarine.

In other words, it is merely a matter of repealing, in Washington, Federal statutes which now impose 10 cents per pound tax on colored margarine, in addition to the 1-4 cent per pound tax on the uncolored product; plus the sections of the law which impose a manufacturers' license fee of $600 per year, wholesalers' license fees of $480 for the sale of yellow and $200 for the sale of white margarine, and retailers' license fees of $48 and $6 respectively for the sale of yellow and white.

So much for what must be done in Washington, and voters the country over are writing, wiring and telling their Senators and Congressmen of their urgent desire that the above stated Federal restrictions be repealed forthwith. There is every reason to hope constituents' wishes will not again be sidetracked and frustrated.

In addition, if oleo is to be freed entirely from longtime handicaps, eighteen States must remove their local prohibitions against the manufacture and sale of the article. Pennsylvania is one of these eighteen. Our representatives in the General Assembly will have opportunity likewise at the current session to give the people this pure food at a lower price, which is what the housewives of Pennsylvania and of the country desire.

Heart of Winter

This is the heart of rest time. Winter has clicked its key in the lock. Nature's pulse is slow and faint and earth's frozen breast safely holds dormant roots and seeds. Snow is deep on northern mountains, upland pastures and spreads like a white quilt over side-hill mowings and level meadows. Barelimbed, weather-worried trees on the ridges quiver in the cold winds, starkly silhouetted against the winter sky. Wind sculptured drifts are piled against boundary walls and follow the zig-zag stitching of rail fences.

The sun rises late and drags a brief arc across the southern sky. Sometimes there are flaming sunrises in the first mouth when hanging clouds are painted flambouoyant hues of scarlet and orange, purple and yellow. There are days when the low-hanging nimbus shadows run from the trees at midday. Winter-staying birds come to windowsill feeders and pheasants poke among the dried weeds in the gardens. Snowlaced corn shocks rustle their brittle leaves in the wind like dry bones and at night gusty winds moan and screeh around the north ends of farmhouses. There are echoing hollow booms as ice splits in the ponds and sudden sharp snaps as clapboards pull loose from their nails at zero temperature.

This is a season of unpredictable moods. There are days of brilliant sunshine when one can drink of the sparkling beauty on white hills; there are nights when northern lights put on a gorgeous display of fireworks. There are sudden thawing spells when water runs along the sled tracks and dense mists hover over the lowlands. If the warm spell is followed by sharp cold a strong crust forms and boys and girls ride double runners down the sloping fields and far out on the white, shining meadows.

There's work to be done on the farm. Wood has to be chopped for next year's supply and hauled down to the farmyard for sawing. On stormy days it is good to putter along in the comfortable old farm shop, repairing equipment against the time of spring rush. Days lengthen and cold strengthens. Soon we will notice longer daylight at day's end. This is the heart of winter. It is also man's assurance that after a time of rest the miracle of spring will unlock a frozen world. (H.P.)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

You are a vote.

Never forget that.

And, lest the typesetter made a mistake, I said you are a vote, not a voter.

Now I'll tell you what brings about this seemingly foolish remark.

I have a letter from what is popularly called a white-collar man, although most white-collar men wear blue or yellow or brown shirts nowadays.

This white-collar man apparently is worried about President Truman's recent inauguration speech.

"Apparently," he writes, "everything is going to be done for the underdog and very little, if anything, for us people in the middle class.

"Dosen't Mr. Truman realize that 'medium incomes' on which he wants to raise taxes don't leave a fellow much more than the small ones?

"We people in offices have to dress decently. We try to give our kids an education and bring them up in the kind of surroundings that will enable them to be better off someday than we are.

"It seems to me that America was founded and progressed by promoting and rewarding strength and enterprise.

"Now, evidently, the idea is to coddle weakness, laziness, shiftlessness.

"That way, in my opinion, lies not democracy but socialism, which will eventually lead to communism."

I am not going to deal with this last paragraph.

Communism is being discussed and explained enough, though most people are mixed up about it.

But my correspondent certainly has good reason for complaint—or shall we call it wonderment? — in his other points.

So I repeat—he is a vote, even as you and I.

Politics is based on quantity, not quality.

The bum in the gutter is a vote and so is the multi-millionaire.

An election is decided by a majority of votes, not by the quality of the voters.

Therefore, if a candidate for office can appeal to the largest number of voters, he wins the election, regardless of the quality of the voters.

Please don't misunderstand me.

I certainly do not maintain that people with a lot of money are any better than poor people.

In politics they are important only in proportion to their contributions to the party.

A politician who expects to be successful must find issues that will appeal to those who have the largest number of votes.

Truman's campaign was based largely on two issues, "soak the rich" and "kill the Taft-Hartley act."

I know very little about politics. But I do read my statistics.

And my statistics show me with Labor plus the low-income groups on his side, anybody can win an election.

In his heart he may care nothing about labor or the poor.

But in his head he's a smart cookie.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The president seems to feel that $6,000 a year is a lot of money; that anyone earning upward of $6,000 is in the middle bracket and should be taxed heavily. It is an interesting point of view because what is involved is the proletarizing of the American people.

For three centuries on this continent, it has been our theory that a man worked to improve the economic and social status of himself and his family. Not having grown out of a feudal society, and with no landed aristocracy of birth existing here, each individual enjoyed equality of opportunity to use his talents and his brawn to his best advantage. Here was, by that process, developed the highest standard of living known to man — and the greatest degree of independence within the law known anywhere on the face of the earth. It was that which attracted immigrants from every country to ours.

Theincome payments to individuals generally rose, in 1947, reaching the high average of $1,323 per capita. For comparative purposes, it may be cited that the average for 1929 was $680 per capita. If the average is $1,323 per capita, there must be a pull in both directions; apparently what the president seeks is to level down the top to bring up the bottom. In a word, his tax program is unrelated to revenue required by the government but is a process in a social revolution, the characteristic of which is not the redistribution of wealth, but the leveling of income.

The largest number of income tax payments is on incomes between $1,000 and $10,000 a year. It can thus be assumed that the middle bracket starts at $10,000 and runs to $50,000 a year. Above $50,000 the income tax payments begin to taper off. If the income tax exists to penalize high earnings, and therefore the more competent, then the penalties could with greatest fairness be placed on those receiving incomes of more than $50,000 a year, which, of course, would include the president of the United States as a result of recent legislation.

The president, instead, would start the penalties on supervisory workers, management, lawyers, doctors, high school principals, college professors, public officials, including members of Congress, his cabinet, mayors, governors, judges and such. In a word, he wants to level downward by taxing the intellectual and managerial leadership of the nation.

The loss to the individual will not be as great as the loss to the nation. Free men work for their families or they sloth off. The incentive to achievement is generally the better home, superior education, increased opportunities for those whom one loves. If that incentive is removed, the breadwinner can see no advantage in the extra effort which once brought him an increased income and now produces only a vague collection, the bulk of which is to be transferred to the treasury of the United States.

The glorified dollar - a - year self-sacrificer for government service possessed either (A) inherited wealth, (B) accumulated means, or (C) he was subsidized by the enterprise which released him for service to the government. The man who did not possess at least one of these means naturally could not provide for himself or his family on a dollar a year. What made his services so valuable to the government, in time of war, was his experience, his competence and his position gained elsewhere at some one else's expense. To achieve distinction, he had to be both ambitious and competent and his rewards had been in the social manifestations of increase earnings. Medals buy no nice dresses for mamma.

Mr. Truman would remove that incentive to achievement and level everyone down to the average of a small shopkeeper, a condition with which he, as a person, is more familiar than he is with great accomplishments through individual efforts. Any man rarely goes beyond his personal experience and knowledge. But Mr. Truman is now dealing with great affairs and the fate of a nation. He can, without restraint, do more damage to the future of this country through taxation than by war; he can wreck our society.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 29, 1924, a Tuesday.

Anna E. Wessner, retiring president of the Allentown Quota club, at the monthly dinner meeting in the Hotel Allen, turned over the gavel to Agnes E. Paff.

Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson, poet and critic, spoke for the fourth time to lovers of poetry at the Women's Republican headquarters. She talked on the influence of Emerson, Poe, Whitman and Lanier on American poetry.

Allentonians were anticipating a trip to Madison Square Garden, New York, to see the Millrose AA's athletic meet as guests of Preston P. Lynn. Mayor Malcolm W. Gross and Councilman Cavanaugh were to head the party.

The recently organized Herbst Parent-Teacher Assn. went on record in favor of a program of recreation planned by the city for the benefit of the city's school children. Percy B. Ruhe presented an address, "The Value of Recreation."

Horoscope

This is an excellent time for family gatherings and for interests that provide variety. Your affairs should prosper in the next 12 months, if you exercise care when dealing with business correspondence. All unexpected benefit also probably will materialize. Today's child should enjoy a maxi - mum of success in life, and may prefer an ultra-modern profession.

Budget Like Ski Run

By HENRY McLEMORE

It seems to me that President Truman has hit on the perfect figure for our national budget.

The sum of $41,558,000,000 is so vast that the average citizen can't comprehend it at all.

Tilt those figures just a bit, cover them with snow, and they look like a ski run.

This is a nation made up largely of people who dance with joy when they find a forgotten fifty-cent piece in a pair of pants they are going through to send to the dry cleaners, so $41,558,000,000 isn't real money, but just figures on paper.

Everyone who has spoken to me about the budget has spoken of it with high good humor. Out and out laughed. Seemed tickled to death at the idea that anyone could have thought up such a fantastic sum.

"Say, what about that budget? Isn't that something?" is a typical remark.

Now if the president had been less cagey, and had come right out and asked for, say, $93,514.20, most of us would have said to ourselves, "Here, what does that man think he is doing? That's taxpayers' money he is spending — good money. We can't let him get by with any such amount as that."

Or, if the president and his advisors had, in a moment of frankness, decided to announce the budget in terms understandable to us citizens, there would have been a furor that would have made the Bikini blast sound like a pin dropping in a puddle.

For example, suppose Mr. Truman had announced that he intended to spend roughly the cost of 21 billion pairs of nylon stockings. Every American husband who foots the bill for a dozen pair a year would have gotten a clear picture of the astronomical cost of running the government this year. And he would have bleated, loud and long.

Yes, sir. The president was smart in announcing the amount of his budget in dollars. None of us could have withstood the shock had he elected to say he wanted the equivalent of $41,558,000,000 in pork chops, fur coats, Easter bonnets, double-breasted suits, light and gas bills, children's shoes, or any of the other ten thousand and one things the high cost of which keeps citizens moaning and groaning.

Seriously, high as the budget is, Americans shouldn't complain about it. At least it is a budget proposed by our own government. I don't think many of us would like to have to try to meet the budget that would be imposed upon us if a bunch of heavy-booted, vodka drinking boys were enjoying the White House balcony, instead of the man from Missouri and his associates.

It is no fun to pay out money for a "cold war," but money is nothing compared with what you have to pay out for a "hot" war.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

If you go far enough back in the files of the Farmer's Almanac, you'll come up with a lot of jokes so old they sound brand new. Take this one, for instance, from the 1871 issue: A patron at a village inn complained to the waiter, "Dang it, there was a hair tonight in the ice cream, another in the honey, and still a third one in the apple sauce."

"That's funny," reflected the waiter "The hair in the ice cream is easy to explain. We shaved the ice this morning. And it's reasonable to figger that the hair in the honey comes off the comb. But that hair in the apple sauce beats me. I peeled them apples myself, and I coulda swore every one of 'em was a Baldwin."

* * *

George Kaufman knows a Hollywood producer who had to buy a new limousine—all the ashtrays in the old one were full.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IS ABISSEL FERGESSLICH: M'r wissa net ebs die winders hitz is, odder die eltaenicha waig so wie die barichda rei kumma bei waig fon unserra Fegel Express, wert der Marvin "Muff" Wetzel fon Walberts dawg fer dawg fergesslicher. Aenicha waig, 'n mensch mus fergesslich sei, won er noch 'm shtore gait fer neia handshing kaufa, un nembt die alta mit fer shure mocha os er die recht ort grick'd, un lust die alt un neia handshing leia im shtore, un gait hame mit ous.

Der Marvin wor shun weil om gnutterra sei alta handshing weara ous gawora. un mist neia griega. Sei Mabel hut howwa wolla er sot gaeun wie er aw endlich is. Er is nous noch 'm Arthur Guth seim grossa department shore uf da Crackersport shtross, sich handshing kaufa. Er shtopt alla gabut darta nei, un wor shun weil om worta uf 'n gross shippment handshing os der Arthur shun fer long om worta wor dafor. Der Marvin is awenich particklar mit seina handshing - missa grawd so bossa, darfa net tzu ang sei, un aw net tzu gross. Fer sei hut er die alta mit ganumma, un glei 'n paar g'funna os 'n gaboss'd hen.

Der Arthur hut uf kours net yusht handshing rei grick'd, ow'r aw 'n wunnerborie lot socha fer sei Free yohrs sale woh er alla yohr hut. Der Marvin is fon aim haufa noch 'm onnerra un hut die socha baguck'd, wie 'n mensch sie ewwa baguck'd os mainer indressa hut in sehna, os wie kaufa. Uns nagshd os wor, ferhoftich sei won er net hame is un hut net yusht sei neia handshing leia lossa, ow'r aw so gore die alta.

Die handshing leia lossa wor ow'r net 's aintsich'd mohl os der Marvin so shtraich gamocht hut. Doh im shpote yohr wie der Arthur om ready mocha wor fer sei grossie Grishdawgs sale, wor er aw nuf die socha sehna, un ferhoftich sei won er net hame is un hut sei shmoke peif leia lossa. Wos noch mainer is, die peif leit ols noch grawd woh er sie leia hut lossa - ready uf g'fill'd mit duwock, un matches dabei, allas tzu is sie ins moul nemma un aw shtecka. Der Marvin fergess'd alla mohl die peif mit tzu nemma os er in der shtore gait-un so weit os sel aw gait, sei Mabel gebt aw ken drei cent drum. Die Mabel kon net sawga wie fiela glorer os die luft dahame im hous wear, tzitter os der Marvin sei peif ferlaig'd het.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Ollie Peter drunna in Florida hut alla weil druvel-is bong sei bruder Russell maich'd kalt griega mit dem os er der mustach doh weil tzurick ob gamocht hut.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Proverbs 2:1-9

True wisdom is a precious possession. The question is, whence cometh such wisdom, for there is a kind of wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of God, for which reason Paul suggests that 'if any man seemeth to be wise in the things of this world, let him become a fool (in the eyes of the world), that he may be truly wise. It is by the foolishness of preaching (which does not mean foolish preaching) that we are saved, but 'foolishness' only because the wisdom of God is foolishness in the eyes of sinful man. The Hebrew has a great body of so-called Wisdom Literature, notably the book of Proverbs and several books in the Apocrypha. The thesis of this body of literature is that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, implying that he that does not regard the Lord is not wise at all and if any man feel the lack of wisdom, he is invited by James (1:5) to ask of God Who will give liberally and not upbraid the one asking. It is to do this that the writer of today's lesson exhorts his son, for in this way he will come to know and understand righteousness and equity, yea, every good path, v.9.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

Of all the assets man can earn,
By every test,
Good will is best,
As those who scorn it sadly learn.

The little effort meant to please;
The way we say:
"Good bye." "Good day!"
A smile — good will is earned by these.

Good will that freely makes it known
To all that we
Can trusted be.
Oh, what precious thing to own!

(Copyright 1949)



THE COVERED BASKET

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

SUSANNAH KUHN sat upon the edge of Sarah Ann Mohr's bed, her foot swinging angrily. Beneath her stiffly starched and immaculate white apron was an equally stiff gingham apron, and below that was a slightly mussed "dish-washing" apron. In her excitement she was carelessly wrinkling all three.

"Do you want to be murdered, Sarah Ann?"

Ponderous Sarah Ann was slowly and carefully wrapping in three towels the church-book, left to her by her father who had been a preacher. She was going on a short journey to the house of her brother in South Bethlehem, and she was about to put the church-book in its usual hiding place, her upper bureau drawer.

"I would hate to have anything happen to this book," she said, placidly. "It has all the church records for fifty years. Ellie Lichtenwalter's Mom couldn't a' got her pension if it wasn't for this book, and Fackenthal, he—"

Susannah interrupted furiously.

"I am not talking about the church-book. I am talking about Venus Stuber and his robbing. Millerstown is all alike. Last evening I said to Jim Weygandt that Venus should be put to jail, and Jim laughed and said he was a 'institution'. "No," I said, "he is not a institution, whatever the dumb thing is, he is a thief and a scalawag and a **lump.** I'll put him in jail."

Sarah Ann smiled. Ollie would not put his worst enemy to jail, even at Susannah's command. Venus Stuber did nobody any real harm. It was true that he appropriated chickens and garden produce and fruits, both large and small, but then he never tried to conceal his thefts. It was only the night before that Sarah Ann had called melodiously from her window, "You can take a few onions, Venus, but don't you step on my young peas!" Tall, slouching, heavy-pawed Venus—Venus, indeed!—had waved his hand at her across the moonlit garden. He needed no such warning, he was always careful. He knew the location of every row of young peas in Millerstown. Sarah Ann tried to present this extenuating circumstance, but Susannah would not let her say a word. Upon this subject Susannah would not listen to reason.

"I don't let the children go out scarcely any more." Sarah Ann smiled again. The children were hardly ever at home." Sarah Ann smiled again. The children were hardly ever at home, excepting for meals. "And you'd better lock your things up good, Sarah Ann. I'll watch while you're away, and if he does anything.—"

Sarah Ann straightened up from her packing.

"Susannah, I will not have Venus Stuber put in the jail for taking my things. If anybody tries to put him in the jail for taking my things I will say that I gave them to him." She met Susannah's blazing eyes quite steadily.

"All right, Sarah Ann Mohr. All right," Susannah was so angry she could scarcely speak. She went furiously down the steps, and over to her own house, while Sarah Ann, for the first time since Susannah lived next door to her, went to the railroad station alone, and climbed into the train without Susannah's cheerful good bye and wave of apron.

A few minutes later Susannah started across the street to the store. In her heart she knew that Venus would commit no serious crime, but having assumed a certain position, she would not depart from it. It did not improve her temper to see Venus leaning against the maple tree in front of her own door.

"Good morning, Susannah," he said, lazily. Venus was always good-natured.

"You'd better clear out." Susannah was like an irate terrier, barking at a sleepy and indifferent mastiff. "You are just looking for something to steal."

"Why, Susannah!" Venus still grinned. "I never stole nothing from you but three beets. But if you don't look out, I will."

"You just try it once! Clear out, now!"

Venus moved to the next maple tree.

"Sarah Ann don't care if I lean against her tree."

"Sarah Ann is away and I am in charge. Pack off!" Venus went lazily.

As though she were carrying out a game with herself, Susannah stubbornly insisted, in spite of her husband's jeers, in laying a trap for Venus in the little covered alley which separated her house from Sarah Ann's.

"You are not right in your mind," said Oliver with marital frankness.

Susannah shut her lips, and went on, piling one chair upon another and a dishpan and two pails on the upper chair. She almost hoped that thieves would come. In the middle of the night when the barricade clattered down to the brick pavement, the excited voice with which she awakened Oliver was almost joyful.

"I told you so! Oliver! Venus is after Sarah Ann's things!"

Oliver flew down, willingly enough, and Susannah followed. The chair and the pans had fallen, but nothing else was disturbed.

"It was nothing but a cat," cried Oliver, angrily. "Is it not enough that I have to work all day without chasing cats at night? Piling chairs so that I shall be wakened in the night! What do you care if some of Sarah Ann's garden stuff is taken? She don't."

"I don't care if her whole house is stolen."

"For what do you care, then?"

"I don't want my children murdered in their beds."

"Pooh!" Sleepy as he was, Oliver managed a derisive laugh. "You are surely not right in your mind, Susannah."

Susannah awoke in the morning in a still worse temper. Sarah Ann with her placid "I thought Venus wouldn't do nothing," would be more than she could endure. She had succeeded in convincing herself now that Venus would steal from houses, just as he stole from gargens. She was positive that he had tried to get into Sarah Ann's house, and if they had been a little quicker, they would have caught him.

She dressed, tied on her "dish-washing" apron, put the draughts on the stove, and then ran—Susannah never walked—out to sweep the pavement. As she entered the little alley, a shadow darkened the other end. Whether it merely passed the opening of the alley, or whether it issued from the alley itself, she could not be sure. She quickened her steps. Some one might easily have been in Sarah Ann's house all night.

To Susannah's expectant eyes, the sight of Venus Stuber, sitting calmly on her own doorstep, was no surprise. Beside him stood a large basket, not open to the daylight, as Venus usually bore his spoils home-ward, but covered with a lid of thin boards, tied down with cord.

Susannah's first impulse was to shriek for help. Then she remembered Oliver's unreasonable anger. If she could only get the basket into her own hands! What it contained, she could not guess. Venus lifted it as though it were heavy, and it was large enough to contain a little child. She remembered fearfully the tales she had heard of Charlie Ross. But Venus had come from Sarah Ann's and there were no children there. She walked slowly across the pavement.

"What have you there, Venus!" Honey is no sweeter than Susannah's voice.

Venus grinned.

"Don't you wish you knew, Susannah?"

"Let me see once, Venus." She approached a little nearer, going as warily as though he were a chicken which she meant to sacrifice for dinner.

"What have you in your basket?" she asked again.

At that, Venus's patience suddenly failed, and with it the respect with which he treated by day those from whom he stole at night.

"Shut up," he bade her, and was gone.

For an instant Susannah stared at him, and as she stared, curiousity and alarm gave place to triumph. She had been right. Whatever Sarah Ann's loss was, she would report it first to Oliver. Then, when they came to tell her, Susannah, she would laugh, and tell them to go to see Venus Stuber. Meanwhile, not a word would she say.

It was a busy morning, and she was so occupied until dinner time that she had not a moment in which to speculate about what it was that Venus had taken. When dinner was over, and Oliver and Louisa had rushed out to play with the little Knerrs, she began to wonder what Sarah Ann owned that was so small and so heavy. Sarah Ann had neither jewels nor silver. But Sarah Ann did have —Susannah grew weak and faint as she remembered—Sarah Ann had what was far more valuable than jewels or silver, the church-book. And it was she who had told Venus Stuber that Sarah Ann was away!

All this flashed through Susannah's mind as she stood motionless beside the dinner table. There was nothing so valuable in all Millerstown as the church record. Long since, the preacher had advised Sarah Ann to have it kept in the safe at the squire's office, and Sarah Ann, encouraged by Susannah, had refused. Its hiding place was known only to Sarah Ann and Susannah. Was it, could it have been that which Venus carried in his covered basket?

Susannah crossed the yard, took **Sarah Ann's key** from its hiding place between two bricks, and went into the house. As she climbed the stairs to Sarah Ann's room, her knees shook, and she stepped awkwardly upon her "dish-washing apron" which slipped off unnoticed. Then she opened Sarah Ann's upper bureau drawer and peered within. The church-book was not there!

TO BE CONCLUDED

WIDDER DEHEEM
1945

What son, of whatever race, does not rejoice to find himself once more, after years of grim warfare, under the parental roof? The Editor of the ECK received the following verses fom Dr. Ernst Christmann, Palatine lexicographer and dialect poet. They will serve to indicate how close is the kinship between our dialect here in Pennsylvania and that of the Pfalz, even after two centuries and more. Our own poet, John Birmelin, has rendered these same verses in Pennsylvania German, showing how readily the transition from the one to the other can be made.—ED.

Ich sein deheem! Ich sein deheem!
Es rauscht 's de alte Beerabaem
im Hof, unn's gickeriglit's de Hah(n).
Neu fangt jetzt widder 's Lewe a(n).
Ich sein deheem!

Die Berje schtehn in gruener Pracht
rundum ums Dorf. So hell gelacht
hot niemols noch de Sunneschei(n).
Soll meer net 's Herz a leichter sei(n)?
Ich sein deheem!

Hot unser Bach dann frueher a
so hell geplaetschert? Meiner Fraa
sein Traene dick eningefall,
wie meer sein widder kumm ins Dal
unn war'n deheem.

Krieg, Bombe, Dot war unser Los
dorch Johr unn Dag, unn vor uns gross
sehtehn Not unn Laed. Mr muessen's trahn
unn trahn 's e bissche leichter, dann
meer sein deheem.

Meer sein deheem! Kummt Zeit, kummt Root.
Meer hoffe fescht, dass der Herr Gott,
der Lilje, Voechel nehre kann,
dich a um uns waerd nemme an,
uns helft deheem.

John Birmelin's version of Dr. Christmann's poem

Ich bin deheem! Ich bin deheem!
Es rauscht in unsre Beerebaem
Im Hof, der Haahne gickerigiet.
Un widder neies Lewe blieht.
Ich bin deheem!

Die Baerye schtehn in griener Pracht
Um's Schtedtel rum. So hell gelacht
Hot niemols noch der Sunneschei.
Un soll mir's Haerz net leichter sei?
Ich bin deheem!

Hot net die Grick dann frieher aa
So hell gebabbelt? Meinre Fraa
Sin Draene g'falle in die Grick
Var lauter Glick. Mir sin zurick,
Mir sin deheem!

Grieg, Bombe, Dodt waar unser Los
Daerich Yaahr un Daag, un var uns gross
Schteht Not un Leed! Des draagt mer dann,
Doch draagt mer's bissel leichter wann
Mer sin deheem!

Mir sin deheem! Kummt Zeit, Kummt Rot.
Mir hoffe fescht, dass unser Gott,
Der Lilye un die Veggel naehrt,
Uns Aarme im Gebet erheert,
Uns helft deheem!

EN SCHILLGROTT

En Schillgrott! Hoscht sie schunt bedracht? Wie wunnerschee iss sie gemacht! Sie iss ken Fisch, ken Voggel un ken Vieh. Sie kann laafe, schwimme un schpringe, un es bescht vun all, sie kann ihre Maul zu halte. Sie hot vier Bee un all Bee hot en Naame! Schillgrott, Drillschot, Todmortal un Snorting Tapper. Wann en Vadder ee Haus far yedes vun seine Kinner hot dann iss er reich'r g'heesse, un doch iss die Schillgrott viel besser ab, weil sie gebore iss mit ihrem Haus uf em Buckel, un en schenner Haus as Menschehand erschaffe kann. Des Haus halt sie so lang as sie lebt, un ken Lawyer kann en Mortgage druf griege, un ken Schrief kann's ihre verkaafe. Es koscht sie ken Rent, ken Tax un ken Insurance. Es iss Feier-, Wasser-, un Burglar-proof. Wann die Sunn scheint kann sie's use far en Umberell, wann's dunnert un reggert ziegt sie ihre Kopp un Bee nei un iss perfectly drucke. Sie hot net viel zu saage, awwer hockt im Fenseck en ganse Daag un verweilt sich mit ihre eegne Gedanke. Wann sie uf die Yacht geht, dann nemmt sie ihre Haus mit sich un hot alsfart ihre eege Bett far drin schlofe. In fact sie iss en Loafer, awwer sie bezaahlt ihre ehrliche Schulde un weess wann zu schwetze.

Sie hot gaar wunnerbaar viel advantages iwwer der Mensch. Wann ebber kummt sie b'suche as sie net gleicht dann kann sie yuscht ihre Kopp neiziege, die Dier schliesse, un niemand weess as sie deheem iss. Wann's Hausbutze aageht, dann kann sie sich eischliesse bis die Fraa fardich iss schelte un dernoh kann sie rauskumme un sehne wie schee as alles geweisselt iss. Wann sie in die Kaerrich geht un der Schtorekipper, wu de aarme Leit vaerzeh Ounce Zucker zum Pund gebt, fangt sei vaerzich-Yard-lang Gebet aa, wu er schunt vaerzich Yohr nimmi gewechselt hot, dann kann sie yuscht ihre Kopp eiziege, der Schlissel drehe un schlofe geh. Wann sie die Vorschteher seht kumme mit em Glingelseckel dann kann sie yuscht der Kopp eiziege un aalosse as wann sie net deheem waer bis er varbei iss, un wann sie im Schtettel iss uf en Sunndaag un die Buwe un Maed kumme vun der Schul un meene sie wisste alles un wisse doch net genunk far sich zu behaefe in reschpectabel Society, dann kann sie ihre Kopp eiziege un heile un niemand kann sehne die Draene kumme.

Ya, in viel Wege hot die Schillgrott der Vorzuck iwwer der Mensch. Sie brauch ken Hutmacher, ken Schneider un ken Schumacher Bill bezaahle. Sie geht blottkeppich, baarfiessich un gans nackich 's Yohr rum un doch waerd sie net kalt. Sie eegend die gans Welt un setzt ihre Haus anne wu sie will. Sie waerd oftmols en hunnert Yohr alt weil sie ken Dokterschtoft nemmt, un wann sie schtaerbt dann losst sie ihre Haus do, awwer es ziegt niemand meh nei. Sie macht ken Wille un losst die Lawyer es zwee-beenich Vieh melke. Sie losst sich net vargraawe, awwer waart bis die Umense sie aus em Haus draage. Un wege der naekschte Welt bekimmert sie sich net weil sie yuscht frogt far gehgelosst warre.

Mer kann viel vun der Schillgrott laerne. Sie kummt in ken Schtreit un losst yeder ebber geh. Sie weess net wu sie haerkumme iss un wu sie anne geht, awwer die Weil as sie do iss, browiert sie es bescht duh, as sie kann, settled ihre accounts uf wie sie geht un attend strictly zu ihre eegne Bisniss.

—Aus'm BOONASTIEL (Thomas H. Harter)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

'Tis ever common
That men are merriest when
they are from home.
—Shakespeare.

Advice 15 Years Ago Good Today

The pair of Russian aviators, who made their escape into American territory some weeks ago, have now come to the United States and their very first words to the Communists in the United States may well be pondered not alone by the local Reds but by all Americans, especially those who are always "on the fence" relative to American institutions and the American way of life.

"Instead of making all their noise, they (the American Communists) should volunteer to go to Russia for one month. They would be glad to return here and resign from the Communist Party," the former Russian airmen said.

Of course the advice is likely to be lost upon the American Communists for the same kind of advice has been intimated in the lives of just about all the early American leaders of Communism in the United States.

Emma Goldman cried to return to the United States after she had had a taste of the Russian "paradise". John Green and "Big Bill" Haywood died wretchedly, being completely disillusioned men. And there have been many others who died of broken hearts after having been "double - crossed" by their comrades and their ideals of an Utopian society had been shattered by revelation of the deceits of Communism in Russia.

The Russian aviators in the United States lived amid Communism. They knew nothing better until they learned about America from officers who had been in contact with American officers and soldiers during the war. What they heard whetted their desire to come to America. But they were prisoners behind the "iron curtain". Then came the word of the Madame Kasenkina episode in New York City which told them that a Russian woman preferred death to return from America to Russia. That decided them to steal a plane, head for American territory in Germany and thus take a first step in the direction of the New World. The flight was successful and the Russian officers were afforded a haven in Austria, where they had landed.

Now they have come to the United States and there is ring of sincerity in their statements to American Communism. And certainly it conforms with the facts as all but fanatic persons must realize. But inasmuch as Communism has been marked by fanaticism and the fanatic belief of its followers therein, individual fanatics will not read nor learn. They will have to go thru the same bitter experience. They will not believe that the flame which singed and burned the other poor little moths will likewise singe and burn them.

A Dose of Russia for Reds

The meeting last night of the members of the Lehigh and Northampton County taxing bodies in the interest of securing tax-reform legislation by the General Assembly should revive public interest in a project that for at least fifteen years has been urged in Lehigh County by Major J. C. Shumberger, president of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers, and has been agreed upon in principle by those who are responsible for the levying and collection of taxes.

For many years there had been sporadic public complaints as to the variety of assessments, the variations therein and the levy of taxes on the basis of fiscal years which differed according to each tax-levying agency.

Major Shumberger offered a succinct and logical plan at various times before a number of local gatherings and there was general acceptance of the excellence of the suggestions. But nothing was done largely because local taxing agencies were and continue to be governed by State legislations and changes in State law were not forthcoming.

Now it is likely that the Legislature will be importuned to do something about a matter that is a carry-over of practices in eras of early history and that has become outmoded in an era when greater simplicity is sought out of much confusion and many complications.

Perhaps Major Shumberger's ideas were best expressed in a talk that he gave before the National Municipal League in Pittsburgh on November 27, 1934, or nearly fifteen years ago. His ideas as expressed in this city had come to national attention and he was invited at that time to present those ideas to the representatives of civic-minded people from all parts of the United States.

He pointed out in the first place that because assessment of real estate, the primary source of revenue for public purposes, is conducted by so many different persons acting independently of each other, "inaccurate and unequal assessments are common. This results in discrimination between individuals, between the several assessment districts within the counties, and between the school districts of the state in the distribution of state subsidies."

He showed that the chief weaknesses of the system lie in the incompetence of assessors, the desire of the elected assessor to under-assess property in his own district, the undue influence of owners of large properties, favoritism based upon party affiliations and the absence of up-to-date and approved assessment methods." He also pointed out that because the same property is assessed by several authorities, there is unnecessary expense because of duplication of work.

At that time he urged one assessment of property within a county, such assessment to be made by one county official. He urged that such assessment be used as the basis of taxation by all governmental units within the county, including cities. He urged that the assessment official charged with the assessment be a person appointed by the county commissioners or by the State Secretary of Revenue from "a list of eligibles determined by competitive examination." And he proposed that all employes under such an assessor be named by him and be directly responsible to him, and to no others.

Major Shumberger believed then, as he believes now, that it is time to rid the state of the antiquated and cumbersome system of making assessments and the equally antiquated and cumbersome system of tax collection.

As to tax collections he showed that there are almost as many methods as there are communities. And since no particular qualifications are required of those responsible for tax collection, political considerations influence the selection of such officials.

He pointed out at that time, almost fifteen years ago, that the cost of collecting taxes in Pennsylvania was at least and perhaps more than four times as great as in Ohio which has centralized collection in the county treasurer's office.

Major Shumberger's wise counsel at that time, fifteen years ago, brought about such local changes as were possible under State Law. It served to improve some local conditions in the assessment and taxing fields. But State law stood as an insurmountable wall with respect to other matters.

The time may now be at hand when some of these ideas, acknowledged to be good and useful for economy in government, may be adopted. It will be a credit to the local taxing units if they will have been able to initiate a valuable movement. Certainly the people and their government need it.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the nicest experiences in life is to get something for nothing.

For instance, my wife is just bringing a pair of my house pants up and showing them to me.

"My goodness," I exclaim, "are they back from the tailor's already? You just sent them out yesterday, and I didn't expect 'em back until tomorrow."

Proudly she waves the pants in front of me and says: "I pressed them myself! Why waste fifty cents on an old pair of pants like these?"

So, naturally, I thank her profusely; tell her what a grand girl she is and, just to show her my appreciation for having saved me fifty cents, I am going to take her out to dinner tonight.

So, having saved fifty cents, I shall spend approximately six or seven dollars on the dinner, but I have had my pants pressed for nothing.

* * *

Would you like to get a trip to England or to Bermuda for practically nothing? And on a fast, safe, luxurious airplane at that?

Listen to this advertisement which appears in my morning paper.

I shall not mention any names, but the advertiser's slogan is "World's Most Experienced Airline."

Here is what it says:

"Men returning these days from London with fine doeskin jackets and slacks, Scottish woolens and cashmere sweaters are enjoying real bargains. So are the women who bring back Wedgwood and Spode chinaware, French gloves and evening bags, hand-tooled Florentine leather, Venetian glass and Swiss watches.

"A New York secretary who had saved for a winter wardrobe bought it in Bermuda. The savings on her camel's-hair coat, costing $75 instead of $200, alone paid for half the price of her vacation."

See how easy it is?

Naturally, every New York secretary wears $200 camel's-hair coats.

So the thing is extremely simple. All she has to do is take an expensive trip, and instead of buying one coat and saving $125, she should buy two and save $250.

* * *

By the same magnificent logic a man could just shuttle back and forth between the United States and England, bringing back "fine doeskin jackets and slacks, Scottish woolens and cashmere sweaters."

He'd get his trips for nothing (again taking my logic from the ad). Then he could open a haberdashery store and (maybe, who knows?) some day he, too, might be president.

* * *

The whole thing sounds very silly, but it isn't.

Take my wife. Take anybody's wife.

A successful storekeeper has told me that you can advertise an article at $5 and it will rot away on his shelves.

Then advertise the same article at $4.98 and the dear women will fight to buy it.

Yes, it's great to get something for nothing, no matter how much it costs.

(Copyright 1949)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — It is easy enough to join the chorus which applauds the haughty turndown that Secretary Acheson gave to Premier Stalin's bid for peace negotiations, but candor and realism compel a different analysis.

Spokesmen for the great government of the United States should never be flippant or sarcastic no matter what the behavior or attitude of spokesmen for other governments happens to be. There is more to be gained by a dignified handling of such an extraordinary maneuver as Premier Stalin made. America can never carry a clear conscience if placed in the position of being unwilling to talk peace, even to a nation which has been palpably obstructing peace.

Fear that the United States government could not express itself clearly and politely and yet meet effectively any propaganda maneuvers by the Soviets is baseless. It is just as easy to meet propaganda with clear-cut statements couched in courteous phrases that respect the amenities of international intercourse as it is to indulge in satirical references doubting the validity of the excuse given by Stalin that his health would not permit a long journey to Washington.

The Department of State could have noted with satisfaction the newspaper interview given by Stalin and could have said that it was an interesting manifestation of high purpose and that the United States reciprocates by pointing out that any meeting between heads of state must be preceded by a period of exploration to determine possible areas of agreement. The United States could have pointed out also that unilateral action by America would not be according proper respect to the wishes of other sovereign powers and that hence it would be advisable to include the heads of the British and the French governments and that only after the foreign ministers had held consultations, either in person or through their ambassadors, could it be determined whether a meeting of the heads of state would be worth while.

It is regrettable that even the possibilty of a meeting of heads of state was permitted to go off on the tangent of where the meeting should be held and who should come to what place. This is a mere detail and by no means the first question to be decided. If there were a chance for a real agreement and some indication through diplomatic exchanges in advance that Russia was ready to end the cold war, the American people would applaud President Truman if he went to the Persian gulf on a battleship and met Stalin there, or in Alaska or some other mutually agreeable place outside the iron curtain. The place for the meeting is not the real obstacle. It is whether the conditions conducive to a successful accord can be created.

It is the duty of the American government to assume that, when another government wants to talk peace, some way can be found to bring about such a discussion, even though officials may be convinced that the talks may not get anywhere. A peace-loving nation cannot stand on pride or protocol when there is a real problem of peace or war involved.

The danger in any cavalier attitude assumed by the United States is that the Russian extremists may be encouraged to believe that war is the only way out and that it is inevitable. Such a psychology means a continuance indefinitely of the Berlin blockade, with a cost to the American taxpayers of nearly $1,000,000,000 a year, and a continued expansion of our armed services, now costing about $14,000,000,000 a year. Russia can afford to play the game of waiting while more and more expense is imposed on America.

A sovereign power cannot be coerced without war or threat of war, and that goes for Russia as well as America. The only way left is for full and frank discussions and even meetings between the heads of all the allied governments and Stalin. If it fails, it is only after such a policy has been pursued that the peoples of the democracies will believe that everything has been done that can be done.

Unfortunately, the attitude assumed by the Department of State does not install the confidence that America has tried the simple principles of Christian philosophy which are designed to apply reason in all forms of its expression—even including a little inconvenience and considerable restraint in utterance — before giving up hope of settling a dispute.

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Today's Text

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

Psalm 31:16-24.

As in other Psalms, called the Messianic Psalms, the experiences of David are often typical of those of Jesus, called the son of David in Matthew 1:1. Verse 5 of today's Psalm Jesus quoted from the cross: 'Into Thine hand I commit My spirit.' Jesus' treatment at the hands of His neighbours, v.11, is illustrated by a scene in Nazareth, His home town, as described in Luke 4:28,29. In v.15 we read: 'My times are in Thy hand.' Such trust in God is great comfort.. The fortune tellers say that our life is in the palms of our hands, as they read the 'life-line' there. But it is much safer to trust the faith of the Psalmist than the superstition of the palmist. God's face shining on us in v. 16 means His favor. His goodness, v.19, towards those who fear and trust Him is great, and is the one thing that makes life worth while, a joy and a delight. He hides us in the secret of His presence. The name of Zephaniah, one of the Minor Prophets, means 'Jehovah hides,' and in 2:3 of his prophecy he speaks of God's people as 'hidden ones' in the day of judgment (so in Ps. 83:3). Therefore, even in these difficult and uncertain days, we are to be of good courage, for He will strengthen our hearts, as we hope in Him.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The great Toscanini was prevailed upon last summer to submit to a complete physical examination. The doctor emerged smiling with his repoer. "Maestro," he announced, "I am happy to tell you that you are in superb condition. Your heart, Maestro, is a marvel to me: It is as sound as that of a small child."

Toscanini, obviously pleased, explained, "That is because nothing ever has touched it."

* * *

Wembley, the London suburb where the 1948 Olympic games were held, was visited by a sudden plague of moths. A staff man on Punch advances the theory that the moths were attracted by the Olympic torch.

The same wit avers that he overheard an American sportsman in the Olympic stadium declare, "Yes, I like the Britishers, I like the way they say 'Yeah' and 'nope' ans 'sez you' and 'get a load of that' exactly the way they used to back in the days when Shakespeare was alive."

Horoscope

Be sure to handle confidential matters carefully now. Your next year will proceed on an even keel and good fortune is envisaged. Seize any opportunities for advancement, whether financial or intellectual. Look for mental alertness in the child born on this date. Such a one should be fond of change and travel.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NUMMER TZWAE ON DA SCHUBBACH: Un now is da Grundsow Lodge Nummer tztzwae on da Schibbach ihra fersommling aw widder feriwwer. 'S wor unser blessier 'm Dunnershdawg owet die socha ei nemma im Telford Fire hall. Tzwae hunnerd ocht un fuftsich breeder Grundsi hen sich fersomm'ld, un 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kot. 'S airsht is es fesht essa kumma-welshhawna un fils'l mit allas shunshd os es ganumma hut fer 'n mensch sot feedra. Hen evens ebbel tart kot, un koffie os sich net shamma hut breicha fer tzu da tzut rous lawfa.

Der J. Norman Zendt is Habtmon fon da Lodge, un hut der Rudy Bilger fom Rawd kotta fer 'm mit helfa ols Fohrmaishder darrich die shprech ordnung. Der Rudy hut aw 'n g'shicht fertzailt fom "Wunnerbora Darsht," odder ewwa ferwos dale leit immer so druckna hels hen. Der Patsy Balliet, Habtmon fon unserra nummer ains Lodge hut die breeder ferbunna in da tzwelft degree, un wor fohrsinger. Der Moyers' drei shtick orchestra fon Kutztown hut g'shpielt.

Die wedder barichda sin gewwa werra beim Hen Londis woh widder 'n aryie tzeit kotta hut mit da Grundsow. Der Rudy Bilger hut noh uf uns garufa efr die wedder barichda griega fon unserra Lodge owets dafor, un glawwas odder net, ow'r die tzwae hen tzomma gaboss'd wie die fousht uf die naus-die Grundsow hut ihra shodda g'sehna woh sex wocha mainer winder wedder badeit.

Der Porra Wilbur Trexler, Porra in da Trumbauershteddler gagend hut g'shwetzt fon unserra shproch uf da konsel un fertzailt wie er 'm ledshda summer in der gong kumma is fer Pennsylfawnish Deitschai kerrich halta. Er hut fertzailt er het etlicha yohr tzurick 'n mon in da Ridge Valley kerrich kotta os fer 63 kerricha fersaryer wor un hut ken English fershtonna. Mohl ae dawg het der alt mon g'frok'd ferwos sie net mohl 'n kerrich howwa kenta in da Mutter shproch. Der Porra Trexler secht er het die socha iwwer gadenk'd, ow'r eb er so weit kumma wear, het er shpote owets 'n rufe grick'd fer kumma der alta mon sehna-wear shtarblich gronk. Sella owet secht der Porra, het er fers airsht mohl gabaid in Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, un da nagshda morya wear der alt Aaron noch seinra ruh. In ehr tzum Aaron seim winsch hut er now yairlich Pennsylfawnish Deitscha kerrich, ow'r yusht in seina aigna gamaina.

Der John Birmelin hut fon seina gadichta galaisa, un der Porra Paul Huyett fon Fildelfy woh sei sehnes ferlora hut tzitter os er g'shwetzt hut on unserra Lodge etlicha yohr tzurick wor der tzwet shwetzer. 'S nagshd hut der Dr. Clyde Stine fon Millersville g'shwetzt, un der Porra Clarence Rahn hut die fesht rade gamocht. Ol die shwetzer worra iwwer rous gute, un 'n yaders os darta wor, hut net yusht g'shpass kotta, ow'r aw wichdicha gadonka kot fer driwwer denka.

'S wor unser blessier der Paul Jones fon Fildelfy der Bulletin tzeiting "Canaid Shots" larna kenna. Der aintsich'd druvel wor, er hut net 'n wert fershtonna os aw gonga is, un hen 'm allas dulmetcha missa. 'S wor 'n blessier 's tzu duh so gute os m'r gakent hen, ow'r er hut yusht bleiva kenna bis halver nina, un is noh hame.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Die welt is fol gadierra fon alla orta, ow'r glawwas net os ae gadierts is, woh may dafon g'shwetzt wert, os wie fon da Grundsow.

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

May Write a Book

By HENRY McLEMORE

I am seriously considering writing a book called "My 84 Years Not in the White House."

It will deal with what I don't know about the trivial details of life in the celebrated Pennsylvania Ave. dwelling.

It seems to me that the minor occupants of the White House (and their ghost writers) have just about exhausted the subject, and that there are a lot of literary folk who would like to read about something else for a change.

We have had stories by secret service men, housekeepers, social secretaries, chandelier cleaners, rug beaters, mail openers, and many others who slip my mind.

I have tentatively titled my first chapter: "I Don't Know What Taft Liked for Breakfast and Don't Care."

The chapter will run about 4,000 words, and if the reading time exceeds two minutes it will prove just one thing—that the reader didn't know enough to throw it aside and pick up a racing form. Having seen pictures of Taft, my guess is that he ate practically everything in sight for breakfast, including a well - done lame duck congressman and any unsigned papers he found on his desk.

Chapter two will deal with the little known fact that Calvin Coolidge, unlike Grover Cleveland, never seriously considered the many offers he had to play professional baseball with the Chicago Cubs. Cleveland even went so far as to work out on the White House lawn in the hope of improving his throwing arm. But Coolidge — well, let me tell you of a time he didn't drop into my office and didn't catch me with my head on my desk and my feet on my typewriter.

"Good morning, Henry," the president didn't say, "How do you think I would look in a baseball uniform?"

Not being there, I couldn't answer. But if I had been there I would have laughed uproariously at his dry, quick-frozen New England wit.

Harding never did let those of us who didn't work at the White House know whether he tied his own bow ties or called in a professional bow-tie tier to do the job. I wish I knew, because with a little padding out it would be good for half a chapter. For padding I could use what age I was when I didn't get the job, all about my early and rather dull boyhood, and how excited my family was when I wrote and told them that I wasn't going to work for the White House and thus not have a chance to see behind the scenes.

I wish I could tell you how Woodrow Wilson liked to shoot clay pigeons in the Lincoln Room, how Teddy Roosevelt used to keep the staff in stitches by always wearing a shirt when foreign diplomats called, how McKinley always fussed when the kitchen served him hardboiled eggs with the shells removed, how FDR would spend happy hours making sails for his small boat from the Oval Room curtains, and how Truman really despises playing the piano because a comb and paper is his favorite musical instrument. But I can't, because I don't know these things.

If I write the book and it is a success, I promise one thing —every cent will go to charity.

And you know where charity starts.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

When of fish I've landed none,
"You'd have caught a string," they say,
"If out fishing you had gone
Yesterday.

"Smooth the lake and skies were clear,
Bass were plenty in the bay.
You'd have caught the limit here
Yesterday."

And tomorrow—'tis my fate
To be always far away,
Day too soon and day too late —
Yesterday.

Yesterday—tomorrow so!
Day to come; day slipped away.
Fishing — serving, all I know
Is today.

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THE COVERED BASKET

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

CONCLUSION

Resume: Sara Ann Mohr of Millerstown (now Macungie) has in her possession the old church records, the most valuable thing in Millerstown. She keeps the book in the upped drawer of her bureau. She has gone on a visit with her brother in South Bethlehem, leaving her house under the vigilant care of her neighbor Susannah Kuhn. Susannah has a deep-seated hatred of Venus Stuber, a village character who openly and good-naturedly pilfers from neighborhood gardens and who never denies his harmless thefts. When on the day after Sarah Ann's departure Susannah sees Venus sitting on the front steps of her neighbor's house, with a covered basket (which seems to be heavy when he leaves with it) she suspects Venus of having stolen the church-book. Later in the day she goes into the house to convince herself of Venus Stuber's theft. She climbs the stairs to Sarah Ann's bedroom and opens the upper drawer of the bureau. The church-book was not there! Who has it? Thereby hangs the rest of the tale.—

Her first impulse was to rouse Millerstown and organize pursuit. Then, as she went slowly down the steps a better plan occurred to her. She would go to Venus's cabin and get the book, and she would not say anything about it until Sarah Ann had been a little frightened. She had suffered. Sarah Ann might suffer also.

Without washing the dishes, without performing the post-prandial ceremony of chasing the flies from the kitchen and darkening it, she started to the mountain, carrying with her a pail, ostensibly to gather blackberries. She looked about her a little uneasily as she made her way up the overgrown wood road. The door of Venus's cabin stood open, but there was no other sign of his presence. Susannah went boldly into the little house and looked about her at the dirt and confusion. The basket stood in the middle of the floor, beside it lay the boards which had covered it. There was an untidy bed in one corner, and a stove in another. Susannah's first glance showed her that if the church-book were in the house, it was in the bed.

Unpleasant as the task was, she pulled off the dirty coverings. Then she looked into the oven, she even raked out the ashes of Venus's fire. The book was not there. If Venus had burned it, he had performed the task thoroughly. Susannah set her steps homeward, going a little more briskly than she came.

Gradually, as she went down the mountain road, cold fear beset her. If she had only told some one her suspicions! She could hear Oliver's **"Gott im Himmel!** Why didn't you say something, Susannah!" Then she would answer, "But I did wake you, and you were cross," and Oliver would say, "But you didn't tell me the church-book was gone, Susannah!"

Perhaps she had overlooked some hiding place in the cabin. She stopped, meaning to return. But it was too late now. Venus might come home, and Venus might murder her. She would go back tomorrow. If only Sarah Ann had not come home!

Sarah Ann however had come. Had Susannah been at home, she might have seen her, five minutes after her arrival, rush as swiftly as her great size would allow, out of her house and across to Susannah's.

"Susannah!" she had called, pitifully. "Susannah!" Sarah Ann held no hurt remembrance of their parting, or if she did, the present fright swept it from her mind. When Susannah did not answer, she hurried to the house of the Lutheran preacher, and walked into his study unannounced.

"Parre (Pastor)," she said, trembling. **"A-ach,Parre!"**

The preacher started up in alarm, and began to pour out a glass of water for Sarah Ann.

"What is wrong, Sarah Ann? Sit down, sit down!"

Sarah Ann motioned the water aside.

"The church-book is gone!"

"The church-book is gone! Since when?" the preacher gasped.

"Since I came home, already. I was visiting my brother in South Bethlehem. He had the paralysis. I kept it in the bureau drawer. Nobody knew but Susannah. It is gone! It is gone!"

"I warned you, Sarah Ann. Have you any idea who took it?"

"Nobody in Millerstown would take it," wailed Sarah Ann. "I found a strange apron on the steps, I—" Sarah Ann's mouth suddenly dropped open. An unbelievable suspicion forced itself into her mind.

"Was it Susannah's apron?" asked the preacher, cleverly.

Sarah Ann clasped her hands.

"Ach, Parre, don't say such a thing. Susannah can go everywhere in my house, and I don't care. What would Susannah want with it?"

"The book is very valuable, Sarah Ann," reminded the preacher. There was keen rivalry among the Millerstown churches. "Susannah is not a Lutheran. Human nature is human nature. Now, "he rose and put on his hat. "We will go to the squire."

Sarah Ann rose also, her face purple. Not all the church-books in the world could recompense her for loss of faith in Susannah.

"We will not go to the squire," she stammered. "I—I will go home and look again. I—I—Perhaps it is there. I will look again.

"If anything happens to the book, it will be partly your fault," said the preacher, stiffly. "It is a public trust."

"Yes," agreed Sarah Ann. "But I will go and look again."

When she reached her own porch, she sat down weakly in the rocking chair. She would wait for Susannah. Susannah would help her search. And presently Susannah came, and with head lifted proudly—or at least so it seemed to Sarah Ann—went into her own kitchen without even glancing across the dividing fence. Sarah Ann cried. It was a terrible thing if Susannah were guilty. It was worse, if for the first time in ten neighborly years. Susannah were seriously angry.

In her own kitchen, Susannah, whose head was turned not in pride, but in deadly fear, met her husband.

"Where were you all afternoon?" He asked, a scornful eye on the uncleared table. He had been hunting her from garret to cellar.

"I—I went to—to fetch blackberries."

"Where are they, then?"

"It didn't give any." She started as she remembered her pail. She must have left it at Venus's cabin. She began to talk wildly. "I am going to make a good supper, Ollie, I am going to make flapjacks, I—" She realized with a thankful sob that Ollie had gone out.

In the morning she started again to the woods. It had rained and the paths were slippery. She had not slept and her head ached. Venus had apparently not come home. She repeated frantically her search of yesterday, and went thoroughly over the neighboring ground. There was no sign of the book, and she forgot all about her pail.

Shivering with fright, she went home. She remembered Sarah Ann's thousand neighborly kindnesses. Sarah Ann had but one fault in the world, she was too kind. And why did Sarah Ann not discover her loss? And how should she ever confess that she had allowed Venus Stuber to rob Sarah Ann of her dearest treasure?

The next day, she made another hurried visit to the woods. Her search was vain, and, determining to go at once to Sarah Ann, she started down the road. Then, suddenly, hope flashed upon her. Perhaps Venus himself had returned the church-book. He had never been known to return anything, but he might have concluded that the hook was worthless to him but sufficiently valuable to others to bring him into the long-threatened jail. That afternoon, if Sarah Ann went out, she would go over and see.

Hurrying along a little more cheerfully, she saw a crowd before her door. Had they—had they found out?

"What is wrong?" she demanded.

"Little Ollie fell from the grape arbor," some one answered. "No, no, Susannah, he ain't hurt. We thought he was and we sent for his Pop, but he only hit his nose, and—"

Susannah hurried in. The injured Ollie had already vanished toward the Knerrs, but his father was there, stern and reproachful.

"Where do you go always?" he demanded furiously.

"For mint tea." Susannah lifted the bunch that she had hastily gathered. How she hated to lie!

Oliver looked at her with horror and amazement. He knew that she was not telling the truth. Without a word he went out of the house and across the fields toward the furnace.

Susannah walked slowly to the door behind him. Oh, what a relief it would be to call him back and tell him! But first she must see whether Venus had returned the book.

She watched that afternoon till Sarah Ann went out, then she stole across to her house. Venus might have dropped the book into the cellar window which opened on the street, she would look there first. The cellar was dark, she felt her way about, touching each spot where the book might have fallen. It was not there. Newly disheartened, she made her way back to the kitchen. There in terror, she began to cry. Sarah Ann was just coming in the door.

"Why, Susannah," she said, quite naturally, thinking that Susannah meant to make up, and had come a borrowing.

To Susannah's ears it was an accusation.

"I tried to catch him," she cried. "It was Venus Stuber stole it. I saw him,—" She was sobbing wildly.

"Why, Susannah!" Sarah Ann was too astonished to move. She was suddenly thrust into the room by the opening door. Oliver Kuhns came in, his face scarlet. Over his shoulder leered Venus Stuber, who seemed to be enjoying some huge joke. Oliver looked at them for a moment, at Susannah, weeping on her knees at the head of the cellar steps, at Sarah Ann, who stood gasping.

"What have you been doing, Susannah?" He said, roughly.

"Nothing," sobbed Susannah. "Nothing. Venus Stuber, he—"

Oliver took her by the shoulder. In his hand was the pail she had carried on her first journey to Venus's cabin.

"Venus Stuber says you've been stealing from him. He says you've been ransacking his house. He watched you three times."

"Stealing! I stealing! From Venus Stuber!" No one but Venus seemed to appreciate the humor of the situation. Venus laughed aloud. Susannah turned to Sarah Ann, who had always been her friend.

"Sarah Ann, do you believe I would steal?"

Now Sarah Ann became incoherent.

"I never told anyone but the preacher, Susannah. I never believed it. He put it into my mind. And I wouldn't tell the squire, even if it was the church-book. I—"

"You thought I stole the church-book," said Susannah, slowly. She was trying to make herself understand the words. Oliver turned pale. Angry at Venus's story, he had merely meant to frighten her. He had supposed it was only her desire to prove Venus a thief which had made her go to his cabin. Now they had plunged into possibilities of trouble which terrified him. Even Venus's face had lost its usual grin.

"No, I never thought so," sobbed Sarah Ann. "But you were the only one in Millerstown who knew where I kept it. And your apron was on the steps, and—"

"When did you miss the church-book?" asked Oliver, heavily.

"When I came home. I would have told you but I couldn't find Susannah, and I would have given her her apron, and I would have told her everything, but she was cross over me. And when I found it, I would have told her, but—"

"Found it!" gasped Susannah. "Did you found it?"

"Why, I put it in the four barrel, Susannah, the last thing, and then I forgot where I put it. It is here, Susannah. It is here. All the time it is here."

"Here," repeated Susannah.

It took Sarah Ann a surprisingly few seconds to go upstairs and down.

"Look once, Susannah," she cried.

But Susannah did not glance at the worn covers, she crossed the room in a bound and seized Venus Stuber by the arm. Oliver stared at her, mystification and relief alternating on his round face. Susannah shook Venus.

"What did you have in your covered basket?" she cried, furiously.

Venus looked down at her, grinning. He did not approve o such curiosity and he had a well developed sense of humor.

"Don't you tell anybody, Susannah," he said. "If anybody asks you, you say you don't know. When I want the people to know, I leave my basket open, Susannah."

This short story first appeared in The Pennsylvania German, July, 1909. It is reprinted here with the gracious permission of the author.—Most of our readers will no doubt know that Millerstown is today known as Macungie. For those who consider "Venus" a strange name for a male, we point out that it was among the Pennsylvania Germans a familiar abbreviation for "Sylvanus."

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

MIDDAAGSZEIT

Doch immer waar die Middaagszeit
Verlangt in de Greizwekschul.
Sell waar 'recess'; dann waar ich gscheit—
Net uffem Hanswarscht Schtuhl!
Die Hickory Gatt hengt uff de Wand,
Der 'ruler' noch dezu;
Des Schtrofgewehr uff allerhand
Hot nau mol wennich Ruh!

Mit blechni 'box', so oierrund,
Dart vor mir uffem Schtuhl,
Die hebt mei Koscht an Middaagszeit,
Dart in de Greizwekschul.
En Schtickli Brot, mit Lattwaerrick gschmiert,
Paar Krauser Ebbel, glitzerich,
Paar Schnitt vun Dahler Warscht,
Un Zitterli so zitterlich!

Mer hen als so am Offe ghockt,
Eigschnauft Felsschtiwwel Damp.
Die Ratte hen die Grimmie gholt—
Ugh! Es gebt mer Maagegramp!
Der 'teacher' sucht en annrer Disch
Gans hinne in de Schtubb;
Sei Aag iss fescht uff de Wasserkann—
Mer warr'n en darschdiche Drubb.

Es waar nix do vun 'thermos' Brieh,
Ken 'vitamins' bekannt;
Ken 'diet' odder 'calory'—
'S waar'n 'sanitation' Schand!
Doch wott ich heit, ich kennt so'n Iems,
Mol widder dart aapacke—
Sell gaebt mir Eifer (vitamins)
Un scheene rode Backe!

The crossroads school described in the above lines was the Charming Forge District School of North Heidelberg township, Berks County, about the year 1909. "Felsstiwwel Damp" calls to mind the custom of the period when boys wore felt boots to school through the deep snows, then removed them, placing them near the school-room stove to dry. They changed to other shoes during the school hours. The odors rising from moist felt were hardly pleasant. We wonder whether the Krauser apple is still grown in eastern Pennsylvania. This apple was preferred for winter storage because it kept better than most varieties and was preserved in arch cellars, or buried in pits, as late as March or April.—A.D.G.

DER KALLICK OFFE

Was sehn ich datt im niddere Daal?
En Haufe Schtee, wie Himmel blo—
Die Farreb vun re Oischterschaal;
Geh neecher hie un finn doch yo
En Kallick Offe!

Ungraut wachst um die Ecke rum—
Buweleis un Dischtle viel—
Mauer schepp un Dierloch grumm;
Doch mol waar's graad wie en Besemschtiel,
Nau zammegfalle.

Do hot en mancher gschafft un mancher gschwitzt,
In die Hend nei gschpautzt, sei Rick geboge
Fer Felse draage; Grubbax gschpitzt;
Vollschtennich gflucht, verflammt gelogge,
Iwwer'm Kallick brenne.

Schtent ruhich nau der Kallick Offe
Die Sunn kann net die blo-e Schtee
Weiss mache. Ich bin weckgeloffe—
Leis vun meine Hossebee
Abgelese.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

When I meet with a falsehood, I care not who the great persons who proclaim it may be, I do not try to like it or believe it or mimic the fashionable prattle of the world about it. — *Hudson*

He Belongs to the Ages

For nearly a century now the life of Abraham Lincoln, born this day near Hodgensville, Kentucky, in the year 1809, has served as inspiration for the American people, particularly the youth of our country. And that sainted life may well continue to be one of the noblest traditions in American thought and action, for while from time to time there may be men and women of extraordinary stature which will set them high in national and world esteem, the example of Lincoln can serve to raise the stature of all Americans, providing that example be followed.

Chosen by the American people as the 16th President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln had come out of the most primitive environment of his day—the log cabin. He had come unequipped as to formal education and the social graces for he had little more than a year of schooling and his background was that of a poor and struggling frontier civilization. Except for his height, 6 foot 4, he appears to have been an unprepossessing person.

Entrance by such a man to the White House and with it into the precise, artificial and snobbish social life of the nation's capital city was incongruous. Furthermore the man's known convictions upon burning political and social problems of the day made his name anathema to vast groups which had wide influence upon public thinking, particularly in the Southern States.

Thus Lincoln became one of the most derided persons in all our history and one of the most misunderstood and the least appreciated men in his day and generation.

But this man, unlearned and uncouth according to the standards of the society in which he was compelled to move and work, achieved the miraculous feats of holding a great Union of States together and of setting free millions of bondmen who had been mere chattels, subject to sale and mistreatment as animals and goods can be sold and mishandled.

His was the great intellect and warm heart that saved the Union and set an example to the world in the abolition of human servitude—a curse that had afflicted mankind since and, almost certainly too, before the dawn of recorded history.

It required the bullet of an assassin to bring about fuller appreciation by his contemporaries of his outstanding merits, and to endear him more deeply to all succeeding generations of Americans.

For the world he is America's greatest contribution to any Hall of Fame. As one of his closest associates declared upon his death: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Lucky to Be Born Here

It is lucky for a child to be born in Allentown, as almost any one would agree from consideration of many opportunities here, and as the mortality rates for the city during 1948 prove statistically.

Forty years ago an infant born in this city had about seven out of eight chances of living to be a year old, for the infant mortality rate at that time was close to 150 per thousand live births.

Then in 1913 the late Rose Crilly, whose name may well be revered by persons now alive because of her philanthropic work, instituted Baby Clinics in this city. That noble woman went up and down the community urging wider study of the causes that were taking so many infants' lives and putting an end to them.

Out of her evangelism for the salvation of infants from early death came an entire program of public health projects in this city which, coupled with many scientific advancements that were availed of, have reduced infant mortality progressively.

Last year the rate was only 22 per thousand—a very big drop from nearly 150 forty years ago. It was the best figure in Allentown's history, the nearest approach to it being the 1946 rate, 31.

As late as 1922, or only a little over a quarter of a century ago the rate was 105. But since that year there has been almost steady decrease.

There are a lot of things about which the people of this city can feel happy. The saving of infants' lives from premature death deserves to rank high in Allentown's achievements in the field of public health.

Hope for Eternal Peace

Boy Scouting is very close to the hearts of the American people and it is appropriate that the close of annual Boy Scout Week today is to be observed in the heart of our city, Centre Square, tonight with a colorful and picturesque ceremony of torch-lighting.

On the Gettysburg battlefield where unquenchable flame burns in the shrine of Eternal Peace, Governor Duff today will light his torch symbolizing the prayer of Pennsylvania that peace not alone in our own generation but in all generations may be enjoyed.

From Pennsylvania's torch, a local torch will be lighted and then brought back to this city for the lighting of the torches of the 130 units of Boy Scouts who will gather from the Lehigh, Carbon and Northampton areas that constitute the Lehigh Council of Boy Scouts.

Thus this symbol of peace and desire for peace will go into every community where the Scout movement is influencing the life and thought of youth and of their associates.

It promises to be a beautiful and an impressive occasion. The wonder will be whether the central area of the city will be large enough to accommodate all who will participate and all who will wish to be witnesses of this unique affair.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

OH AELAND: Sawg hen ihr sei lebdawg shun gamaint ihr wotta ebber 'n valentine shicka, un hen 'n tzu eich selwar g'shick'd? Wel won n'r net hen, un wolla wissa wie 'n mesch fiel'd tzu ra tzeit wie sel, shwetza mit 'm Ralph Steigerwalt fon Nei Mahoning, - er kon ous erfohring shwetza.

'S wor 'm ledshd yohr os er uf 'n noshion kumma is fer seinra Mary 'n valentine shicka - all'm noh 'n aryer shainer. Ow'r in blotz fon ihra nahma uf der brief shade duh, wos hut er gaduh, os wie sei aigner druf gakritzl'd. Noh wie der mailmon kumma is mit ous ma brief fer die Mary, ow'r ainer fer ihn-oy duh welt wos hut der Ralph sich ershtouna missa. Un wie er der valentine rous hut un hut g'sehna os es der same wor woh er da Mary shicka hut wolla, hut er sich so fiela aryer ershtound, un dabei noch 's moul halta missa. Des yohr wolla m'r wetta gebt er ocht won er widder so shtraich im kup hut.

OM LARNA KARRAB FLECHDA: Wohrhoft woh der Urban Bear fon Rothrocksville now net noch larna wil karrab flechta. Er hut gore ken glawwa on die nei ort grumbierra ous mocher, wohs ken karrab um laiser nembt-er maint imma yohr odder so wotta die grumbierra bauer widder ol hond laiser howwa, uns weara ken karrab tzu griega. Sis wohr, die alta karrab mocher sin shtarrick om ous shtarva, un der Urban wor mohl fer 'n weil gabutta, woh hee tzu gae 's hondwrick larna. Endlich is es 'm bei g'falla os der shreiner Charlie Werley fon nagshd on Werleys Korner, winders karrab mocha dade, un is nuf un hut ihr g'frok'd fers hondwarick larna.

Der Charlie hut 's arisht net recht tziega wolla, Endlich hut er ow'r ferwillich'd fers 'n larna, so long os er nix mainer dade wie alta karrab flicka in Lechaw kounty, un os er in Barricks kounty bleiva dade won er neia mocha wot. Der Charlie hut 'n noh on die arwet, un die sawg is, der Urban het sei airshder karrab os er g'flick'd hut, bout fartich. So wies ow'r sheind, is der Urban ken tzu'n brofitlicher shoffmon om karrab flicka. Der karrab is ols noch net gons fartich, un dade alla weil shun ebbes wie $24 koshda, won er fol price charga dade.

Un oh yar, der Charlie hut aw noch 'n onnerer shtudent -der Will Sechler fon nagshd on Hynemansville is bei g'shtiv'ld kumma fer larna wie saiga feila. Die weil os er der Urban aw ganumma hut kot, hut er aw der Will nemma missa-un woh wie m'r hoerra, arrick gute aw kumt mit seim neia hondwarick.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Geshter un heit, (Friday) hut noch net 'n sale uns g'frok'd ferwos die Grundsow da 2da tzurick in ihra loch wear.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 12, 1924, a Tuesday.

Allentown's first "Better Homes" exposition was opened to the public at the Manhattan auditorium, opposite Central park. Earl S. Kester, president of the Allentown Real Estate board, and Martin A. Reinsmith, chairman of the better homes and building committee, spoke from the balcony of the well-filled auditorium.

The Allentown Quota club meeting at the Hotel Allen listened to views on woman's place in the business world presented by Mrs. Evelyn Cameron MacDowell, Easton. Mrs. MacDowell writes the "Community News and Wider Views" column in the Easton Free Press, and is a special reporter on the paper. Mrs. Agnes E. Paff presided over the meeting.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — Evidently the House of Representatives heard from the country that it didn't want to see the House committee which investigates un-American activities abolished. President Truman, shortly after the election, intimated that the committee should be terminated. The House by an overwhelming vote — 353 to 29 — has voted to give the committee a fund of $200,000 to continue its investigations.

This is a larger vote than the committee has ever received before. Another way of saying it is that the votes cast in opposition are smaller than on any such issue heretofore.

This is the committee which Mr. Truman said was drawing a "red herring" across the political scene last summer when it was investigating Communist spy rings and collateral matters. The president did succeed in using his influence to have certain members removed from the committee, and there have been signs that the committee would revise its procedures. But there is nothing to indicate that the committee will relax its vigilance in getting after subversive activities in the United States.

The political power or rather the bi-partisan strength back of the House committee investigating un-American activities is extraordinary. It has been considerable under Democratic control of Congress in the past as well as under Republican majorities. In fact, the committee started when the Democrats were in command of Congress.

Behind the committee are a number of organizations which have felt that the floodlight of publicity should be focused on various associations and enterprises which hide under innocent looking names and deceive well-meaning persons.

The American Legion, the American Federation of Labor, the Daughters of the American Revolution and various patriotic societies, as well as many church organizations opposed to communism, have supported the idea of the House committee investigating un-American activities. There is unquestionably a definite movement in America which seeks to have Communist operations exposed and apparently a congressional committee is the only effective way to get the job done. The Federal Bureau of Investigation can prosecute violations of specific laws, but many of the associations and so-called "front" organizations do not violate any statutes and yet perform services in the interest of Communist governments abroad.

The congressional committee can ferret out these acts and, by use of the subpoena power, bring witnesses to testify. The mistake in the past has been in failing to make sure in advance just what the witnesses were doing, and it has been contended that the names of innocent persons have been dragged into the hearings and given damaging publicity.

One way to avoid this is to provide for the closest kind of liaison between the committee and the FBI. Under the Republican control of Congress, the administration was reluctant to allow any of its own investigators to cooperate with the committee. No such caution would appear to be necessary now. If the new personnel on the committee will make sure of its information in advance and then use its powers of publicity, some constructive work can be done to expose fifth-column activities in America.

Sooner or later Congress will be asked to legislate on the subject of Communist organizations. Where it can be proved that they are financed by or related directly to some foreign government, the legislation could provide for a withdrawal of citizenship and punishment for any who join such organizations. It could even provide deportation for those aliens who misuse their privileges on American soil.

But to legislate against any organization which merely is political and simply espouses political views that are distasteful would not be in accord with the doctrines of freedom of thought and freedom of speech which are basic in the American system of democracy. It may be expected that Congress will draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate activities. Once this is done, it will be easier for the handful of Americans who profess to believe in communistic principles to stand up and be counted without fear of persecution merely for their beliefs.

Today's Text

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

Psalm 46

The Reformation Psalm. Based on the first verse are the words of Luther's Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott. The Psalmist speaks of God as a present help in time of trouble. The name of several persons in the Old Testament. Eleazar (also Eliezer) means just that, namely, God is my helper. Ezra, as a name, means 'help'. Ebenezer means a stone of help (1 Samuel 7:12). Luther had to face many personal enemies, simply because he believed the simple Gospel of Christ which he learned rather late in life to the great joy of his soul. But he refused to be afraid, v. 2, for the Lord of hosts was with him as his refuge, v. 11. His personal experience of Jesus as Saviour caused him to rejoice in the river of salvation, v. 4. Amid the raging of his enemies, v. 6, he realized that the Lord of hosts was with him; the God of Jacob was his refuge. This note of confidence is repeated, in vs. 7 and 11, and is to this Psalm what the 'chorus' is to our Gospel hymns. Read v. 10: 'Relax, and know that I am God'. This note will drive out all fear.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Friedman was haggard from persistent insomnia. "Count sheep," advised his partner. "It's the best known cure." "What can I lose?" sighed Friedman dubiously. "I'll try tonight."

The next morning he looked more bleary-eyed than ever. "Sheep I should count," he mocked his partner. "I counted up to 50,000. Then I sheared the sheep, and made up 50,000 overcoats. Then came the problem that kept me awake all the rest of the night: where could I get 50,000 linings?"

* * *

A pastor in New Hampshire was delivering a sermon on his favorite subject, the terrible effects of sex and liquor, and was so carried away by his own eloquence that he lost all sense of time. His congregation, on the other hand, grew more and more impatient, and one by one they sneaked out into the mellow September sunshine. When only a handful remained in their pews, the sexton tapped the pastor on the back and whispered, "Give it to 'em, pastor! You're goin, fine. And—er—incidentally, here's the keys to the church. When you finish, would you mind locking up?"

Horoscope

Discussions are likely to be profitable at this time, and it should also be a good time to take trips, for writing and visiting. Increasing good fortune and happiness in all your activities is indicated for your next year. Go confidently ahead. A fine, strong character and disposition will most probably be evinced by a child born today. A successful career is anticipated.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The world has accepted Abraham Lincoln as the emancipator, the humanitarian, the noblest president of our country. Yet he was also a master politician, the leader of a new party and its candidate for the presidency. In that capacity, he brought together irreconcilable elements, men of differing ideas and motives, and, until he was assassinated, he managed to lead them, and after his death, this party remained in power until defeated by Grover Cleveland—altogether 24 years.

During that period and since, the Republican party has been continuously liberal, in the sense that it has stood for the rights of the individual man, the rights to human liberty and dignity as provided in the Constitution.

Liberalism has become confused in current thinking, principally because every shade of human thought denominates itself liberal or progressive. Actually, liberalism involves liberty and liberty is individual. What Tom Dewey had to say about that in his Lincoln Day speech was correct, although one wonders how he, better than Mr. Truman and the Democrats, can manage a welfare state without ultimately producing either a Fascist or a Communist society.

On that occasion, Mr. Dewey avoided direct reference to the 80th Congress, perhaps on the assumption that Senator Taft and not Governor Dewey was responsible for it. Mr. Dewey did refer to the split in the party, a split which developed in the regime of Theodore Roosevelt and has been continuous since then. Yet in spite of that deep cleavage, the Republican party did manage to elect Harding, Coolidge and Hoover to the presidency.

It is a curious coincidence that in no campaign since 1932 has any candidate defended the record of the Republican party. A generation of Americans has reached political maturity which has never heard the record of the Republican party praised by a Republican candidate for the presidency. Some very young ones probably do not realize that this is the party of Lincoln, that out of 88 years since 1861, the Republicans have been in office 56 years.

Perhaps the current weakness of the Republicans is not that they are split but rather that Republican candidates decline to speak well of the history of their own party. If they don't, why should anyone else?

Neither Mr. Dewey nor any other Republican can ignore the 80th Congress, or for that matter, the record of his party in the 81st Congress. That is where the record is made, by votes on specific legislation. Mr. Truman was altogether correct in making the 80th Congress the issue in his campaign. That is where the record was made, not in the speeches of candidates nor in the party platform.

Mr. Dewey seemed to be reading out of his party the persons who actually hold the power to vote for his party in Congress. He perhaps forgot, for the moment, that while the titular head of the party may be an elder statesman, the newest member of Congress, of either House, possesses more authority to commit his party than he does. The Republican delegation in Congress can, if it chooses, vacate his leadership by their next vote on a major issue.

Lincoln, who in 1843 was a Whig, commented upon the election then passed in a most interesting statement which contains the following comments:

". . . In almost all the states we have fallen into the minority, and despondency seems to prevail universally among us. Is there just cause for this? In 1840 we carried the nation by more than a hundred and forty thousand majority. Our opponents charged that we did it by fraudulent voting; but whatever they may have believed, we know the charge to be untrue. Where, now, is that mighty host? Have they gone over to the enemy? Let the results of the late elections answer. Every state which has fallen off from the Whig cause since 1840 has done so not by giving more Democratic votes than they did then, but by giving fewer Whig . . . from this it is evident that tens of thousands in the late elections have not voted at all. Who and what are they? is an important question as respects the future. They can come forward and give us the victory again."

It is something to ponder.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Early in January I told you about visiting a friend on New Year's Day.

I told you about the chat I had with him and how he cheered me and asked me to be happy that I was alive and could enjoy all the beauties of this world.

I had to go 'way out to the cemetery to call on that friend of mine—that friend who had been in his grave for the past five years, but who was as alive in my memory as on the day we drank our first toast to friendship and happiness.

* * *

That column brought many letters.

But the one that touched me the most came just today.

I give it to you, because there are so many thousands who will understand it and get a bit of comfort, and perhaps a bit of a lesson, out of it.

I would have liked to tell you who wrote the letter and whence it came, but the lady asked me not to mention her name or her city because "it may cause friction in the family."

That, by the way, is the only jarring note in an otherwise beautiful sentiment.

Which, however, is another story.

Here is my correspondent's letter:

"I thoroughly agree with you in your feeling of friendship toward this man who has gone before you.

"I lost my husband six months ago, and miss him more than anyone can imagine.

"At the time of his death, so many 'friends' of ours tried to console me with 'you'll just have to forget him,' 'one cannot live forever,' etc.

"When he died, I was mute with shock, but my heart within me shouted, 'why should I forget him?', 'why should I want to forget him? Why should anyone want to forget a beautiful part of one's life, made so by love and companionship?'

"The only happiness I ever knew was brought to me by him. Of course at that time I thought that perhaps my friends did not realize what they advised me to do.

"Six months have proved that they did know what they were saying. My family and I have visited my husband's grave every week since he died.

"His so-called friends have not been there at all. And here is something I could not help but notice, going to the cemetery so often.

"The neglect of many of the graves is deplorable. Many have no marker whatever, others have just the temporary one put there at the time of the funeral.

Where are the 'friends' who that mourned so deeply? Where are the 'friends' who proclaimed their friendship so loudly?

"Now I know what they meant when they told me 'you'll just have to forget him.'

"Believe me, they have forgotten."

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

LINCOLN'S SHADOW

They knew not his greatness
who saw him; how gentle he
was and how wise!
The heart of him bursting with
sorrow; the pity that shone
in his eyes,
But they learned it the moment he left them, and we
who are living today
And are hoping for peace for
our children, can hear him
still telling the way.

"Be done with old hatreds," he whispers. "You are children of God, one and all.
I warned them, and you I am warning: the house that's divided will fall;
And never will bitterness vanish and peace in the world cannot be
'Til the rule of all tyrants is ended and the least of the nations is free.

"There's nothing more precious than freedom, and nothing more evil than might
That stuns into silence the voices that dare to speak out for the right."
Still the shadow of Lincoln lies on us, appealing to all with the plea:
"Though weary, rest not from your labors 'til the least of the nations is free."

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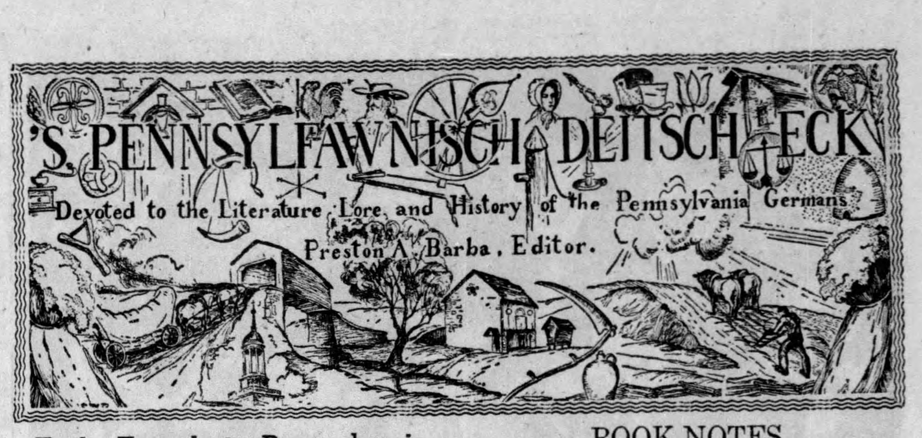

Early Travels in Pennsylvania

A Tour in the United States of America Containing an Account of the Present Situation of that Country; the Population, Agriculture, Commerce, Customs, and Manners of the Inhabitants, etc. By J. F. D. Smyth, Esq. London, 1784. 2 Vols.

The author of the above work arrives in America when the dissenting voices of the Colonists are already very audible. As a loyal British subject journeying through the colonies he is often suspected by the "rebels" and undergoes many hardships. At various times his life is endangered.

So in Vol. II, p. 225, he writes: "On the night of the 15th of October, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five, being informed that a great force was coming next morning determined to seize upon me, I provately crossed the Potomack in boats that I had secretly engaged for that purpose some time before." - Let us now follow the author briefly upon his journey as he sets out to escape westward to the Mississippi, although we are concerned chiefly about his later comments about Pennsylvania. He journeyed northward from Virginia, across the Rappahannock at Port Royal. In the course of time he becomes more than a mere traveller, accepts a commission in a British Regiment under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Connally, Commandant of the Queen's Royal Regiment of Rangers. The same depart from Norfolk on an expedition which was to take them via Pittsburgh and Lake Erie to Detroit. But let us read a part of Smyth's narrative, Vol. II, p. 249: "We were frequently very much alarmed, particularly Frederick Town, where we arrived on the evening of a general muster, or field-day of the armed associators. At the inn where we put up, each of us calling for something different from the other's, caused an enquiry, and of course suspicion concerning us, and it was proposed to bring us before the committee in the morning for examination. This plan was accidentally disconcerted by setting out from Frederick Town in the morning at daybreak; and as the committee had all got intoxicated over night, it was too late next day, before they arose, and recollected any circumstances concerning us, to send in pursuit after us.

"We passed through a village named Middle Town, about eight miles beyond Frederick; and in the South Mountain, four miles farther, we took the wrong road, which led us to another village named Funk's Town, after Jacob Funk, a German, the proprietor.

"We dined in the place, and passed through a considerable town called Hagar's Town, named also after the proprietor, a German; a few miles beyond which we unfortunately met a little man, a hatter, who knew Colonel Connolly at Pittsburgh, where he had lived, and now recollected him again, and spoke to him.

"We lodged at one Doctor Snayveley's, a German, about five or six miles beyond Hagar's Town, upon the banks of the river Connegocheague, and accordingly as I had dreaded, about midnight we were all seized on in our beds and made prisoners by a company of riflemen from Hagar's Town, who were ordered out for that purpose in consequence of the little hatter's information.

"This company consisted of 36 men exclusive of officers, who rushing suddenly into our room, with their rifles cocked and presented close to our heads while in bed, obliged us to surrender. This happened in the night of the nineteenth of November, 1775.

"This party consisted solely of rude unfeeling German ruffians, fit for assassinations, murder, and death, treated us with great ignominy and insult; and without the least provocation abused us perpetually with every opprobrious epithet language could afford . . . "

And so our traveller was finally ordered to be returned to Frederick Town. He continues his narrative: "At Frederick Town I was told that I need not expect to get clear, for I was a noted friend to Britain, and they had long endeavored to get me in their power."

Here in Frederick Town Smyth and his companions were stripped and searched, deprived of their money, but for one guinea each, put under a strong guard and confined for seven weeks without pen, ink and paper. No person was allowed to speak to them.

Smyth continues: "Both Frederick Town, Hagar's Town, as well as the greatest part of the back country of Maryland and Pennsylvania, are inhabited chiefly by Germans and Irish, but the first are the most numerous, and carry on almost every kind of manufacture as well as a considerable share of trade. Neither of them stand upon any large water-course but there is abundance of mills, forges, furnaces, and iron works, all around them, throughout the adjacent country.

"Many of the Irish here can scarcely speak in English; and thousands of the Germans understand no language but High Dutch; however they are all very laborious, and extremely industrious, having improved his part of the country beyond conception; but they have no idea of social life, and are more like brutes than men. They came to Frederick Town from all quarters to behold us, as if we had been some strange sight, and were always very liberal of insult and abuse, without the least cause of provocation. On the thirtieth of December orders were brought the Congress that we should be sent to them at Philadelphia; and they were preparing to set out with us next day."

But our British traveller, Smyth, effected an escape at this time, journeyed westward, up the Allegheny across the "Allegany" mountains, but was once more, on Jan. 12, 1776, to be recaptured by a party of nine "ruffians," who had been dispatched in pursuit of him. He now continues to relate: "Nothing preserved me from immediate death from the hands of these banditti, but the hopes of the reward they should meet with by carrying me to the Congress." Smyth was bound and on horse brought once more back to Frederick Town. "In this manner," he continues, "I was carried to Frederick Town and there dragged, bound with cords, before the Committee, which consisted of a taylor, a leather breeches-maker, a butcher, and two publicans. The greatest part of them being Germans, I really underwent a most close examination, nearly to the following effect:

"Got tamm you" (says one) "howsh darsht you make an exshkape from dis honorablsh Committish!"—Fur flucht der dyvel (says another) Howsh can you shtand sho shtyff for King Shorsh akainsht dish koontery?"—"Sacramenter (roars out another) Dish Committish will make Shorsh knoa howsh to behave himself."—"By Goat (bawls the butcher) Ich would kill all de Enklish tivels, as soon as Ich would kill van ox, or van cow."

"After they had all exhausted themselves by harranguing in this manner, they insisted that I should answer them.

"I replied, that I could have very little to say to them, having no intention of employing either of them; as when I wanted cloaths I should apply to another taylor; and those other persons also for leather breeches, as well as for shoes or boots; that I never eat gingerbread; and had an aversion to butchers and publicans, whenever they stepped aside from the line of their proper occupation; and, that as I conceived they had as little business with me as I with them, requested they would detain me no longer."

But our British traveller was detained and in the following pages of his work he relates his long journey as prisoner, to Philadelphia.

"At York Town, commonly called Little York, in Pennsylvania (. . .) they lodged me that night in the the common goal, being the first prison I ever entered in my life (. . .). This night being excessively cold, the ruffian who was placed at my door, got intoxicated, and after putting himself in a rage, by damning and swearing, began to fire at me through the door. Upon the report of the piece the guard came up and relieved him; but the next sentinel acted in the very same manner, and this being relieved, the third did just so likewise; so that I never closed my eyes all that night, and was heartily glad when we left Little York next morning . . . and at night arrived at Lancaster, the largest inland town in America, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants, chiefly German and Irish. However, it is neither handsome nor agreeable, although very plentiful, and abounding with most excellent cyder and provisions. . . . In Lancaster I was also lodged in the common prison, with a guard at the door as at York; and with this information, to comfort me and promote my repose, viz. that some hundred barrels of gunpowder were lodged in the floor above; and yet they allowed me a fire.

"At Philadelphia the Congress, to express their approbation of the cruelty and zeal of those ruffians who retook me, gave to each of them a commission in their service, and fifty dollars; and to the principal person among them two hundred dollars, and a captain's commission of rifle-men as a reward; besides a liberal gratuity to each of the officers, who came as the additional guard from Hagar's Town."

We shall spare the readers the narrative of Smyth's long weeks of imprisonment and hardship that now followed. We believed it of interest and value to set forth those parts of his narrative that indicated the patriotic actions on the part of our German settlers toward one who was suspected by them as being a British sympathizer and in league with their enemy, as of course he was. Those who were described by the British traveller Smyth as ruffians and bandits are of course our revered Pennsylvania German patriots and heroes of 1776 whose graves are marked in our graveyards today.

BOOK NOTES

A PENNSYLVANIA-DUTCH DICTIONARY. Pennsylvania Dutch Words Translated into English. Meredith Publishing Co., Quakertown, Pennsylvania. —$1.00.

This curious little publication made its appearance under an obscure and devious anonymity. Its interior title-page bears no name indicating authorship nor editorship, no place of publication, no date of imprint, nor date of copyright. The introduction of four pages is at the end of the book! The title reads "A Pennsylvania-Dutch Dictionary," below which "Pennsylvania Dutch Words Translated into English." We are also informed on the title page that no C, Q, V and X words are found in the Dictionary "as no Pennsylvania Dutch words begin with these letters." If it had stated that this Dictionary contains no entries under C, Q, V and X because none are found in A. R. Horne's Pennsylvania German Dictionary, the statement would be correct, for to our utter amazement we find this Dictionary is lifted out of that well-known book, A. R. Horne's Pennsylvania German Manual, that once so useful, but long ago outdated book, first published in 1875. Horne's efforts bore at least the signs of honest workmanship and integrity. He tried to denote vowel lengths and in many instances he shed light upon words by denoting their German origin, but here we have the mere words bared of these useful accessories. So for example we find **har** for to hear, but also **har** for mister, Lord, whereas Horne was at pains to show that the second **har** had a short vowel. Even typographical errors in Horne are retained, as for example when **har** was rendered with 'her,' when it should have been 'here,' as in **Kumm har.**

The Dictionary occupies only 69 pages of this curious booklet. It is followed by an "Historical Review of The Pennsylvania Dutch and an account of Their Way of Life, Culture, Arts, Religion and Their Contribution to Democracy." This much-promising review is divided into the following short chapters: The Pennsylvania Dutch Loved Their Adopted Country (why in the past tense?); Pennsylvania-German Land (the Dutch now live on Pennsylvania German land!); Their Way of Life. These short chapters present a conglomerate of facts and fancies gathered here and yon, without recognition of sources, ill digested and incoherently presented. Old errors are perpetuated and new ones committed. It is startling to read about the Schwenkfelders who "under Casper Schwenkfeld Von Ossing entered the wilderness in Upper Montgomery." Now poor Casper never saw the New World. He died in 1561 more than 120 years before Pastorius founded Germantown, Pennsylvania.

But still stranger experience awaits the reader. On p. 97 one comes upon a heading "A. R. Horne, A.M., D.D.," and under it the touching phrase "It is with respect and admiration we can give the biography of Rev. Horne. . . ." Now surely has come the great moment when the sore conscience will undergo a longed-for katharsis and render its tribute to whom tribute is due, but alas! It is only the Rev. A. R. Horne's obituary as it appeared in the Allentown Item for Feb. 3, 1902.

And now on p. 101 it is announced that the Rev. Clarence R. Rahn of Temple, Berks County, Pa., has written the following introduction to this volume. Why this introduction appears as a tail-piece, thus achieving an unprecendented and unenviable distinction in the long annals of book-printing, we do not know. Perhaps in this tail-piece introduction we may finally expect to find a statement acknowledging the sources of this Dictionary and a belated tribute to the lexicographer. However, on p. 102 we only read: "This is not the first dictionary of this kind, and it will doubtless not be the last. It is, however, a sincere attempt to make a real contribution to the study and appreciation of the dialect." Concerning the last statement we can only believe that the widely respected Rev. Mr. Rahn was totally unaware of the relation of his introduction to this publication.

Indeed the publishing of Horne's Pennsylvania German Dictionary in this form is an act little short of mayhem committed upon our dialect, the worst since Howard Schnader's "Glossary of 6167 English Words and Expressions and their Berks County Pennsylvania Dutch Equivalents," 1948.

* * *

The Bulletin of the Historical Society of Montgomery County, Pa., for October, 1948, contains the first installment of a valuable article on "The Charcoal Industry in the Perkiomen Valley," to be concluded in a second installment in the April number, 1949. It is the result of extensive research on the part of Alfred Gemmell, Instructor in History, Muhlenberg College. This work presents a well-documented factual study of the charcoal era of iron manufacture in the Perkiomen Valley. The author has had access to contemporary notebooks and business accounts. The work therefore appeals not only to industrialists and iron workers out all others who are interested in the social and economic life attending this pioneer industry. It is planned to publish the complete work in a paper-bound book of 150 pages, including some illustrations. It can be ordered from Mr. Alfred Gemmell, 214 N. St. George St., Allentown, Pa.

* * *

Among beautiful calendars for 1949 which have featured Pennsylvania German items and episodes we note the following:

Pretentious in conception and most beautiful in execution is the calendar entitled "Leadership along the Liberty Trail," published by the Lebanon Steel Foundry and inspired by its enthusiastic President, Mr. William H. Worrilow. In explanation of the title we quote: "North and West from Philadelphia runs an old Indian trail over which the early pioneers made their way in search of land and freedom. . . . Up from the trail rose the rugged sons and daughters of the pioneers, some still in homespun and buckskin, some in brocade and well-powdered wigs, but all with the stern determination to fight for those inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The art work of Florence Starr Taylor deserves the highest praise. Striking scenes (with inserted portrait vignettes) are: Molly Pitcher at the Battle of Monmouth; Peter Muhlenberg stepping from his pulpit in Continental uniform; Dr. Bodo Otto, Senior Surgeon of the Continental Hospitals, active in the thick of battle; Jacob Albright, founder of the Evangelical Church in America, carrying the gospel to the settlers on the fringes of the wilderness; Conrad Weiser among the Indians; Countess Benigna Zinendorf, opening up her home in Germantown and serving as school mistress to the girls of the community; Baron Stiegel at his glass works in Manheim.

Commendable is the "Pennsylvanisch Deitsch Kalenner" gotten out by the Art and Printing Department of the Lebanon High School under the direction of Julia Wierman and Arthur Warfel, consisting of gay and folksy block prints illustrative of life among the plain people.

The College Book Store of State College has again published a very beautiful calendar under the Editorship of Homer V. and Ethel K. Roberts, with a series of fine photographs by Robert S. Beese, Pennsylvania State College, Henry Kauffman, Millersville State Teachers College, and George F. Johnson, Pennsylvania State College. Carefully chosen Pennsylvania landscapes, farm life, and architecture, with photography of the highest order, will warm the hearts of all lovers of Pennsylvania. —P.A.B.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

A star looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do?"
Hardy

Loss of a Fine Citizen

The untimely passing yesterday of Captain Edward J. Quinn is a serious loss to the community in which for the past thirty years he has been a leader in so many of its useful philanthropic, social and patriotic activities.

It was almost immediately after his return from World War 1 that his intelligence, vigor and public spirit came to be recognized in veterans' organizations and their public activities. Speedily the charming personality of the young man, plus his willingness to work heartily with others or even to take the leadership of important enterprises produced the inevitable result — call to public duties of the widest range.

So for three decades he was conspicuous in and helpful to so many public activities as almost to defy counting and to baffle attempts at recounting.

In these activities he gained and held many friends who deeply mourn his death and who will sorely miss him in the work in which they had cooperated for so many years.

19th Ward Helped Itself

That vigorous young civic organization, the Mountainville Memorial Association, next week will close another era in its swift and eventful five years of existence for at a big dinner party the mortgage which had been given on its property is to be burned, signifying that the institution is debt-free and that it is ready to go on to bigger things.

The people of the City's newest Ward are a progressive group. They wished to have a large park and adequate playgrounds and recreational facilities for all their people. They strove long and earnestly with the representatives of a pretty well "strapped" City government and were able to get little more than well-wishes and promises as to future action.

That future seemed so far off and needs were so immediate that these people resolved to help themselves instead of waiting a long time for the City to help them. They formed an organization of the most public-spirited citizens in their community. Men and women, as individual groups and as an united body, launched money-making programs. They accumulated funds and bought sixty acres of desirable land in the heart of their territory.

They had to borrow some money to carry out their enterprise but debt was an incentive to even greater endeavor. Inasmuch as they immediately made their enterprise useful to their people and found that it was being highly appreciated, their endeavors received growing support and cooperation.

So next week the last evidences of debt will go up in smoke and out of the fire undoubtedly will rise even warmer determination on the part of the people of that community to develop an outstanding unit of public recreation. They have the land for wide and extensive enterprise. Most of all, they have the spirit of youth and all its enthusiasm which will prompt them to the further development of that land.

City Manager Bill Inept

For more than thirty years there has been sporadic agitation thruout Pennsylvania for legislation permitting third-class cities to choose city managers, a privilege already accorded to boros and widely availed of with general success by these smaller political subdivisions.

The Legislature, now in session, has such a bill before it and it is expected will debate it during next week with results entirely uncertain.

The proposed bill would enable third-class cities to set up the city manager form of government without upsetting the present code which governs all of them and it has been presented by Senators George B. Stevenson and Charles R. Mallery. It proposes that third-class cities, by enactment of an ordinance, will be permitted to hire a city manager for a two-year term and that the mayor and members of city councils will be permitted to contribute to the salary of such manager who will be relieving them of some of their work and responsibilities.

The bill falls far short of being as acceptable as a measure that was proposed, but killed, in 1947 and in which it was proposed that the decision whether or not to have a city manager be left to a public referendum.

One questions whether councilmanic bodies in any city would vote away their powers to a single individual and contribute part of their salaries to make up the salary of a city manager, no matter if the finest businessman and most highly trained and experienced person in this field of public affairs were procurable for the job.

If there be any large public demand in any third-class city throughout the State for the application of the city-manager system to its public business, it should immediately be voiced in demand that the bill be amended and the matter be left to the vote of the people, not to the members of a city council.

The bill which now is ready for Senate debate has too large a loop-hole through which city fathers can creep if the people wish the system and councilmen do not wish to lose power. As to turning over part of their own salaries or reducing them, that is a situation so remote and unlikely as to constitute a joker in the bill.

If a city manager system is permitted and if cities adopt it, then it will be worth any city's while to pay a large salary to a capable man for if the experience of virtually all other communities be duplicated, he will be well worth his salt.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Well, maybe, as the Brookings institution's economist says, it's only a "burp" and not a bellyache, and that nursery language describes the present economic situation, but there can be no doubt that business men have been worried about the outlook and that layoffs of workers are proceeding.

While A. D. H. Kaplan testified before the Joint Economic committee that the economic system had been taking milk too fast and just had to let up for a bit, there have also been some comments put into the record by other economists who think of the present period as one of serious readjustment.

Members of Congress are unquestionably puzzled by the reports of a rise in unemployment, and they are wary lest any mood of pessimism be developed which would retard economic operations that should not be in the least influenced by the changes that are going on.

The truth is that nobody can have an accurate over-all picture of anything so large as a $225,000,000,000 economy. There are no charts by which to steer except, of course, the laws of supply and demand and the rules against over-expansion and miscalculation of demand.

Business men generally cannot make long-range plans primarily because they do not know what the government is going to do. The doctrine of government intervention has been preached on the campaign stump to such an extent that most people believe that the government can support their pay levels and that, if they are unemployed, the government can take care of them indefinitely.

At the moment checks for unemployment compensation are being sent out by federal and state agencies at an unprecedented rate for the post-war period. But this in itself need not be significant. Any readjustment of our national economy means temporary unemployment until the workers laid off can be employed again in some other line or in other companies in the same line.

The main reason why business forecasting has been difficult since V-J Day is that the economic curves of the past are not sufficient to form a pattern. What the government does changes the normal behavior of business trends. Thus, at the beginning of 1946 and 1947, respectively, there were statements made by economists warning that the first six months of the ensuing year would be good but the last six months wouldn't be. Yet 1946 turned out to be a good year, and so did 1947 and 1948.

Now the economists were right insofar as the facts available to them were concerned. They could not know in advance what artificial steps would be taken by government to keep business booming. In May 1947 the Marshall plan was born and armament on a vast scale became a reality. By the end of the year the government had pledged itself to spend nearly $20,000,000,000 on international aid and defense.

Any such stimulus to the economic situation can be best understood when it is realized that in all the depression years, from 1930 to 1940, the government invested $23,000,000,000 over and above receipts from taxes to promote recovery thru WPA and other government projects. When $20,000,000,000 a year is poured into the economic pump, something more than a simple priming has been accomplished.

Today the money being appropriated for armament and for international aid is enough to keep the present economic situation moving along without serious change. the danger of deflation lies in any sudden contraction of those items. Sooner or later the spending must cease and something more productive — private spending—must be put in its place. But for the next year there seems little prospect of such a change.

Supply is catching up with demand in many commodities, but there are lots of projects which have been laid aside because of a fear of Truman administration policies. This is related to the plan to impose higher taxes on corporations and to penalize incentive among individuals. There is a possibility that a tax rise could actually result in smaller receipts, especially if business contracts.

Fear of work stoppage and strikes halts plans for construction. This is related to the kind of labor-management law that is enacted.

If business really starts downhill, the government may release some of the controls such as were imposed recently on installment buying. Further expenditures for public works might be undertaken. The government has power to soften the blow of a recession but it must consider also whether in the long run it may be producing another inflation which might cause a major depression four or five years later. The government holds the answer to what the economic trend will be for this year and other years to come.

It is an unsound situation, but realism requires that the use of artificial factors in a managed economy be appraised in any attempt to gauge the future.

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Today's Text

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

Proverbs 19:19-29.

Verse 19 warns us against the man who is subject to violent fits of temper. Some one, in referring to a person as very temperamental, added that it was a case of ninety per cent temper and ten per cent 'mental'. Read Prov. 22: 24. The man who is willing to take advice is likely to be successful. Only a fool rejects good counsel. Divine wisdom, v.21, is better than human inventions, and happy is the man who is willing to be guided by God's Word. Therefore the fear of the Lord tends to life, v.23, for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Verse 24 seems to be an extreme case of pure laziness, which can be a besetting sin of many, who would, for example, prepare to have the government support them, rather than to work. It was a rather unkind statement I heard years ago, that everybody is as lazy as he can afford to be. We hope not. According to v.26, one who does not consider his parents in time of need and old age is a shame. There are many siren voices calling us away from the truth. We are not to pay heed to them, v.27.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 19, 1924, a Tuesday.

An all Quota meeting was held in the Hotel Allen by Allentown's business and professional women who make up the Quota club. Cora E. J. Balliet, owner of the Lindenmuth Photography studio, was chairman and speaker. Musical entertainment was furnished by two members of the club, Mildred and Elloda Kemmerer.

David A. Miller, member of the school board and publisher of The Morning Call, wrote to his newspaper colleagues and his many other local friends on his experiences and observations in New Mexico where he was spending the winter.

The Roosevelt Jr. Social and Beneficial club, 526 Hamilton St., reorganized by electing the following officers: E. E. Hoover, president; Joseph Lentz, treasurer; J. M. McCormick, secretary, and Joseph Lentz, steward. Trustees were L. E. Kocher, Angelo Guarente and Stephen Robe.

Horoscope

It will be wise to stick to the plans you made previously right now. Good fortune and happiness are prognosticated for you in the year just starting. If today's child should be or seem to be somewhat careless in money matters, strive to correct such a fault early.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON MICE UN ROTTA:

Won sei lebdawg ebbes uf da ard wor fer menscha peinicha shlimmer wie tox kollector un bicher agents, don sins mice un rotta. 'S mocht nix ous woh 'n mensch onna gait, odder woh os er maint os er fersicher'd wear fon sel'm ungatziffer, 's nagshd os er wase kumt aryads 'n rot odder 'n mous bei, un die g'shpass fong'd aw. Now der Milt Zimmerman fon Werleys Korner, so wohl wie aw der George Bear fon drunna in Jersey, -sellie tzwae dada aenichie tzeit liever darrich 'n siva foos dickie bocka shtae wond shpringa os wie on ra mous odder rot ferbei gae. Un denk won die socha ferleicht recht rous kaimta gangds da Cora Keener fon Neffs, woh 'n shtand hut im Fair Grund Bauerra marrick, net fiela besser.

'S wor heit tzwae wocha tzurick os sie so'n olmechdichie tzeit kotta hen darta im marrich hous wie die Cora ous g'funna hut os 'n rot ihra hamet-unnich ihra marrick shtand gamocht hut. Oy duh welt wos is die Cora net aw gonga. Sie hut ols numma gawinsch'd ihra Dan wear dabei mit ains fon seina flinta woh er tzailt fer mit nunner noch St. Petersbarrick Florida nemma, fer marrick sheesa. Sie is shure won er die rot dreffa het kenna, os er aenich ebbes un allas dreffa kent os fer 'n kumt dart unna drous im lond fon sunna shein un shaina maid.

Die Cora hut ihra beshdes gabroviert fer da kustomers ob worta, ow'r hut allas mohl 'n jig'gadonst won sie die rot erblick'd hut unnich 'm shtand. Der Weldon Koser hut sich endlich erbarm'd un is hee fer helfa die rot dote shloga. So wies ow'r sheind, hut die rot gamoodmos'd os sie lava ferlierra maich'd, un hut tzu flucht g'such'd beim butcher John Staub uf da onner side worta, ow'r hut alla mohl 'n 'm gonk fon da Cora irh 'm shtand. Eb sie ow'r recht driwwa wor, hut dit rot ous g'funna os 'm John aw net tzu draua is, un is widder tzurick tzu da Cora.

Sis ols noch net hous waeich wem os die Cora 's arrickshd gagrisha hut-waeich da rot, odder 'm Weldon won er ols unnich der shtand gagrodd'ld is fer die rot rous shtarra. Die Cora het such uf kours aw wenich weiter weck shtella kenna. Aenicha waig, mit harder mee un noch 'n lot mainer yohlerrel, hut der Weldon die rot endlich grick'd, un die Cora hut widder besser g'field.

Now so weit os mice aw gain, won aenich ebber in Fogelsville mohl 'n mous fonga sot mit ous tzaea, sellie kairt 'm Clintie Hoffman-'m shtoremon Heilman sei wusslicher klerrich. Shun fer 'n weil hut 'm Clintie sei fraw die Lena 'n noshion kot, 's wear 'n mous in da kich, un hen 'n fol shteld.

'S wor ebbes fon ra shlock fol uns hut gore ken lang ganumma bis sie 'n heftichie yocht k'hoert hen unnich 'm kicha offa-un woh drunna uf 'm budda shtaid, mit yusht wenich uf so hinna har. 'S wor leicht tzu hoerra woh die mous wor, un die weil os sie der offa net laenich handla hen kenna, hens Clinties' die gons nochberschoft ei galawda fer kumma helfa der offa rum shtella fer die mous drunner rous griega.

In da mice party wor der shpangler Ramie Acker, der Donald Kistler, un der Paul Danner un sei fraw die Charlotte. 'S airsht hen sies rohr runner nemma missa, un noh ol rum halt aw g'shloga fer der offa rum shtella. Un wos denka n'r os sie endlich g'funna hen? Die mous fol mit nix drin os wie die tzaea fon da mous-die mous selwar wor na darrich gonga.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

'M blummamon Ralph "Jim" Harwic sei fraw die Florence fon Freidens kon alla weil noch net driwwer kumma wos fer shtraich os der "Jim" da onner dawg gamocht hut wie sie 'n nochs Deichmans shtore g'shick'd hut fer "Tooth paste" hola.

Wos hut der "Jim" noh kot wie er hame kumma is, os wie 'n box "tooth picks," odder wie m'r ols sawga on da Grundsow Lodges, "tzae blicker."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If Shakespeare were alive today he would be very happy.

Shakespeare, as you know, was a specialist in the art of making plays out of murder.

No matter what the reason for which a murder could be committed, he'd make a play out of it.

Love, hatred, jealousy, greed —anything at all for a murder!

There was one thing, though, that could not be made a murder-reason in Shakespeare's time.

That was Comic Books.

* * *

It's different now.

In several communities officials have stated; and they have stated it with straight faces, that the reading of comic books causes kids to commit murder.

So they ask for ordinances making comic books the subject of town-censorship at so many thousand dollars a year per censor.

I am not discussing the merit or demerit of comic books.

But can't you imagine Shakespeare with that kind of material?

What a five-act play he could write, in which all the comicbook characters come to life and in which a seven-year-old-boy murders his father's mother-in-law, because she wouldn't give him that cookie he asked her for.

I can suggest a darn good title for that play:

"Bats in the Belfry."

Incidentally, speaking about comics:

In one of the comic strips the other day a father found a mirror his little girl had left in the living room.

He looked at it. He almost fainted. He looked so old and cranky and drawn.

Right there and then he decided to lead an entirely different life, to eat less, to worry less, to be kind to everybody.

It was a "magic mirror" that enabled everybody who looked into it to see himself as he would be in years to come.

Only a comic strip.

But might it not be a good idea, if we all kept a magic mirror at least in our minds?

Might it not be a good idea if, before we do something foolish, something that may hurt us or someone else, we looked into that "magic mirror" of ours?

Take me, for instance.

If I had used that little magic mirror I would have eased off five years ago and I would not have had my heart attack. I would have done a little less work, slept a few hours more, and, above all, I wouldn't have worried so much about completely inconsequential things.

Where can you get one of those "magic mirrors"?

You've got one right in your head. Only it's not usually called "magic mirror?" It's called "Common Sense".

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUESTIONS FOR A NARROW MIND

If your dwelling were on fire,
Would you bother to inquire
What the creed of those who came
To put out the searing flame?

If your little one were ill,
Would you ask for more than skill
From the surgeon at the bed?
Would you care what creed he said?

You're in business! At your shop,
Do your customers you stop
With this query: "Ere you buy,
Do you think the same as I?"

Run your list of friendships through,
Knowing all they mean to you,
And though differ as you may,
Is there one you'd throw away?

(Copyright 1949)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The real story is that it took two infuriated labor chiefs a year and a half to needle the icy State dept. into becoming publicly annoyed over reports that every man, and woman and child in the Soviet labor camp dies within eight years and new slave workers must be poured in as replacements.

It took almost two years of constant inside pressure in Washington and visits with the president.

Now finally the aloof State dept. has been moved into protesting what in the past seemed to it to be such minor details as an admission by the official Russian "Irkutsk Pravda" that 5,000,000 men were at penal labor in Siberia alone.

Late last summer the labor men wanted to put Russia publicly on trial in Geneva. The AFL had available some 14,000 affidavits of the people now living on borrowed time — those who had escaped from the 60 or so Russian slave labor camps.

The AFL vice-presidents — those bantams with heavyweight political punches, David Dubinsky and Matthew Woll — wanted to bring right into the U. N. social council these living skeletons, the men who had escaped from the slave camps and who were within easy reach of Switzerland.

Then the world could have heard those walking dead speak. The world would not have had to glean its facts from dull, legalistic affidavits. But the State dept. said no.

Our foreign affairs officials were still appeasing — even while Dubinsky and Woll's colorful experts reported the spread of Russia's slave labor practices daily westward into Iron-curtained Europe itself. Here are some of the things the AFL men were telling the State department.

A tleast 4,000,000 men were thrown into Bulgarian labor brigades by the Russian Army to build dams, roads, barracks and railways. Some were political prisoners. Because there weren't enough of these, the Soviets "drafted" college students right out of their classes and civil service people right off their jobs.

Horror hung low over even such minor offenses as being absent or 20 minutes late. Penalty for such labor "crimes" in Esthonia ranges up to six months at hard labor in some camps. Youngsters are subject to the same criminal code.

Just enough food was given labor camp inmates to keep them alive for a while — but not to produce children. And so while groups of people, such as the Sudeten population of Czechoslovakia, were being exterminated.

Scores of new Czech forced labor camps were being set up — and the first to be thrown in were leaders of that pathetic nation's democratic parties, newspapers and unions.

The west's military security was being threatened by such camps because they, in recent years, had become the center of military highway construction gangs and armament crews.

Recently large numbers of Poles, caught up in the purging of their country's political machinery, had been thrown into special labor camps.

Any Hungarian worker who strikes, or calls for a strike or is in any way involved in a work stoppage automatically is subject to five years at hard labor. He is tried by a "Labor Court", which must pass sentence, without appeal, within 72 hours after the "prisoner" hits the docket.

A lavish modern palace, the new headquarters of the Yugoslavian Communist party's central committee, was built by thousands of especially drafted "unpaid" workers.

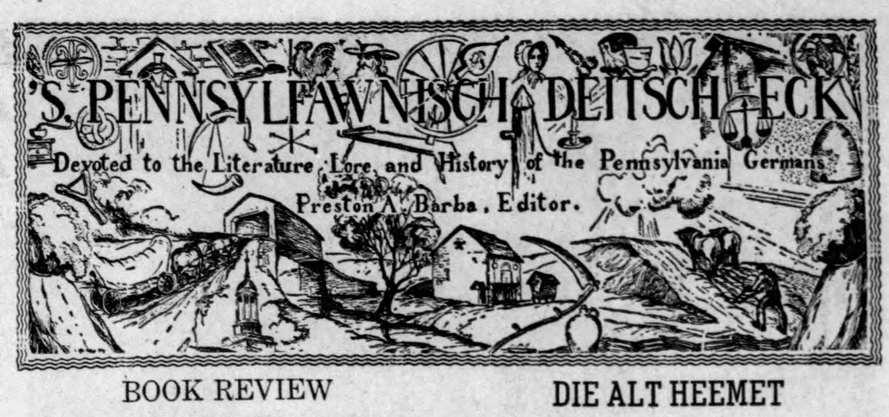
Women most certainly are not exempt from forced labor. A May 1946 Czech law provided that any women from 15 to 55 could be drafted for farm work. And they have been. By the thousands.

And the State Department was silent. But still the AFL International Labor Relations committee, led by Dubinsky and Woll, slipped its investigators behind the Iron Curtain in search of further hidden information. And they got it. With it they continued to needle U. N. Secretary Trygve Lie, the disdainful British and the very cool U. S. State Department.

Finally, the other day, the State Department became horrified at slave labor and asked the U. N. to investigate. For many in the camps beyond the lead curtain the horror came too late.

But the labor people have just begun to fight for that U.N. investigation, the vetoing Russians will soon discover.

(Copyright 1949)



BOOK REVIEW

PENNSYLVANIA FOLK ART. An Interpretation by John Joseph Stoudt. Over 400 Illustrations Including an Account of the Art of Ephrata.—Schlechter's, Publishers for the Pennsylvania Germans since 1810. Allentown, Pa. 403 pp.—$7.50.

Among the beautiful books issued in 1948 this colorfully printed and beautifully illustrated interpretation of the folk art of the Pennsylvania Dutch will easily maintain itself. The book is many things. It is first and foremost a brilliant interpretation of the religious and distinctly spiritual concepts which lie back of the form and use of this symbolic art. It is at the same time a fine commentary on the religious development in colonial Pennsylvania. From a purely artistic viewpoint the 270 enamel pages of this book set out an amazingly comprehensive analysis of practically all the forms in which these folk artists worked, from samplers to Saur printing and from trivets to tomb-stones.

The book is called a second edition since, in the main, the author has maintained his thesis previously set forth in his CONSIDER THE LILIES HOW THEY GROW, which appeared in 1937 as volume two of the publications of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society. Dr. Stoudt has simplified his outline and organized his religious and philosophical material in briefer and more concise fashion so that the average intelligent lay reader should not flounder over references to Boehme and Kelpius. In his abbreviation of about 100 pages the author has been forced to omit salient materials. Furthermore he has been able to include frequent references to material which has appeared in the decade since the LILIES first appeared. Dr. Stoudt has also changed his method of annotation. In his previous work he gave 22 pages to annotations and comments. In this edition his scholarly apparatus is entirely confined to the footnotes appearing on each page and there are 249 of these on the first 127 pages of the main body of the text. While for the average reader this edition will prove the more delightful because the enamel pages of illustrations have been more than trebled, the careful student and scholar will still need both volumes.

Dr. Stoudt's main thesis is that the Pennsylvania Dutch folk art of Eastern Pennsylvania is basically spiritual in concept. He concludes that the motifs and designs used by these artists, at both professional and amateur levels, are non-representational expressions of traditional Christian imagery. The style or mode of expression in this art is characteristic of and indigenous to the religious groups of Eastern Pennsylvania and is an honest and sincere expression of that culture which produced it.

Throughout his text the author admits that many moderns who are completely charmed by this folk art, and even artists who use it, may be entirely unfamiliar with its true meaning. It is quite possible that this may have been true of many persons of the earlier generations who learned to write and draw in the schools where these styles were taught. A thorough understanding of the meaning of these symbols does not follow from their prevalence in all the forms of calligraphy, painting and household arts. It appears to be quite certain that the lad who painted an early valentine in my collection in the typical ground colors of his day wished his Valentine to understand something more than religious symbolism about that bright red heart in the center.

However, the author is attempting a rational and historical explanation of the derivation and original use of these designs and has done this very well. Dr. Stoudt was able to spend much time in Europe and studied the religious and artistic backgrounds of the peoples who settled Eastern Pennsylvania. Here his historical and artistic interpretation is exhaustive and impeccable. The author barely mentioned the possible oriental influences on this art form. He recognizes certain Arab designs with close similarity but gives no meaning to them. He likewise does not develop the old religious symbol of the swastika which in so many forms and for many peoples symbolized the deity. Many of the more mathematical symbols of the Pennsylvania Dutch appear to be quite similar to the swastika or a cross in motion. Perhaps it is only fair to the author to state that he is primarily concerned with the use and meaning of these modes of expression among the early inhabitants here, and not in their more remote origins.

Neither does Dr. Stoudt quite fully appreciate prevalence of superstitions among the Pennsylvania German folk. He is entirely correct in stating that these expressions of their art at their inception were not in the least superstitious but profoundly religious. They were non-representative and non-naturalistic and rarely true to nature. The original artist intended to portray what he meant or felt rather than what he saw. In this sense the Pennsylvania Dutch artists were among the first of the modern conceptualists. However, these thousands of immigrants were of different cultural levels and many of them lived a very simple life close to the soil. Their art as well as their religion itself was a very practical matter. From their European ancestors they inherited many forms of medieval credulity and superstition, the traces of which may still be found in these parts. It is inconceivable that the art forms of a people of such background could escape the contamination of association with superstition. Dr. Stoudt is entirely correct in his assertions that many popular writers have grossly wronged the Pennsylvania Dutch in magnifying this association far beyond the facts in the case.

The early church schools played a large part in perpetuating the particular styles and forms found in specific areas of this region. Almost everyone at some time in life worked with this rich symbolism. Children made crude drawings, men painted barns and furniture, and women found endless opportunities to ornament their household utensils. One of the most commendable characteristics of this whole art movement was its almost universal participation. This also accounts for many crude expressions of it. But these expressions were invariably genuine and in the spirit of the folk. What monstrous modern creations have been perpetrated on the current Pennsylvania Dutch trade in the name of genuine crudity!

Near the close of his text Dr. Stoudt reiterates his theme and explains that the Pennsylvania Dutch folk art receives its meaning from the literary tradition which accompanies it. Then he goes on in his typical scientific and empirical fashion to produce the evidence. Regardless of the dim origins of the basic designs themselves there is left no doubt at all about the real meaning of these designs when they were used by the Pennsylvania Dutch. Here are quotations from the Bible and the early German hymnals which are simply incontrovertible proof of the author's thesis. This is the real reason for the second part of this book. From the most fascinating account of the Ephrata Cloister to the moons and tulips on tombstones these illustrations have been chosen to show the constantly prevailing symbolism about which this book is written. One may only say here that the section also serves as an excellent index to the whole field of the Pennsylvania Dutch arts and crafts and alone is well worth the price of the book.

To be true to his trust, and in this case to a very close friend, a reviewer must also call attention to errors and matters of doubt. It is a great pity that a book so beautifully printed and bound in the bright linen and colorful format of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society should be marred by so many typographical errors, e. g. three errors in dates in four line on p. 69. Trivet is consistently misspelled 'trivit.' Apparently the printer has mixed two fonts of italic type for in many words printed in italics the vowels are out of alignment. The underlines for the two cuts on p. 315 have inadvertently been exchanged. There is a question whether one should begin a sentence with a numeral suth as 15. At times the author uses an English spelling of a word such as "colour." He has a penchant for phrases of foreign derivation and he rarely explains them. Occasionally he allows his knowledge of German style to reflect itself in interminable sentences like the one of 16 lines on p. XVII. The Ephrata wall ornaments in **fractura** have been preserved and are now restored to the Cloister. White it is a bit unusual to find a crucifix in **fractura** work they do exist. There is a fine crucifixion scene in the Henry S. Borneman collection and I have seen Roman Catholic symbolism in complete manuscript books of prayers done in this style, probably executed in Europe.

Perhaps the best evidence of the basic contention of the author of this book, that the theme of all of life for the true Pennsylvania Dutch folk was religious, is the fact that Eastern Pennsylvania today is not only conscious of these folk arts but is also known as one of the most religious areas of our land. Many another reader will also rejoice, as he reads this book, that he is one of the Pennsylvania Dutch and that he still lives among them.

Albright College
Reading, Pa. —RAYMOND W. ALBRIGHT

DIE ALT HEEMET

'S iss en Blatz in der Oley Valley,
En Blatz, wu ich daet gleiche zu sei;
En Blatz, wu ich mol deheem waar,
Awwer nau geht en annerer aus un ei.

Datt schteht des Haus un die Scheier—
Sie schtehe so schtrack un so fei;
Ich daet gleiche do nei zu gucke,
Awwer nau geht en Fremmer aus un ei.

Der alt Eechebaam schteht im Baschdert,
Datt schteht er schunn viel hunnert Yohr;
Un wann der alt Baam er kennt schwetze,
Kennt verzaehle viel Sach wunnerbaar.

Die Grick die laaft darrich der Haushof,
Graad wie sie hot immer geduh;
Die 'minnies' die schwimme im Wasser—
Ach, ich wott ich waer widder en Bu.

Ich daet gleiche im Wasser zu baade
Un uff die Eechebaem graddele hoch;
Des Haus un die Scheier zu bsuche,
Awwer nau schteht en Fremmer im Hof.

Ach, guck ich an die lieblich alt Heemet,
Wu ich nau dann un wann verbei geh,
Dann denk ich wie alles emol waar,
Un es grickt mei alt Haerz es Heemweh!

1948 DANIEL K. HOCH.

A Canadian in Search of His Ancestors

The following verses were written by the octogenarian, Orpheus Moyer Schantz, born in Canada in 1864, but now of Red Bank, New Jersey, after visiting for the first time last October the original abode of his ancestry in Perkasie and vicinity. His chain of ancestry gives him clear title to membership in the great Pennsylvania German brotherhood. He informs us that he goes back to Bucks and Montgomery Counties for his ancestry: Jacob Schantz, born about 1737, died 1781, and Christian Moyer (Meyer) born about 1705, died about 1787. He is of the fifth generation as a Schantz and of the seventh generation as a Moyer. He also writes, "in 1930 the Second Schantz Reunion was held in Waterloo, Ontario, at which there were about 4,000 in attendance, mostly Canadians. I was the historian of the reunion. My maternal grandmother was Lydia Kolb, born in Pennsylvania, and my maternal grandmother was Mary Gross Nash, born in Pennsylvania. In both lines of my ancestry they went to Canada about 1800." His verses follow:

IN PERKASIE

(October 17, 1948)

I've lately been to Perkasie
In nearby Pennsylvania
To learn more of my family tree,
Which always has attracted me.
'Twas there my forbears lived, you see.

I've found that in old Perkasie
Moyers increased amazingly
And other names unknown to me
Were tangled in my ancestry.
I scanned a 'phone book gleefully.

Dining in Watts' refectory
I found the 'phone directory
In which the Moyer progeny
Two solid pages occupied
With other "freundschaft" names inside.

Bechtel, Bergey, Bowman, Brubacher,
Schneider, Steckel, Snider, Shoemaker,
Clemens, Cressman, Cassel, Bingeman,
Moyer, Martin, Weaver, Musselman,
Sherk, Erb, Eby, Fry, Schantz, Eshelman.

Betzner, Wismer, Kolb, Nash, Detwiler,
Bricker, Biehn, Kinsey, Gross, Hunsicker,
Cornell, Preston, Witmer, Ziegler, Groh,
Gingerich, Wissler, Hagey, Herner, Stroh,
Hallman, Hershy, Hoover, Rosenberger,
Reiff, Shupe, Albright, Funk, Hunsberger.

One hundred twenty years ago,
Some "horsebacked" to Ontario,
They settled in the maple bush
Where all around was green and lush,
Then British subjects they became.

Now almost for two hundred years,
These high grade people have retained
Their language, customs little changed.
Perkasie and Ontario
An influence fine, where 'er you go.

ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

Mr. Schantz is a naturalist and lecturer. Despite his Canadian birth and upbringing, he has retained an attachment to the dialect of his Pennsylvania German ancestors. The following dialect verses which appeared in the "Perkiomen Region," April, 1935, bear ample testimony:

ICH GEH FISCHE

Drunne am Krick, wu die suckers beisse,
Wu die Schillgrott sitzt uff e Schtee;
Wu der Schwarzvoggel singt im Linnebaam,
Do will ich nochemol geh.

Baarfiessich, kee Rock, yuscht Hosse un Hemm,
Es druwwelt mich net wu ich bin;
Loss mich yuscht fische den ganse Daag lang,
Un ich hab es Heem net im Sinn.

Chubs un shiners hot's viel, die sin all glee,
Un blackbass graad unner de Brick;
Un wann ich mied bin, kann ich schwimme geh
Im diefe Loch drowwe am Krick.

Guck gschwind, graad dart vorne, do kummt e Forell,
Kannscht sehne wie rot er seht aus;
Geh acht, du varschreckscht ihn—er seht dich!
Hock dich hie so schtill wie e Maus.

Im ganse Summer kummt kee so fein Zeit,
Als Friehyohr mit Blumme un Graas;
Die Zeit wu ich glee waar kumt nimmi zerick,
Yetz sitz ich un denk draa im Haus.

—ORPHEUS MOYER SCHANTZ

(The above came to the Editor by courtesy of Mr. Nelson H. Berkey, Towanda, Pa.)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away." —*Sill.*

The Lid's Off Skilo

The lid has been blown off the skilo pot in this city and it will remain off unless the operators of the business that is clearly illegal, but has been tolerated by reason of its popularity and for social reasons, see the light of reason and cease being obnoxious to the local law enforcement authorities.

The play of skilo—bingo's successor and the same thing with an alias — has been extensive in this city. Prosecutions some years ago of operators of the game and subsequent developments indicated that an astonishingly large number of people wish to enjoy this type of gaming, that for many it is virtually their only pastime and that there is tremendous public pressure to permit the operation of the game.

As operators of an amusement enterprise, the local amusement tax was imposed upon the establishments but at the same time there was fair warning that play should be modest or the establishments would have to shut down.

But gambling in any form is a hungry vulture. It is not long satisfied with lean pickings. And where there is competition in the field, operators begin to extend themselves.

So there have been reports in recent months that some of the games were getting out of hand; that prizes were becoming larger and larger and that the price of cards for the play were being raised above the figure which it was distinctly understood would be a reasonable limit.

In the competitive war to attract more business, local and foreign, the operators have overreached themselves. They were given a finger and they and they have sought to take a hand. So if a lot of people be deprived of their favorite pastime they will have to blame it upon the money-hungry operators who have been taking advantage of a good thing.

Another "Purge" by Reds

Trial of fifteen Protestant clergymen is in progress in Bulgaria altho it would appear unnecessary for the Communist authorities to accord even the semblance of courtesy by a formal hearing inasmuch as it is a foregone conclusion that all will be found guilty.

The probability is that all or most of them will make complete confessions as to anything and everything that their prosecutors wish them to say, for that has been the pattern of all trials in the Communist countries since the famous Moscow "purge" cases a few years back.

Already two of the fifteen clergymen are reported to have confessed the crimes of treason, black market operations and spying for the United States and Great Britain. One of them went even farther and appealed to the others to turn from their wicked ways and receive reeducation from the "state security people",—the police, in other words.

It is all a lot of despicable business that is calculated by the Communists to destroy the faith of the Bulgarian people not so much in the clergymen on trial as in the Church and in religion. It is a step to discredit all religion and supply the alternative, the atheism which Communism fosters.

But little or nothing can be done about it. It is an internal affair for Bulgaria and Bulgarians and while outsiders can protest and express adverse opinion, the result is more than likely to intensify the purge of the clerics and the crippling or destruction of all religious institutions. The mania for the elimination of man's highest instinct may have to run its course in the countries under the iron heel of Communism. But the blood of martyrs in our day, like the blood of Abel, will "cry from the ground" and will eventually be heard.

The War of Words

Charles W. Thayer, director of international broadcasts for the State Department's Division of Information and Cultural Affairs, feels reasonably sure after a three months' survey trip through Europe that "The Voice of America" is being listened to on both sides of the "Iron Curtain." Mr. Thayer makes no exaggerated claims as to the effectiveness of the broadcasts, or even as to the number of listeners. What is known is that there are 10,000,000 radio sets in the countries to which the State Department's broadcasts are beamed, that broadcasts which touch sensitive nerves bring quick official reactions, that some countries (such as Soviet Russia) go to great pains to "jam" the programs.

Once under Congressional attack as a boondoggling venture that did more harm than good, and the cost of which far exceeded the worth, the State Department's broadcasts now are generally accepted as worth while and well worth continuing. The Smith-Mundt bill, passed by the Eightieth Congress, gave them official status in the State Department program, and the appropriation of $28,000,000 for the I. and C. division provided for their expansion. There has been no indication that the attitude of the present Congress will be any different from that of its predecessor; which gives hope that sufficient money will be provided to carry on an effective program.—New York Times.

Resort to Sword and Dagger

It is a matter of no secret that the United States possesses an intelligence, or spy, system as do other countries which feel for many reasons that information, particularly of a military nature, does not get into general circulation but must be secured by carefully trained people from a great variety of sources in foreign countries.

Repugnant as the idea is to a free people and to a people who would like to see the establishment of universal peace, the system is necessary and it will be conducted regardless of compunctions.

In totalitarian governments there is no need for accounting to the people as to this type of business, nor any other type of business. In the democracies, where the disposition of public money must be accounted for and where appropriations for services of any kind must come under public scrutiny, such matters must be brought to public attention. This is the situation which came up early in the week when a House sub-committee considered a bill that, it is understood, is to exempt from immigration quotas such foreigners who have provided valuable information to our agents abroad.

That is all that was permitted to leak out of the committee as to the character of the bill. Other features remain a secret and, contrary to just about all former practice, they are to continue a secret even as to the remainder of the members of the House of Representatives. The committee is asking adoption of the bill in secret and entirely as an expression of confidence in their judgment as to the other matters that are in the measure.

It is not the way that Americans like to have their public business transacted. But the United States is dealing with nations that are engaged in the shadiest kind of business. It is virtually compelled to meet the sword and dagger people and attempt to circumvent their dark and dirty dealings by using other sword and dagger people. It cannot in the interest of success tell the wide world who they are, where they are and what they are doing.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I have said several times in this column that the women of America have done little with their political prerogatives since they gained what they had been fighting for these many years.

Consequently I should not praise my wife for being practically illiterate in a political sense, nor should I express my admiration for a friend of hers, with whom she had a most enlightening political conversation a couple of days ago.

I couldn't help eavesdropping.

This friend of hers and my wife were jabbering away while I was reading my newspaper.

First I didn't pay any attention.

Then I heard a remark that made me sit up and take notice.

I really don't remember whether it came from my wife or from Hazel, her friend.

"If I were president," was the remark, "I would do away with communism in less than a year. It's the simplest thing in the world."

That remark hit me like a bombshell.

Here we have been trying to do that very thing for months and months and months.

We talk about it in Congress. We hold meetings. We appoint committees and commissions. The whole FBI is after the Communists and when it finds them nothing is being done about it.

In New York and Hollywood avowed Communists harass our courts and make monkeys out of our judges.

And then I hear in my own living room, "It's the simplest thing in the world"!

"What's so simple about it?" I heard Hazel ask, so it must have been my wife who had made that remark.

"If I were Truman," she replied, "I would propose a law making communism a crime, punishable by death.

"I would use my influence upon Congress to pass that law in a hurry. And, the way it looks at present, Truman can get pretty nearly everything he wants from Congress.

"If I were Truman I would go on the radio and on the platform and I'd shout and shout to the people as loud as I shouted to be elected.

"I would prove to the people that communism in America is not a political party but treason. I would prove to them a Communist by the very words of our Constitution cannot at the same time be a citizen of the United States."

"So far, so good," said Hazel.

"After that law is passed," my wife continued, "I would arrest every Communist and every lawyer who defends a Communist and who by his very defense would then be a criminal himself.

"I would not fill our jails with Communists, but shoot every one of them as soon as he is arrested.

"In one year there wouldn't be any more Communists in this country."

Have you a better solution, Mr. Truman?

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — President Truman may become the best asset the Republican party has in the congressional elections 20 months hence.

Mr. Truman has developed the idea that the election was an overwhelming victory for him, that the people told him in effect to do as he pleased and that minority opinion can be brushed aside and disregarded.

What used to be a wavering confidence in himself has now apparently turned to a cockiness, if not arrogance, which is amazing to many people in Washington who never believed he would contradict the impression of humbleness he gave when he first took office.

The zest of the campaign and the feeling that he alone was right in assessing the trend of the election last November — despite the fact that it was really a close contest — have tended to increase materially the president's estimate of his own talents.

This is bound to have repercussions on public policy. It is bound also to reduce the prestige of the Democratic party and make it more difficult for Democratic senators and representatives to win elections unless they begin, as so often happens in political history, to show an independence of the executive.

It is an unwritten rule that when a president grows weak with public opinion, members of his party begin to strengthen themselves by separating their course from his.

How is Mr. Truman hurting the Democratic party? It is because he is ignoring the vast body of independent voters who cast their ballots for him when they merely preferred him to Dewey and preferred Democratic policies to the Republican policies of the last Congress. To assume that the huge farm vote gave Mr. Truman the right to say the whole people demanded the repeal of the Taft-Hartley act, for instance — as he declared in his Jackson Day speech — is to arouse doubts which can only be resolved in the next congressional campaign, when the farm districts can pass judgment on Mr. Truman's policies.

Mr. Truman is bound to become weaker if he flies in the face of public opinion. Today public opinion wants a balanced labor-management law and not a one-sided law. Today also the American people want their president to be dignified and respectful.

The fact that Mr. Truman did not see fit to apologize for his "S.O.B." remark and, indeed, treated it lightly may mean, as he evidently thinks, that the people gave him a mandate to talk as he pleased or do what he pleased. But the repercussions of that remark will be felt for a long, long time unless somehow erased from the record on Mr. Truman's initiative.

The Jackson Day speech was a political address in every sense of the word. It hit Republicans hard, and that is customary at political dinners. The circumstances surrounding the banquets, however, will not be lost on the American people. When 3,000 persons — primarily in public office or in the legislative lobbies and pressure groups—put up $100 apiece for the political campaign chest, it is obvious that this isn't the kind of money the so-called "little people" who presumably elected Mr. Truman have in their pockets nowadays.

Why do these persons on the government payroll spend $100 a plate for the Jackson Day dinners? It is because this gets around the law that prohibits any solicitation for political contributions being made among government employes. Congress intended that any such contributions must be "voluntary." The political committees keep track of those who buy or don't buy tickets.

Mr. Truman's speech was in radical vein. He apparently intends to hew to the line of the last campaign. He believes he won by what he said in his speeches and that his tactics will hold the Democrats in line and frustrate the Republicans. He is due for a lot of surprises from inside his own party before the present session of Congress is over.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Joshua 14:6-15

Among the 12 scouts who went up into the land of Canaan from Kadesh Barnea on the southern border of that land, to spy out the country so as to learn whether Israel could possibly take possession of it, were two men who had great faith in God. We know them as Caleb and Joshua. As opposed to the 10 others, they brought in a minority, but faithful, report, saying that they could take over. The others said, No, we can't (Numbers 13 and 14). As a result, all those under 20 years of age alone were permitted to enter the Promised Land, because the multitude accepted the word of the majority. Those over 20 were to die in the wilderness in the course of their 40 years of wandering there. But Joshua and Caleb were excepted, for they believed God and He awarded them a special portion of the land when they came in, 40 years later. The name of Joshua is the same as the New Testament name Jesus (see Acts 7:45 and Heb. 4:8). Caleb means a dog, a srtange name for a man, but in vs. 9 and 14 we read that he wholly followed the Lord his God, and a faithful dog follows and obeys his master. Caleb received Hebron as his possession.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 26, 1924, a Tuesday.

Members of the Parent-Teacher association of the Herbst school adopted a constitution and by-laws at a meeting in the school following a program by pupils of the school and an address on "Thrift and Banking" by Frank M. Cressman, cashier of the Allentown National bank.

Ninety students and members of the faculty of the Preparatory school were quarantined and were not allowed to leave the school grounds for a period of 10 days because of a student having contracted scarlet fever.

The Salem Reformed church choir, under the direction of Elmer Guth, assistant organist, sang in a Sunday afternoon program at the Lehigh county jail.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Some years ago, actors were asked to try out for a new play named "Heavenly Express." One lead called for a young man who could play a dramatic role. Another required a man who could sing a romantic ballad, but did not have to do much emoting.

The roles were filled by two young aspirants whose names were completely unknown on Broadway — yet. For the straight dramatic part, the manager selected a chubby fellow named Burl Ives. For the singer, he picked a handsome determined looking lad named John Garfield.

Horoscope

A joyous adventure or happy holiday seems in the offing for you. Business should expand in the next 12-month period. The good things of life are likely to appeal very much to the child born today.

Sad News

By HENRY McLEMORE

The announcement by two Baltimore doctors that they have come up with a sure-fire preventive for that dread malady, seasickness, must have been sad news indeed for certain people who inhabit this earth.

I am speaking of those cut-on-the-bias, 14 - karat, hand-sewn, guaranteed - not - to-rip - ravel - or - tear pests to be found on every ship. I mean the men and women who are good sailors, and who spend their time saying what good sailors they are and generally making it miserable for those of us who aren't.

They are deck walkers—the ones who stride briskly around and around the deck, looking the picture of health, and exhibiting themselves to those of us stretched out in deck chairs, gasping for breath, and with our faces the color of the sole of an old and tired bedroom slipper. I don't know how many times I have wished for the strength to rise from my chair of pain and crack their skulls with some blunt instrument and then administer the coup de grace with a 14-inch cannon.

These venomous "good sailors," to whom each pitch or roll of the boat brings a gleam of happiness to their eyes, are the ones who, in a brisk, cheery voice, lean over those of us picking at the coverlets from seasickness to say: "Make it for breakfast this morning, old fellow? Didn't think you did. Didn't see you. Weren't many of us there, but we had a cracking good meal. We had cold eel juice, a brace of kippers, scrambled eggs and sausage, minced ham omelet, chipped beef, three kinds of potatoes and . . . "

By this time your stomach is straining at its anchor chain, and with each rise and fall of the horizon your bedroom-slipper-sole complexion becomes greener and greener. At moments like this I have found myself trying to fashion a stiletto from the bobby pin I always carry in my pocket in order to slide its cold blade between the ribs of the "good sailor."

It is the "good sailor," too, who always sits in the deck chair next to yours and clamors for the late morning bouillon and, while you gulp and gasp and wonder if you'll ever be able to look any sort of nourishment in the face again, downs it noisily and tells you what you are missing.

Now that the good doctors have come up with their remedy, these "good sailors" aren't going to have fun any more. They'll probably give up travelling by ship, because I am sure tha their chief reason for going by sea was to be able to torture us poor souls who by a peculiar but perfectly normal inability to rock and pitch without feeling ill effects, die a thousand deaths while at sea.

I am sure that the steamship lines are not going to be too pleased with the discovery of the Baltimore medicos, either. It is going to cost them a lot of money in the way of food. As it is now (the medicine isn't on the market yet) steamship lines can count on a good third of the passengers missing a good half of their meals. In really rough weather two-thirds of the passengers can be counted on not to hit the chow line, but to stay in their bunks and curse Father Neptune and his family and wonder aloud why they ever let themselves in for such marine misery. But with the new pills, everyone will be busy with their knives and forks three times a day.

As a man who gets seasick just by getting in the bath tub, I am going to buy myself 4,000,000 of those pills the day they appear in the drugstore.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SCHREIB'D KEN BRIEF MAY: So wie die barichda yusht rei kumma sin, wil der musigander Carl Trexler fon Topton sei lebdawg nix may hoerra fon brief schreiva. Der Carl hut yusht 'n erfohring kot os 'm sei lebdawg net fergess'd-un waricklich ken wunner gawest wear wie er ous g'funna hut dafon, won er iwwer nocht shnae weiss keppich werra wear. Un ferol os m'r wissa, hut er aw ferleicht paar weissa hoar dadarrich grick'd war wase.

'S wor so denna waig. Der Carl hut net yusht seinra Dot nagshd on Reading schreiva wolla, ow'r aw 'm Martin Adams in Bedlahame. Wie long os es 'n ganumma hut fer "Martie" sei brief schreiva kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r er hut sex shtun rum gawertschoft bis er fartich wor mit da Dot ihr'm brief. In lieb wie die sawg is os der Carl wear, is es leicht tzu denka os er 'n lot shweara gadonka kotta hut, un woh 'n lot kunsiderras ganumma hut fer sie nunner hucka in shwartz un weiss.

Wel aenicha waig, der Carl hut sei tzwae brief g'schriva grick'd, un sie in brief shade un gamail'd. Allas wear noh ol recht gawest won er sich net ferhudd'ld het wie er die brief in die brief shade g'shteck'd hut. In kartza werta, der "Martie" hut da Dot ihra brief grick'd, un die Dot 'm "Martie" seiner. Sis leicht tzu denka ferwos der Carl sei lebdawg nix may wissa wil fon brief schreiva-bardich net tzu da Dot. Won er ra mohl widder ebbes wichdiches tzu sawga hut gait er un sechts ra, un sel is es end dafon.

AELAND IN GERMANSVILLE: Da onner nommy dawg shure wor aeland im haichda grawd wie der wert George Kerschner fon Germansville uf shtae hut wolla fon ra nap nemma, un hut sich ferlorra in seinra aigna bed shtub. Der George gleich'd nommy dawgs tzu shlofa so, os er sich owets wocker halta kon hinnich 'm bar.

Wel aenicha waig, 'm George sei Edna 'n noshion grick'd darrich der dawg eb er ins bed is, fer ihra bed shtub annerra. Weibsleit duhna alsa mohl socha wie sel, un denk der George wor tzu shlaiferrich wie er ins bed is fer in ocht nemma os allas fershteld wor. Allas wor wor recht fer shlofa gae, der druvel hut g'shtart wie er owets wies dunkle wor, wocker is werra un hut uf shtae wolla.

'S airsht hut er galong'd fers bed licht ow'r die Edna hut sel noch net om blotz kot, un huts net finna kenna. Noh hut er galong'd fer 'n licht uf 'm dresser, un ken dresser finna kenna. Allas wor frem, uns nagshd os wor, hen sie 'n hesseldawnishie tzucht un yocht k'hoert beim George in da bed shtub. Wie die Edna nuf is sehna wos letz wear, darta hut er uf hand un fees, midda in da shtub k'huck'd, un marderlich gagrisha fer hilf-hut g'sawt er wear ferlora.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis nix os ehrlichkate beatevens so weit os wie fer galainda wertsht tzurick gewwa.

Free'r im yohr wies George Henrys' uns Claude Oswalds' fon Rising Sun g'shlocht hen, hen sie ihra nochberra, 's Frederick Frantz wersht galain'd-wie bauers leit oft duhn.

Net long tzurick wies Fredericks' g'shlocht hen, hut der "Fritz" sei Wrela g'frok'd woh der yord shtecka wear.

Wie sie wissa hut wolla wos er wot mit 'm yord shtecka hut er g'sawt "wersht messa," sie hetta 22 tzol wersht grick'd fons Oswalds' un wot na aw widder ihra fol mose tzurick gewwa.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

BARGAIN LIFE

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

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

Checking back, through good and ill,
Storm and days of sunny skies,
Life appears a bargain still;
Worth its cost in sacrifice.

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THE MISSIVE OF JUSTUS FALCKNER

Justus Falckner was the first Lutheran clergyman ordained in America. Delber Wallace Clark's The World of Justus Falckner, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue of the ECK. But to present this early worker in the New World vineyeards of the Lord more intimately to our readers, we reprint here a letter written by Justus Falckner in 1701, a year after his arrival in Pennsylvania. Since it is one of the earliest writings extant concerning the Germans in Pennsylvania, it deserves to be better kown. It would perhaps have remained unknown to this day, if a copy of it had not been found bound together with a number of tracts in the Library of Rostock University, Germany. It was translated from the German by the historian Julius Sachse and published in the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," July, 1897. Falckner's "missive" is addressed to the Rev. Heinrich Muhlen, an influential church dignitary in Schleswig-Holstein. Unfortunately space does not permit publication of the entire letter, but the following portions suffice to indicate Falckner's concern about the spiritual welfare of the Germans in Pennsylvania 41 years before the arrival of Heinrich Melchior Muehlenberg in the port of Philadelphia. Of further interest to us is Falckner's recognition of the importance of music in divine service and his successful efforts toward obtaining an organ from Europe for the Swedish Church in Philadelphia, the first organ, so far as we know, in Pennsylvania—ED.

"SHALOM."

"RIGHT REVEREND, MOST LEARNED, ESPECIALLY HONORED, LORD GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

"In sending to Your Magnificence the present missive from such a distant part of the world, I am moved thereunto partly by the recollection of the high favor and civility which you extended toward me while I was in Schleswig, as you also were kindly disposed, by virtue of your episcopal and priestly office, to extend your great ecclesiastical benediction, and thereby to further my proposed journey to a blessed purpose; upon the other part, I am obliged thereto by the express commands which you enjoined upon me at sundry times, that I should correspond with you as much as possible concerning the condition of the church in America; (**de statu Ecclesiae in America.**) This honored command emanating from the love of God, I will comply with for the good of His church, and give satisfaction so far as I may: therefore I will make a beginning herewith. Indeed I must declare that since the time, when I was there [in Schleswig] I have now, God be thanked, arrived safely here. This was during the past year at the beginning of August, after we had sailed from England on May 25. Since my arrival here, I have for many material reasons, lived entirely alone in a small block-house, which I had built for me, as an eremite in the desert (in Deserto.) Having had but slight intercourse with the people, much less travelled hither and thither, and having [merely] gathered information from one and the other, so I do not know the particulars of the **status** here in every respect.

"But now, after having schooled myself a little in the solitude, I begin as if from a mirror (**tanquam ex speculo**) to take cognizance of one fact and the other. I have gone more among the people, and subsequently have resolved to give up the solitude I have thus far maintained, and, according to my humble powers, to strive at least with good intention publicly to assist in doing and effecting good in this spiritual and corporeal wilderness. So far as I am able to draw conclusions concerning the condition of the churches in these parts, and indeed particularly in this Province, it is still pretty bad. The Aborigines or Indians, from lack of sufficient good instruction, remain in their blindness and barbarity, and moreover are angered at the bad living of the Christians, especially at the system of trading which is driven with them, and they only learn vices which they did not have formerly, such as drunkenness, stealing &c. This local Christian minority, however, is divided into almost innumerable sects, which pre-eminently may be called sects and hordes, as Quakers, Anabaptists, Naturalists, Rationalists, Independents, Sabbatarians and many others [. . . .] The Quakers are the most numerous because the Governor favors this sect, and one might be inclined to call this country a dissecting-room of the Quakers; for no matter how our theologians labored to dissect this carcass and discover its interiors, they could not do it so well as the Quakers here in this country are now doing themselves [. . .] When I learn that my letters come safely into the hands of Your Magnificence, I will at another time report **specialora.** The Protestant Church, however, is here divided into three confessions and nations. According to the confession, the local Protestants, as they are comprehended under this name in the European Roman Empire, are either of the Evangelical Lutheran, or of the Presbyterian and Calvinistic Church. And as the Protestant Church is here also divided into three nations, so there are here an English Protestant Church and a Swedish Protestant Lutheran Church; and also persons of the German nation of the Evangelical Lutheran and Reformed churches. About these more at another time.

"The Germans, however, I have spoken of not without cause as merely several Evangelical Lutheran Germans, and not the German Evangelical Lutheran Church: those who are destitute of altar and priest forsooth roam about in this desert a deplorable condition indeed. Moreover there is here a large number of Germans who, however, have partly crawled in among the different sects who use the English tongue, which is first learned by all who come here. A number are Quakers and Anabaptists; a portion are Free-thinkers and assimilate with no one. They also allow their children to grow up in the same manner. In short there are Germans here, and perhaps the majority, who despise God's Word and all outward good order; who blaspheme the sacraments, and frightfully and publicly give scandal [. . . .] and herein is the great blame and cause of the lack of establishment of an outward and visible church assembly.

"Now I recommend to Your Magnificence, as an intelligent (**cordaten**) German Evangelical theologian for your mature consideration and reflection for God and His church's sake, on account of the wretched condition of the German Evangelical communities, whether with assistance perhaps from some exalted hand, some establishment of an Evangelical church assembly could be made in America, since the Germans are now increasing rapidly.

"Both myself and my brother, who is sojourning here, keep ourselves to the Swedish church, although we understand little or nothing of their language. We have also been the means of influencing divers Germans by our example, so that they now and then come to the assemblies, even though they do not know the language. Still they are gradually being redeemed from barbarism, and becoming accustomed to an orderly outward service.

"I will here take occasion to mention that many others besides myself, who know the ways of this land, maintain that music would contribute much towards a good Christian service. It would not only attract and civilize the wild Indian, but it would do much good in spreading the Gospel truths among the sects and others by attracting them. Instrumental music is especially serviceable here. Thus a well-sounding organ would perhaps prove of great profit, to say nothing of the fact that the Indians would come running from far and near to listen to such unknown melody, and upon that account might become willing to accept our language and teaching, and remain with people who had such agreeable things; for they are said to come ever so far to listen to one who plays even upon a reed-pipe (**rohrpfeiffe**): such an extraordinary love have they for any melodious and ringing sound. Now as the melancholy, Saturnine stingy Quaker spirit has abolished (**relegiret**) all such music, it would indeed be a novelty here, and tend to attract many of the young people away from the Quakers and sects to attend services of their parents. This would afford a good opportunity to show them the truth and their error.

"If such an organ-instrument (**Orgel-werck**) were placed in the Swedish church, (for the Germans as yet have no church, and the Swedish church is of a high build and resonant structure) it would prove of great service to this church. As the majority of the Swedes are young people, and mostly live scattered in the forest, far from the churches, and as we by nature are all inclined to good, and above all to what may serve our souls, such as the Word of God which is dead and gone, so are especially the youth; and it is so with the Swedish youth now under consideration. When they have performed heavy labor for the whole week, as is customary here, they would sooner rest on a Sunday, and seek some pleasure, rather than perhaps go several miles to listen to a sermon. But if there were such music there, they would consider church-going as a recreation for their senses.

"If now Your Magnificence were kindly to intercede with his Serene Highness and Her Highness his Consort, and also with such other exalted personages with whom you are held in high esteem and present to them the benefit to be hoped for; I doubt not, but that something could be effected. There are in Europe masters enough who build such instruments, and a fine one can be secured for 300 or 400 thalers. Then if an experienced organist and musician could be found, and a curious one who would undertake so far a journey, he would be very welcome here. In case this could not be, if we only had an organ, some one or other might be found here who had knowledge thereof.

"Finally if Your Magnificence would be highly disposed to answer, I believe the best address for the letter would be in care of the Swedish Resident in London, through whom also the present letter is addressed. Or perhaps you are aware of some better opportunity.

"In conclusion I now commend YOUR MAGNIFICENCE to the protection and grace of God to all prosperity, and remain

"to YOUR MAGNIFICENCE
"For Prayer and service
"most devoted,
"JUSTUS FALCKNER."

"GERMANTOWN in the American Province of Pennsylvania, otherwise New Sweden, the 1st. of August in the year of our Salvation one thousand seven hundred and one.

BOOK REVIEW

THE WORLD OF JUSTUS FALCKNER. By DELBER WALLACE CLARK. Philadelphia: The Muhlenberg Press, 1946. Pages 189.—$2.50.

A Lutheran historical renaissance appears to be under way. Since the publication by Professors Tappert and Doberstein of the **Journals of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg**, several other important volumes have been issued dealing with Lutheran pioneers in America in the pre-Muhlenberg period. One of these is Dr. R. L. Winters' **John Caspar Stoever—Colonial Pastor and Founder of Churches**, reviewed in the ECK for November 27, 1948, another is Dr. Delbert W. Clark's **The World of Justus Falckner.**

The story of the first Lutheran minister to be ordained in America would be worth telling even if his life were not fascinating from almost every other angle from which he can be viewed. Hymnist and Theologian, Pietist and Pastor—he made contributions in all of these fields. **Justus Falckner** (1672-1723) was born at Langen-Reimsdorf in Electoral Saxony, son and grandson of Lutheran clergymen. One of the influences on his life was his brother **Daniel Falckner**, leader of the group of Pietist Mystics calling themselves the Order of the Woman in the Wilderness, who retreated to the Wissahickon Valley near Philadelphia to await the expected Second Coming of the Lord. Although Justus came to America in 1700 at the call of this elder brother, and spent some time among the Wissahickon hermits, he was made of more realistic stuff. Although he had absorbed the Pietistic outlook from Francke at Halle, he had a less emotional and more churchly nature than his brother. As Dr. Clark expresses it, he combined "the moral and spiritual urge of Pietism with the Lutheran tradition of good order."

Discontented with both the mystics and the laxity of most of the churches and sects in Pennsylvania, Justus Falckner accepted a call to the struggling Dutch Lutheran Church in the town of New York. After his ordination in Gloria Dei Church in South Philadelphia, at the hands of the missionaries to the Swedish Congregations on the Delaware, he settled in his New York parish, where he found a shabby, rundown chapel—"more like a cattle shed than the House of God," as he described it in an appeal for help in 1705—and an equally rundown congregation. Added to his New York congregation were the Lutherans upriver at Albany where it was necessary occasionally to preach in Euglish, and the little Lutheran outpost at Hackensack in New Jersey. To these three points he added many new congregations in the Hudson Valley. Anticipating the nineteenth century circuit-riders of the West, he "rode his circuit" by boat.

His parishioners were Dutch Lutherans, with a sprinkling of Scandinavians and North Germans. Some of his parishioners had "come out" from Brazil after the ill-fated Dutch attempt at colonizing there in the 1650's. So he had a cosmopolitan parish. Occasionally a Scotch-Irish or Puritan name crops out in his well-kept parish books. There **"McCausland"** became in his careful Dutch, **"Mekkaasland."** He baptized Negroes, Indians, and Mulattoes, and, **mirabile dictu,** we even read of the wedding of one of his Negro converts to a Palatine woman! If the Lutheran Church had preserved from the Middle Ages the custom of venerating the saints, I am sure present-day Lutherans would look to this American "St. Justus" as their patron in their important and growing Lutheran home mission work among the American Negroes.

Of especial interest to Pennsylvania German scholars is Falckner's relation to the Palatine emigration of 1709-1710. Although Joshua Kocherthal was their regular Lutheran minister upriver Falckner occasionally ministered to these people, especially as they entered the port of New York. In 1719, at Kocherthal's death, Falckner took over the Palatine parish, and even visited the Palatine outpost in the Schoharie Valley, which was soon to contribute to the Pennsylvania Dutchland the pioneer settlers of Tulpehocken.

The book gives us an intimate picture of an eighteenth century minister's life. Discouragements and controversies were inevitably present. Falckner worked during his entire ministry in a world of war and post-war reaction, when spiritual matters were at a low ebb. Yet he labored faithfully on, building up new preaching points among Lutherans wherever he found them. At the age of 45, he finally found time for marriage, and in his last days we have a pleasant picture of a country parsonage life near Athens, New York, where descendants bearing the Dutch name of Van Husen are still to be found. But Falckner's real memorial is the New York Synod of the United Lutheran Church. Without his pioneer work in forming congregations there might have been no New York Synod.

Dr. Clark's book is most readable. It bristles with striking word pictures. In speaking of the Pietist prayer meetings (**collegia pietatis**) founded by Spener, he writes, "As they multiplied in Germany they became a string of power houses which electrified German Christianity." Again, "A traveling missionary gets a good many slices of life that are cut at unusual angles across its textures." If he overdoes it on page 90, where he describes Lutheran home imssions in terms of a twentieth-century football game—"In this field the whistle had blown for a big forward push, and the Lutherans had their team on the line and were ready to go." [!]—his is a venial sin committed in the interests of readability.

The question of the relation of this book to Dr. Julius F. Sachse's **Justus Falckner—Mystic and Scholar** (Philadelphia, 1903), should not detain us too lengthily here. Certainly it was Sachse who did the basic research. This Dr. Clark has reworked, adding new sources of his own. The difference is that Clark's treatment is much more readable than Sachse's, yet does not sacrifice documents relating to the good domine. In conclusion, one of the nicest notes about this book is that it was written not by an American-German or even by a Lutheran—but by a New York Episcopalian clergyman of New England ancestry, who in his parish work in the "Falckner Country" of the Hudson Valley, became himself captivated by the life story of this self-sacrificing home missionary, Justus Falckner.

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE — DON YODER

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Editorials

Thought for Today

In his age God said—
"Come down and die!"
And he cried out from the steeple,
"Where art Thou, Lord?"
And the Lord replied:
"Down here among my people."
Maltocks.

American Reds Bare Minds

American Communists now have made it unanimous. They, as well as their comrades in France, Italy and England, have gone on record as possessed of a loyalty not to the United States of America in the event of a war which they might consider "unjust, aggressive, imperialistic."

The statement is official for it comes from the hands of William Z. Foster, national chairman of the Communist party, and Eugene Dennis, its general secretary. Couched in the customary Communist style and using stale cliches the statement means just one thing, the Communists, in the event of war with Russia, would do all in their power to help Russia—their spiritual mother country.

Of course the statement is not so bald. It begins with the premise that if "Wall Street" should succeed in plunging the world into war, they (the Communists) would oppose it "as an unjust, aggressive, imperialist war, as an undemocratic and an anti-Socialist war, destructive of the deepest interests of the American people and all humanity."

Then in their statement they dragged the cape of good old Abraham Lincoln from the martyred president's shoulders to place it upon their own as modern prophets, saying: "Even as Lincoln, while a congressman, opposed the unjust annexationist Mexican war and demanded its termination, so would we Communists cooperate with all democratic forces to defeat the predatory war aims of American imperialism and bring such a war to speedy conclusion on the basis of a Democratic peace."

The "democratic forces" referred to are evidently those of Russia and furnish the only humor, tho grim, in the entire statement, for Russia's definition of democracy is one of the world's biggest jokes.

The French Communist leader, who started all this business of frankly aligning the Communists with Russia, followed by the Italian Tagliatti, threatened that Communists would not be dragged against their will into a war with the Soviet Union and added that "if the Soviet Army, defending the cause of freedom and socialism, should be brought to pursue the aggressors onto our soil, could the workers and people of France have any other attitude toward the Soviet Army than has been that of the peoples of Poland, Romania and Yugoslavia?" Togliatti made an even more direct statement saying that in a hypothetical event, such as Thorez foresaw for France, it would be the evident duty of Italians to help the Soviet Army "in the most effective way possible to give the aggressor the lesson he deserves."

The Communists in four great democracies have bared their minds as to their present and future attitudes. It reveals, as did their actions in the past, especially before and during the war, that their hearts are in Russia even tho their bodies are elsewhere.

Chain Schemes Return

That old and frequently discredited fraud—the chain letter and chain merchandise schemes — appears to be returning to brief popularity for the disease has broken out in California under the name of Pyramid Clubs and is reported to have spread rapidly into other parts of the country.

All these chains have been profitable for the first handful of persons who have inaugurated it and paid in the first dollars, or the first $2 fee, the new and higher entrance fee of the Pyramid Clubs. Vainly those down the line await the small fortune that their imagination has played with. If the police or the postal authorities get into the case and smash the schemes a lot of potential suckers are saved.

Pyramid clubs may already have begun in this community. The point to be remembered by all who are gullible is that such schemes are not new, that they are snares and delusions and that if money has to be thrown away, there still are plenty of gutters and sewers into which to toss it and forget about it. But money put into a chain scheme tho gone is not forgotten.

400 Years of Progress

When Jules Verne wrote the novel about one Phineas Fogg and his trip "Around the World in 80 Days" there were promptings to adventurous travelers to become globe trotters and see how closely Fogg's mythical time might be approached.

Nelly Bly, an American newspaperwoman, was one of the first to try it and actually beat Fogg's time, using steamships and trains to girdle the globe in a little over 72 days.

When airplanes came into general use, the globe-girdling idea got new emphasis and since aviation was being developed largely for military purposes, military men began playing with the old idea. So, in 1924 four U. S. Army planes set out from Seattle and by heading toward Alaska and the Aleutians they made their way to India by short hops, interrupted by bad weather. After reaching England two of the planes flew the Atlantic and got back home after 175 days of absence, only 14½ of which had been spent in actual flying.

In 1929 the German dirigible, Graf Zeppelin, flew around the world for a distance of 21,700 miles in 20 days to make the only trip by a craft of this type.

Progress was being made however in aviation. Wiley Post in 1931, accompanied by Howard Gatty, flew a northern route of only 15,474 miles to get around the world in a little over eight days and two years later, going it alone, he cut the time to 7 days and 18 hours.

Eleven years ago Howard Hughes took a course of 14,828 miles and reduced the globe-girdling time to 91 hours and in 1947 William Odom flew a 20,000 mile route in elapsed time of a little less than 79 hours.

None of these journeys, it is to be observed, was nonstop. All had their interruptions and, in the case of the dirigible and the planes, landings had to be made for refueling.

But early this week the first non-stop flight ever made was completed at Fort Worth, Texas, when a B-50 medium U.S. Army bomber landed after 94 hours of absence and after having traveled a distance of 23,542 miles, or very nearly the circumference of the earth at the equator.

That was under four days and is a feat that stands out in the annals of travel for the establishment of many new records.

Especially does it stand out in comparison with the first circum-navigation of the globe by Ferdinand Magellan in 1521-22, for that great sailor spent about 1000 days on his trip to demonstrate emphatically that the earth is round—all sceptics of his day and ours to the contrary notwithstanding.

Cantankerous But Hopeful

One can say pointed things about March — and many people do. The Awakening Moon Month has a tempery, unpredictable disposition. Day begins with blue sky, white clouds, gentle breeze and rising temperature. A man leaves his rubbers, umbrella and second-best hat at home. By midforenoon white clouds change to ominous gray and blot out the sun; the temperature drops to match the sharp edge of a gusty wind; cold rain and sleet begin to lash the sodden, cringing countryside.

That is March. A man should learn to take it more or less philosophically because this is earth's customary groggy awakening. Soon the never-failing equinox will come to pass; the sun will swing north of the celestial equator. Countrymen have learned by experience to take the third month as it comes. There are seasons when honest spring arrives early in the month; there are years when cold, snow and ice linger stubbornly through raw exasperating days until far into April. But no matter. The human heart has always found its greatest nourishment in hope; when the third month arrives one knows the stirring story of resurrection will soon be written again.

Go out on the land and you can read the signs. There are heartening mellow days when trickling waters course down the slopes; blue-gray smoke curls upward from old sap houses in sugar groves. Icicles hang like rows of dragons' teeth from barneaves in the morning; gray ice sheets skim the flooded sloughs and creek bottoms. But on a warm March day when nature's mood is benign one can be certain. The pussy willows' buds are opening and you can see the ruddy hue of the red maples' opening blossoms in the swamp. Toward month's end the golden color of the forsythia by the garden wall is noticeable and the lilac buds by the woodshed door have started to swell. There's a strip of brown bare soil along the south side of the woodlot and spots of glistening brown earth show through the granular snow on last Fall's plowing. March is always a time of change. Sometimes it is slow and man's patience wears thin. But the message is plain. It isn't spring yet. But the signs are appearing and they have never failed. H. P.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — President Truman has paid off the biggest single political debt that he incurred in the last campaign. He has rewarded the chief money-raiser — Louis A. Johnson — with an important post in the cabinet. The department of national defense allocates contracts and spends approximately $15,000,000,000 a year of public funds for the armed services.

Mr. Truman, with characteristic political boldness, revealed his debt at a luncheon of the finance committee of the Democratic national committee on January 19 last. The stenographic transcript of that meeting, as issued by the Democratic national committee, quotes Mr. Truman as having said:

"There were times in this campaign when we were pretty well strapped. We couldn't buy radio time, we couldn't even pay for the transportation of the President from one end of the country to the other to make his campaign. But we did get Louis Johnson interested in the situation, and from the time he began operations, we were able to make the necessary tours and get some of the radio time necessary to tell the people of the United States what the issues really are and were."

Mr. Truman did not reveal where Louis Johnson got the money — he is reported to have raised $1,500,000—nor has there been any doubt anywhere since that Louis Johnson was to be paid off for his efforts with a cabinet post.

In the old "wicked" days of the Republicans, the most they ever did when one of their number got to the White House was to pay off big contributors to the campaign fund by giving them ambassadorships and occasionally some federal office that was regarded as political, such as the postmaster generalship.

At the moment the American people have been led to believe that national defense is a nonpolitical matter and that party politics have nothing to do with the handling of the office of secretary of defense. Indeed, it was Mr. Forrestal's pointed refusal to become involved in the presidential campaign, either as a speaker or as a contributor, which is believed to have been one factor used by opponents to undermine him with Mr. Truman.

The customary language of praise in the exchange of official letters covering the resignation cannot erase from the record the steady campaign of sniping at Secretary Forrestal which has been engineered from among the White House entourage ever since Eelection Day. It was given momentum by others outside the White House who believed that Mr. Forrestal was responsible for the cautious policy of the American government at one time with respect to developments in Palestine. It was contended by military men that American bases needed for the air force in Saudi Arabia might be jeopardized by taking sides in the Arab-Palestinian war. Mr. Forrestal has denied that he had any hand in shaping the wavering policies of the department of state, confining himself to advice solely on military matters.

Mr. Forrestal told this correspondent during the last campaign that in the event of Mr. Dewey's election — which seemed certain at that time—he would not remain in his post except to help his sucessor for a brief period to become familiar with the job.

Secretary Forrestal has had the benefit of experience at first hand with all the armed services during wartime and he is one of the most efficient men who ever served in the cabinet. His departure will be a loss to national defense and to the future planning by the armed services. His rare tact and judgment won the confidence of his associates all along the line.

Mr. Johnson comes to his new post with an experience in the war department, but he must win the confidence of the navy. He must also win the confidence of Republicans on Capitol Hill, many of whom cannot feel the same now toward an active politician at the head of the department of national defense as they did under the nonpartisan administrator, James Forrestal.

There is one aspect of the cabinet change which will not escape notice. Only last week, when the President said at a public banquet that no "S.O.B." could tell him what changes to make in his cabinet, he was pointedly referring to a radio commentator who has been consistently hammering away at Forrestal. Now Mr. Truman, despite his cuss words, has vindicated the predictions of that same commentator. All of which means merely that Mr. Truman made up his mind to fire Secretary Forrestal about the time of the election and almost everybody hereabouts has known about it.

There are others who contributed money or helped raise it for the Truman election. Their nominations to other offices will be revealed in due time, for that's the kind of administration to which the voters last November presumably gave their "mandate."

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WOS M'R AWFONG'D, MOCHT M'R FARTICH: So wunnerbore fiel leit fonga fiel aw, ow'r mocha wenich fartich. Sel is ow'r net der fol om Wilmer Hamm seim wertshous in Breinigsville-wos darta awg'fonga wert, wert aw fartich gamocht. Un war sel net glawbt, brouch numma shwetza mit 'm Fred Fritzinger fon owwich 'm Earl Adam-ainer fom Delabar seina shule bus fohrer.

Der Fred hut alsa mohl may eisa im fire os er shier wase tzu glubba. Don un won huts shun gadroffa os er sich ferleicht net so oft gabolviert hut os sei fraw die Mae gamaint hut os er sich bolvierra sot, un noh gleich'd er aw net immer sei beshda lumba aw duh won er owets bissel fon hame gait. Un grawd sella waig hut er die Mae 'm onnerra Somshdawg owet nochs Hamma wertshous ganumma in Breinigsville.

Der Carl Siegfried fon Newtown koch'd fer der Wilmer un sei Lillian, un allas wor owets ol recht, bis die leit ol fert worra wie 'n dudsend odder so. 'S Freds' worra aw noch darta, un 'm Fred sei whiskers sin ols langer un langer werra. Wie der Carl fartich wor in da kich, un die uhr ready fer tzwelfa shloga, wos sot der Carl duh, os wie is tzu da kich rous kumma mit ra wesh shissel, bolvier messer, safe un honduch, un hut g'sawt now dade der Fred gabolviert werra.

Der Fred hut gadenk'd sel wear mohl ebbes os ufs hous gang'd, un hut sich net g'shteibert. Er hut sich shae uf 'n shtuhl k'huck'd, un der Carl hut shtarta 'n safa mit keffer bree in blotz fon wosser. 'S hut ordlich reivas ganumma fer 'n shaum griega, ow'r hut 'n endlich ei g'saf'd grick'd, un shtarta bolvierra. Der Fred, woh net gleich'd fer glawga, hut sei beshdes gabroviert fers tzu shtanda. Endlich is er ow'r fom shtuhl uf g'shprunga, un hut g'sawt des kent er ferhoftich sei net shtanda, er dade die hoar net ob schneida, er dade sie mit da wartzel rous reissa.

Der Carl, woh halver gabolviert wor bei selra tzeit, hut g'sawt er dade sich nimmy hee hucka fer der chob fartich mocha, ow'r der Wilmer is datzu kumma un hut g'sawt, wos aw g'fonga dade werra bei ihm, dade aw fartich gamocht werra, un hut der Fred tzurick uf der shtuhl garent. Noh is der Carl nocha mohl ons bolvierra. Wons ols gore nimmy schneida hut wolla, hut der Wilmer 's bolvier messer gawetzt die weil os der Carl 'n frish ei gariva hut mit safe un keffer bree. Noh mit harder note sin sie endlich fartich werra-'n chob woh der Wilmer g'sawt hut os sie fartich gamocht hetta un wons dale fon da naus gakosh'd het.

Wie der Fred gabolviert wor, hen sie 'n gute ei gariva mit sharafer aesich, un kenna net sawga wie shae glot gabolviert os er gawest wear. Die Mae wor aenicha waig arrick shtoltz mit 'm, ferol os sie gamaint hut er dade net tzu iwwer maesich gute reecha. Won der garuch aw ferleicht net wor wos er sei het maiga, is der Wilmer shure os naryads ken wertshous tzu finna is uf weit un braid, woh sie die kustomers fernix bolvierra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won m'r mohl shwetza wil fon ma baremhartzicha butcher, don uf kours nembt der Herb Hoffman fon da Sid 10d shtross doh in da shtadt der kucha.

Der Herb hut da onner dawg g'shlocht fer der Dewey Wotring nagshd on Neffs, un der bull so arrick gadauert woh sie tzu shlochta hen kot, os er 'n gnib in der shtrick gamocht hut um 'm bull sei hols rum wie sie 'n rous hen fer 'n shlochta-so os sie 'm bull net wae dada.

Der shtrick um der hols wor noh lose, un ferhoftich sei won der bull net der shtrick g'shlupt is, un os er da boova net fert g'shprunga is wor allas.

Der Willie Bear woh noch helfa hut shlochta is uf 'm obbel baum gagrodd'ld, der Herb ufs hinkle hous, un der Dewey is iwwer 's si shtol doch gajump'd fer der bull halta fon tzu da shire rous gae.

Der Dewey wor yusht in tzeit fer die dier tzu mocha, un wie immer dafor, hut der gnib ous 'm shtrick gamocht, un der bull nunner g'shossa uf der airsht shuss-'s same wie er aw ol die si des yohr ganog'ld hut.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Psalm 51

This is one of the penitential Psalms, with definite reference to David's sin as given in detail in 2 Samuel 11-12, according to the superscription of this Psalm, which is used by the Lutheran Church at the preparatory service preceding communion. Having allowed himself to covet his neighbor's wife, to commit adultery with her, and then to have her husband killed in an attempt to cover up his crime, he exclaims that, although on the level of human relationships, he had sinned against God only. He prays that he may be purged with hyssop, a sprig of which, dipped into the blood of a bird, was used to sprinkle the body of one who had been suspected of leprosy, but was to be declared clean, Lev. 14. 'Wash me' he prays, 'and I shall be whiter than snow', praying in terms applicable to a moral leper. 'Create' in the Hebrew, v.10, is the same word as in the first verse of the Bible. If any man is in Christ Jesus, he is, in fact, a new creation—born again, and a Christian. Having had this experience, one is in a mood to testify to others as to what God can and will do for a penitent soul, vs. 13 and 15.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Howard Cullman, the play backer, hired a new butler recently, named Jenkins, whose deportment on his first morning proclaimed him a gem. Cullman's clothes were laid out beautifully, breakfast was ready, and as he was leaving, Jenkins handed him his hat and newspaper.

There was a short flight of stairs to descend, and unfortunately, Cullman tripped over something on the top step. When he tripped again the following morning at the same spot he became suspicious. The third morning he caught Jenkins red-handed, or red-footed, slyly preparing to trip him deliberately again.

Cullman figured that the butler needed a psychiatrist more than an employer and fired him. A week later Dick Rodgers telephone. "I've been interviewing a butler named Jenkins. He's given you as a reference."

"He's a fine butler," Cullman answered, "but I warn you: he'll trip you up. I think he's nuts." Rodgers laughed indulgently and hung up. A few days later Rodgers met Cullman at the Ritz Grill. The composer had a black eye and a bruised lip. "You guessed it, Howard," he told Cullman. "I hired your butler."

Horoscope

This is a good time to clean up work that must be done and then to devote yourself to hobbies or new interests. Love, domestic and social affairs should loom large in your next year, with business satisfactorily progressing so that you may enjoy them without worry. Born on this date, a child will doubtless be original, and should use his or her talents to succeed.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Does it pay to be sincere?

According to what we have been taught, sincerity is one of the human characteristics greatly to be admired.

But, like so many things we have been taught, theory and practice don't always jibe.

There is hardly a week that someone does not send me a literary composition of some kind and ask me for my "honest" opinion about it.

I used to give it. I don't any more.

I have found out that the literary aspirants who send me samples of their genius don't want my "honest" opinion at all.

They want praise. They want to be told that at last another Shakespeare, another Longfellow, another Kipling has come into this world and that he or she is IT.

Right now I have another of those masterworks before me.

It is poetry. It is all about George Washington. It is awful.

Ordinarily I would deposit it in my wastebasket and just forget about it.

But this particular piece was accompanied by a beautiful letter telling me what a genius I am, how the writer is worshiping at my feet and what a wonderful wife I must have.

Naturally I am deeply touched by the flattery and feel duty-bound to answer the letter, particularly since the sender enclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

What shall I say? Shall I be sincere and lose a friend?

What would you do?

* * *

Let us say you are a woman.

Let us say a friend of yours asked your advice about her new hat.

It is a terrible hat. It might look all right on Carmen Miranda, but it looks awful on your friend.

"How do you like my new hat?" she asks you. "I paid $75 for it at Mademoiselle Chez Flynn."

Mind you, you have been taught that sincerity is a virtue, that you should never, never lie, and that hypocrisy is an unforgivable sin.

What would you do, my dear?

* * *

Let us say you are a man.

Another man asks you "Have you heard the latest joke?"

Without waiting for your answer he continues, here it is: "Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everyting." "No, he doesn't even suspect anything."

You have probably heard that awful joke several times.

But your friend thinks he is a brilliant raconteur, a man of the world.

Are you going to disillusion him?

Or are you going to keep a friend?

* * *

Sincerity, you know, may be first cousin to cruelty.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

FUN

Fun follows when the work of day is done;
Not with the rise, but with the set of sun.
Fun is the sweet reward that is returned,
To be enjoyed when it is truly earned.

Fun is the second motive, not the first.
Who thinks it best may live to find it worst.
Who through the years takes pleasure for his guide.
Misses the way to peace of mind and pride.

Work is the leader! When the tasks are done
They set us free to rest and turn to fun.
Oh, son of mine, remember and be wise:
Toil is life's purpose. Fun is just the prize.

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BOOK REVIEW

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY (1947), VOLUME XII, 1948; pp. VII plus 307; Schlechter's, Allentown, Pa. Ordered through Professor Robert P. More, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.—$5.00.

The Pennsylvania German Folklore Society has once again come forth with an outstanding contribution in its twelfth Yearbook by publishing sharply contrasting items, one in dialect prose literature and the other in genealogy. Since its inception in 1935, the Society has offered to its members and other interested readers an appealing variety of Pennsylvania German folklore, history, language, and literature.

The time-consuming editorial efforts of Dr. Preston A. Barba, chairman of the publication committee, again deserve commendation. As Dr. Barba states in the Foreword, the "Yearbook has several times served as a vehicle for the perpetuation of outstanding achievements in our dialect literature." This time the Yearbook presents twenty-five of the forty-nine sketches from **Am Schwarze Baer**, the work of Lloyd A. Moll (1879-1944), who ranks as a leading writer of our dialect prose. Dr. Barba's tribute to Moll, read at the annual meeting of the Society at Bethlehem in 1944 and now introducing the present edition, opens the door to the beauty of Moll's prose.

These selections, which appeared at intervals between 1935 and 1939 in the ECK, are now partially offered in book form in a much improved orthography, based upon the German system, so that it is possible for inhabitants of the Palatinate and other Rhinelanders to read Moll today. Although no scheme of spelling the dialect can be sensible and completely infallible at the same time, one must admit that here is the most extensive (pp. 11-146), carefully edited Pennsylvania German prose ever to appear in print. In spite of the failure to differentiate between an original High German **au** umlaut (**Baem**), an original a umlaut and an open **ae** sound (**Baer, gaerdie**) and in spite of some other inconsistencies, the reviewer calls Barba's orthography sensible in that it does not aim to improve upon the High German system of spelling in such a manner that words look unnatural.

In the series of lively sketches Moll, who incidentally was born in Macungie only a few miles from the reviewer's home, pictures an imaginary inn, called the Black Bear, standing at an Eastern Pennsylvania crossroads where landlord Hiram Best, Dr. Druckenmiller, tombstone cutter Al Schtettler, blacksmith Tschim Dauweschpeck, loafer Hen Kramer, hostler Pit Geischt, trickster Ed Case, and a motley band of personalities met and chatted some forty or fifty years ago. Musician that he was, Moll possessed the insight and talent to create with word nuances and with virile tones, giving the dialect with his magic baton a rustic quaintness, force, humor and naturalness which it has rarely experienced in prose. Moll became for Pennsylvania German prose what Birmelin means to Pennsylvania German verse. If the greatest art lies in simplicity and seeming spontaneity or, as Barba says, "in its artlessness," then here is art indeed.

One can readily see these flesh-and-blood characters and hear them speak as they sit in the Black Bear or move in its environs. Picturesque language with its appeal to the senses helps Moll in portraying character or general mood. A few examples will suffice. "Brandewei Seidereil, Ebbeljack, un noch Bisskatze owwe druff, des hot geroche, as wann mer Sauergraut in re Kserrich koche daet" (p. 45). "Sie hen ihre Aage uffgerisse as die Ecke ball geblut hen" (p. 54). When the preacher can think of nothing but his Harvest Home sermon, his wife reveals her lack of sympathy for all this talk about the "Aernbreddich" by saying, "Dart mach dich mol naus in der Geilsschtall un mischt mol aus. Des gebt der mol annere Gedanke" (p. 75). "Am Disch waar en Gegacks, ass wie im Hinkelhof, wann sie gfiedert warre" (p. 96). Al Schtettler reports Selinde Schmeckly's unexpected appearance at the quilting party to the men gathered in the tavern, by saying: "Die Fraa saagt mer, dass die Weibsleit hette Gfresser gemacht as wie verfrorne Tomaets" (p. 133).

Situation, prejudice, emotion combine in the genre pictures of Pennsylvania German life. Tobacco-chewing Hen Kramer finally accepts the generally disliked Selinde as a partner at the **Welschkarnbaschte** party. When after hesitation he seeks to collect his kiss from the unwilling Selinde as a reward for finding many a red ear of corn, her well-placed blows fall upon his sensitive, cherry-red proboscis. Later, the owner of the farm, Charl Lauchner, finds Hen asleep, with his arm around Bill Schaefer's neck, and Charl makes the comment: "Wann der Hen 's erscht wacker waerd, bosst er beidemmt der Bill un meent 's waer die Selinde, awwer es gschehnt ihm recht" (p. 83). Jake Desch is characterized as one who loves to attend funerals and the subsequent meals. Because of his peculiar habit, people begin to wonder what his last rites will be like. The day for the answer finally comes. The usual quartet sings "un 's geht alles gut, bis es zum Bill sei diefschti Bassnot kummt. Er macht en Hals wie en Gillerie un 's Maul uff, so dass mer en Hinkeloi nei schtecke kennt, awwer 's kummt nix meh raus." The comments at the funeral services and at the meal are noteworthy illustrations of human character. The two women singers, for example, think only of the pay they may receive, one of them stating that with the expected two dollars she would buy a certain hat in the city store (p. 90). The serious and the trivial often appear together in life—and so in Moll's writings. The Black Bear becomes Jake's happy hunting ground, where the elaborate meal with its customary raisin pie meets anxious mouths—as if it were Jake's wedding.

The cutting of the bed ropes for the newly-wedded Assebe and Sabina (p. 59), efforts of the congregation to call a new pastor (60 ff.), the husband and wife unwittingly bidding against each other for the same chest at the public sale (p. 110), Elmer Kemmerer's flight from a fiery dragon, merely a huge wheel with burning straw rolling down the mountain side as Elmer returns from a rendezvous with his love and actually a trick played upon him by Charl Lauchner's two hired boys who later strew red pepper on the floor of the inn at the frolic—all these and others are part of the panorama of events and people passing before us in review. And then Pit Geischt, who at long last is influenced by the new pastor to go to church, enters the portals when the minister announces the hymn, "O Heilicher Geischt, kehr bei uns ei" (p. 63 f.). Thinking it to be personal mockery, he pivots and leaves. Later he is asked whether he does not know that his name is Pit, and not Heilicher.

Moll shows a knowledge of customs among the Pennsylvania Germans in his broad portrayal of events and activities. For example, "Der Rich Beisel Hot Gagaerdelt" (113 ff.) indicates the role of the almanac and the signs of the Zodiac in planting—without making all Pennsylvania Germans peculiarly superstitious. At times Moll is content with hinting at an old practice, as for example when he writes, "awwer wann mer den (Al) Kaffi macht, muss er sei wie en Seeflaag, das en Oi draagt" (p. 97). Here he refers to the making of soap, the lye solution for which had to be strong enough to carry or float an egg.

Shortly after Hiram Best's announcement of the possibility of selling the **Black Bear**, the entire **Gemee**, as the frequenters of the tavern are called, begins to celebrate with finality when the same two hired men of Lauchner's who were usually pranksters enter, shouting that the inn is on fire. Hen Kramer, a heavy soak and worthless loafer, rises to heights of self-forgetfulness when he rushes into the second-floor bedroom in order to save the rings belonging to Bess, his former love and now the wife of the proprietor. Moll then deftly characterizes not only life itself but also the man who gave himself to the licking flames at the broken window: "Der Saufldel vun der Nochberschaft hot sei Lewe gewwe far en Gfalle. Buwe, die Nadur iss en karyosi Sach. Sie hot den Mann erschaffe mit me Haerz so gross wie en Haus, mit me Wille far allem Mann en Gfalle zu duh, en Mitleides far yeder Mensch, awwer gebt ihm en Darscht gross genunk far en gans Township. Des lewe iss un bleibt en Raetsel."

Dr. Don Yoder, now on the faculty of Muhlenberg College, had prepared for the YEARBOOK for 1945 a scholarly edition of **Emigrants from Wuerttemberg: The Adolf Gerber Lists**, an important work in genealogy. An equally interesting and valuable contribution now comes from his pen through the first American edition of **Dr. Otto Langguth's Auswanderer aus der Grafschaft Wertheim.** The shorter Wertheim List and the very fine introductions shed even more light upon the emigrations to Pennsylvania than do the Gerber Lists.

Dr. Yoder here performed a threefold task: (1) a careful translation of Dr. Langguth's informative introduction and collected data; (2) the addition of excellent Appendices and extant materials based upon American records; and (3) the collection of emigrants' names with Pennsylvania sources. Village parish registers furnished data for the Gerber Lists, whereas the official state archives of Wertheim served as the basis for the Wertheim List. In order to edit **Pennsylvania German Pioneers from the County of Wertheim,** Dr. Yoder regularly corresponded with the seventy-year-old Dr. Langguth, of Kreuzwertheim-on-the-Main, Bavaria.

According to Dr. Yoder, about 250 heads of families came in the eighteenth century from what is now called Mainfranken (the historic city of Wertheim is in Baden) to the English colonies in North America, largely to Pennsylvania. In the late 1740's these people applied to the Counts of Loewenstein-Wertheim for manumission from vassalage and the right to come to America. Some went to New England too, others to Eastern Europe, of whom Yoder omitted the last-named. Yoder added 22 names to the original list.

The article, pp. 147-289, is indispensable not only for the student of genealogy but also, and perhaps primarily, for anyone who wants an authentic picture of the forces and conditions which produced German migration to America. The book is essential for an understanding of the role of the "soul-sellers" who misrepresented in order to fleece the travelers on their journey from the almost exclusively Lutheran city and county of Wertheim to Rotterdam and to the New World. An enumeration of the many taxes, different levels of vassalage, the certificate of manumission, letters from America, the print of an original contract of transport (probably the only one extant), the certificate of good conduct (**Leumundszeugnis** - p. 271), other unusual documents and factors serve to illuminate for us the background of our German ancestors.

The authorities of Wertheim were hesitant in granting a certificate of manumission to some residents, but in other instances they were happy to rid themselves of undesirables. The county government sought to protect its citizens from unscrupulous agents by refusing manumission to those with insufficient funds (example on p. 237).

In spite of some inadequate proofreading, the Yearbook has exceptionally high quality with two items into which a tremendous amount of work and much time have been put. It closes with Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's informative **1947 in Pennsylvania German History**, which for the first time includes a list of projected studies.

Susquehanna University — RUSSELL W. GILBERT, Ph. D.

RURAL RHYMES

BY ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DRAUERSCHPIEL UFF DE BAUEREI

Zick! Zack! Der Wedderleech
Blitzt darrichs Himmelzelt.
Dunner rollt! Ei, 's waar en Schdreech
Drauss in dem Waasemfeld!

Gedroffe iss der Keschdebaum,
Gschpalde darrich die Mitt.
So Raaserei, des sehnt mer kaum,
Des waar en mechdich Schnitt!

Paar Daag dernoh der Bauer saagt:
"Dod iss der Keschde—yuscht im Wek;
Nau Buwe, net lang geglaagt—
Greif ihn aa mit de gross Drummsaeg."

Zing! Zang! Die Drummsaeg singt;
Saegmehl fliegt so rumhaer.
Der Keschdebaum iss schier umringt,
Er iss maerrickwaerdich schwer!

Vorwarts! Hie! Do! Zurick!
Die zollang Zaehne beisse nei.
Glei leit der Keenich uffem Rick,
Sei Regierung iss ball verbei!

Grex! Grach! Er biegt sich um,
Iwwergewwe—Schtamm un Nescht.
En mechdich Schlag uff Erdedrumm—
Ken Schliwwer meh am Schdumbe fescht!

• • •

Ken Keschde meh fer Kinner nau,
Uff Offedeckel roschde;
Ken Schadde vun de Summerhitz—
De miede Leit zum Droschde!

Kaa, Kaa, Kaa! laut's im Krappedaal.
O, O, O, schreie all die Eile;
Eechhaase dief in ihrem Driebsaal
Sin drauerend am Heile.

Mer meent die Wolke bicke sich,
Die Sunn iss iwwerzoge;
Der Wind, der pischpert wunnerlich,
Verschprecht en Reggeboge!

Doch schteht en blodder Blacke nau
Dart drauss im Waasemfeld;
Ich denk oft draa; well, ennihau
So oft als Dunner gnellt.

DIE GROSSMAMMI AM HOSSE FLICKE

Sie lest die alte Gleeder aus
Fer Blacke an sie neehe;
Sie dutt ihr Flicht in unser Haus
In viele feine Wege!

Im Karreb fer sich flicke losse,
So unachtsam neigschmisse,
Sin zwee paar alte Iwwerhosse,
Gans sonderbaar verrisse.

Die Buwe sin in sellre Elt,
So luschtich un so frei,
Es batt nix, dass mer ihne schelt—
Sie schmeisse alles nei!

Der Tscho hot Lecher in seim Sitz,
Der Kriecht hot nackiche Gnie!
Die Mammi dreht der Neez zum Schpitz
Un zielt an de Nodel hie.

Sie wunnert wie es kummt, dass so
En Unnerschitt drin iss;
En hochi Laerning will der Tscho—
Er macht gut aus, gewiss!

Der klee Knecht hot Blacke uff de Gnie,
Gaar kenni hinne bei;
Er saagt als yuscht "Bei Gosh! Bei Tschie!
Ich will en Bauer sei!"

Die Grossmammi flickt sie alle zwee,
Ihr Mutterhaerz iss froh;
Sie liebt der gross Knecht un der klee,
Un ihr eegener Tscho.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. —*Webster.*

Sally Gambled and Lost

Mildred Gillars, who took a lot of pride during the war in being known in Germany as "Axis Sally" and had a lot of confidence in her ability as an American to break down the morale of American soldiers on the fighting front and the morale of the soldiers' mothers back home, has been convicted of treason.

She is the first woman ever to have been convicted of such crime in this country after a war when bitter emotions have abated and when the tendency to leniency always is strong. The jury which tried her arrived at a verdict after considerable discussion and it was probably swayed in part by such feeling of leniency for a women who had made such a terrible mistake. On the weight of the evidence, adduced from undeniable records of her broadcasting and the testimony of many of her former associates in the broadcasting business in Germany, the jury in all justice and truth had to find her guilty and leave the sentence up to the Court.

Sally defended her incontrovertible conduct on the grounds of love, that she had to make a living, fear of the Nazis and the hypnotic suggestion on the part of her superiors in the dirty business. But it was a shabby defense and weighed little in the balance against the vicious line of Nazi propaganda which the American girl poured out with the greatest enthusiasm when everything was going well with the Nazis and the outlook for the United States and our allies was not so good.

Axis Sally played a game for big stakes and lost. Only the fact that she is a woman is likely to save her from the death that is the permitted and legal punishment for this crime. Americans do not wish that life be taken. They do not clamor for revenge. But Axis Sally earned for herself all that the law allows, altho generous American nature will hope that milder sentence will be imposed.

Pools for Jr. High Schools

The response of Junior High school students to the recent opening of swimming classes and a merry romp in the waters of the High School pool reemphasize the desirability of having swimming pools as standard equipment for every new building to be constructed for students in this three-year group.

It can be said that Allentonians are lovers of aquatic sports. Attendance at the swimming pools and bathing beaches conducted by the City government during the summer season attests this interest. This interest can be carried on all thru the year by young people of High school age. But for the Junior High students there has been no such opportunity.

Now that it has been afforded, the interest of this group in this valuable art and clean sport is manifested. The only trouble is that the High School pool is removed by miles from many hundreds of young people who would enjoy it just as much as those who live near by or within easy walking distance.

It is true of course that when the Junior High school building program was developed, there was expectation and hope that pools would be included as part of the physical education program's facilities.

High costs of construction have not only reduced the number of schools that can be built but also elimination of pools where schools will be built. It is a pity.

Remove Spies' Shield

Indictment on espionage charges of a Russian engineer employed by the United Nations — along with a young woman employe of the Justice Department — is wholesome evidence of the determination of the United States to settle once and for all the question whether U.N. personnel can escape prosecution by pleading diplomatic immunity.

It is obvious, in the light of the tense international situation, hat this nation cannot permit U.N. headquarters in New York to serve as the gateway through which an indefinite number of foreign agents can enter the country and roam about unwatched.

U. N. officials apparently recognized this reality when they said that the suspect, Valentin A. Gubitchev, does not enjoy diplomatic immunity under the U.N. headquarters agreement. Instead of pressing for his release they promptly suspended him from his job.

This sensible view on the part of U.N. officials greatly weakens the position of Russian Ambassador Panyushkin, who has twice told Secretary of State Acheson that Gubitchev should be freed. In view of the fact that immunity is claimed on the ground that the suspect is an employe of U.N. —not that he is a Soviet national—the demand should be pressed, if at all, by U.N. and not the Embassy.

The trial of Gubitchev should be no different from that of Miss Judith Coplon, Justice Department employe with whom he was arrested last week in New York. If, after a fair trial, she is found guilty she should receive a sentence that will serve as a warning to every disloyal worker in the Government service. And if Gubitchev is convicted the penalty must be severe enough to prove that the United States is not defenseless against foreign spies, regardless of what ruse they employ in order to enter the country.

In informing the Russian Ambassador that this government does not recognize the diplomatic immunity of U.N. workers, Secretary Acheson expressed a view in harmony with that of U.N. officials themselves. It is to be hoped that he will maintain that position in the fuller reply which he has promised.

The fiction that spies, whether native or foreign, are safe in the United States must be exploded. And, in the interest of better international cooperation, U.N. should purge its own payrolls of foreign agents.—Phila. Inquirer.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Years ago, before my wife had convinced me of the fact that bills are supposed to be paid and not thrown into the wastebasket, I used to have a terrific respect for credit managers.

I'll never forget the first time I applied for a charge account in a San Francisco department store.

I had never committed a crime and, with a salary of $23 a week, considered myself a pretty substantial business man.

But the moment I faced that credit manager I felt like something that had crawled into his office out of some garbage.

He looked at me. He frowned.

"What's your business?" he asked.

"Newspaper reporter," I meekly answered.

He let out a fiendish laugh. He sounded like an hyena.

"That's good!" he exclaimed. "And you want a charge account! Ha. Ha. Ha. The answer it NO!"

* * *

Later on I did manage to get a couple of charge accounts, and you should have seen the collection letters I received from credit managers when the payments were overdue, as they usually were.

I formed the opinion that credit managers ranked with Shakespeare and O. Henry as writers and hoped that some day I would be able to emulate them in my own writing work.

* * *

Having paid all my bills promptly since my wife made an honest man out of me, I have missed those dunning letters, some cajoling, some threatening, some outright frightening.

Imagine my joy when I received a form letter from a Chicago firm a couple of days ago!

It addressed me as "Dear Customer," although I had never done business with them.

And this is what they offered:

A loose-leaf volume of "200 tested collection letters" for only $7.50. With it comes a loose-leaf binder—and, for only thirty cents extra, I can have my name stamped on the cover in gold letters!

I read the accompanying circular with glee, because there I found some of the very letters I had received years ago.

It seemed like meeting old friends, and many new ones.

For instance, there was the "Alarm Clock" letter. "Gets checks from regular customers, keeps them happy", said the circular.

"Twenty-five year-old 'Safety Pin' collection letter which still pulls."

"'Wheel That Squeaks' letter which pulls 70 per cent checks for a Fort Wayne company."

"The 'Goldfish' letter that gets money and friendly replies from delinquents."

Here is one that intrigues me particularly: "A 'last resort' letter which collected from 11 out of 12 risky accounts."

You know what I am thinking of doing? I may send for that volume. Then I am going to have you borrow some money from me and you don't pay me when it is due. Then I'll use the volume on you.

But please remember, there is also a "tactful letter to people whose credit report is unsatisfactory."

Horoscope

It's a good time to make short trips, and to get around with friends and neighbors. Success and a pleasantly gay life seem to be in the book for your next year. The child who is born on this date should also be moderately successful throughout life.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Union labor leaders have completely reversed their attitude toward state regulation of closed shops and now have asked Congress to do what Sen. Wagner and the late Rep. Connery, co-managers in the handling of the National Labor Relations act in 1935, promised the country.

Instead of a mere revival of the Wagner act, which did not attempt to interfere with the right of the states to prohibit closed shops or other forms of union security, the unions now want to extend the power of the federal government so as to deprive the states of their rights to legislate on employer-union relationships.

The language inserted in the bill just reported out of the Senate Labor committee is different from that which was written into the administration bill when first introduced early in January.

The reason for the change, of course, is the remarkable unanimity of the justices of the Supreme court in holding that the original Wagner act and its successor, the Taft-Hartley act, did not take away from the states the right to prohibit or regulate closed-shop practices.

The Supreme court, since the first of this year, has ruled on a number of state laws dealing with the "closed shop" and has upheld the constitutionality of all of them on the ground that Congress did not intend to foreclose the rights of the states in these matters. Justice Frankfurter only this week referred pointedly in his opinion in behalf of the court to the following speech by Sen. Wagner in support of his bill in 1935:

"While outlawing the organization that is interfered with by the employer, this bill does not establish the closed shop or even encourage it. The much-discussed closed-shop proviso merely states that nothing in any federal law shall be held to illegalize the confirmation of voluntary closed-shop agreements between employers and workers."

The court opinion then quotes from a statement by the late Rep. Connery, chairman of the House Labor committee at the time, who said to the House:

"The closed-shop proposition in this bill does not refer to any state which has any law forbidding the closed shop. It does not interfere with that in any way."

The new bill which the administration is now supporting specifically says that no state law can interfere with the right of any union and employer to make a closed-shop agreement. The question of whether the clause as now written would stand the test of constitutionality is still undetermined. Justice Black earlier this year stated that "there cannot be wrung from a constitutional right of workers to assemble to discuss improvement of their own working standards, a further constitutional right to drive from remunerative employment all other persons who will not or can not participate in union assemblies."

Justice Black went on to say that the conduct of unions must "conform to valid law." There have been suggestions both in the opinions of Justice Frankfurter and Justice Black that such a regulatory law, if valid in all other respects, might be derived from the commerece power of the federal Constitution. But it is a fair inference that there also cannot be wrung from the commerce power any right "to drive from remunerative employment all other persons" who refuse to join unions.

The new language of the Senate bill does apparently recognize the weakness of any flat sanction of compulsory unionization without allowing for the right of workers not to join. For the new bill does put in an alternative phrase or two whereby workers who do not wish to join may be required to pay "sums equivalent" to those required by membership obligations in a union and specifies that deductions may be made from wages and salaries by employers to cover such dues.

The union leaders, in striving to have a "valid law" written, have also yet to come face to face with the historic controversy over concurrent power as between the states with their police power governing working conditions and the federal as well as state power over commerce itself. Any explicit clarification of where the federal power and state power may coincide or overlap or conflict is a long ways off and will be the subject of much litigation, no matter how the Congress finally phases the pending substitute for the Taft-Hartley act.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

1 Peter 1:13-25

This portion of Scripture is the 'Gospel according to Peter', v. 25. It begins with grace, v. 13, which to to fulfill our hope at the revelation of Jesus Christ, a hope which will not disappoint us. Meanwhile, as we 'wait for our Lord from heaven', we are to be obedient to Him, living not to satisfy the lusts of the flesh, but as holy in word and in deed, because He Who called us is holy; fearing to offend Him by any loose conduct. Our salvation was a costly matter for Him, for we were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver or gold, but with the precious (priceful) blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and spot, manifested for that purpose 'in these last times', meaning at the close of the Old Testament dispensation, and thus inaugurating the New. The Old Testament sacrifices prefigured His death, after which they ceased. We have a living Saviour, v. 21, through faith in Whom we were born again, v. 23, according to His word, which abideth for ever. Truth and love mark the character of every true Christian, v. 22.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A cartoon in Britain's humorous magazine, "Punch," portrayed an ashen-faced gentleman being carried out of a swanky party on a stretcher by two hospital attendants, while the other guests looked on disdainfully and the hostess glowered.

The stricken gentleman, no one to forget his manners in the most awkward situation, gasped, "Thank you for a really wonderful evening. So stupid of me to forget I must never touch crabmeat."

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of March 12, 1924, a Wednesday.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. was held yesterday at the company's general offices, 14th and Gordon Sts. The report of the company's financial position in brief outline and its operations for the past year was submitted. An election following the business meeting reinstated the present officers.

The annual election of Queen City encampment, 95, I.O.O.F. was held Tuesday evening in mystic chain hall. The officers for the new year follow: Ross Coulter, high priest; Robert Fritsch, chief patriarch; Franklin Gross, senior warden; N. E. Scherer, junior warden, and H. Schultz, trustee for 18 months.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA CO-OP FERSOMMLING: 'M Midwoch wors unser blessier da Chapmans Co-op ihra yairlichie fersommling ei nemma im LVCF gabei uf da 7d shtross, grawd ous Allentown. Iwwer ae dousand worra darta - louder laedich bauers leit, odder leit mit g'shefta os tzu duh hut mit 'm bauerra. In kartza werta, 's worra die bauer fon Lechaw kounty uf parade. Ol die shtondhofta bauer worra darta, net yusht die monsleit, ow'r sie hen aw die weibsleit mit gabrocht, un don un won die kinner. 'S wor 'n blessier bei so fiel bauer tzu sei -die bauer sin net yusht der hinner klotz fom gonsa lava, ow'r aw 's fundament woh unser lond druf rug'd. Bauer worra ols ferlocht-war tzu dum wor fer aenich ebbes shunshd tzu duh, hut ols noch bauerra kenna wor die sawg. Ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Der bauer is 'n bisnis mon, un ainer os uf seina aigna fees shtae kon.

Un grawd so shtaid aw die Chapmans Co-op bisnis, gaaigend un garunn'd bei louder laedich bauers leit. 'S wor elf yohr tzurick wie paar hunnerd Lechaw kounty bauer ihra airshdie Chapmans Co-op fersommling k'halta hen in Schnecksville. Die hoffning wor gross, un der waig hard. In denna elf yohr is shun fiel wosser iwwer der dom-wosser woh helfa hut die Chapmans Co-op uf tzu baua wos sie heit is, may os 'n dousand gleader, un woh im fergongna yohr iwwer ae million dahler bisnis gaduh hut.

Sis nix tzu gross, un nix tzu glae fer die Co-op 's unner nemma - yusht so long os es 'n nutza is tzu da bauers leit. Yohr fer yohr werra neia socha aw ganumma, un wos 'n bauer brouch ebs bauerra garaidschoft is, fuder, sawma fon alla orta, hinkle, gasoline, ale, kicha effa, g'friehr boxa, refrigerators, gabeier, inshurance un wos ever os es nembt fer 'n bauerrei om gae haltadie Co-op is da bauer ihra ontwert fer die socha griega.

Die Chapmans Co-op is om woxa - wox'd shtarrick. Yusht im fergongna yohr hen sie 'n gross bauerra g'shar gabei uf, net yusht fer neia socha drin halta, ow'r aw fer gayus'd bauerra g'shar fixa so gute os wie fon nei'm. Onnerra gabeier hen sie aw shun uf, un graiserra socha sin ols noch om kumma. Un grawd wie die bisnis wox'd, so kumma aw immer neia gleader bei-ungfare so wie da onner dawg 'n hunnerd futsich odder noch may uf g'shtonna sin wie der manager Allen Heintzelman gawunnert hut wie fiel neia gleader os on da fersommling weara.

M'r hen die shwetzer gute gaglicha, un aw da "Women's Guild" ihra g'shpiel, "Hen Peck Holler Gossip," odder ewwa so weibsleit retcherrei. Die shpieler worra die Beatrice Poh, die Mary Burkos, die Caroline Swoyer, die Harry Hartranft'n, die Floyd Frey'n, die Lewis Kunkle'sn, die Lorain Laub, die Fred Wendlings'n, die Ethel Guth, die Oscar Koch'n, un die Helen Hoppes. Un oh yar, finf fon da shoffleit hen aw shpella grick'd fer tzaea yohr shoffa fer die Co-op, un paar hen g'sawt sie dada shun elf yohr shoffa dafor. Die finfa worra, der alt un der yung Ed Moyer, der George Marcks, der Carl Loch, un der Ray Sechler. Die boova ihra shpella shun 'n mohnet fer die wohret tzu sawga, hen tzurick grick'd, ow'r hen sie mit noch da fersommling bringa solla-sie hen aw, ol wie der Ray Sechler net, er hut seinie dahame leia lossa.

'S middawg essa im grossa truck gabei wor gute, un allas is shnell gonga. 'N yaders hut sei daller grick'd mit rins flaish, grumbierra, arbsa un gravy, un hut sich noh blotz g'such'd on da dish wohs iwwer-resht wor. So g'shwind os die esserrei gonga is-grawd so gute wor aw allas os m'r kotta hen. 'S wor 'n grosser dawg-'n dawg woh ol os darta worra, fer 'n longie tzeit net fergess'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Jim Smith, der londferkaufer fon Seipstown un Emmaus, hut uns da onner dawg fertzailt on da Co-op fersommling, sei leddawg wist er net woh may noh froke gawest wear fon leit fon weit'm fer Lechaw kounty bauers lond kaufa wie grawd now.

Mit wenich iwwer drei un tzwonsich hunnerd bauerreia fon drei ocker aw nuf im kounty, glawwa m'r net os fiela may wie fuftsich dafon alla weil fer sale sin-un doh sin 'n lot dafon gapeffer'd.

Bei gapeffer'd maina m'r, os die aigner yusht ferkaufa won sie ihra price griega.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

From a lady in Charleston, S.C., I received the following:

"I have a cleaning woman, a colored woman who is as honest and faithful as a person can be. Her son was in the service and she has heard that some states are giving their soldiers a bonus, but she told me that Mr. Truman would not give the soldiers in South Carolina and Alabama any of that money, because Alabama would not allow his name to be on the voting ballot and South Carolina ran Mr. J. Strom Thurmond against him. She feels that the white people in these states have cheated her son out of his money. How can you tell them that Mr. Truman had nothing to do with the state bonus money?"

Of course, the real trouble is that we have failed, in the United States and in every state of the union, to teach our people what kind of country they live in and how it works. You might say that the poor cleaning woman is ignorant, but I have sat among men and women with college degrees who know as little about the United States as this woman does. Our colleges and universities have so specialized that men get 14 A's, or whatever it takes to get Phi Beta Kappa keys, who do not know that the president of the United States is an official of limited powers; that the Congress is separated from the president by specified provisions in the Constitution of the United States.

I have met college graduates who have never read the Bible or Shakespeare, to say nothing of Milton, Shelley or Keats. They did not major in English, they say; yet they regard themselves as educated persons. I met a college president once whose knowledge of American history was limited to the doings of local politicians; yet that man rose in what he called convocations to tell young men and women about how they should train themselves for public service.

No nation can survive the loss of the vital force that established it. What we call national tradition is the operation of that force through a nation's history. When a little boy says in school, "I pledge allegiance to the flag . . ." He must have, even in his very young mind, some concept of what that flag stands for. As he grows older, that concept must develop into an ideal of life. We are shocked every day at the betrayal of America by young men and women of so-called good and old families, educated in our best universities. The shock is unjustified; it should have been expected. Over-specialized education, directed not toward an ideal of life but to a function of living, can never produce anything better.

There is the real fault and there is the real damage. It was smart to debunk American history! So George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree! What a great mind it was that discovered that! What a powerful mentality corrected that error! The fact is that Washington and his colleagues formed a system of government that has permitted us to live in freedom on the highest standard of living known to man.

No matter how the researchers and debunkers and enemies of American tradition try to get around that single fact, it stands a beacon in all this miserable world of slavery, hunger and chaos.

The real fault is that education has fallen into the hands of professional administrators. Where is there today in this United States a single figure in the entire field of education who inspires his generation, who leads his country, who stands out a notable figure? One, of course, nowadays, has to include Gen. Eisenhower and Harold Stassen among educators — but we can let that pass. But where is the Nicholas Murray Butler, the Charles Eliot, the Arthur Hadley, the Mark Hopkins, the David Starr Jordan, the Booker T. Washington, the Woodrow Wilson of another generation?

That cleaning woman is no exception. She represents a large segment of our population — uninformed and uninspired. There is more danger in that than in an army attacking our frontiers. There is the real trouble.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DETERMINATION

It is easy to stop. It is hard
to go on
When strength to continue the
struggle seems gone,
But all progress was won by
the stout hearts that stayed
To face hardship and blunder
and loss undismayed.

Not by ways that are easy men
come to success.
Who ventures for triumph
must courage possess.
There are failures to face,
disappointments and jeers,
But the goal will be reached
when the right man appears.

Grim failure's a teacher!
From every retreat
Man learns as he ventures
what not to repeat.
In that respect wiser than ever
before,
Still seeking the true way, he
sets out once more.

(Copyright, 1949)



IN DER KICH

Those of our readers who keep up the old traditions have just gone through the annual Schrovetide "dunking" spree, for Shrove Tuesday is the day on which the Pennsylvania German housewife serves her particular kind of doughnut. The custom of frying cakes in deep fat on Shrove Tuesday is an ancient one which our forefathers brought with them from the Fatherland. In the Palatinate **Fasenachtkichelcher** are fried to this day on Shrove Tuesday. They are made of a yeast dough, cut in squares or rectangles, slit down the middle and fried in deep fat. It is interesting to observe that our conservative Pennsylvania German housewife also cuts them in squares or rectangles on this occasion, although she may cut them out in the conventional round form the rest of the year. Having fried them, what does she call them? To some they are **Fettkuche**, others call them **Fassnachtkuche, Faasnachtkuche** or **Faasenachtkuche.** This last prounciation of three syllables, still heard here, is frequently heard in the Palatinate. Although we usher in the Lenten, or fasting season **(Fastenzeit)** with Shrove Tuesday, it is interesting to notice that in none of our Pennsylvania German pronounciations is there the letter "t." This pronunciation without "t" is also prevalent in the Pfalz. German scholars are pretty well agreed that the word itself derives from an ancient pre-Christian root that has to do with the regenerative processes of the springtime of the year.

Some say that the Shrovetide doughnut must be made of a yeast dough; others say it is almost a religious requirement that the dough be made with baking powder. Others resort to soda and sour cream. Will our readers clarify the Editor on this point? Kindly send us your favorite recipe, whether for doughnut or cruller or both. But when is a doughnut only a cruller? We believe that our nation thinks it is dunking doughnuts when it is really only dunking crullers! But whichever, the corollary is the intimate and friendly act of "dunking." We Pennsylvania Germans may be proud of having given the English language this word. In Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language we find: **Dunk**, verb transitive and intransitive—to dip (bread, cake or the like) into coffee, tea, milk, etc., while eating." Despite its English mal-pronunciation it is still our P. G. verb **"dunke,"** High German **"tunken."** It is a pleasant little word, and may yet become a factor in bringing about amity among nations. The National Dunking Association, numbering many illustrious names among its members, founded some years ago "to spread good cheer and fellowship," has sponsored a peace campaign. In the booklet distributed by this association we read in Chapter III "How to Win the Peace:" If we can get the whole world to dunking donuts, world peace is here to stay....Because nobody can shoot and dunk at the same time!"

In the ECK for January 15th we appealed to our readers for information about **Metzelsupp,** a word which is fast vanishing from usage. We have received little direct information. From the noted Palatine lexicographer, Dr. Ernst Christmann, Kaiserslautern, we have the following: When at butchering time various meats and sausage kinds were cooked in a large cauldron, the resulting good broth and fragments therein resulting from bursting sausages, was called a **Metzelsuppe** (the German verb **metzeln,** to butcher, slaughter.) Such a Metzelsuppe was served at the time of the butchering festival and on the following days. But often, since there was a considerable quantity, a pot of it, together with liver or some other sausage, was carried to the neighbors as a friendly act. Also the village pastor shared in such gift at butchering time.—Here in Pennsylvania it seems to have been this latter custom that gave the word **Metzelsupp** its meaning, for the basket made up of various meat cuts, samples of liver pudding, **pannhaas** and sausages, whether for neighbors or the pastor, came to be called **die Metzelsupp.** In Henry L. Fisher's Olden Times (York, Pa., 1888) we read these verses:

But one thing more, and, though the last, yet
not the least—
There was the generous, old-time metzel-soup,
Which, 'twas the custom, at such times, to send
To every neighbor, relative, and friend;

In the Appendix of the same book, the author comments further: The term metzelsoup is the Anglicised form of the German **Metzelsuppe. Metzeln** means to kill and cut to pieces, animals for meat—preeminently for sausage. In the olden time, a time-honored custom (doubtless brought by our German ancestors from the fatherland) prevailed, of sending to each near neighbor, at butchering time, a taste of the delicious sausage and puddings which were made in such great abundance on butchering occasions, which occurred, as they still do among our country-folk, at least twice during each winter; this "taste" usually consisted of a good-sized dish—holding eight or ten pounds—heaping full, and was regarded as the pledge of continuing friendship between the families immediately concerned; for, if the metzelsoup was either omitted or not reciprocated, there was surely something wrong; and the preacher in charge, who always took a deep interest in keeping up the good custom, was sure to hear of the matter; and he generally succeeded in affecting a reconciliation over a love feast of fat things. This metzelsoup-custom became general among our rural folk of all nationalities, but is now gradually falling into desuetude together with many others."

Let us turn once more to the consideration of greens. Maundy Thursday, better known throughout our Pennsylvania German counties as **Griener Dunnerschdaag** is in the offing and on that day, according to ancient custom, "greens" must be served. Dandelion, our **bittre Selaat,** also frequently referred to as **Pissebett,** is still the favorite "green" for **Griener Dunnerschdaag,** but our forefathers also knew various other edible "greens." Since Mr. J. I. Rodale in his interesting magazine "Organic Gardening" has pointed out repeatedly that the beautiful fresh vegetables which we purchase so readily all winter long, are, because of the truckers' excessive use of chemical fertilizers very deficient in the minerals and vitamins which we moderns need so sorely, it is possible that we shall once more turn to some of the edible weeds which nature has so abundantly provided for those who will seek them.

Mr. Raymond E. Kiebach, Stony Creek Mills, writes us as follows: "Another green that has been used by the Pennsylvania Germans is the yellow dock or **Halwer Gaul.** There are two kinds of this plant, the narrow-leaved and the broad-leaved. The narrow-leaved variety is preferred. These leaves are gathered in the spring when they are young and tender. They are then cooked with or without meat. I have eaten of them, and they are palatable. Nothing particular to rave about, but still hunger-satisfying. In the days before refrigerator cars, bringing green goods from California, Arizona, and clean across to Florida, this plant was relished in the early spring after being on a dehydrated or canned diet for several months." From his notebook, dated before 1[illegible]5, Mr. Kiebach also quotes the following: "The humble sourdock, or as it is more commonly called, **Sauerampfe,** which grows on acid soils and is classed as a weed has also been used as an article of food. The correct name is sorrel and is the popular name for certain species of **Rumex as Rumex acetosa.** It is named for its acid taste. It is used like cranberries, sweetened with the use of sugar and made into cakes or tarts."

Dr. Ernst Christman, Kaiserslautern, informs us that **halber Gaul** is also used in the Palatinate, where it is also called **Grosser Ampfer,** whereas our sorrel is **Sauerampfer.** In the western part of the Palatinate it is only known **as Halwer Gaul,** but elsewhere as **Gaulsemberich.** The plant is gathered, when the meadows are mowed, and dried, to be used to brew a tea for the treatment of dysentry, against which it is very effective.

Our amiable elderly correspondent, Mrs. Gertrude B. Kessler, Easton, writes: "Did you ever use dock in the same manner as dandelion? Except that we boiled it three minutes and drained it before pouring over it the same bacon dressing we put on dandelion. And did you ever eat the justly despised burdock, prepared in this manner? If you have not, you will agree with Emerson's definition of a weed being a plant whose virtues have not been discovered. Take the thick stalks of the burdock and cut them (after peeling them as you do rhubarb) in four inch lengths. Boil them in salted water until tender. When cool tie three stalks together with thread, dip in beaten egg and roll in bread crumbs and fry. We also used the early shoots of the poke weed, before it got red, and treated it the same as asparagus."

In the ECK for January 15 we inquired whether our older readers remembered eating carrots in vegetable soup, and if vegetable soup was served in those earlier days. Mr. Kiebach, talking with his parents who are nearly 80 years of age, found that neither of them remembered carrots being grown in their gardens at home. "They do not recall any particular reason why they were not grown, but they just were not there. They also mentioned that there were no tomatoes in those old gardens. Mother also recalls that in her aunt's garden there were no cucumbers as we know them today. She raised the French "pickles" **(die schtachlich Ort),** those covered with spines. They were put up in salt or vinegar for winter use. Vegetable soup was served in their homes when they were children, but it contained neither carrots nor tomatoes."

Our request for the proper proportions of buckwheat flour and corn meal in the making of **Pannhaas** brought forth only one reply, also from the Mr. Kiebach, quoted above, in which he writes: "In the making of **Pannhaas,** both cornmeal and white flour is used, half and half, with just a bit of buewheat as this will make it too brittle and make frying difficult. Some folks leave out the buckwheat altogether. The mixed cornmeal and wheat flour is poured into the boiling liquor or juice until thick enough, stirring it all the while." We are inclined to think that buckwheat was used in greater proportion in the earlier days. Who will set us right on this?

We repeat our request at the beginning of this article: Who will furnish us with recipes for **Fassnachtkuche** made: 1. with yeast dough; 2. with sour cream and soda; 3. with baking powder? Address your letter, Editor of the ECK, Morning Call, Allentown, **Pa.—ED.**

SINGER! SINGER! SINGER!

Those who think of high-power advertising as a product of our own day will find the following Singer Sewing Machine Ad in our Pennsylvania German dialect of some antiquarian interest. It appeared 76 years ago on the inside paper cover of E. H. Rauch's short-lived THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN for January, February and March, 1873. The Ad writer was not slow in exploiting Mrs. O'Leary's cow which kicked the lantern over which started the great Chicago conflagration which raged from Oct. 8 to Oct. 11, 1871, and caused an estimated loss of $196,000,000! —ED.

IMPROOFT SINGER NEA MACHINE

Es is de bereemscht Nea Machine in der Welt—ivver 180.000 sin 's letsht yohr ferkawft warra, un sell beat enniche onnery machine sales ivver 50,000.

Wass de Chicago Leit derfu Denka

Ous de 2,900 Nea Machines gekawft by der Relief Committee for de wo g'suffered hen dorrich 's fire (an yeady fraw hut ehra wahl g'numma) ivver 2,400 hen de Singer Machine g'choosed.

SELLY KU

Waer hets gedenkt dass we der Mrs. O'Leary ehr ku de lomp um gekickt hut un seller weg 's gross fire g'shtart in Chicago, dos sell so an shtorker endorsement fun der Singer Machine rouse bringa deht.

Es is de Gross Family Nea Machine fun America

Se is simple, substantial un shafft flink, un olly sorta aerwet.

An yeader Coachmaker im lond set an Singer Machine hawa.

De Soddler duhn se usa.

De Shumacher usa se.

De Schneider usa se.

De unnerschidliche graes suita olly branches fun bisness.

An Neie K'nup-loch Machine

De Singer Company manufactured aw orrick guty K'nup-loch Machines, un selly sin ousfeerlich explained in ehram circular.

Shick for'n Circular

Eb du an machine sunsht wo kawfsht, shick for an circular, odder roof selwer aa beim agent.

De Hawpt Office for Pennsylvania

De hawpt office fun der Singer Manufacturing Company for Pennsylvania is No. 1106 Chestnut Shtrose, Philadelphia.

(Rauch's orthography based on English sound values has been retained)

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

Duncansville, Pa.

Liewer Editor vun. ECK,

Heit iss der 28scht Harning. Marye fangt der Maerz aa. Des sin zwee Munet, as uns kalt Wetter bringe. Es schneet un blost in eem Schtick fart. Es iss zu wiescht drauss zu sei, der Aerwet noh geh. Weil's Wetter so iss, bring ich der Daag zu in der Kich, wann die Fraa net kummt un schlagt mir 'n gchtick Brennhols an der Kopp. Ich hab die Schtiwwel ausgezogge un do hock ich am Kochoffe mit de Fiess im Backoffe. Geht alles, wie ich's gaern hett, dann gebt's 'n guter Daag fer mich.

Es schwarmt mir ebbes im Kopp wie yunge Hummler in ihrem Nescht imme Gleefeld. Es waar mir schunn im Sinn fer etliche Woche. En yunger Mann hot mich gfrogt, wie mer ausziffere daet, wieviel Schindle es nemme daet fer uff en Dach un wieviel Fuss "lumber" fer'n Gebel. Der yung Mann iss ken Dummkopp, wann er aa schun so ebbes net weess. Er iss darrich die "public" Schul, darrich die Hochschul un hot 'n "college degree." Dass er net weess, was er mich gfrogt hot, iss net sei Schuld. Ich hab ihn gfrogt, eb er so ebbes net in der Schul gelaernt hett. Er hot gsaat er hett so ebbes net gelaernt, in der Schul, weil 's net in seinere Schulaerwet vorkumme waer. Graad do iss wu der Haas im Peffer hockt. Die yunge Leit laerne so Sache nimmi in de Schule. Zu viel Dummheite warre gedriwwe im Blatz vun nitzliche Sache laerne. Ich daet des gaern in der Englisch Schproch saage, awwer weil ich die Englisch Schproch net verschteh, muss ich's in unsere gute Mutterschproch saage. Mer kann en Harneselnescht uffschtarre, wann mer so ebbes saagt. Ich lege die Schuld net uff die "teachers." Sie misse ausfiehre, was ihre "superintendents" ihne uff die Tafel schreiwe. Die "superintendents" sin schuld drää. Sie sin wie deel Dokter, die me Patient die appendix rausschneide fer'n Koppweh odder "rheumatism" 'cure'e. En laahmer Mann iss zum Dokter gange, weil ebbes letz waar in seim Fuss. Der Dokter hot ihm sei Zaeh beguckt. Dann saagt der Dokter, "Do sin drei Zaeh—wann ich die rausropp, dann vergehne dir die Schmaerze im Fuss." Der Dokter hot die Zaeh geroppt, awwer der Mann iss laahm gebliwwe. Noh iss der Patient zurick zum Dokter. Der Dokter hot gsaat, wann's die Zaeh net verursacht hett, misst es vun der "appendix" kumme, un er hot em Patient die appendix rausgschnitte. Der Mann iss net besser warre. Noh iss er zumme annere Dokter un hot ihm sei Elend bekannt gemacht. Der Dokter hot der Patient der Schuh un Schtrump vum Fuss nemme mache. Noh hot er der in re Offing and on that day, according to ancient custom, "greens" must be served. Dandelion, our **bittre Selaat,** also frequently referred to as **Pissebett,** is still the favorite "green" for **Griener Dunnerschdaag,** but our forefathers also knew various other edible "greens." Since Mr. J. I. Rodale in his interesting magazine "Organic Gardening" has pointed out repeatedly that the beautiful fresh vegetables which we purchase so readily all winter long, are, because of the truckers' excessive use of chemical fertilizers very deficient in the minerals and vitamins which we moderns need so sorely, it is possible that we shall once more turn to some of the edible weeds which nature has so abundantly provided for those who will seek them.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

We owe it to our ancestors to preserve entire those rights, which they have delivered to our care; we owe it to our posterity, not to suffer their dearest inheritance to be destroyed.—Junius.

Girl Scouting 37 Yrs. Old

During the week there has been joyful observance of the birthday anniversary, the 37th of Girl Scouting in the United States and our many young people and their elder advisers and counsellors in this local work have taken the occasion to rededicate themselves to the ideals of the founder, Juliette Gordon Low.

Begun, like all social movements, with a small group, the idea has grown to great proportions in the United States because Girl Scouting has so much to give and is so manifestly helpful to those who take up its program and work and live with each other in the course of their activities.

Juliette Gordon Low thought of an organization that would help girls to function more intelligently and capably in what is still woman's prime and basic business — home-making. But she also believed it possible thru such organization to prepare girls for more intelligent and understanding participation in citizenship within their own country and as citizens of the world.

A generation of young women already have exemplified the value of Girl Scouting in American life and the stream of trained, intelligent and righteously-minded girls continues to pour from this organization for girls into the American home and all phases of American life.

Results in the past have been continuingly good from this organization. They can be expected to continue their influence constantly and upon increasing scale as the number of girls and maidens in the organization increases, for the philosophy of the movement is sound and the program for carrying it out has proven to be effective.

All honor and encouragement to the Girl Scouts.

Service Chief Consideration

The sporadic struggle of the U. S. Postal Department to balance its books and to get rid of the red ink that has required it to get Government subsidies from year to year is being evidenced again in proposed new regulations and higher postal rates for just about everything that passes thru the mails.

Repeatedly it has been emphasized and the public has approved the idea that the postal service is distinctly a service and that profits are not sought; that breaking even likewise is not a prime consideration. That was brought out very emphatically and typically in the establishment of the Rural Free Delivery system which patently could not pay for itself when established and perhaps would never do so. But the thought of the American people was that, no matter what the cost, every American should have the advantages of mail service brought virtually to his front door. Even if the cost of such service were to outweigh by far the amount of postage sold, it was pointed out that the indirect benefits to the Government thru stimulation of business in many lines would well compensate the loss.

Proposal of new rates requires that this emphasis of service and larger indirect benefits over profits and even losses be brought up again.

Newspaper and magazine publishers are telling the House Post Office committee that the proposed rates would "drive every newspaper and magazine out from the mails." Or, if the new rates be adopted, cost of all publications would have to be increased so sharply as to make subscribers to newspapers and magazines wince and in many cases prompt them to cease their useful reading habits.

Now it has been considered a good thing to have the American people well informed and to be well educated. That education and continuing information is supplied principally to those out of school by the publications which they buy and read.

Furthermore, business is stimulated by the advertising which is carried in newspapers and magazines. Nothing could be so serious for American business and American national income than the reduction of the advertising which stimulates American desire for goods and services of all kinds and prompts buying them.

It can be said that proposals for increased rates of postage would come with better grace if the Postal Department could say to the people that it has put its own house in the best of order, that it is operating internally with the highest economy consistent with good service and that it is in distress solely because postage rates are too low. Contrary to this position is the report of the Herbert Hoover Commission which has shown many ways by which the Post Office Department could save money in its internal organization without affecting the quality of service.

But after all things have been considered, the principal point for Congress to consider is service for the American people and the overall results that accrue out of that service. Such consideration should determine action that will increase, instead of stem, the flow of reading matter to the American people and, being accompanied by advertising matter, stimulate the turnover of American dollars to the advantage of the national income.

Sturdy Veterans

Veterans and some of their immediate descendants are a sturdy lot. A report by the Veterans' Administration shows Uncle Sam is still paying pension claims to dependents of 36 deceased veterans of the Mexican War of 1848. Many who actually participated in the Civil War and dependents of others are on the pension rolls. The same it true of veterans of Indian Wars, the Spanish-American, World War I and, of course, World War II.

It is only a few years since the last pensioner of the War of 1812 passed away. Records show the last veteran of the Revolutionary War died in the middle 1860s of the last century. That was some 80 years after that war closed. Our Civil War ended in the Spring of 1865. There are still a number of veterans of that conflict living. Accordingly, we may expect there will be veterans of World War II living and drawing pensions in the 2030s of the next century.

On the rolls of World war II are 18,800,000 names. This number may be increased as, in June, 1948, there were still in service 1,000,000 persons who served during the war period and who may eventually return to civil life.—

Scranton Times

Setting Vs. Sitting

There are a surprising number of controversies in contemporary life which serve no useful purpose. The arguments do not appreciably lift the level of our confused social, cultural and economic order.

But since our society has an instinctive antipathy to regimentation, it is probable that a man's peers will continue their vociferous disagreements with his cherished points of view. When people are old enough so they hold the printed paper away and squint a bit to get the words in focus, they realize that a firmly-held opinion irrespective of its logic is a foundation of human happiness.

The controversy regarding setting hens versus sitting has been simmering for a long time. Back in the days when young people in school learned rules of English grammar instead of being subjected to seven-syllable words of psychological, progressive-education motivation, men argued setting versus sitting around the big stove in the general store after they had polished off the laxness of the road commissioner, county and state politics, the national situation and the crack-pot ideas of that article in the paper which predicted horseless carriages would one day supplant horses.

The countryman is one of that group who likes hens. He knows that huge, scientific incubators hatch the bulk of the hundreds of millions of needed chickens. But for his own small flock he continues to set a few broody biddies each spring to produce the broilers, fryers, roasters and future egg producers he needs. It may well be his stubborn peers will continue to insist that a hen sits on a clutch of eggs. One is even willing to admit that technically perhaps his peers are adhering to the dogmatic rules of grammar.

But so far as he is concerned, it is a setting hen. When his Plymouth Rock hens begin to raise their blood temperature and insist on staying in the nests, he gets the setting box ready; a layer of soil with a nice hollow, a few handfuls of chaff and then a smoothly-shaped nest of June grass. He sets the box in a dark spot beneath the west scaffold; he brings the biddy after dark and sets her on 13 brown-shelled eggs. It is a setting hen.

Teacher used to say the rules of grammar were made by usage. Irrespective of his neighbors' comments she will continue to be a setting hen after he has set her. (H.P.)

Horoscope

Calm meditation should bring you serenity now. It should be a good time to ask for favors and deal confidently with employers. There are indications that today's child will enjoy more than average good fortune throughout life.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Red tape hits at efficiency all the time. There is so much red tape that good men are discouraged. On this subject the Hoover task force says:

". . . To secure the consent of the general accounting office to take any unusual action, requires elaborate preparation of a carefully documented statement, with supporting details explaining the proposed action and justifying it with all possible persuasion. To do so takes time; and most supply officers are so bogged down in the processing of forms. . . that they literally do not have the time to explore short cuts, to investigate better ways of performing their function, or to find out what others are doing in the same field outside the government. This is particularly true in purchasing, where the emphasis is on form rather than substance and on ritual rather than realism."

It all makes heart-breaking reading. Why not set some one who has had experience with such an outfit as Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward or Macy's or Gimbels to do the buying for the government of the United States?

(Copyright 1949)

Your money goes down the drain in Washington through more holes than you know exist. So these Hoover task forces issue a lot of reports about that. In one violent Hoover task force report, the question of supplies is considered. The point is made that the government ". . . is the largest single consumer of administrative supplies, equipment, and printed forms. . ." Also, it is said in this report:

"Private business has long since recognized that careful management of its investment in supplies, materials, and equipment has a direct and an important bearing on profit or loss. No large private corporation could long survive if it practiced the waste and extravagance in supply which is condoned in the federal government. . ."

Having said that, the report goes on to show how unbusinesslike the whole handling of supplies is. As a matter of fact, this largest purchaser of supplies has no knowledge of what he has on hand. The report says: "There are no accurate overall figures on the value of commodities in warehouses and other government storage facilities. . . It would not be too far amiss to estimate that the total current value of goods in all government storage points, military and civilian, in the continental United States represents an investment of public funds of approximately $27,000,000,000."

Then the report adds:

"Nor is it possible to cite any figure on the quantity or value of the supplies, materials, and equipment in use, because few agencies maintain accurate records of personal property after it has been issued from inventory. Based on recent surveys, the Bureau of the Budget estimates that the government operates approximately 1,000,000 automotive vehicles of various kinds. . . It would be a conservative estimate that these vehicles average 12,000 in current value, which would mean that $2,000,000,000 in public funds are today invested in automotive equipment alone. The total value of all commodities in use by the government is anybody's guess."

The Hoover task force puts the blame for much of the confusion on the comptroller general, who has expanded his authority beyond the law. It says: "Both the attorney general and the courts are in agreement that the duty of making administrative decisions rests upon the executive officials who are being paid to make them, and that the interference by the comptroller general is authorized. . However, the comptroller general, where directly confronted with a court ruling, declares that he will follow the courts only when he thinks they are right. . ." In other words, the comptroller general regards his office as superior to Congress, the attorney general and the Supreme court — and gets away with it at the expense of the American taxpayer.

One example may suffice to show the boobosity of that office:

"When a station wagon was needed by the Department of Commerce, to transport personnel over rough roads and on air fields, the comptroller general refused to pass a requirement for shatter-proof glass in the windshield on the ground that most manufacturers did not, at that time (1930), include it as standard equipment. . . But in 1936, after it had become standard on most vehicles, he still labeled it a 'de luxe' item and unnecessary for the protection of government personnel. . ."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 19, 1924, a Wednesday

The Wunnerfits club was organized by members of the Loyal Order of Moose lodge No. 129, with a membership of 56. First president of the organization was William Washington Hillegas.

Members of Eta Kappa sorority held a St. Patrick's party at the home of Secretary Georgia Erdman, 38 S. 10th St. Antoinette Willard offered a piano solo, Elsie Barth, a song and recitation. A ukelele trio of Dorothy Sensenbach, Elsie Barth and Evelyn Davis played several numbers, and Claire Leeds offered a dance.

Hilda Deighton, New York contralto, appeared in a recital at Cedar Crest college under the auspices of the Music club of the school. Following her local recital, the Music club held a reception in her honor for faculty and friends.

J. Jeremiah Snyder of this city was the guest of honor and main speaker at the monthly business and social session of the Men's Bible class of Grace Reformed church, Northampton. Mr. Snyder had as his subject "The Deeper Note." Tilghman J. Rupp, Northampton justice of the peace, presided.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At the Gridiron club dinner in Washington, Pollster Gallup learned the real reason for Iowa's flip-flop to the Democratic banner in 1948. "President Truman spoke up and down the state," explained the Gridiron club pundit. "The citizens of I-o-way flocked to hear him. And, brother, that is one state where they recognize and appreciate good corn when they hear it."

* * *

In Springfield, Ohio, the wife of an executive of the Crowell-Collier plant gave birth to her fourth child. The other three kids — all girls — were delirious when they heard that at last the stork had brought them a baby brother. "We want to see him, Daddy," they implored. The father explained that Mommy had him in the hospital, and that they would have to wait a few days. Four-year-old Lucy was disgusted. "A fine brother," she mumbled. "One day old, and they had to take him to the hospital already!"

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON DREI SI BUTCHER:

Yar, des is die erfohring fon drei si butcher, ainer so dum wie der onner wons ons butcherra gait. 'S wor uf kours unna badenk'd-gons unna badenk'd os der Randall Wertman fon New Tripoli heit 'n woch tzurick ous g'funna hut os aenie fon seina laifer siungfare fon bout ma 150 pund fergribb'ld wor, un ferleicht dote gang'd won er sie net shnell shlochta dade. 'N kuh wor uf die sow gadraida, hut ra der sida shpeck in da ribba gahairich p'shaidich'd kot, un noh liever wie sehna die sow tzu grund gae-un woh so munder un g'sund wor, hut der Randall ous gamocht fer sie shlochta.

Die socha weara ferleicht gons onnishder ob galoffa wie sie so sin, won der Randall un der Mark Hartman net nommy dawgs hoy uf der marrick ganumma hetta, un worra hanka gabliva in Germansville on rocks rolla, -odder ewwa Rolling Rocks in buddla. Sie hen 'n gutie tzeit kot, hen sich blessiert wie boova ewwa duhn won die arwet fer der dawg g'shoft is, un maina net os aenich ebbes tzu duh wear, bis Mondawg moryets. Ow'r wie der Randall hame kumma is, ferhoftich sei won net 'n sow fergribb'ld wor, un woh er grawd ous gamocht hut fer shlochta.

Der Mark Hartman hut noh sei fraw die Irene bei gabrocht, un 's nagshd os wor, is aw der Ezra Lentz un sei Ruth kumma, woh fershprocha hen fer 'm Randall un seinra Anna helfa die sow shlochta. Sie wor glei dote gamocht, ow'r wies ons breea gonga is, worra sie gabutta weil sie ken bree droke kotta hen. Endlich is es 'm Randall bei g'falla, ihra hund der "Druddle" wear wochs dafor dote gonga -hut rotta gift g'fressa os g'shteld wor fer rotta, un sie kenta der hunds shtol nemma fer die sow drin breea. Der hunds shtol wor 'n 50 golla ale fos, grawd wos sie gabreich'd hen.

Ow'r fer 'n sow breea nembts hase wosser, un sel wor ihra nagshda druvel. 'S fire hut 'm Randall net brenna wolla, un hut ae kon kole ale noch da onnerra unnich 'm kessel nei galairt, un woh ols in ra dicka wolk shmoke owwa tzum sharnshtae nous is, os fon da nochberra gamaint hen 's wesh hous wear om brenna. Endlich huts wosser gakoch'd, ow'r wie sie mohl recht gaguck'd hen, so wohr os allas won der Randall net 'n lot kole ale ins wosser grick'd hut kotun aenich ebber wase os m'r ken sow breea kon mit shmutzich wosser. Noh wos hen sie gaduh os wie 's wosser widder ol weck galairt, frishes in der kessel, ow'r 's fire hut ols net gabrent. Endlich is der Ezra hame un hut "blow torches" k'hold, un hens wosser darta mit k'hitz'd.

Wie sie 's wosser tzum tzweta mohl hase kotta hen, hen sie da sow ketta shtrang on die hinnerra bae g'shlipt, un sie darta mit im hunds shtol uf un ob gawedd'ld, bis die barshda rous gonga sin. Die weibsleit hen ocht gewwa uf die buddle, un die monsleit hen sich ferweil'd on da sow fon owets sexa bis moryets drei, bis sie endlich ousa nonner sin. Ow'r bis sellie tzeit, hen die drei butcher woh dafor gore nix gawist hen fon ra sow shlochta, die sow gabutzt un fei gamocht kot, un 'n yaderer wor shtoltz mit da guta arwet os sie g'shoft hetta. 'S Randalls' lava now uf frish si flaish-un woh sie uf kours ferleicht net hetta, won sie farna har gawist het wos sie ous g'funna hen wie sie die sow g'shlocht hen kot. Allas os letz wor, die kuh hut sie wenich fergrotzt kot in da ribba, shunshd hut ra nix g'fail'd-un 'n sow kon moll shure may shtanda os wie yusht fergrotzta ribba.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wolla die boova die socha aw net hous howwa fon ihra arya shlochterei, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Dade m'r 's now denka, ow' ferhoftich sei won m'r da onner dawg on da Hamma fendu on Lynnport, net der Fred Moser fon Mosersville larna hen kenna- 's airsht mohl so weit os m'r wisser, os m'r nonner g'sehna hen.

Alsa mohl sheinds wie won die ard gons glae wear, un noh kumts aw as tzeita weiss widder fohr, wie won Lechaw kounty 'n welt on sich selwar wear.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Dark glasses are the refuge of the neurotic," said a noted Capetown physician in an article in this month's South african Medical Journal.

Psychologically their use is often a sign of unwillingness to take a proper view of the world, or perhaps it is to avoid the appraising gaze of the outside world," writes the good doctor.

* * *

Nonsense!

It is a curious phenomenon that so many learned people know so little about the things they have learned out of books.

I'll never forget the cartoon I saw in one of the sophisticated periodicals some years ago.

It showed the reception room of a magazine for parents. It was the function of that magazine to tell mothers and fathers how to bring up their kids. It was all very scientific and learned.

The cartoon showed a youngster standing in the middle of the room and a number of people in white coats, with eye glasses, some with whiskers, thoughtfully inspecting the visitor.

Then one of them exclaimed with an air of triumph:

"A Child!!!"

You would have thought he had made an earth-shaking discovery.

* * *

In New York's Stork club, in Hollywood's Romanoff's, in Chicago's Pump room I have seen many would-be celebrities wearing dark glasses.

Rather than wanting to avoid the gazes of the world they were trying to provoke them.

Those glasses were worn to attract the attention of the onlookers.

Every once in a while they'd take them off, and you should see the expression of disappointment when nobody recognized them!

* * *

Real accomplishment does not need props.

Accomplishment is recognized by deeds, not by looks.

To want to accomplish something is natural. It is the sort of thing that has made America great.

For instance, a few days ago a fellow out in Seattle won some kind of championship because he ate more clams than any of his competitors.

A lot of people laughed about it.

I didn't. He accomplished something. He didn't need dark glasses for his moment of glory.

* * *

A woman recently won the duck-carving championship at the Sportsman's show.

A waste of time? Not at all. Anything done well is worth doing, because it gives the doer pride and self-respect and fires his ambition for other things to do.

Charles Harding, a 17-year old Fredericksburg, Va., high school student, threw a dollar across the Rappahannock river 100 feet farther than George Washington did.

Who knows? Maybe that fellow will now try to do other things better than Washington did.

And, with what the dollar is worth these days, don't you have to throw it farther to make it go just as far?

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Colossians 1:9-19

This prayer of Paul is one of many scattered throughout his letters, usually in behalf of the spiritual growth of his converts. All these prayers are worth reading and studying. Verses 9 to 17 constitute one sentence, as Paul pours out his soul in a rapid current of emotional petitioning for his spiritual children. The passage covers the wide range of Christian doctrine, from creation to redemption. And Christ is the central figure, through Whom all things were created, visible and invisible, and in Him all things consist, that is, hold together. Scientists know many laws and powerful forces, but they could not operate apart from the Creator. But more wonderful still is the fact that in Him, and in Him alone, we have redemption through His blood, and thereby He delivered us from the power of darkness (operating riotously in the world today), and translated us into His kingdom, a kingdom of light; wherefore true Christians are the light of the world. Christ, therefore, is at the center of God's plans for this world, and He desires that in all things His Son shall have the preeminence, v.18.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS PARAPHRASE

If it is raining violets,
I say, to my regret:
Beyond a doubt, when I am out
I'm getting violwet.

LOST TEMPER

"I lost my temper! he exclaimed.
"That's good," said I. "Don't mind it.
It seems to me, you'll happier be
If never again you find it."

MONEY

"Money won't buy all," said he.
I answered: "That I know, sir.
But what about my doctor's fee
And what about the grocer?"

* * *

BACK TO THE OLD

From the new look to the old,
Goes the maid contrary.
Would she like it to be told,
She's reactionary.

(Copyright 1949)



A NOTE ON PENNSYLANVIA DUTCH ART

By GEORGE ALLEN

Although interest in the art of the early German settlers in Pennsylvania has always existed, the actual study of the subject dates hardly earlier than Prof. Cornelius Weygandt's **Red Hills** (Philadelphia, 1929.) The first article on Pennsylvania Dutch art, however, goes back farther. In 1897 Henry C. Mercer, archaeologist, anthropologist, and a member of the Bucks County Historical Society, found a paint box used by a practitioner of the art of illuminated writing. This intrigued him enough to publish "The Survival of the Mediaeval Art of Illuminative Writing among Pennsylvania Germans" (**Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society**, vol. 36, pp. 423-432), in which he discussed the nature of the art. His treatise is still quoted as authoritative, and is generally believed to be gospel on the subject.

Since Mercer saw only examples coming from the Bucks County area, and made no special study of the subject before writing his paper, it may be well to examine the validity of his conclusions. In this way we may be able to establish a foundation on which a study of the art may be based. Mercer drew three conclusions from his examination of the material available. For our purposes, however, we shall divide them into four, in order to study them better.

Mercer's first conclusion was that "the art of Fractur was not confined to Bucks County or to the Mennonites, who had presented us with the first specimens seen, but that it had flourished throughout Pennsylvania Germany, among the Dunkers, the Schwenkfelders and probably the Amish and Moravians." His limited knowledge of the field kept him from perceiving that the art of illumination flourished only where Germans from the Rhine area, Bavaria, and the German parts of Switzerland settled, including not only Pennsylvania, but also Virginia, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and even Minnesota. The art of illumination, in so far as it concerned itself with the reproduction of conventional flowers, birds, hearts, etc., did not extend to the Moravians, whose artistic traditions were those of Southeastern Germany, modified by the tenets of their religion, and in many respects were more comparable to the other cultures of the United States than to the other German groups. While Mercer gave the smaller sects credit for practicing the art, he failed to note the Lutheran and Reformed Church influence. And if pure quantity is to be the basis of judgement, these two churches produced far more illuminated work than all the other groups, combined, as far as I have been able to see. From birth and baptismal certificates and other works, the texts of which betray their makers' religion, I should say that the Lutheran and Reformed Churches account for far more than half of the material.

Mercer's second statement was that "it had been chiefly perpetuated by deliberate instruction in German schools by German schoolmasters." Mercer's lack of knowledge of the school system of the day and art in general allowed him to ascribe some of the work he saw to children, and not to adults for the purpose of instructing the children. Actually painting, and for that matter writing beyond the simple needs of a rural people, were never taught in any schools except those conducted by the Moravians in Nazareth, Bethlehem, and elsewhere. The parents of the students would hardly have considered painting and the complicated art of making paints a necessary accomplishment for children who would leave school at the age of twelve or thirteen (there was no higher education then) and whose sole occupation in later life would be farming or a trade. There is no evidence from contemporary accounts, moreover, to show that anything but elementary reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing were ever taught in any rural schools of the 18th and 19th centuries. For that matter art was not taught in the rural schools even in the most recent times, until the consolidation of township schools. In addition, the nature of the work that has come down to us shows that it is the primitive work of adults, and not of children. The latter paint landscapes, portraits, and things they have seen, and do not repeat the conventional symbols of a religion or tradition which they have not yet begun to comprehend. Nor are they capable of more than crude pen-work, while the designs of many of the writing-copies and certificates that have survived are filled with the most intricate and detailed penmanship.

All the art-work of the Pennsylvania Dutch which has come down to us, with minor exceptions, was done by professional artists, schoolteachers, or ministers. There is some work extant which was done by ministers, but most of it can be assigned to the first two groups. Schoolteachers were responsible for writing-copies (**Vorschriften**), school awards, ABC's, book-plates, and some of the other pen-work, and the professional painter or illuminator for the majority of the birth and baptismal certificates, wedding certificates, house-blessings, and similar work, for which payment could be expected. There were, to be sure, amateurs who were capable of doing skilled work in the traditional manner, and a small number of others who practiced naturalism in an unadvanced state of development. The main portion of Pennsylvania Dutch art is, however, the work of from six to seven hundred persons whose styles serve to identify their work, and whose products show that they were professional artists, teachers, or ministers.

Mercer's third statement was that "it had received its death blow at the disestablishment of the latter [i.e. church schools] in Bucks County in 1854." Since Mercer believed that the art was taught in schools, his reason for its discontinuation is entirely logical. A thorough examination of the dated work would, however, have told him that the actual decline came in much earlier. While it is difficult to be exact, I should say that the art was at its height from 1795-1830, at a time when the German culture here was at its peak, and that it declined from then on to such a degree that it was almost extinct by 1850. The reasons for the decline are several. One was that the whole culture of the Pennsylvania Dutch was beginning to be altered by their distance from Germany and by their proximity to the new American civilization. This is a phenomenon which occurs to all second and third generation Americans, and it would have occurred earlier if the German element had not lived in a cultural island. The art waned long before English was taught in the schools, and it is rather to the influence of English art and culture that we may ascribe the main cause. This is also evident when we observe that Germantown, a stronghold of the German element, has contributed almost no traditional art. The superior culture of nearby Philadelphia was the reason, for better examples of art-work were available there than the crude type usually reproduced in the country areas. The art of the Pennsylvania Dutch painter was essentially rural, religious, and dying, consisting as it did of conventionalities and symbols and not of real life-drawings, and it no longer appealed to persons who could get from England and the local manufacturing towns objects with designs which represented nature more closely, like engraved forms, English kitchen-ware, and factory-made furniture. Moreover the knowledge of the symbolism had long since faded, and actual representations of religious or secular scenes were preferred to stereotyped and often obscure symbolism. Another factor was the spread of printing in the small towns, and the increase in the use of copper-plates by the local printers. Birth and baptismal certificates were always the staple of the professional illuminator, and a number of these men had forms printed for their use as early as the 1760's. They filled in the printed forms with gaudy decorations, and thus sold them cheaper and in greater quantity. For a long time partially or even completely printed birth certificates and house-blessings flourished alongside of the hand-made ones. But it is obvious that as soon as the printer could print and market enough of his own cheaper forms, the professional would have to move to areas remote from printing presses, or learn a new trade. His work was too crude or difficult to make to compete with the cheaper and more modern work of the printers.

Mercer's fourth conclusion, that "the art, always religious, had not been used for the decoration of secular themes, such as ballads or rhymes, but had expressed itself in illuminated song books, title-pages, rewards of merit, book marks, and **Taufscheine**," is also not entirely valid. The Pennsylvania Dutch artist concerned himself mainly with allustrating religious texts, but he also decorated anything else which would permit it. There are examples of ballads and rhymes that are illuminated, as well as decorative pieces which have no writing and no religious meaning. In this class are rewards of merit and book-marks, examples of which Mercer mentions, decorated usually with birds or flowers. The illuminators decorated everything with the same designs, and their influence extended even into pottery and stove-plates (where the tradition was partly different), furniture, iron-work, barns, tombstones, and anything else that would allow ornamentation. Predominantly religious in original conception and purpose the art may have been, but in actual practice it was frequently just decorative.

As an extention of Mercer's first statement, I might add that there were actually three separate schools of painting among the Pennsylvania Dutch, each having little or no influence on the others. And to confuse them is to make an oversimplification, since they have no connection with each other.

The Moravians, whose origins lay in Bohemia and Moravia, in their schools taught an art very much like that now practised in our present-day schools. They used paint, and drew actual scenes or objects. In addition, the girls' learned embroidery and sewing, which were not taught in rural schools then. They painted from life, making no use of tulips, stars, conventional flowers or birds or the other well-known motifs of the illuminator. Nor did they make birth and baptismal certificates, writing-copies, or any of the other types of work found in areas occupied by Germans of the other sects.

The Ephrata school (fl. 1740-70), established by Conrad Beissel, practiced the art of illumination more as a religious exercise ("to crucify the flesh, as a form of sanctification"), copying MSS in a manner occasionally reminiscent of some of the better medieval MSS, though probably influenced more by the legal script and ornamentation used in Germany and Switzerland by professional scribes. They employed little color, preferring pen-work of extreme delicacy and intricacy. They used conventional flowers and birds, and occasionally drew a scene from life. But their type of work died with them, as it required too much time and skill for a professional, and they had no influence on any other group of artists.

The third school painted the designs for which Pennsylvania Dutch art has now become famous. It included members of all the religious groups except the Moravians, and flourished from 1760-1830. It practiced a dead art, the symbolism of which was presumably lost in many cases. The pelican, for instance, is often painted rending its breast to feed its young with its own blood. But we also find the same bird, in the same position, but without her offspring, which shows that some of the artists copied the design without understanding the symbolism. Many of the designs, while artistically thought out, are geometric and primitive in style and execution. The artists of this group rarely painted the human figure, the supreme aim of art, and they never tried to overcome the difficulties in representing it. Nor did they ever solve the problems of perspective. They were mainly concerned with decorating a religious text or piece of paper with symbols and designs in gay colors. They brought their art with them from the Palatinate and adjacent areas, and practiced it unchanged among a rural people until it bcame outmoded. They made no attempt to improve on it when they found themselves in competition with the culture of the new land and age in which they were beginning to live, the age of the American industrial revolution. Since they practiced an inherited and moribound art, and by their lack of skill or inclination were incapable of bettering it, they soon gave way to new forces. By 1840 only a few persons painted in the traditional manner any longer, and by 1850 the art was in almost complete disuse.

If the arguments in this study are valid, then I suggest the following conclusions about Pennsylvania Dutch art to replace those which Mercer made at a time when little was known about the subject.

1. It flourished in all regions of the country where the inhabitants came from, or were descended from persons living in, the Rhine valley and adjacent areas, from which it derived its traditions. Where Germans from other regions settled, their art took the form of that practiced in their native regions, with the modifications that their religion put on it.

2. It was practiced mainly by professional artists, teachers, and by some ministers, as well as by a few others who took the pains to learn the mixing of paints, the composition of elaborate letters, and the traditional designs. The number of practioners was probably not more than seven hundred. It was not taught in schools, and was not practised by children at any time.

3. It died out because of the decline of the German tradition and the pressure of the culture from the English-speaking world, and because the practitioners were undersold by the mass- production of superior or at least cheaper material.

4. While generally religious in conception and purpose, it was also used to decorate any object which would allow it, and the symbols and conventions used in illuminated writing were transferred to any object which (it was thought) would be improved by the design.

5. Since the artists varied in religion, training, and temperament, their knowledge of the less obvious symbolism of their work, whatever its original meaning, is at most conjectural, unless they made a direct written reference to the design.

IM MAERZ

Der Munet Maerz iss wiescht un schee,
Es iss em net zu draue;
Den kann mer nie net recht verschteh,
Iss eens vun denne schlaue.

Mol kummt er rei wie'n Leeb so wild,
Geht naus as wie en Lamm;
Mol iss er aafangs schee un mild,
Am End noch druwweisam.

Nau iss der Winder ball verbei,
Die Sunn verschmelzt der Schnee;
Un simmlich ball waerd's Friehyohr aei
Un's Wedder widder schee.

Nau geht der Bauer naus uffs Feld
Un fangt mol aa zu bluge;
Er weess er brauch ball widder Geld—
Im Winder kann er ruge.

Er schteht schunn uff var Daageslicht,
Schunscht grickt er net viel ausgericht—
Er brauch aa Geld fer Taxe—
So geht's mol uff der Bauerei,
So waerd's aa, denk ich, immer sei,
So lang as Hinkel gaxe.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

DIE GRUNDSAU HOT'S VERFEHLT

Der zwette Harning, so waerd's gsaat,
Des waer der Grundsau ihre Daag;
En ganser Winder in ihrm Haus,
Un seller Daag do kummt sie raus.

Sie dutt die Naas mol zum Loch raus,
Un wunnert no, wie guckt's do aus;
Die dutt noch bissel Eifer druff,
Die Aage waarn yuscht halwer uff.

'S waar alles zwitzer in ihrm Aag,
Die Sunn hot gescheint, 's waar heller Daag;
Doch hot sie net recht sehne kenne,
Der Sunneschein dutt sie verblenne.

Vum Schlummer iss noh uffgeweckt,
Sehnt ihre Schatte,—iss verschreckt;
Sie geht no widder zum Loch nei,
Der Winder iss noch net verbei.

Der Winder kummt erscht in der Gang,
Hot brofezeit sechs Woche lang;
Des halt net aus so wie gezehlt,
Des Yohr hot sie 's yo gans verfehlt.

Ich geb nau guter Rot, ihr Leit,
Es halt net aus, des sehnt mer heit;
Wu noch so alte Glaawe sin,
Glaabt ihr sie net, 's iss gaar nix drin.

1949 —D. GEO. KNECHT.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

It's more than just an easy word for casual boog-bye;
It's gayer than a greeting, and it's sadder than a sigh.—Blanding

His Death Not in Vain

There is sadness among the many members of the Call-Chronicle editorial staff at the passing yesterday of one of their long-time associates, Fred P. Ward, for more than quarter of a century police reporter for the Morning Call.

His untimely death at the age of but 43, preceded by a long period of what soon was known to be fatal illness, furnished climax to emotions that have stirred pity and fear in his closest friends as they became aware of the irresistible inroads by one of mankind's greatest scourges. There was admiration for the surgeons who, hoping against hope, staved off from time to time what now is seen to have been the inevitable. There was deeper admiration for the will and courage displayed in his affliction by their friend whose qualities in this respect had been manifested so often thruout his years of work and associations with his fellow-workers.

Fred P. Ward will not have died in vain if this community be aroused by his early death to greater support for a more determined fight against cancer. That fight that has been begun intelligently and resourcefully by our local hospitals. The fight is being widened by the opening of the Cancer Detection Center. But the fight still lags as to greater success largely because victims of the disease make report of it and secure attention too late to help too late to help surgeons complete a perfect job.

Unlike so many victims and their families, neither Mr. Ward nor his family sought to make a mystery of his illness and now make no mystery of the cause of his death. Rather would they have it known most widely for the lesson that it may teach and for the warning that it may bring to any and all who may be the future victims of this disease unless they halt its inroads by the earliest possible discovery and treatment.

If Fred Ward died young and as an indirect result many others may live long, his death and the lessons to be learned from it will not have been in vain.

Miners Back to Work

John L. Lewis has ordered the coal miners back to work next week and fears for continued abstention from mining of the country's necessary supply of fuel on some flimsy excuse or other are being dismissed.

Fortunately the holiday for the miners, in the course of which they presumably mourned for the thousands of miners killed and injured during the year, was not disastrous to the American economy. Stockpiles of coal held by industry diminished but were not exhausted. Warm weather reduced demands upon the family coal bins and, while rationing of supplies had to be resorted to at some places, little discomfort and few real hardships could have developed anywhere.

The national stock-pile of coal has of course been reduced quite sharply. Mr. Lewis has promised to produce a lot of stiff demands when the miners' contracts expire very shortly. By the work stoppage he has already won two weeks of time for a strike, if one be called. Since he undoubtedly believes that he can drive the operators and the country to their knees by a coal strike, such strike theoretically at least can be won two weeks sooner because of the recent holiday.

One Vote to Spare

By the narrowest possible margin, 208 to 207, the House of Representatives has sent the Rankin pension bill back to committee. This is interpreted in Washington as equivalent to killing it—but only for the present session. The history of general pension legislation shows how tirelessly the advocates of such a measure will keep plugging for it, in one session after another, until—as has always happened in the case of general pension bills for the veterans of earlier wars—they have ultimately had their way.

In its original form the Rankin bill proposed to pay a pension indiscriminately at the age of 65 to every veteran of both World Wars, at an estimated cost of one hundred and twenty-five billion dollars. The bill was considerably altered during the debate on the floor, but it still violated the sound principle of limiting federal aid to those veterans actually injured or disabled in war service—where federal aid should, of course, be both prompt and generous—and keeping the Treasury doors closed meantime to demands for handouts to veterans who came through their war service with health in no way impaired.

Since the Rankin bill is sure to be back again next year, we hope that the leaders of both parties in the House, who seem on the whole to have been rather silent during this whole debate, will take steps to discuss this question publicly and frequently, and to draw more clearly this important line between the war-service-connected case and the claim for special benefits for all veterans as a group, New York Times.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — President Truman's decision to give up outside speaking engagements and concentrate on conferences with members of Congress is a sign of the seriousness with which the administration views the mess it has on its hands in the legislative branch of the government.

Having lost the confidence of a majority of Congress by insisting on the ill-advised showdown at this time on the so-called civil-rights issue and having lost the confidence of businessmen throughout the country who believe the present recession is directly traceable to recklessness of statements by the president, it is not unnatural that the administration should begin now an intensive effort to salvage something from the wreckage.

Mr. Truman for a while gave promise of being the leader of his party. Members of Congress felt that they had to go along with his strategy. But now the leadership in Congress finds it necessary to steer Mr. Truman. Recently Mr. Truman's absence from Washington has made it difficult for the Democratic leaders to organize or mobilize their party. The help of a president in shaping legislative programs is absolutely essential.

Nearly three months have gone by since the 81st Congress convened. Much of the time has been wasted in fruitless debate. The momentum which was believed to be behind the administration as a result of its surprising victory at the polls in November has diminished. The fact that presidential appointments are rejected and administration-sponsored measures are defeated by a break in party lines shows that all the argument about the country needing a Congress of the same political complexion as the president is largely theoretical.

The truth is that the headlines and the debates read very much the same as when the 80th Congress was in session, only at that time it was easy to lay the blame on the difference in party between the executive and legislative branches. That excuse no longer holds.

Mr. Truman will not be able to jam through his program. He is in for a long series of negotiations with Congress to get the best compromises he can.

Perhaps the hardest fight and the one involving the biggest risk for the Truman administration is involved in the attempted repeal of the Taft-Hartley act and the substitution for it of a one-sided labor law. The same southerners who banded together on the so-called civil-rights issue will be found fighting against labor union domination of the politics of the south. The conservative southern senators will be committing political suicide if they allow the labor unions' millions of dollars to be spent in the south to unseat the same southern senators.

The provisions in the Taft-Hartley act which forbid the political use of union dues can become the center of another civil-rights controversy, with the southerners on the liberal side. For, shall a worker be assessed out of his wages sums that shall be used to elect candidates with whom he is out of sympathy, or will the labor unions be permitted to use money derived from wages to establish a single political party without the free expression by the workers?

In totalitarian countries a dictatorship tells the voters how to vote and does not permit any dissent. When a worker joins a labor union and his dues are taken for political purposes, he has no voice in what is being done with the dues. If he attempts to express himself, he can be expelled from the union and, in "closed shop" situations, he can lose his job.

The cause of political freedom is wrapped up in the retention of those provisions of the Taft-Hartley act which forbid corporations from using stockholders' funds and unions from using members' dues and assessments for political purposes. Naturally the Truman administration and the northern Democrats want to get the benefit of the union funds, so it is not surprising that the president is fighting so hard to get the administration bill through Congress, for it eliminates any restrictions on the use of union treasuries for political purposes.

Mr. Truman is certainly well advised in sticking to Washington these days. The future of the political fortunes of the administration and the northern Democrats are imbedded in the controversies soon to arise over the kind of labor-management law that is to be enacted.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON HARLICHKATE TZU DREABSAHL: Sie sawga ols kinner hetta 's locha un heila im sama sock uns same halt aw ous mit grossa leit. Shun fer mohneta long hen die Laurys grange gleader fohraw gaguck'd tzu da guta tzeit os sie hetta won die airsht gabutzdawg drup, soicha os sich yaira in da airshda drei mohnet fom yohr, ihra gabutzdawg party hetta. 'N grossie drup kondidawdta hut aw gawort fer ganitiate werra—socha os gatzailt worra tzu duh 'm Dunnershdawg owet fer da Gabutzdawg party.

'S wor 'n shainer owet, un die Grange Gleader sin bei kumma bis der hall bol g'shtopta fol wor-ol mit ra maining fer 'n owets g'shpass howwa. Bei da drup wor aw die Voilet Muth Meckes, -'m Russel fon Northampton sei fraw, chairlady fon da Home Economic committee. Die Violet un der glae Dale Allen sin laenich mit da mashine kumma bissel free weil 'n lot socha tzu blawna un iwwer shwetza worra fer da meeting om ocht uhr. Die Violet, immer willins fer ihra g'flich duh mit grange arwet, so wohl wie aw fer Sundawg Shule un kerrich wor harlich un uf galaibt bis sie da Anna Semmel g'sawt hut navich ra, sie wist net wos letz wear, sie dade uf ae mohl so narafich werra.

'S nagshd os wor, hut sie awfonga heila, is rote iwwer shossa im g'sicht, un fon sich kumma. Grange gleader un kondidawdta worra ols noch om bei kumma, un 'n yaders hut gadenk'd wie fon da gleader sie uf die stage uf 'n sofa gadrawga hen, sie wear glei widder ol recht. Der kurtain wor gatzoga, ow'r dadarrich mit ol da wavering im hall, wors miglich fer sie hoerra shnoufa- diefa, shweara ochdem, un noh wor widder allas ruich. Der airsht docktor garufa hut net kumma kenna ow'r net so mit 'm Dr. George Heintzelman fon Neffs. Der Dr. Heintzelman wor darta in ra gons kartza tzeit, un hut grawd g'shick'd fer die Northampton ambulance. Eb der American Legion ambulance ow'r darta wor- aw wie der Dr. Heintzelman so g'shwind os m'r shier net sehna hut kenna wie sies duh hen kenna, hut der Frederick Frantz, master fon da grange g'sawt, ol sotta so gute sei un der hall ferlossa so sochda os miglich.

Die Grange wor fer 'n kartzie tzeit in session-aw gons sochda, mit ra maining die Violet wear glei widder ol recht. Ow'r wies wert fer ferlossa kumma is, hut 'n yaders gamoodmos'd os die socha weit fon ol recht weara. Gons nagshda freind worra die gons tzeit bei ra, un wie der ambulance kumma un widder ferlossa hut mit ous da Violet, hen ol woh noch outside rum worra, gawist wos g'shaina wor. 'N owet fon harlichkate un blessier hut sich tzu dreabsahl gadray'd, un die Grange, die Sundawg Shule un die Millers kerrich hut yaders, 'n gadrei glead, un 'n guter freind ferlora kot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Ol die socha os gatzailt worra tzu duh 'm Dunnersh dawg owet sin uf g'shova werra bis 'n onnerrie tzeit, un die party fer da novet, wert da nagshda Somshdawg owet k'halta.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 26, 1924, a Wednesday.

George T. Ettinger, dean of Muhlenberg college, gave an address on "Wit and Humor" for the Four Square club in the Hotel Allen. Garwood R. Ottinger, vice president of the club, had charge of the meeting.

The Howard C. Sommons class of 49 candidates was admitted to Allen Council, No. 753, O. of I.A. The initiatory was directed by Captain C. H. Knoll, assisted by C. W. Schaffer.

Allen Lodge, No. 71, IOOF, elected officers for the ensuing six months. Officers elected were: Harold Lee, noble grand, George Gutekunst, vice grand, Frank S. Erb, trustee; Charles N. Wagner, representative to the grand lodge, and Henry J. Gordon, degree master.

Edward C. Hawk, general agent at the Allentown terminal of the Reading and Jersey Central Railroads, received notice of a promotion to take effect on April 1, when he will become division freight agent of the Jersey Central, with offices in Mauch Chunk.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

As a columnist I love advertisers.

I love advertising agencies. I love everybody connected with the advertising business.

It is advertising that pays most of the newspaper's profits and thus, indirectly, my royalty and the salaries of every man and woman connected with the newspaper busines.

But here is a strange phenomenon about many an advertiser. He uses a certain amount of restraint, yes, even a certain amount of common sense when he advertises in the newspapers.

* * *

Then he becomes a radio advertiser! Phew!

I thought that the singing commercial had reached the nadir of stupidity.

But the sing commercial is high class philosophy compared to that awful junk now being spewed by announcers all over the country in connection with the giveaway programs.

First they promise you thirty-five or fifty or a hundred thousand dollars if you can identify something or other.

Then you win.

But have you really got the amount they promised you?

You have a super-duper lot of stuff for most of which you have no earthly use. You have dogs and steers and cowboy books and trips to the moon.

So you have to go around and peddle the stuff for about a quarter of what it is worth.

You lose a lot of friends who think you ought to give them your loot instead of trying to sell it to them. You probably neglect your work. You get fired.You get sick. You don't pay your income tax. You go to jail.

Nuts!

* * *

But even the worst kind of radio advertising is highly intellectual compared to what they are now cooking up on television.

Apparently to judge by televison advertising, there is no greater delight in all the world than the breathtaking thrill you get out of using a certain razor.

Not only you (and you are pictured to look like an idiot) go into ecstasies over this razor, the whole family comes into the bathroom, throws its arms around you and makes a fuss over you as if—as if you had just won one of those thirty-five thousand dollar radio prizes (less 75% for cash).

Then there is that automobile advertiser.

He sells a great little automobile. We have one of them—a 1939 model and it is still running fine.

So what does this advertiser do on television?

A refugee from a lunatic asylum sits at the wheel wearing a funny hat.

The announcer tells us how cold it is outside but how easy it is to heat this great car.

To prove its point, the lunatic inside closes the window. A bare tree growing out of the seat immediately sprouts leaves and a wonderful crop of apples. The lunatic picks one and eats the apple right in front of our eyes.

Are we really as dumb as some advertisers think we are? The present "disinflation" seems to show that we are not.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Luke 1:26-56.

The angel Gabriel appears to Mary of Nazareth, announcing to her the she, although not yet married to Joseph to whom she was engaged, was to have a son, whose name was to be called Jesus, the Greek form of the Hebrew Joshua, meaning 'salvation'. Thus to Mary is granted the honor to be chosen of God to be THE virgin of Isaiah's prophecy, 7:14, an honor which every Hebrew woman wished might be hers in view of the first announcement of a Saviour in Genesis 3:15 as 'the seed of the woman'. As sin came into human experience by a woman's disobedience, so salvation was to come through a Saviour by a woman, who, in spite of possible misunderstandings, obediently yielded herself to God's purpose, saying: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to Thy word'. But it is important to understand that it is Jesus the Son, Who saves us, not the mother, whose name is never mentioned in the Epistles. The last time we read of her is in Acts 1:14, where she, the disciples, and the brothers of Jesus are in the upper room in the attitude of prayer to their common Lord and Saviour.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

TRAINING

Rain and sun by the Lord are sent,
And earth will furnish the nourishment.
But the climbing rose on the lattice wide
Man and woman must train and guide.

Little there is that is left to chance
That can surely to pride and worth advance,
For the climbing rose will run astray
If nobody cares for it, day by day.

As with the flower, with a child 'tis so.
Some one must teach it the way to go,
For even the love of the Lord is vain
If no one is willing the child to train.

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On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

New York, — John Golden, the dean of Broadway producers who succeeded recently in bringing Paul Muni back from Hollywood, was talking about charity the other day at the Dutch Treat club.

I had mentioned something about the gruelling difficulty one is beginning to encounter these days when the aim is fund-raising. The charity buck is becoming elusive, as this reporter has noted recently in efforts in behalf of such fine organizations as the National Council to Combat Blindness, The Heart Fund, the Cancer Funds, Red Cross, Community Chest, Catholic charities, United Jewish appeals, Infantile Paralysis, etc.

It reminded Golden of a happier day in fund-raising, and of a man who possessed (and possesses) the proper ingredients of fund-raising genius — Col. Charles F. H. Johnson, the woolens tycoon.

During the war Golden put up some prizes for one-act plays written by GI's. He finally picked five of these and one day, returning from lunch, found a note on top of the stack. It was from Mrs. Hugh Drum, wife of the general. She had written that the Soldiers and Sailors club of New York had a $78,000 mortgage staring it in the face. Perhaps John could produce the soldier playlets, etc. etc.

Golden got Lee Shubert to lend him a theater for a night. He borrowed some actors back from the army and rehearsed them in the five prize plays. He named the show "The Army, Play by Play." But his efforts always paled when he thought of that $78,000.

He went down to Washington to talk it over with his friend, Mrs. Roosevelt, and she bought a ticket. "I want to pay $500 for it," she told him. Golden is a conservative man and a proponent of reasonable theater ticket prices. But he accepted the check, and a great light began to dawn.

He had heard something of Col Johnson's generous ticket-selling in behalf of Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army." So he formed a committee consisting of Albert Lasker, Donald Tansill, Jock Whitney, Marshall Field and Vincent Astor, called the colonel and the mob walked in.

"We explained what we wanted to do in about two minutes," Golden recalled, "and mentioned that tickets were not selling, and that their prices were adjustable. So he picked up a phone and did a miracle job of selling right there in front of us. He reached one pal after another and said, 'Listen, you're buying a ticket to a great show. Tickets are a thousand dollars each. But you probably want three or four.'

"He sold out the whole house, the biggest single night box-office attraction of all my years in the theater. It more than paid off the mortgage in one shot."

A lot of charities could use the likes of Col. Johnson today. I don't know of any that are not having their troubles, and perhaps this is a barometer of the times.

There are, for instance, many seats left for a charity show named "Lights On" to be presented in New York tomorrow night with an army of stars ranging from Milton Berle to Mae West. This is the case despite the fact that every quarter of the dough will go to the National Council to Combat Blindness—the only organization in the U. S. now attempting to raise a buck for research into the reasons why countless thousands of Americans of all ages go blind each year.

Couple of girls I know gave up their children and worked for several days recently to plug for the noble Heart Fund, and they report that an increasing number of droll souls, mostly men, told them "Nothing doing, cutie. I haven't got any heart trouble."

The charity buck, as we are saying, is getting tougher. Just when the need is most urgent.

Horoscope

You can be expecting many beneficial changes in your next year, including travel. The child who is born today should be the type in whom you may place confidence and allow to choose his or her own vocation.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Throughout the United States Marine Corps, Gen. Holland M. Smith is affectionately known as "Howling Mad." How richly he deserves the nickname is demonstrated in the crackling prose of his recently - published memoirs, "Coral and Brass." Most of his invective is directed at high navy officers, who, he bluntly charges, exploit the marine corps shamelessly, and overestimate the value of their own obsolete "battle wagons."

Explaining the title of his book. "Howling Mad" Smith says, "Coral was a great ally of the American forces in the island hopping campaign in the Pasific. I would hesitate to place in the same useful category a lot of our brass."

* * *

"Kiss Me Kate" is Cole Porter's biggest musical hit in years. Russel Crouse thinks a second company should be formed at once to cash in on the ecstatic notices bestowed upon the Broadway troupe. The road company, however, Crouse says, should be named "Kiss Me. Duplikate."

Public Opinion

LANDLORD POSES QUESTION TO OTHERS

Editor, Morning Call:

I'd like to ask other landlords whether they can top this?

I applied in August last to the local Rent Control for an increase in rents of three homes in Allentown to cover increased taxes. Petition granted, $36 a year.

I later appealed this on a hardship basis, as I had spent around $1400 on major repairs during a three year or so period, New roofs on all three outside painting on two (frame) homes, besides other seasonal and miscellaneous repairs.

The answer I got was "petition denied", and to add injury to insult, I was cut $6 a year.

Can any local landlord or real estate man top this one? Or can any mathematician figure it out? It beats me.

M. G.



EARLY LUTHERAN PRIMARY EDUCATION IN PENNSYLVANIA

By KENNETH W. KEITER

The following paper was submitted as a term report in Dr. Barba's new course "The Cultural History of the Pennsylvania Germans," Muhlenberg College, 1948—49. It is presented to the readers of the ECK, not as an original contribution, but rather as an excellent summary of available facts.—ED.

I. Development of Education, 1694-1750

Although the Swedes may have inaugurated Lutheran education in Pennsylvania, the first real educational efforts were made by the Pietists and Mystics who settled along the Wissahickon in 1694. Among these were Johann Kelpius, Daniel Falckner, John Seelig and Henrich Koster, who erected a log schoolhouse in which the children of Germantown and vicinity were instructed in reading, writing and singing. The Bible and the Catechism were also probably taught by these men, who adhered to the Augsburg Confession.

One of this group, Daniel Falckner, went back to Europe to register a protest against the maladministration of the affairs of the Frankfort Land Company by Pastorius. He visited Holland, England and Germany, was made head of the Land Company, and in 1700 returned to America with a group of emigrants whom he settled in Manatawny, Montgomery County. In 1703, he organized this company into a congregation, and by 1717 the group had erected a combined church and schoolhouse. As the congregation grew, new schoolhouses were built periodically to meet the growing demand for educational facilities.

The first schoolmaster at New Hanover of whom there is definite record was John F. Vigera, one of the greatest of the colonial teachers. This was the first typical Lutheran parochial school in Pennsylvania. By 1750 there were probably 60 to 70 children in attendance.

As settlement continued and more congregations were formed, more schools appeared. Almost without exception, the Lutheran congregations established parochial schools as soon as possible. This was often done even before a pastor was obtained, with the schoolmaster serving as both teacher and minister in the interim.

In 1725, a private school was opened at Tulpehocken, and in 1734 a schoolhouse was erected in Lancaster. In 1730, churches were established at Earletown and Nordkill and a school was opened at Easton. In 1732, the Old and New Goshenhoppen and McAllistertown churches were founded, and in 1733 congregations were organized at Muddy Creek, Codorus, Swatara, and Hill Church. By 1740, there were 27 congregations in Pennsylvania, most of which had some kind of schooling associated with them.

In 1742, Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who was not only the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, but the father of its school system as well, arrived in Philadelphia. Muhlenberg was a graduate of the University of Goettingen and had taught in the Halle Orphan School. When the call for someone to work with the Lutherans of Pennsylvania was issued, Muhlenberg, having demonstrated his ability and zeal, was chosen for the task. Upon his arrival in Philadelphia, he immediately set about organizing the Church and its educational effort. One of his first achievements was to introduce uniformity in the scattered schools which came under his supervision. In addition, he procured schoolmasters and placed them where needed; obtained public support for the maintenance of existing schools and the building of new ones; visited the schools, often examining the students and advising the schoolmasters; and healed the educational breaches within congregations. He even donated a part of his salary toward the construction of a schoolhouse at New Hanover.

Muhlenberg was an ardent supporter of the Charity School movement, of which more will be said in another section of this paper. He was responsible for the offer of the Trappe school building free of charge to the Society for Progagating Christian Knowledge Among the Germans in America for the purpose of establishing a charity school there. For a time, he was in the Society's employ as a Catechist. It was largely due to the efforts of Muhlenberg and Schlatter (the patriarch of the Reformed Church in America) that the Society was able to operate at all, and what success it had came as a result of their diligence. But even the support of the two most prominent churchmen of the day was insufficient to overcome the influence of Christopher Sauer, a prominent printer of Germantown, who had aroused suspicions of the movement too strong to be allayed.

The failure of the charity schools did not curb Muhlenberg's interest and activity in the educational field. He continued his work of organization and supervision during the remainder of his ministry. Without his foresightedness and vigor, the Lutheran parochial schools would never have developed so rapidly and systematically.

Thanks to Muhlenberg, a schoolhouse was completed at New Providence in 1742. In 1745, a school building was erected at Whitehall, near Allentown, and another in Warwick Township, Lancaster County. Schools came into existence about this time at Conewago, Upper Milford, Machunshy (Macungie) and Kingsess.

A school at Philadelphia was operating at least from the time of Muhlenberg's arrival. In 1744, Vigera was placed in charge of this school. In January, 1745, Reverend Brunholtz and the Catechists, Schaum and Kurtz, arrived to assist the patriarch with the matter of education. Kurtz went to New Hanover, while Schaum remained in Philadelphia, teaching there until 1748, at which time he went to York to become pastor of the Church there. Brunholtz became pastor of St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, and conducted a school for the poor children of the congregation in his parsonage. In 1752, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, created by Muhlenberg in 1748, resolved to model all of its schools after the "excellent plan of the Philadelphia schools." By 1765, the Church employed three schoolmasters in the city, and nearly 150 children were undergoing instruction. In 1781, four teachers were instructing about 200 pupils. English had been introduced and separate boys' and girls' schools founded. As of 1801, there were four Lutheran schools in the city, one of which was English.

Although a church was built in 1730, there was no schoolhouse in Germantown until 1740. Undoubtedly, however, some tutelage was given to the children of the community during this period. By 1760, school conditions in Germantown were flourishing, and there were at least 325 boys and girls in attendance.

The school at Lancaster, established in 1734, fared poorly because of congregational difficulties until the arrival of Pastor Handschuh in May, 1748. In August of that year, the new minister was able to report a thriving school with an enrollment of 70, including English, Irish, and German Lutherans and Reformed.

By 1750, the school system in general was enjoying success, although its facilities were inadequate to meet the needs of the greater part of the German Lutheran population. There were 15 to 20 schools with perhaps 700 children receiving an elementary education in them. By contrast, the Quakers maintained about 40 schools and the Reformed Church 18 at this time. The most important schools were those at Philadelphia, Germantown, New Providence, New Hanover, and Lancaster, which had an aggregate of 340 students.

II. Development of Education, 1750-1800

From 1750 to 1800, the Lutheran schools were beset by numerous difficulties. From 1754 to 1763, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge carried on its Charity School movement. This effort was at first supported wholeheartedly by the Lutherans, but they withdrew their backing when it became evident that the movement threatened their language and nationality and that selfish and political motives actuated the promoters. Christopher Sauer was instrumental in securing a denunciation of the move. His newspaper carried tremendous weight with the Pennsylvania Germans, and was chiefly responsible for the change of attitude on the part of Lutherans and Reformed.

The Charity School effort collapsed at the close of the French and Indian War in 1763. During its existence, 12 schools had been established. The original plan had called for 25, but lack of funds and a shortage of teachers prevented its fulfillment. The Lutherans discontinued their parochial schools in the communities in which the charity schools were established, but revived them following the movement's failure.

A schoolhouse was built in Reading in 1759, and within three years' time it had 60 pupils. In 1765, one of the largest schools of the time, a stone building at the corner of Sixth and Washington Streets, was erected by the Reading Church.

Few references are made to church schools from 1762 until the Revolution. However, it is known that a school was established at Pikesland in 1762; another at Frieden's Church, near Orwigsburg, between 1760 and 1765; and a third at Tredyffrin in 1767. Bernville, Berks County, probably had a school at this time also.

By the time of the Revolution, the number of schools was estimated at 40 and the number of scholars in the vicinity of 1500. During the War, there was a breakdown of parochial education in the rural areas, but the larger congregational schools at Philadelphia, York, Hanover, Lancaster, Providence and Reading did not fare too badly. Some schoolhouses and churches were converted into hospitals for American soldiers.

The attainment of independence brought peace and prosperity. Economic pressure was decreased, more land was cleared, crops improved, new markets opened up, and roads were cut through the forests. As a result, the schools flourished as never before. Schools were begun at Brush Creek, Westmoreland, and Freeburg in 1780. A school was opened at Hummelstown in 1785, and in 1787, a schoolhouse was built at New Holland, a fine, two-story structure in which instruction was provided in both English and German. In 1791, schools were erected in Harrisburg and in the Lykens Valley between Elizabethsville and Berrysburg. Other schools added during the period included those at Pottstown, Barren Hill, Drochenland, Aaronsburg, Germany, Holzech Swamp, Berlin, William Township, Windsor, Restons, Green Castle, Dover, Sherman's Valley, and Upper Dublin.

A new problem was raised by the War. Prior to 1775, all classroom work had been conducted in German, but after the Revolution there was a growing demand for English, especially in the cities and larger towns. By the close of the eighteenth century, German and English were often combined in the curriculm of the larger and more progressive schools. The conservative country congregations, on the other hand, adhered largely to German until after the introduction of the Common School System in 1834. In regard to the Common Schools, the Ministerium of Pennsylvania drafted a resolution of protest against their proposed establishment as early as 1796.

By 1800, there were approximately 130 Lutheran-operated schools in Pennsylvania, and at least 5000 children were receiving the benefits of instruction in these institutions. In the way of comparison, it may be noted that the Reformed Church listed 124 schools at the close of the century, while the Quakers had between 60 and 70 functioning.

To Be Concluded

DIE EWICHKEIT

Eb die Himmelsschterne
In Silwer schtrahlend Bracht
Un der Mond vun ferne
Erleichtet hot die Nacht
Waar uff der Aerd ken Zeit—
Unerkenntlich, unbegreiflich,
Iss die Ewichkeit!

Soll emol die Aerd vergeh
Un aa die Zeit iss hie,
Meh Yohre, ja, viel meh,
Wie alle Bletter grie—
Un Sand, an jedem See—
Unzaehlbaar, unbeschreiblich,
Iss die Ewichkeit!

A translation of the late Rev. Thomas W. Dickert's poem "Eternity," written in his youth while attending the Quakertown Grammar School. It was published by Uriah S. Stauffer in the Quakertown Free Press about 1890.—It deeply impressed a boy who memorized it and can still recite the English form after more than half a century. That boy was the translator of the above, Frank H. Oberholtzer, Allentown, who is a frequent contributor to the ECK.

MOVING DAY IN FORMER YEARS

The calendar year begins on January 1; the fiscal year begins on July 1; the academic year begins in September; and for the Pennsylvania German farmer the farming year begins in April. Tenant farmers contract with landlords from April to April and either renew or terminate their contracts each spring. For those who change their residence it is moving time, or "Ziegdaag."

Moving day was a busy time in every neighborhood. No Pennsylvania German housewife was willing to leave the house she was vacating until she had cleaned it from attic to cellar. No cobwebs should testify against her when the new occupants would arrive. Floor boards must be scrubbed, window panes washed and not a flyspeck dared mar the papered walls. Even though she might never be confronted by her successor, the realms over which she had reigned must be immaculate.

Then there was the dismantling and the packing. The menfolks helped in this act and many a grunt and groan accompanied moving the heavy kitchen stove and many sighs were uttered when the souvenirs and mementoes stored under attic rafters were brought to light and tender memories once more revived. Only the most treasured among them could be taken to the new home.

Huge wagons, drawn by four or six horses, were drawn up in line near the kitchen door. The neighbors had come to say their farewell in deeds. Never very glib of tongue the Pennsylvania German has suited action to the thought and sacrificing service was the earnest of his emotions.

Kitchen equipment must be loaded first of all. The womenfolk must provide a meal for the teamsters before they leave the new home. A large household might require four or five big wagons to move all of its furnishings. In caravan these lumbering wagons rolled along the muddy roads, muddier than ever during the April thaws. Good-natured banter enlivened the tedious journey as drivers called jestingly to each other and children trudged along the sides or brought up the rear. And "Shep" or "Wasser," the trusty family dog, romped about puzzled but delighted.

Once the new home was reached the womenfolk improvised a table and busily set to the task of preparing a feast. The menfolk unloaded the wagons and placed the furniture in the rooms according to the shouted directions of the housewife who was trying to superintend the affairs in the kitchen and direct the moving at the same time.

Good humor was the keynote for the occasion. Usually there were jugs of wine on each wagon and well-intentioned neighbors were inclined to lighten the freight by quaffing the contents. New neighbors and old joined in the festivities, which, though not formally so designated, were in a real sense a house-warming.

If the work extended until nightfall the old neighbors would vie with the new ones in relating tall stories or in banging knuckles on a "Haasenpeffer" game until the time came to take their departure. The "moving" was "over" and a good time was had by all!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Absence extinguishes small passions and increases great ones, as the wind will blow out a candle and blow in a fire.

—La Rochefoucauld

Town and Country 50

Congratulations go out today to Town and Country, that admirable weekly newspaper which is published in Pennsburg and which, with its issue yesterday observed its 50th aniversary.

It was on April 1, 1899, that the late Dr. Charles Q. Hillegass and Robert L. Singer sent the first issue of their paper into the community where it found immediate and encouraging acceptance.

During the half century of its life, the paper has been an integral institution of the Perkiomen Valley and a highly important element in the life of its people. It has been a good newspaper and a reliable source of local news and at the same time has been in the forefront of the forces that have sought improvement in civic, educational, and social matters.

A striking fact must be noted in connection with the success story of this excellent "country newspaper," as it is proud to be known. It is the fact that thruout its half century of existence it has been in the thick of some of the liveliest competition to be found anywhere in American newspaper fields. The vigorous daily papers of Allentown, Philadelphia and Reading, particularly, have been serious competitors at all times in its field, for geographic and business reasons. But Town and Country always was able to keep right in step with if not ahead of the competition and thrived despite the difficulties that are naturally faced when a weekly paper is in competition with a daily paper that comes into its field six or seven times as often per week as the local paper is able to do.

Survival under such constant and difficult competition has proven the strong hold which Town and Country holds upon the people of its community, a hold which it has earned by thoro news coverage, friendliness to the community's interests and the constant assurance the paper provides that it is a paper of, by and for the community which it serves.

The founders of the paper have gone on. It has continued in virile hands. Its character remains unchanged. It has built up splendid traditions. There is every good reason therefore to believe in and anticipate continued success in all its endeavors. Such success newspapermen thruout this area heartily hope will be the paper's lot for many, many years to come.

Certainly the paper is one of the brightest and best in the entire field of rural-area weekly publications in the United States. Certainly it has done and continues to do a good job. The people of its community are proud of their own, home-town paper and well they may be.

Growth of Boys Work

A considerable sector of Allentown's population has been observing national Boys Club Week because that very desirable activity for boys living in large cities has been attaining larger scope here in recent years and there is wider interest in developing the work than has been known at any other time.

The Boys' Clubs of Allentown — the units located in the old Armory and in the City park building at 9th and Lawrence Sts. — have long been affiliated with the Boys' Clubs of America. In addition to their all-year-round work at these two large and attractive places of meeting for upwards of 1200 boys a summer camp is maintained for them along the Jordan creek at Kern's Dam.

In addition there is the excellently housed Boys' Haven on Ridge Avenue, North of Tilghman, and the Downtown Boys' Club which has been established in years by that famous, former athlete George "Buck" Boyle and has gripped the imagination of so many socially-minded people of the First Ward and in many other parts of the city.

While the work of institutions like the Y M C A and the Jewish Community Center for boys is not generally classified with that of the boys' clubs, it should be added that these institutions and the other four are doing magnificent jobs with and for youth.

Men and women are interested in what their boys are doing. In city life there is so little for the boy to do in the home and his active spirit takes him elsewhere.

Several thousand pairs of parents of boys who are members of and attend these six organizations' sessions for work of a kind and constructive, directed play are happy, and well may be, in the knowledge that their young sons are in good hands.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Some weeks ago I was listening to a discussion on the radio, "Meet the Press," and I was so surprised at what I heard that I asked Lawrence Spivak, who runs the show, for a transcript. It was Leon Keyserling, economic advisor to President Truman, who astonished me, for what he said about profits made no sense at all, either from the standpoint of economic theory or actual practice.

Leon Keysering said:

". . .The purpose of profits is to provide the funds needed for business expansion. And when they get beyond that point they should stop. . ."

What about the millions of Americans who depend upon profits for a living? What about the widows and orphans who have inherited common and preferred stock or an interest in a private business? Their daily livelihoods depend upon what they get from profits and dividends. What about the schools, colleges, universities, hospitals and other charities whose endowments consist of stocks and bonds and who have to receive annually their share of profits if they are to survive as independent institutions? What about the huge investments of life insurance companies which must be profitable if our savings are not to be lost?

It is impossible to believe that Leon Keyserling meant what he said, for if profits exist only for "business expansion," and should stop when the expansion is sufficient, why should anyone invest a dollar of his savings or earnings in any enterprise? This country was built neither by government aid nor by the investments of millionaires or great companies. It was built — as every business was built — by the small savings of small people. Even so huge an enterprise as the General Electric Co. owes its genesis to a group of Thomas Edison's friends who put up about $300,000 for his continued experimentation in the electric light field. So monumental an enterprise as the various Standard Oil companies was started by men with small savings or little borrowings.

Profit was piled upon profit until businesses grew and their owners became wealthy. Along with the expansion of their businesses came an increase in their personal wealth. Perhaps Mr. Keyserling expects to level Americans downward until all are poor. Where then would the expansion come from? Shall we gaze upon our vast institutions of production and distribution as something out of our past which we know no longer how to support, to maintain or to build? Or shall we all become servants of a government of small-minded bureaucrats to whom we are to be enslaved that we might feed our children?

Leon Keyserling's ideas are important. He is one of three economists who advises the president of the United States on the state of the union. And it is said that he is the most influential of the three. If his advice to the president follows the reasoning of his discussion on "Meet the Press," he is handing the president counsel that is dangerous to the people of this country. No wonder the president proposes that we build government-owned steel plants when there is no shortage of steel in the country. Steel capacity in the United States has been increased from 71,439,000 tons in 1929 to 96,120,930 tons in 1949. As a matter of fact, the increase during the past 10 years amounts to 14,291,930 tons.

When challenged to explain his ideas on this subject, by Frank Waldrop, editor of the Washington T i m e s - Herald, Leon Keyserling passed the buck as follows:

"Waldrop: . . .Mr. Keyserling, I believe you are the proponent of the government expansion of the steel industry? Are you not?

"Keyserling: No, I'm not the proponent of that. The president is the proponent of that.

"Waldrop: Well, then you are, let's say, his silent and anonyent, is that it?

net, is that it?

"Keyserling: I'm not anonymous. . .

"Waldrop: Well, I won't try to toy around. Did you think it up?

"Keyserling: No, I did not think it up, but I think it's desirable."

Keyserling then added: ". . . I'm hoping and I'm believing that the steel industry itself will be encouraged to expand and to produce the amount of steel needed to maintain maximum employment in the United States and to serve the needs of this country and the world."

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, was reminiscing about his early days in the boxing game. "In one of my first professional fights," he recalled, "I was up against a tough old bird who knew all the tricks. I finally kayoed him in the eighth round, but until I fathomed his style, the going was pretty rugged.

"In the first round, fists seemed to be hitting me from all directions. I must have looked a bit discouraged when the bell sounded, because I can remember my manager whispering urgently in my ear, "There's absolutely nothing to worry about, Jack. All this bird has got is a good left and right'."

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It can now be disclosed that late in January John Lewis called in his twin-like brother A. (for Alma) Denny Lewis and gave the signal for invasion of the big cities by squads of organizers drawn from the coal fields.

Big John told little (but don't tangle with him!) Denny to roll the mine workers union into an outfit of over 1,000,000 members, largest in the country, by finding the big towns' soft spots and corraling taxi drivers, movie house and theatre personnel, wood and chemical workers, even dressmakers in some spots.

* * *

With several million dollars in his kitty and unlimited manpower (which could be pulled in from some 60 regional headquarters) g r o u c h y Denny moved in on New York and Philadelphia.

In Manhattan the machine was geared for taxi drivers—no newcomers to the coal union. There are scores of southern towns where Denny's men have already daringly unionized the hackies.

Recently, in Sylva, N.C., Lewis' taxi drivers literally moved the police out of their way.

There the mayor ordered the cops to prevent cabbies from parking on Main St. Lewis' men retaliated swiftly. They leased the lot on which the Sylva police headquarters was located and dispossessed the force on three days' notice.

The cops moved their building across the street and Lewis' taxi Local 703, United Construction Workers, District 50, of the United Mine Workers (Independent) had won a round in their fight.

Other Lewis taxi locals sponsor a hill-billy band broadcast in Kentucky. And in Tennessee, a Lewis taxi local won an unusual contract giving the cabbies 50 per cent of the take. So — organizing hackies was no new experience. A few weeks ago Lewis moved more of his experts into New York —and now they claim 25,000 taxi drivers.

New York is the payoff town. If Lewis's imported ex-coaldigging organizers win here in the next weeks, look for a cross-country dash to pick up another 100,000 men on the publicity won in the Big Town. It is reckoned the New York campaign cost Lewis about $250,000 in the past year.

A less handsomely budgeted, but no less practical, squad of ex-miners has set up shop in another metropolitan area — as the sendoff for a different Lewis drive for another hundred thousand members — all movie house a n d theatre workers.

Last Sunday night in the mine worker headquarters in Philadelphia's F o x theatre building, special theatrical organizers brought in from the hard coal fields, said:

After the Lewis organizers win the right to represent 1,000 persons working in 77 Philadelphia theatres, the United Mine Workers will take over the entire movie house and theatre industry.

After Philadelphia will come invasion of New York and Pittsburgh, and so on across country, the organizers promised.

This means raiding the clean stagehands union led by the truly crusading Dick Walsh who has driven the mobs from the field.

But Lewis has never been allergic to raids — once he even attempted to set up a musicians union but Jimmie Petrillo almost bit his eyebrows off.

The theatrical field is lush —with 100,000 or more ushers, ticket takers, cashiers and porters.

But John L and family are no meagre two-front operators. (District 50 is a family affair with daughter Kathryn as its secretary and brother Denny chairman of its Organizing committee. The district, incidentally, has no representation in the mine workers council, nor can its members vote in convention or for or against John Lewis.)

At this moment, the mine union also is attempting to unionize timber workers in the W. Va. panhandle area I've just left. Also chemical plant people, bartenders, bakers, even entire small cities. Where these towns are in or near the coal fields, Lewis' organizers warn prospective members that unless they join their coal-digging relatives will be denied UMW welfare fund benefits. That's cruel. But true.

* * *

Everywhere the Lewis men go, the technique is similar—New York and Philadelphia are no exceptions. Those being wooed are told that "There'll be lots of help from John L. himself," and "all kinds of money if necessary" and plenty of "experienced organizers." In New York Lewis' chief lieutenant even told hackies that, "No one will stay in jail."

Now all these hundreds of thousands of hackies, theatre people, etc., etc., have the inalienable right to unionize. But they should make certain they're joining a union and not a family club—it seems to me!

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

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

Luke 11:29-54.

The compound Greek verb rendered 'were gathered thick together' is found nowhere else in the New Testament. The uncompounded verb is also used once, in Luke 24:33, translated 'gathered together', Jesus reproves the demand of His hearers for a sign to vindicate His ministry. He says Jonah was a sufficient sign, since his experience symbolized that of Jesus coming burial and resurrection 'on the third day'. Nineveh, a pagan city, repented at the preaching of Jonah, but they were refusing Him and His message. The Queen of Sheba did well in coming to behold the wisdom and glory of Solomon, but in Jesus, Whom they despised, there was one greater than Solomon. Jesus spoke of Himself as the light of the world. If He, by His Spirit, shines into our hearts, our life will be 'light' too. The Word of God is also a light in a dark world. Don't hide it. 'Dust on t h e Bible means drought in t h e heart'. In v. 51, 'the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias' takes us from Gen. 4 to 2 Chronicles 24:21, the l a s t book of the Hebrew Bible.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DREI TZUG IN TZWAE DAWG: Des is die tzieg tzeit fom yohr. Die tzeit woh familia noch familia fon ainra hamet noch da onnerra tziega, fon ainra bauerrei uf die onner. Dale tziega weil sie missa, dale weil sie wolla, un onnerra so wie der Porra Willard Weida un sei familia fon New Tripoli, weil sie 'n nei Porras hous hen fer nei tziega. Tzu fiel leit is ae tzug ebbes aryas, ow'r fer noh drei tzug howwa in tzwae dawg wies Porra Weidas da onner dawg darrich gamocht hen, sel is ebbes gons arbadiches.

Die Ludderish gamae on Neffs hut 'n nei Porras hous gabout, un woh die Weida familia sich shun fer long g'fraid hut fer nei tziega. Nochberra fon da Neffs gagend worra aw froh fer sie sehna kumma, ow'r noh tzu sehna os es aller airsht os kumma is, 'n gase wor-sel hut leit shier der fershtond ganumma. 'S Charlie Lauchnors' uns Herman Snyders', tzwae nagshda nochberra, hen 'm Dunnershdawg morya in aller free, ihra aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna wie sie 'n grosser gailer gase sehna hen farna om Porras hous rum shpringa. Sie worra uf kours shure 's wear from Porra seim lavendicha shtock, un hen numma gawunnert wos er noch mit bringa dade, shpaiter im dawg.

Wel aenicha waig, sel wor der airsht tzug noch 'm Porras hous, un der tzwet is glei hinna noh kumma wie der Frank Sell, der Harold German, der Willard Geiger, der Willie Schneck, un der Richard Reitz, ol fom Neffs kerricha rawd, fon New Tripoli runner kumma sin mit 's Porras' tzug. 'M Porra sei tzwae breeder, der Clarence un der George mit ihra weiver die Marie un die Ruth, un da boova ihra Mam, die Minerva Bleiler, worra aw noch dabei. Die sawg is, der fershtond hets Porras' shier shtil g'shtonna wie sie noch ihra neia hamet kumma weara un hen der gase g'sehna, awgabunna farna im hofe. Noh hut der gase noch 'n roter bond shlup aw kotta, wor bahank'd mit shlitta bella, un hut 'n grosser haufa lara ale konna um sich rum kotta-weit ganunk aweck os er sie net raicha hut kenna.

Niemond hut ow'r wissa wolla woh der gase bei kumma wear un war 'n gabrocht het. Der Porra wor fer 'n weil shure der kerricha fersaryer Dan Keener wist ebbes dafon weil er awfonga hut misht fohra so os er uhrsoch kotta hut fer om hous ferbei gae, un aw weil 'm Dan sei Cora nuf is fer der gase sehna, un die dochter Marylin Keener Heintzelman, is kumma fer pickters nemma. Nochberra un leit os die shtross gonga sin hen uf kours gadenk'd der Porra het der gase mit gabrocht so os er ken graws maya breichd im hofe, un aw net bodderra breich'd mit ma milichmon weils 'n milich gase wor.

Wie fon da tzug leit ous g'funna hen os es middawg gaibt im kaller fom Porras hous fer die tzug leit, hen dale sich aw g'shick'd wie won die kech, die Lillie Sell, die Stella German, un die Mary Reitz ferleicht der gase helfa hetta bei shoffa, so os sie net kartz kaimta im milich fer eishter sup mocha. Middawgs wor eishter sup un doggies drump, ow'r kennie fon da keck-gleader f o n d a Schnecksville grange, hen ebbes wissa wolla fon da gase bisnis. Der Porra Robert Urffer, der Refamiert porra dart on da kerrich, hut owets net recht ous mocha kenna wos der Porra Weida shun farna im hofe het wie er ferbei is im dunkla, un is nocha mohl tzurick un hut die mashina lichter nei garicht, noh miner sivatzae wons net 'n gase wor.

Ol darrich der dawg worra 'm Porra Weida sei breeder so ruich fon da gase bisnis wie won sie ken drei tzaila kenta. Der hulsmon Arthur Henry dart fom shteddle, het ow'r in aim hoar ebbes aw garicht wie er nommy dawgs ob g'shtopt hut fer sehna eb der Porra net huls kaufa wot, fer 'n gase shtol bauer. 'S hut ow'r ken "deal" gewwa, un wos noch mainer wor, der Frank Sell hut 'm shun sei grosser hunds shtol aw gabutta kot, un der Porra Urffer het 'm numma tzu garn ainer fon seina hunds shteld nuf g'fohra, won er numma hilf kotta het fer 'n lawda. Ow'r wie der Arthur gawunnert hut wie die ale konna uf gamocht weara, un wos fer ale os es gawest wear, is es 'm Porra Weida grawd ei kumma, os sel kaimt fon ihra Lynn township bauerrei - ow'r ols noch net gons shure. Noh ow'r is 'm g'sawt werra tzwae yunga kerl mit ma greena truck hetta der gase ob galawda moryets fartel noch da siva-sei breeder sin yung, un hen aw 'n greener truck.

Die weil os die breeder 's net gaduh hen fer der gase weck hola, hut der Porra 'n noh 'm Fridawg morya, 'm Bobby Kuhna ferhond'l in Longtown, un der shreiner Willard Stahley hut der truck g'funna fer der gase tzeiga-der drit tzug in tzwae dawg om sama neia, Neffs Porras hous.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Grawd wie yohra tzurick der gabrouch wor fers aller airsht die beavel, 'n labe brode, unna aimer wosser inn neiie hamet nemma eb die familia nei gatzoga is, hen m'r gaglawbt doh maich'd 'n neier glawwa sei fers aller airsht 'n gase hee nemma.

So wie m'r fershtain wor die gase bisnis ow'r yusht blose g'shpass-sel un nix may.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

The trouble with us is that we don't understand Russia, we are told by such sages as Henry Wallace, G. B. Shaw and other political-comic characters.

If we understood Russia, they say, everything would be all right and the Dove of Peace would become our national bird.

* * *

That is just so much rot.

Or perhaps it might be a good idea at that for all America to understand Russia a little better.

Understanding Russia would make even the dumbest of our Communists realize what asses they are to hold up the Soviet Union as Utopia, and that allegiance to the Hammer and Sickle also means being a slave.

The unfortunate thing is that Russia does not understand us.

Some Democrat in Congress remarked the other day that even Republicans are human beings.

Even Russians are human beings, a biological fact you must concede, although you may not like them any better than the Democratic politician likes Republicans.

Even Russians would like butter on their bread, shoes on their feet, meat in their stomachs.

Russian women would like to wear nylon stockings and be able to use nice perfume so they might smell of something besides stables and sties.

But how can we expect Russia to understand us when we don't understand ourselves?

And do you know why we don't understand ourselves?

Because we haven't suffered destruction and rapine.

In Europe an intense nationalism has been developed by suffering and by poverty.

They hang on to every little treasure because t h e y never know when an enemy will take it away from them or destroy it.

His treasure once destroyed, the average European can never expect to replace h i s loss. He is too poor.

Art and idealism flourish most where there is poverty. Materialism grows with prosperity.

Night clubs, expensive restaurants, exclusive shops, cannot exist unless there are enough people able and ready to patronize them.

During the past couple of weeks I have seen pictures of a number of festivals being held in Europe.

They were beautiful but pitiful.

Beautiful because the participants were too poor to go out and buy or rent fancy costumes, floats and decorations as we do when we have a Mardi Gras or a Rose Festival or a Mummers' parade.

So they used their imagination and manufactured all sorts of lovely and ingenious things and created works of art.

Pitiful because people with such genius for creation and such capacity for happiness, are so handicapped in opportunity, and have so little happiness.

P. S. I have seen no pictures of any merriment or festivals in Russia. I am sure all of us understand why.

Horoscope

This is an excellent time to acquire knowledge that should help you with your work. This anniversary is of excellent augury for your next year, particularly for new business enterprises, study of the arts and travel. The child who is born today will very likely be endowed with exceptional talent, and possess a kindly disposition.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DOG WISDOM

I saw him pass the women by,
And never stop to wag his tail,
Or for a romp with them to try,
As if he knew such tricks would fail,
A little dog, who sought a friend
On whom for love he could depend.

He must have heard some woman say:
"I want no dog about the place!"
Or have been sternly sent away
By someone with a frowning face.
Indifferently he passed me by,
Seeking a younger friend than I.

And then he saw a boy draw near—
A sturdy lad of nine or ten.
His every action made it clear
He'd found what he was seeking then.
No longer friendless need he roam,
Together, boy and dog went home.



EARLY LUTHERAN PRIMARY EDUCATION IN PENNSYLVANIA

By KENNETH W. KEITER

The following paper was submitted as a term report in Dr. Barba's new course "The Cultural History of the Pennsylvania Germans," Muhlenberg College, 1948—49. It is presented to the readers of the ECK, not as an original contribution, but rather as an excellent summary of available facts.—ED.

CONCLUSION

III. Schoolmasters and Schoolhouses

The schoolmaster was an important personage in early Pennsylvania German settlements. He was generally the best-educated and best-informed member of a community, with the result that his advice was constantly sought and highly valued. The pedagogue ranked second only to the minister in social standing. This was appropriate for in many cases the schoolmaster was the minister's assistant, performing the clergyman's duties in his absence. Many schoolmasters, such as John Casper Stoever, Peter Muhlenberg, and J. C. H. Helmuth, made use of the teaching profession as a stepping-stone to the pastoral office.

The schoolmaster's duties were widely diversified. In addition to teaching up to 70 pupils, he was expected to act as church organist and chorister. Occasionally, he performed the duties of sexton or clerk, and, as noted above, he frequently substituted for absent or ailing ministers. Because of his connection with the Church, he was required to live a godly and pious life, and because of the paltry compensation he received, it was often necessary for him to perform manual labor when school was not in session in order to eke out an existence.

Scholarship was perhaps the least important qualification demanded of him. Muhlenberg stressed character as the prime requisite of a schoolmaster: "The master must be of sound religion, neither Papist nor Puritan, of a grave behavior and sober and honest conversation, no tippler or haunter of alehouses, and no puffer of tobacco." However, Muhlenberg's advice was not always heeded, and many a worthless and lazy fellow enjoyed the esteem which was totally unmerited.

Probably the best-trained and most intelligent teachers were the Catechists, graduates of the school at Halle, who assisted the pastors as instructors of the Catechism and in ministerial work. Their duties varied, and frequently they were used as schoolmasters by Muhlenberg. Such Catechists as John Jacob Loeser, John Nicholas Kurtz, John Helfrich Schaum, and John Frederick Vigera rendered invaluable service to the Lutheran educational effort.

Redemptioner teachers were rather common in the Lutheran parish schools of Pennsylvania. They were not, however, models of excellence, and were accepted only because of the teacher shortage which constantly plagued colonial education. It is interesting to observe that redemptioner schoolmasters did not sell as readily or bring as good prices as did mechanics or laborers of the same class.

Teachers were usually elected by the congregations which they served, and carried out their duties under the watchful eyes of the pastor and his council. Tenure of service varied according to communities, as did the amount of remuneration received. In some cases, the schoolmaster was not paid a regular salary, and where he was it varied according to number of pupils, financial status of the community, and teaching ability. His income was derived from a number of sources, predominantly from pupil assessments. Bequests, use of church buildings and grounds, payments for work in the church, and donations of wood, food and clothing represented other sources of compensation. The average instructor's income around the middle of the eighteenth century was about 20 to 25 pounds per year. While not large, such a salary compared favorably with those paid in the other colonies.

Length of the school term and of the school day varied in different localities. Many of the schoolmasters, particularly in the rural areas, kept school to suit their own convenience. Generally, classes met only in the winter months so that the teachers as well as pupils might perform their farm chores during the summer.

Separate schoolhouses appeared sooner or later in connection with nearly all German Lutheran churches. In some instances, construction of the schoolhouse preceded the building of the church itself. The typical early Lutheran parochial school was nothing more than a rough log cabin, "neither imposing in appearance nor noted for comfort." The size and type of structure erected depended greatly upon the amount of money and kind of material available to the congregation. Some urban communities eventually boasted of more substantial buildings of stone or brick. Only two of the original log schools remain standing today—one at Pine Grove, the other at Old Goshenhoppen. The oldest schoolhouse still in existence is one which was erected in 1761 by Zion's Church of Philadelphia, and which now serves as a warehouse.

The schoolhouses were furnished in the plainest and crudest manner. Desks and seats, manufactured of oak or pine by local craftsmen, were rude and dirty, and bore the marks of many embryo woodcarvers. At first there were no blackboards, and the maps, charts and other teaching materials deemed essential today were unknown. Paper and slates were a luxury, and books, if there were any at all, were usually supplied by the pupils themselves. A fireplace, later replaced by a woodstove, furnished an uncertain and temperamental source of heat, and such light as there was forced its way through small and smoke-stained windows.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the octagonal and hexagonal schoolhouse came into being. Such buildings, nearly always of stone construction, replaced many of the old log structures and became popular as meeting houses as well.

Many schoolhouses were of the double type. School was held in one portion, while the schoolmaster and his family resided in the other. Sometimes the living quarters were on the same floor as the classroom and separated from it only by a partition, while in other cases the teacher's quarters were on a second floor or attic. Needless to say, such accommodations were cramped and almost entirely lacking in comfort.

IV. Administration

The Lutheran schools of Pennsylvania were greatly handicapped by the absence of centralized control. At first, administration of the schools was controlled by individual congregations and supervised by their pastors. Following the organization of the Ministerium, certain standards for church schools were set by that body, but there were never fixed rules as to curriculum, text books, length of term, methods of operation or qualification of teachers. Some attempts to achieve uniformity were made, particularly in the Tulpehocken and Augustus (New Providence) School Codes, which outlined duties of both teacher and pupil and sketched a curriculum to be taught.

Administration of the schools was usually in the hands of the church councils. These bodies controlled the schoolhouses, arranged and conducted examinations, determined the type of schools to be conducted, subjects to be taught, books to be used, and provided for the maintenance of the buildings. They determined the salary of the schoolmaster, the number of children to receive instruction, the length of the school term, and the holidays to be observed.

Schools were financed, on the whole, in much the same manner throughout the state. Funds came from the church treasury, donations (of money, land, and often material and labor to build the schoolhouse), lotteries, tuition fees and alms funds. Tuition, incidentally, was often paid in part in wheat or firewood.

Methods of teaching were primarily individual, with the earlier teachers, many of whom had been trained in Europe, favoring the procedure used in the school at Halle. Later schoolmasters probably employed methods similar to that described in Christopher Dock's "Schul Ordnung." The early immigrants considered an elementary education, in which the three R's predominated, sufficient for their needs. Anyone who had an education beyond this was looked upon as a scholar.

As was mentioned previously, text books were not commonly found in the early Lutheran schools, and those which were used were usually furnished by the pupils. By 1792 the Church had a standard ABC book, and such texts as Dilworth's "Schoolmaster's Assistant," Pike's "Arithmetic," and Webster's "Spelling Book," were available. Two English texts, the "New England Primer" and the "Pennsylvania Primer" were also available, but were not much used except in the city schools.

V. Conclusion

From such humble beginnings as those sketched in the preceding pages came the public schools system as we know it today. The little parish schools established by the Lutheran and Reformed churches provided a firm foundation upon which a larger and more extensive program of education could rest.

It is true that colonial schooling left much to be desired. Facilities were always limited and inadequate, teachers were hard to obtain and frequently of mediocre caliber, and the course of instruction, by present day standards, was rudimentary. But when one considers the difficulties which confronted our forefathers in providing schools for their children—the hardships of colonial life, the constant danger from Indians, the isolated nature of the settlements, and the almost perpetual lack of funds—one marvels at the progress they made.

The boys and girls who were trained in the tiny log cabins or in the peculiar six or eight-sided buildings became the men and women who helped to create a greater Pennsylvania and, more important, a great and free American nation.

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ES FRIEHYOHR KUMMT

Der Schnee iss nau schier gaar all weck,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Die Leit, die laafe all im Dreck,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Frichyohr kummt!
Der Grund, den riecht mer, O! so gut,
Mer grickt frisch Lewe in sei Blut,
Glei suche mer der alt Schtrohhut,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!

Die Feggel singe all so schee,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Die Yunge laafe zwee bei zwee,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Glei sin viel Blumme in der Wiss,
Mer nemmt sie fescht un macht en Riss,
Un roppt en Aaremvoll gewiss,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!

Fer lenger hot der Paep als gsaat,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Nemmt in die Schmidt des Waggeraad,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Der Mischt muss uffs Feld gfaahre sei,
Un Bluge un Ege duhn mer glei,
Un no iss es Blanse glei verbei,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!

Wer aernde will, schafft fleissich wann
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Der Haerr der lobt ken fauler Mann,
Es Friehyohr kummt, es Friehyohr kummt!
Mer diene ihm im Lewe do,
Ebmols bedriebt, un doch oft froh.
Im Himmel hoch singe mer no
Ewichlich - 's Friehyohr iss do!

—DR. PIERCE EDWARD SWOPE

Aus Unserm Briefkaschte

Locus Daal, 10 Maerz, 1949.

Liewer Editor vum ECK,

Es iss schunn en langi Zeit, ass ich net gschriwwe hab. Yuscht, wie en yeders im Lewe, hawwich aa Aerwet, as gaduh sei muss, un des Briefe Schreiwe hen die menschte Leit uffem Schtrich. No gebt's aa annere Sache wu alsemol mehner bressierent sin. Mer muss saage, 'S ECK iss alleweil arrick gut. Mer kann so viel laerne devun. Un es waerd uffgschpaart fer schpaeter noch meh Blessier rauskriege.

Der alt Beerebaam iss am Dreiwe. Die kleene Podde schwetzen vum Friehyohr. Der Weideketzelcher baam iss schunn wunnerbaar weit gedriwwe un die kleene Ketzelcher duhn gewiss net waarte fer Oschtere des Yohr. Mer muss sie abschneide un ins Wasser schtelle in en kiehler Platz, deno duhn sie halte. Die Feggelcher singe so lieblich, es hot so viel unnerschiedliche Aarte, devon deel fremm gucke zu mir. Die kleene weisse Schneegleckcher hengen ihre scheene weiss-un-griene Belle schunn en paar Woche un hen sie schunn iwwer der letscht Schnee in die Heeh ghowe. Alles dutt vum Friehyohr un vun der Auferschtehung saage. Waerd es aa Auferschthung sei in de Mensche ihre Haerzer? Waerre sie mol der Friede eifiehre. Waerre die Haerzer, wu so hart sin, mol wacker waerre un diene, wu sie Gutes duh kenne? Mer wolle hoffe, daas des Friehyohr mehner Lieb un wennicher missvergunnische Gedanke in de Haerzer findt. Sell bringt gaschwind der Friede bei.

Mit beschtem Gruss,

ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Die Mary hot en yunges Schof,
Sei Woll waar weiss wie Schnee,
Un geht die Mary aus em Hof,
Will's Schof aa mit re geh.

Es geht mol mit re noch de Schul,
Was kann die Mary mache?
Es legt sich graad an ihre Schuhl,
Des macht die Kinner lache.

Der Meeschter hot es nausgeyaagt,
Es iss dart rum geschtumpt,
Un legt sich hie gans unverzaagt,
Bis dass die Mary kummt.

Translated by FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The art of using moderate abilities to advantage wins praise, and often acquires more reputation than real brilliancy.
—La Rochefoucauld

Televisions Wide Effects

Just as the wide use of the automobile changed the economics of the American family and the country in general and did much to alter the social pattern, and as the talking machine and radio did so much as to family life, so television is expected to sweep the country with even greater speed than did the automobile and the radio, and with many undoubted effects upon and perhaps startling changes in American life.

The manufacturers of television instruments anticipate that sales in the year 1949 will be to at least 1,580,000 families and it will be no surprise to the industr if upwards of three million are sold. It believes that the latter figure will be attained if selling techniques can be improved. The survey upon which these estimates are based revealed that as many as 2,710,000 families in television areas may buy instruments this year, whereas the industry itself had calculated upon the more modest figure. And if the television area be increased with the rapidity that has marked it during the last year the numbers of families able and eager to buy may be even greater than the survey's estimate.

But the surveyors are interested in other phases of television. They work for many large groups of business concerns which like to know as accurately as possible what goods are going to be in demand over any given period and the probable amounts. Businesses want to know whether there is going to be increased or decreased demands for products and by approximately what amount.

The Baxter International Economic Research Bureau has made such a survey as to television and reports that some industries are going to benefit greatly from television, in addition to the electrical industry, while conversely some industries are going to suffer.

The survey indicates that certain industries will be helped by television which is expected to keep people at home more during their leisure hours than has been customary in the motor car and motion picture age which took them afield. The industries to be effected favorably are brewing and distilling, cake and cracker bakers, delicatessen item's furniture, home furnishings, cushions, ladders for aerials, lounging robes, soft drinks and coffee and tobacco.

But the survey's results prompt the belief that billboard advertising will suffer. That sales of books will fall off together with arts and hobby materials. Juke boxes, home movies, electric lights, motion pictures, night clubs, talking machines, playing cards and games, travel resorts and items related to the above are expected to suffer to some degree.

What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Television is expected to be another revolutionary development for the American people. And in changing many habits, many changes in buying will develop.

Business is taking notice of the surveys and is making its own observations and deductions, for it wants to be on the safe side.

Use the Correct Term

As we near Holy Week thought is turning to the observance of the great festival of the Christian Church — Easter. In conversation and in print we are likely to hear frequent reference to "Easter Sunday" which is a pleonasm or the use of an unnecessary number of words to convey an idea.

The term "Easter" should be applied to the day and the festival and it alone, for Easter always is observed upon a Sunday and is not like a dated holiday such as the Fourth of July, Memorial Day and Christmas or Christmas Day. One never refers to "Christmas Monday," or some other day of the week upon which the feast is observed in a given year. Nor do we speak of "Fourth of July Friday".

If there must be use of superfulous words, or if it be desirable to add a word to distinguish the day from those immediately before or after it, then the example of the Book of Common Prayer may be followed with the full authority of that great book. Herein is provision for services on Easter-Eve and to distinguish the services on the following day the term Easter-Day is employed, but never "Easter Sunday." It is a redundancy of which no one should be guilty.

Michigan's Spring Election

Both because of the unusually heavy voting and the issues involved, results of Michigan's biennial spring election of members of the State Administrative Board — the Governor's cabinet—and of lesser officials are certain to attract considerable attention. Organized labor threw its full support to the Democratic candidates and engaged in a door-to-door campaign in an effort to give Governor G. Mennen Williams the backing of a Democratic board. They did succeed in getting out the vote, especially in Wayne county where a record total of 320,751 ballots were cast, but instead of the huge plurality they counted upon there to offset the normal Republican strength elsewhere in the State they obtained a margin of only 22,000. The result was Republican victory in all five major contests by majorities of about 100,000. In each instance where labor made special efforts to win, including the attempt to elect two regents of the University of Michigan, it was unsuccessful.

It always is dangerous to attribute too much significance to State or local elections as they bear on the national political situation. Always there are special issues to be taken into account. There is, however, one safe conclusion to be drawn from the Michigan returns. That is that organized labor's persistent talk about what it will do for its friends and to its foes at the polls still is not being matched by performance. It may talk, as it did so loudly last fall, about purging its enemies and electing those who do its bidding, but what the voters have to say in the privacy of the voting booths is often entirely different. This is something members of Congress should not overlook during the pending controversy over what is to replace the Taft-Hartley Law. —New York Sun.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — Do the American people want to go on spending more and more for armament without taking into account what the economic system can truly absorb, or do they want the whole arms program reviewed to see whether the requirements of the Atlantic pact and the previous military budget can be combined without adding to an already huge military expenditure?

This question was presented by Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of the president's council of economic advisers, to a conference of civilians and military men at the Pentagon building early this week, and there have been immediate repercussions.

The speech was "cleared at the White House,' which means the president read it in advance. Mr. Truman did not disapprove nor did he voice any special approval. He evidently wanted the viewpoint of Mr. Nourse thoroughly aired, however, as it seemed to him important to have the discussion.

On Capitol Hill the Nourse speech was taken to mean that further additions to the arms program were not desired by the president. Others thought it meant that the $1,500,000,000 for the Atlantic pact would be an extra and was not included in the president's January budget of $15,000,000,000.

Plainly, if the budget is increased by $1,500,000,000 and the other armament expenses remain the same, additional taxes must be found.

Then comes the real issue—will the added spending ward off a recession or depression? If it does, will the president feel vindicated in his request for higher taxes?

Mr. Nourse's address is particularly significant on the subject of inflationary results from arms spending. In one passage, unintentionally, of course, light is thrown on the events preceding the last election—how an arms program produced a boom and inflation, how Mr. Truman was blaming business for high prices and for failing to reduce them, and how the arms program created shortages and helped prices to stay up. Here is exactly what Mr. Nourse said:

"Then on March 17 of last year, President Truman brought the bad news that international developments required us . . . to divert a substantially larger amount of our annual product to rearmament. The military chiefs followed Mr. Truman a day or two later, spelling out this need in terms of three billion dollars annually of added budget load.

"The economic results were almost immediate. A process of market adjustment then under way toward lower price levels promptly, gave way to a new burst of inflation that, by early fall, carried both wholesale and consumer pices up to new post-war peaks."

Mr. Nourse doesn't interpret these happenings, of course, in any political sense. He merely recites cause and effect from an economic standpoint. He discusses the possibility that a drastic cut in the armament program could "produce a more or less serious recession before suitable readjustments could be made."

Then he adds this is a far cry from saying "that the present scale of military expenditure is really good for the economy and that a few billions more would be better."

Mr. Nourse makes a splendid plea for an increased spending program through private enterprise so that needs deferred during wartime can be filled, as, for instance, in certain public - facilities projects in states and cities.

The whole case is stated in this paragraph:

"It would be wrong to conclude that we can, without concern, add these expenditures (for the Atlantic pact), whatever they are, to present budget items for national security. Any addition to the budget would contribute to the need for additional taxes or to the making of a budget deficit."

What Mr. Nourse is saying, in effect, is a warning to business men, to government officials and to the military chiefs that it is time to review the whole military budget and accomplish the purposes of the Atlantic pact and national security within the $15,000,000,000 military budget if a serious inflation is to be avoided. Except by implication, he doesn't say flatly what ought to be done—but he gives the economic basis for national policy.

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Today's Text

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

Luke 18:15-43

The first three verses of today's lesson may be thought of as describing the first 'children's day'. In v.18 a rich man came to Jesus, asking Him what he should do to inherit eternal life. Now one cannot do anything, for eternal life is acquired only by believing in Jesus as Saviour (John 3:16). But 'things' can stand in one's way, for a rich man may be inclined to trust in his wealth, instead of in Christ. Jesus therefore tells him to sell all that he had and to distribute it among the poor (Barnabas in Acts 4:37 does exactly that). Thus the way would be cleared to transfer one's faith and trust in riches to faith in Jesus. The man could not accept the prescription. He was sorry to hear what Jesus ordered, because it cost him too much. Jesus' comment was that it was difficult, but not impossible for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. In vs.31-33, Jesus is again predicting His death. In the last section of the chapter, Jesus, 'the light of the world,' gives sight to one who had been in darkness.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The social set in Toledo, relates Cleveland Amory, decided to stage a charity horse show. The knowing horsewoman in charge of the proceedings, however, took sick on the eve of the affair, and another girl, who knew nothing about horses, volunteered to hold down the post. Her first phone call came from a man who had several horses entered.

"This is most embarrassing," he apologized, "but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to scratch one of my horses for me." "I'll be glad to," said the girl pleasantly. "Where?"

* * *

After digesting some recent and familiar sounding speeches by Soviet bigwigs in which totalitarianism was glibly defined as "democracy in its purest form," Quentin Reynolds pointed out that there is more of Alice in Wonderland than there is of Kar lMarx in the official Russian 1949 "line." It was to Alice herself that Humpty Dumpty explained scornfully, "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of April 9, 1924, a Wednesday

Allentown Lodge, No. 130, B.P.O.E., at an installation meeting presented Alfred Ochs, past exalted ruler, with a diamond ring. The presentation was made by District Attorney Orrin E. Boyle. General C. T. O'Neill was appointed head of the Flag Day committee.

In the rectory of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Margaret Warwick Saeger became the bride of Robert C. Brown. Rev. E. J. Murphy officiated. Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl Beary were the attendants.

Horoscope

A year of very pleasant sururises is indicated for you, with much successful activity. Monetary conditions should greatly improve. Today's child is likely to lead a long, happy, successful and useful life. Look for unusual talent and originality.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

At a quiet banquet in his home town Monday night, Walter Reuther got up to tell the boys the story of a friend of his with a jail record—and then introduced him as the chap whom the hyper-tension auto union would help elect mayor of Detroit this fall.

Reuther told how back in 1937 the prospective candidate, George Edwards, was jailed for 30 days as the result of a sit-down strike riot. About that time Detroit's ex-Mayor Richard Reading was vowing to run the CIO out of the auto city.

And now. Reuther told his guests, Edwards was president of the Detroit City Council and on his way to the mayoralty while ex-Mayor Reading had long since been convicted and sentenced on charges of protecting vice and gambling in the city.

* * *

Reuther spoke as the returns from Michigan's little-publicized April 4 local elections were coming in with the news that the labor people had won the top vacant office in Wayne county (Detroit).

Monday's election had been a sort of political milk run for the union—but it had captured the top office available by electing a former United Automobile Workers (Local 208) veteran, Charley Edgecombe, as county auditor by 20,000 votes.

In addition, two of the three men elected members of the county's important board of education (one of them an AFL plumber) were backed by the CIO political machine. Reuther's political actionists didn't do well in the rest of Michigan.

* * *

However, the auto union chiefs see this as just the beginning. Shortly they will start whipping into shape the kind of political machine which the rest of the CIO is building quietly in other big cities. They're seeking out their most skilled organizers. These men will be woven into a topside committee, with a prominent union-wide political chief directing operations.

Then will be set the pattern to watch for—shop by shop, plant - by - plant organization with a political director in each factory.

These shop-chiefs will become one-man clubhouses. They'll have their counterparts in other unions and other cities. Not only will these political specialists run lunchtime rallies, letter-writing sessions (to Congress) and fund collections, but they'll service their people as do the district clubhouses of other parties.

* * *

In Chicago, for example, an auto union official runs a Political Action unit which publishes a little paper. The other day it urged those South Side tenants who are feuding with their landlords to call the PAC headquarters for aid.

This was in line with Jack Kroll's national CIO political action headquarters in Washington which last week alerted all its divisions to warn city governments not to unceiling rents.

In St. Louis the political steward system has been operating for several months. There members of most CIO unions now turn automatically to their political action chief for help on problems ranging from tips on agencies which will lend money to burdened families to information on filling out tax forms.

Some complaints have even come from irate CIOers claiming garbage hasn't been removed from some isolated spot quickly enough.

Now the PAC has blueprinted a series of neighborhood groups to do this kind of "clubhouse" work along with the political director, or steward in each plant.

Nor is the shop-by-shop political steward idea limited to the CIO outfits. In New York, Gus Tyler, political action director of Dave Dubinsky's election-wise AFL ladies garment workers union, has just sent through a plan for a political agent in each of thousands of shops.

According to this plan, the "legislative representative" agent could "speak to shopmates in the morning, at noon, or after work" just as the union business agent talks union business daily to the people on his beat. Regularly each shop chief would report back to his union headquarters so a check could be kept on each of thousands of plants.

* * *

And that's what's happening quietly in the "grass roots." The unions want an independent political machine so that when one of their national chiefs sees President Truman, as Phil Murray did Tuesday afternoon, 24 hours after he returned to Washington, he'll be in a position to talk more bluntly about what he wants.

(Copyright 1949).

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is the first time in my life that my own cultural and esthetic status has been on a par with that of a gorilla.

Bushman is supposed to be the world's largest gorilla in captivity. His home is the Chicago zoo.

Probably as a publicity stunt, a motion picture company set up a screen outside Bushman's cage and held the world's premiere of its latest jungle picture for his special benefit.

* * *

Bushman was slightly bored with the animal life in the picture.

But when boy met girl he went into a rage, then beat his skull with both fists when the love affair really got hot.

Finally he picked up his food and other handy items and threw them at the picture.

Fortunately there was a thick glass plate between him and the screen, so at least he could not do much damage.

* * *

Good boy, Bushman!

One of these days I would like to take him to the opera.

If I dressed him up in white tie and tails I don't believe he would look differently enough from a lot of so-called opera lovers to attract attention.

I envy Bushman.

Civilization and etiquette compel me to behave like a gentleman when I have to go to an opera that bores me to extinction, or to one of those torrid movies that make me want to throw things at the screen.

Bushman, not being a cultured hypocrite, can give full expression to his feelings.

Furthermore, he will probably never be compelled to see another movie again, no matter how much Mrs. Bushman might coax him.

I, on the other hand, like all good husbands, realize that my hair is thinning and my allure lessening day by day. So it is my duty as a cavalier to let my wife have at least the synthetic pleasure of communing with an Errol Flynn or a Don Ameche. I take it with a grain of salt when she swears on a stack of old press-agent releases that both of the aforesaid gentlemen appeal about as much to her as a cup of warmed - over coffee with too much sugar in it.

Incidentally, I was awfully sorry to learn that Ruth Chatterton, one of my favorite actresses, is being sued by the management of the swanky Ritz Tower hotel in New York.

The suit seeks to compel her to stop cooking in her three-room suite because pungent aromas emanating from it are "decidedly unpleasant" to her neighbors and are said to permeate the entire 14th floor.

I don't know how many of you remember her in "Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out Of the Kitchen," "Marriage of Convenience," and, more recently, in "Private Lives."

But personally I wouldn't mind having a Ruth Chatterton for a neighbor.

* * *

A rose by many another name wouldn't smell half as sweet to me as Ruth Chatterton's garlic.

(Copyright 1948)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THINGS ENDURING

What does the future hold?
"The times are bad;
Youth will not know the chance
their fathers had."
We hear this muttered everywhere we go:
"Taxes are high and fortunes
running low."
"Well," I reply, "some joys
we have are sure.
Land, sea and sky and sunshine will endure.

"Young folks will marry.
There'll be smiles and tears
And children to be cherished
down the years.
Mothers will run to soothe
them when they fall.
The same high hopes and
dreams will come to all,
And when at last they kneel
beside the bed,
The prayers we learned, and
taught, will still be said.

"The joys and sorrows will remain the same.
Gardens with yellow marigold will flame.
The love of home will still continue on.
Never will come the day when faith is gone.
All that is sacred, tender, pure and true
Will stay unchanged, whatever nations do."

(Copyright, 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON FERLORNA SOCHA:

'S worra da winder 'n lot leit noch Florida un 'n lot, hen 'n lot gelt ferlora darrich die hund un geil. So weit os m'r wissa, sin ow'r yusht tzwae tzurick kumma mit ous hute un kop. Un sellie tzwae sin niemond shunshd os wie die tzwae Heintzelmans' breeder, der George un der William fon Schnecksville. Wie der George sei hute, un der William sei jockey kop ferlora hen kenna m'r net sawga-m'r worra net dabei.

Die boova un ihra weiver, hen shweara indressa ganumma in ol da hund un geil os sie finna hen kenna. 'S manshd fon ihra tzeit hen sie tzu gabrocht in Miami, woh sie 's Georga boo Mark un sei fraw p'such'd hen, ins Bill Sollidays' trailer park. Darta is die sawg hetta sie der hute un die kop noch kotta-un 'm Bill sei jockey kop hut arrick glicklich sei zolla-un wor aw glicklich dawaig wie er die socha ei garoff'd hut won sie on da raca worra.

Sebring sol der blotz sei woh sie die socha ferlora hen imma ess blotz. M'r wolla wetta won der Earl Adams un sei Mabel wista woh, os sie na garn ihra ferlorna socha sucha dada. Wel aenicha waig, der Bill woh noch 'n hute kotta hut fer weara, hut net so fiel g'frok'd noch da kop, os wie der George's k'hoss'd hut fer blut keppich hame gae. Er huts g'shtand bis noch Hamburg, Barricks kounty, darta hut ers net gaduh fer weiter gae, bis er 'n neier hute het.

Die sawg is, der George het sich 'n aryer shainer bloegroelicher hute kauft, uns het noch ken hawna danoh gagray'd os es net der same hute wear woh er gawora hut fer noch Florida gae. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der George un der Bill aw net hous howwa os sie shier blutkeppich hame kumma sin, un wolla don nix may weiter fertzaila, so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

Un sei wor sel fon ma hute un ra kop ferlierra, ow'r war in da welt dade denka os es miglichwear fer 'n trailer on ra mashine ferlierra, rund fol fuder socha galawda. Sel ow'r is 'm Dan Feterolf fon da Lynnviller gagend da onner dawg in der gorda gawoxa wie er noch Greenawalts noch da meal wor. Er huts socha galawda un is hame. Allas wor ol recht bis er ob lawda hut wolla, un hut ken trailer may kot.

Der Dan is pull-foot tzurick nunner noch Greenawalts, un woh der trailer noch grawd g'shtonna hut wie er 'n galawda hut kot. Aina waig odder da onner hut er sich ob h'hank'd, un der Dan juts net ous g'funna bis er hame kumma is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Sellie Nei Yarrick Oshter tickets sin om gae wie haisa kucha, un sin tzu griega on ol da gawainlicha bletz wie aw onnerra yohra, un war net wase woh sellie bletz sin kon uns schreiva, un m'r lossa eich wissa.

EN VEGGELS A-B-C



A iss die Amschel, so schtols un so froh;
singt alle Marye: Freihyohr iss do!"

B iss der Blovoggel drauss uff de Fens;
zwee Biwwi debei un weddle ihr Schwens.

C iss der "Crane," un aa net der Kranich;
nix as wie Scheisspok, der schtinkich Eedarmich!

D schteht fer Dauwe, die wilde un zaahm;
paar an de Scheier, die ann're im Baam.

E iss fer Ente, aa noch die Eile;
sie quackse un greische, lache un heile.

F iss der Fischroier drunne im Schwamm;
schleicht so dohie fer der alt Bulliram.

G iss fer paar Grabbe, sin Dieb alle Zwee;
Gens un die Ginnihinkel, Kepp in de Heeh.

H iss der Hunnichvoggel, brummt an de Blumme;
Habbich un Haerreveggel, Diewel am kumme!

I iss der Jemefresser, hockt uffem Schtarzel;
fangt mol die Schnoke, brecht ne der Barzel.

J iss so'n Gnarre, kann nix aus em mache;
graad wie deel Mensche un annere Sache.

K iss der Katzevoggel, was en Geyaemer!
Kiehschtaar peddelt Oier wie'n Graemer.

L iss der Laerrich, er singt drauss uffem Feld;
aa noch des Lufthutsch vun re gans ann'ri Welt.

M schteht fer Mauskeenich, schlipprich un gscheit;
batzich un witzich, mol net yuscht vun heit.

N iss der Nunspicker, globbt un er macht,
meesselt un bohrt sich en Loch in der Nascht.

O iss der Ooshaahne, nau guck emol hie!
er schwebt in der Luft un sucht fer dod Vieh.

P iss der Pohaahne, Schwans in de Heeh;
es fallt ihm der Mut, beguckt er sei Bee.

Q schteht fer Quackvoggel, am rufe bei Nacht
de dreckiche Yunge, sie halte die Wacht.

R iss der Reggevoggel, schier Guckuck;
er lockt un er dobt wie'n alti Briehgluck.

S fer die Schpatze, mit Laerm un mit yacht;
raase un fechte bis gans in die Nacht.

T iss der Tsitt, er holt sich Geilshoor;
baut sei glee Nescht un weess nix vun Gfohr.

U der U un der V! Weess net was zu duh!

V Mer hockt un mer denkt, wie'n schliww'richer Bu.

W iss fer Wachtel, sie gleicht e bissel Gschpass;
ruft dann em Bauer: "'S macht nass! Macht nass!"

X iss noch eener, bin graad widder fescht;
wott ich waer 'n Voggel un hett en gut Nescht!

Y hot ken Naame, mer meent 's kennt net sei;
hett der gaern faerdich, dann muss ich verbei!

Z iss der Zaahschlibber, Keenich im Hof.
Yetz bin ich faerdich un grick mol mei Schlof!

So kennt mer schwetze vun Veggel un Sache;
paar daete 's gleiche, manniche yuscht lache.
Ich geh uff der Wek, der hilse Baerrick nuff,
Biss Veggel widder singe: "Yunger! Schteh uff!"
Ya, viel gute Veggel, un O! wie ich wott
Ihr daete sei ehre, 'n Gschenk vun unserm Gott!

—WILLIAM J. RUPP

By courtesy of The Pennsylvania German Society

Pennsylvania German Bird Names

By WILLIAM J. RUPP

THE early Pennsylvania wilderness held so much wildlife in its bosom that Europeans could hardly believe their ears when they heard reports of these natural resources in the New World.

The first immigrants found this abundance to be beyond their fondest dreams. Here indeed was a land of boundless riches, of unlimited physical resources waiting only to be exploited. Fish and game filled the streams and forests, and birds, notably waterfowl and passenger pigeons, were so numerous that, as one Dutch agent of 1662 put it, they obscured the sky in their flight.

Swans, geese, ducks and teal abounded on the lakes and stream. Snipe, woodcock and rail were plentiful in hens and quail. Ruffed grouse swarmed in the forests, great hosts of passenger pigeons foraged across the land-the swamps and along the water-courses. In the uplands there was an abundance of wild turkeys, heathscape on regular schedule, and the mellow voice of the upland plover was a familiar sound in the land. Cranes marched up and down the countryside, large flocks of Carolina paraquets troubled the Pennsylvania cornfields, and pileated woodpeckers found a good home in the virgin timber.

The eagles were a common sight, so much so that one wily Indian, trying to do business with an early settler, once tried to make an eagle pass for a wild turkey. Cardinals, paraquets and mockingbirds, the last-named being quite common in the southern counties, were taken and sold for cage birds, as were also the finches, robins, thrushes, bluebirds and thrashers. Flickers and robins were killed for table use, there were so many of them! The boom of the nighthawk, the call of the whip-poor-will, a glimpse of a red-headed woodpecker, the far call of Bob White, all these were common, thrilling things, as inevitable as a flock of bobolinks or blackbirds. Only this lacked — there were no ring-necked pheasants and, happily enough, no European starlings and no English sparrows.

The first settlers, land agents and travellers sometimes did not know what to make of this strange new world of birds. They did not know the uses of gun and net and the merciless slaughter of many species of birds continued unabated for almost two centuries, but there also was the matter of names for this seemingly endless variety of new species and they could only do as best they knew. They had brought with them the Old World bird names—English, French, German, Dutch, and they applied these names freely to the New World species which they saw. When the new bird resembled an Old World species they had a ready name for it. The resemblance may have been far-fetched at times, but the old names carried over had to suffice. Some few names were borrowed from the Indians, a few new ones were coined, but most bird names were according to Old World patterns, with the English obviously predominating.

When the Pennsylvania German pioneers came to Penn's Woods two centuries ago, more or less, they also brought with them their names for European birds and a corresponding lore about birds in the homeland. These names and lore they applied to the New World birds which seemed to resemble the birds they had known in Europe. Some of these were dialect or folk names, the localized names of the fatherland. Others were of the new High German, the classical tongue of their pastors and schoolmasters, the language of their Bibles, catechisms and prayerbooks. In this way the fathers managed to name, quite accurately and nicely, not a few of the birds in this strange new world.

Our common migratory thrush is a very good example. The Puritans of New England thought it resembled, as it did in color but not in size or anything else, the European robin or "robin redbreast," a small Old World warbler, and so they called our bird a "robin." This was a misnomer and an ornithological blunder. Our Pennsylvania German fathers were wiser than their New England brethren, for they saw in this common thrush a resemblance to the common, black, singing thrush of the homeland, "die Amsel," and so they called our bird "die Amschel." In so doing they were quite accurate and correct, ornithologically speaking. Under Voreltre hen die Veggelsnaame net aus d'r Fauscht g'suckelt wie Deel vun de gumme Englische!

However, when a new bird did not resemble anything the pioneers had seen and known in the homeland, or when a New England species was so prominent, so striking as to make any Old World name inadequate or unworthy, then the Pennsylvania "Dutchman" was definitely on his own! Leave a good "Dutchman" strictly to his own resources and ingenuity, which is what he prefers anyway, and then things will really begin to happen! It was just this way in the matter of most bird names. New names were invented, "made up" as our people went along in the common round of life, to describe the bird, its color or song, its nest or habitat or favorite haunts, its habits or mannerism. Then, as time passed, these descriptive names came more and more to the fore in popular usage. Being localized folk names or dialect quality, indigenous to Pennsylvania soil, they together with the dialect or folk names from the Palatinate, began to dominate in all talk about birds. The High German or classical names were either lost or so modified that they too acquired dialect quality. In some recent years, as has been the habit with our Muttersprooch, a few English names were borrowed to fill in some blank spaces in the dialect vocabulary and these, of course, have also taken to themselves the qualities of dialect pronunciation.

In this form then the Pennsylvania German names for birds have come down to us across the years and it has been our happy privilege to record hundreds of them in recent years. Our fathers found something on these shores which stirred their imaginations and tested their powers of observation. They went to work with a will and with eyes and ears open. They exploited the richness of their **Muttersprooch** and one is amazed to discover how original and ingenious they were. The result is our list of dialect bird names, a list which, for size, accuracy and simple beauty, is unique in the annals of American ornithology. It seems quite safe to say that no other folk or racial group in America has anything like it.

Here are some examples of names borrowed from the High German, or seemingly so, although it is clear that some of these are much older and have deeper roots. Their parallelism with contemporary High German is obvious, and they either carried over directly from the classical German, or they and their classical parallels have had a common origin in older folk names. Anyway, for convenience, we call them "borrowed" names: **Eil, Larrisch, Schwalm or Schwallem, Schbeecht, Zaahschlipper, Schtaar, Drossel, Dischdelfink, Wol, Habbich, Aadler, Schnebb, Pohaahne, Grammesvoggel, Wachtel, Nachtigaal, Ent, Fassant, Babbegoi, Haerrevoggel, Daddel Daub, Ooswoi, Amschel, Iemefresser and Guckuck.**

Next, some names borrowed from the English and given dialect treatment, adaptations used to fill in blank spaces in the dialect vocabulary: Bobolink, Schtarling, Englische Schpatze, Riedvoggel, Indigo Voggel, Woodpicker, Goldfink, Kornkracker, Budderend, Kardinal, Tschickedie, Kingfischer and Fischkran.

Now the much larger group of description names and, first, the birds named according to their coloration: **Blovoggel, Rotkobb, Gold Amschel, Weise Eil, Geelschbeecht, Blutfink, Bloer Tsitt, Rot Schnebb, Schwarz Amschel, Geel Voggel, Weisshelsich Schpatz Schwarz Goldamschel, Flammvoggel, Griekobb, Glee Weis Fischroier, Glee Blo Schtoosswoi, Gross Brau Schpottvoggel, Glee Blo Schbeecht, Scheckich Buschvoggel, Rotfliggeliche, Schtaare and Schioosweiss Woi.**

Second, birds named for some significant physical characteristic: **Katze Eil, Geelmeiliche Schtarling, Kappevoggel, Langbeeniche Feldhinkel, Harn Eil, Schtink Ent, Gross Schwallem, Langschwensicher Woi, Langbeenicher Fischroier, Schtumpschwans, Dron Ent, Langhelsicher Fischkran and Langfliggeliche Schtaare.** Many species within a family are distinguished by adding a color to the family name or, as here, by adding such qualifiers as "glee" or "grosse" or something like that to the family name.

Third, some samples of onomatopoetic or imitative names, in which birds are named for their song or call: Biwwi, Bieb, Wibberwill, Zippche or Zittche, Tschiewink or Joe Wink, Qwack or Gwackvoggel, Gilbert or Gilderie.

Fourth, the birds which were named for some special quality of their song or call: **Nachtigaal,** for the wood thrush and whip-poor-will; **Schpielvoggel,** for the brown thrasher and wood thrush; **Katzevoggel** or **Katzemiaunser,** for the catbird; **Schpottvoggel,** for all the mockers; **Reggevoggel,** for the cuckoos, the crested flycatcher, killdeer and mourning dove; **Lock Daub,** for the cuckoo and dove; **Globber,** for the grouse and woodpeckers; **Glebberveggel** and **Hexeschbeecht,** for the flickers; **Blaffvoggel** and **Lufthutschel,** for the loon; **Beesvoggel,** for the wren; **Brummvoggel,** for the humming bird.

Fifth, birds named according to some peculiar or special habit, act or mannerism: **Schnarrvoggel, Schnokefresser, Lufthengscht, Wasserschlubber, Nachteil, Dreckschlibber, Iemevoggel, Luft Wibberwill, Ludergrabb, Mauskeenich, Baamlaafer, Dauweschtoosser, Schloofvoggel, Faulenzer, Kaerschevoggel, Yuckschnebb, Boddehupser, Eedaermicher, Hunnichvoggel, Fischfresser, Schpatzewoi,** and **Rauwevoggel.** This list is much longer and proves how observant our people were and how readily they gave a bird a home-made descriptive name. Who dares to say that our dialect lacks color and vitality?

Sixth, a long list of birds named for their habitat or favorite haunts. A few samples: **Grundamschel, Zaunkeenich, Buschvoggel, Grickeschpatz, Feldhinkel, Scheierschwalm, Schwammschtaare, Grickschtaare, Russschwalme, Buschfessant, Buschbiwwi, Schtadtschwallem, Heckedrossel, Gaardevoggel, Grundschpetzeli, Scheierdaub, Scheiereil, Buschamschel, Schteekeizer, Feldlaerrich, Schwammwoi, Zelaatvoggel, Kiehschtaar, Hausschwalm, Seevoggel, Wasservoggel, Dreckschnebb, Baerryefessant, Schanneschdeeschwallem** and **Welschkarnschtaare.**

Seventh, birds named for the kind of nests they built: **Henkvoggel, Dreckschwallem** and **Gruckeschwallem.**

Eighth, the seasonal names, some general and inclusive, a few of them specific: **Frieyohrvoggel, Summervoggel, Schneevoggel, Schneegans, June Woi, Moi Voggel, Keschdevoggel, Sootlaerrich, Sootvoggel, Schpotyohrsvoggel** and **Wintervoggel.**

Ninth, the names of unusual history and derivation, like **Badderriesel, Welschhinkel, Guthaerr** and **Wilde Dauwe.** Each of these is a long story in itself.

Finally, the unjust and undeserved names: **Hinkel Woi,** for the large hawks; **Dauwe Woi,** for the sparrow hawk; **Ieme Woi,** for the kingbird; **Fischkran,** for the herons; **Oieraussuekler,** for the cuckoos; **Wibberwill,** for the nighthawk. These cases of mistaken identity have caused a great deal of harm with respect to the large hawks. The small accipiter hawks did the damage and the large, high-flying hawks got the blame as the Pennsylvania German farmer ran for his shotgun. Some rare few could tell the difference between a sparrow hawk, that friendly little fellow, and the marauding accipiters, or between these same accipiters and the large, slow hawks of the open fields. The Pennsylvania German farmer can only be ashamed of his record here in that he didn't always take time to find out who his friends really were.

Altogether about one hundred and thirty species of birds were recognized and named in the Pennsylvania German community. For some species we have as many as a dozen different names and the total list is, of course, much more extensive than the few examples given above. Birds were of greater import and wider significance in the common life of our people than most of us have so far been able to imagine.

One gets the feeling sometimes that there must be many more dialect bird names out in the field of which no record has as yet been made. You, the reader, will perform a very valuable service if you will make note of any names that you know or recall. Send them to the editor, Dr. Barba, or to this writer, please. Or, if it will be easier to talk it over with us, let us know and we might come to see you! Nemm yuscht des in acht: Die Veggel verschteert mer net—sie sin gschickt vun Gott!

Route 1, Quakertown, Pa.

(The writer thanks the Pennsylvania German Society for the privilege of using some material in this article which appeared first in Volume 52 of the Society's Proceedings under the title, "Bird Names and Bird Lore among the Pennsylvania Germans," (1946) a monograph by the same author.)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant. —*Horace*

The Message of Easter

After a day of sorrow with emotions of repentance and hope for divine forgiveness predominant in Christian hearts, there is today the patient waiting for the most glorious feast in the Christian calendar—the observance of Easter.

Like the early followers of Christ who, upon the first day after the Crucifixion, must have felt that they were trapped in "a meaningless struggle" in the darkness and gloom that followed the loss of their leader, so the people of the world today may well feel that there are forces of physical might, destruction and death with which they cannot possibly cope.

But it is Easter which for these may well bring confirmation of the Christian faith that God offers victory not alone for eternity but for this life, if it will but be availed of.

In a message from the Federal Council of Churches, Bishop John S. Stamm, the Council's president, thus presents the position of the Holy Catholic Church thru its membership of 27 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox Churches:

"Easter is preeminently a time of hope—and hope is something which our world sorely needs. Easter marks the supreme confirmation of our faith that God offers man victory for this life and for eternity. Thoughtful people both within the churches and outside are alarmed by our generation's poverty in moral standards and disciplines. This is illustrated by the cynical use of power by political groups, crude materialism, careless disruption of marriage and home life, and widespread juvenile delinquency.

"It is encouraging, however, to note that small groups meeting in churches and homes, in humility and penitence, for prayer, Bible study and discussion are building new centers of dynamic faith. Deepening and multiplying such efforts would release forces that could change history. Religious faith is the indensable foundation for the development of moral resources.

"People who have turned from trust in God have found their minds darkened and their hearts oppressed by confusion and fear. Such is the inevitable consequence of man's sinful pride in thinking that human intelligence, ingenuity and idealism are adequate to bring peace, justice and happiness.

"To those who do not share our Christian faith or in whom hope has grown dim we would testify to our belief that God rules. When it seems that we are all caught in a meaningless struggle in the dark, let it be remembered that the forces of this world—physical might, destruction and death—do not in the long span of experience prove to be final. The human spirit in tune with its Creator is not the helpless victim of time and circumstance.

"Especially at Easter we who are Christians praise God that through the darkness of confusion, fear, bitterness and frustration of our time, He has made the light to shine. Our destiny is not sealed by what this world may do. Beyond death is life. We give thanks unto God 'who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' "

Hear "The Resurrection"

The many people who on last Sunday night heard "The Greatest Story Ever Told" as presented by radio and were moved by its stirring recital of "The Crucifixion" will undoubtedly be drawn to the radio again tomorrow night when "The Resurrection" will be portrayed.

With fidelity to the Biblical story the story of the Crucifixion was told and without doubt equal fidelity will mark the story of "The Resurrection" when told tomorrow night.

Certainly this effort on the part of a great American business is a great contribution to American religious life and thought and it is for the improvement of spiritual life that the "The Greatest Story Ever Told" proceeds thruout the weeks and months.

Radio has risen to superb heights in this program as all, who have heard it consistently, best know.

Making Children Happy

It is one of the best attributes of our community in general that there is so much concern for little children and so great desire and willingness to gladden great masses of them—as many as big-hearted people can gather together at any one time and place.

This quality of thinking and action is especially illustrated on the Saturday before Easter when almost every neighborhood organizes to promote happy egg-hunts for the children of that neighborhood.

Just about every boro and town has some organization which annually promotes these events, or a special organization is developed upon this occasion in order to carry out the idea.

While Christmas is the particular day for bringing joy to little children, the people of this community are virtually unanimous in making the Saturday before Easter notable and pleasant for the little people.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is only natural that those who suffered severe economic losses during the war should take steps to redeem their positions. With unbelievable magnanimity, the United States has helped them, particularly through the Marshall plan. However, there are those who desire more than that: they would limit American economic action so that the debtors control the creditor, so that all the dependents dominate the country that is helping to save them.

Curiously enough, the formula for doing exactly this was first proposed by the State department and in March, 1948, a conference was held in Havana, at which 53 countries were represented, to write and sign the charter of the International Trade organization, generally referred to as I.T.O.

In effect, I.T.O., under the United Nations, will control international trade. Percy W. Bidwell and William Diebold Jr., writing in favor of I.T.O. for "International Conciliation," say:

". . . The charter in its broad outlines is an expression of American policy which we should like to see made universal."

On the other hand, Philip Cortney, in his book, "The Economic Munich," says:

". . . After serious study and long reflection I have reached the conclusion that the Havana I.T.O. is an international organization for the restriction of international trade and the undermining of the individual competitive system, for the sake of providing a wrong solution to the British problem. While I realize that this definition of the Havana charter may sound flippant, it is not meant to be so, and it summarizes my sincere opinion of it."

The charter limits national freedom in administering tariffs, taxes, and trade controls or other restrictions. The object of this is to protect countries which have difficulties with their trade balances. But it also seeks to protect new industrial countries against competition with the older industrial countries, principally the United States, and to permit preferential trade agreements which are non-discriminatory.

To get away from diplomatic language, these provisions place the American tariff under the control of an international body in which the United States has one vote against 53 (Turkey having joined), with no veto. It means, for instance, that the United States could do nothing to protect its industries against competition by low-wage, low-standard-of-living countries. It means that our watch industry could be destroyed by Switzerland and our ceramic industry by England and Czechoslovakia, our silk industry by Japan. Already throughout the world goods traded in currencies other than American dollars have a preference over the American dollar, which we are giving away to the tune of $5,000,000,000 a year for nothing.

The best that has thus far been said for the plans is:

". . . Only experience will show how well they work. There will certainly be many difficulties and controversies. The basic difficulties arise outside the ITO charter and transcend it. Similarly, overcoming these difficulties will depend mostly on economic and political developments and governmental policies along a much broader front than the charter covers. . ."

Meanwhile, if the United States becomes a party to the Havana charter by senatorial ratification, we shall be bound to this experiment. Our tariff-making and taxing authority will be under United Nations international organization control. A combination of countries could be formed — particularly among those short of dollars — to outvote the United States. This is another amendment to the Constitution by which the powers of Congress are limited by international action. Bidwell and Diebold say:

"Critics of the charter are worried, not only by the substance of the infant-industry exceptions, but by the voting strength of the underdeveloped countries. They foresee a large bloc of underdeveloped countries voting together in the ITO, log-rolling to grant each other liberal use of import duties and quotas. The danger is real. There are more underdeveloped than developed countries in the world. Well over half the signatories of the Havana agreement are properly classified as 'underdeveloped countries,' and there are several others that might often be expected to vote with them. But it is a gross over-simplification to suppose that so large a body of countries will invariably stick together in a tight group. . ."

Why is it an over-simplification? Suppose England or a revived Germany or an industrialized Russia leads these countries?

Opening the Mail

By HENRY McLEMORE

In which the readers do most of the work:

William Madeira of Loma Mar, Calif., writes to say that the best remedy for seasickness is, "Just plain lettuce. You chew it and swallow the juice. I have been told that lettuce contains a very tiny bit of opium and this is what settles the stomach. I learned the cure from my cabin boy on an Australian liner. Should be chewed half hour before leaving port."

Boy, hand me my opium pipe, a head of lettuce, and leave me to my dreams.

From New York, and signed "A fan," comes further proof that the name Tallulah does not belong solely to Miss Bankhead. It is a newspaper clipping with the headline, "Suspect in Bookie Roundup Calls for Cops, Is Nabbed." The suspect's name was Tallulah Simmons, 46.

I forgot to mention in the column I wrote saying that actress Bankhead's suit to prevent the use of Tallulah except by herself was plain foolishness, that when I was a youngster and lived in Rochelle, Ga., we had a cook named Tallulah Cherub. She was the best spoon bread cooker this side of heaven.

From James A. Farley comes a note and a clipping from the Congressional Record in which I am torn limb from limb by Tom Henderson of Yanceyville, N.C., for a column I wrote while visiting Vicksburg, Miss. In this column I suggested that Civil War memorials should be abandoned and the money used for a more useful purpose. The Hon. Clyde R. Hoey of North Carolina asked that Mr. Henderson's article be inserted in the Record.

This is the final paragraph of Mr. Henderson's article: "If I were Henry McLemore I would first abjectly apologize to all the papers of the south which carried his sordid column on the Confederacy, then go out to Lee's tomb, hunt a Judas-tree, climb it, drape a Confederate flag around my neck, and jump off."

I would like to tell Mr. Henderson that I plan to do no such thing. Furthermore, I would like him to know that too many of my ancestors fought under Lee's command for me ever to dishonor the Confederate flag by using it as a means of hanging. Maybe Henderson isn't as southern as his pen.

Robert H. Price of Los Angeles drops a post card to thank me for the column in which I expressed my admiration for General George Marshall. "We could enjoy praise of Marshall, MacArthur, and Eisenhower in every column you write."

Mr. Price, of all the columns I have written over a period of 19 years, none brought in as much "thank you" mail as did the one on General Marshall. I hope he knows how much he is loved and respected by his fellow citizens, and how grateful they are to him for what he has done for this country.

From Harkleroad House, Fairfax, Calif., H. G. Moody writes to inform me that he is a trifle weary of my writing "gotten" for "got," "liable" for "likely," and generally butchering the English language.

I got what you mean, Mr. Moody, and I ain't liable to forget it, neither.

Miss Jean Moore, Dept. of English, Moravian Seminary and College for Women at Bethlehem, Penna., the oldest girls' school in the original 13 colonies, kindly invites me to bring along all the costumes I have collected in my travels and participate in the annual spring festival, May 14th.

Miss Moore, just what would I do? If a buck and wing and music on the comb, my only two real accomplishments, are acceptable, I might very well make it.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch, D.n.

Matthew 27:24-43

When Pilate, the Roman Governor, could not pacify the mob calling for the crucifixion of Jesus, he, to avoid further tumult, took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this Just Person'. Then answered all the people, and said: 'His blood be on us, and on our children', v. 25, the most awful curse ever called down by any nation upon itself; and how much of history since the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. must be explained by that curse! Then was Barabbas released, after which Jesus was scourged, delivered to be crucified, stripped of His clothes, and a scarlet robe put on Him in mockery, with a crown of thorns placed on His head. God will have something to say to any nation that treats His Son like that! Mocking Him as the King of the Jews, they spit on Him, and then, putting on Him His own clothes, they led Him away to Calvary. Simon of Cyrene bearing His cross, thus bringing Africa, as well as Europe (the Romans) and Asia (the Jews) into the crucifixion picture. Jesus would not drink of the vinegar mingled with gall to stifle His senses. He wanted no 'dope', as He accepted the full penalty of our sins, and, as our High Priest, atoned for them on the cross.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

What a surprise Robert Mitchum, the movie actor, will have!

Upon his release from Hollywood jail, where he was confined on a marijuana charge, Mitchum said he would always have to pay the penalty for his transgression, no matter how exemplary a life he might lead.

"They'll always remember," he told reporters, "In ten years from now, if Vickie Evans' second cousin gives birth to a baby, the papers will get 'Mitchum' in the headlines."

Well, dear Robert Mitchum (whom I have never seen in pictures and of whom, frankly, I had never heard before his arrest), let me ease your mind.

When I read that name "Vickie Evans", whom he mentioned to the newsmen, I had to ask my wife, "Who is Vickie Evans?"

"Oh, some movie actress," replied the spouse. "She went to jail on that dope charge, too. She was with Mitchum at the time of his arrest."

I asked several others about Vickie Evans. Not just old fogies like myself, but people who still go to the movies quite frequently.

Only two could place Vickie Evans. One had heard the name but couldn't remember whether it was on account of the marijuana case, or in some movie announcement; The other had a vague recollection of having seen her on the screen.

So you see, Bob Mitchum, if people don't even remember Vickie Evans now, they certainly won't remember her in ten years from now. So they won't care about her first cousin, her second cousin, her second cousin's baby — and I doubt very much that they will remember you. And the papers give headlines only to important people or events.

I never had much use for the movies. So it doesn't mean anything when I can't remember more than five of the celebrities of the earlier silver screen.

I doubt whether you can do much better.

But, having always been interested in writing, I used to take it for granted that names like Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, Alexander Woollcott and Robert Benchley would be literary household words for many years to come.

So I asked a number of people. Some of the older ones remembered most of them. Some of the younger ones recognized Woollcott and Benchley, because they were still alive during their reading years.

But when I asked a few of the bobby-soxers to whom Robert Mitchum is not only a name today but almost a deity, not one of them knew any one of the above-mentioned writers — nor had they ever heard of several famous movie names of ten years ago.

So don't worry, Bob Mitchum. Live as you like; don't put on dark glasses to hide your face; shave off that new-grown mustache and show yourself in all your beauty. Nobody will care a few years hence.

Here is a cute old limerick:

"There was an old man of Khartoum
"Who kept two tame sheep in his room,
"' For', he said 'they remind me
Of one left behind me,
But I cannot remember of whom'."

Horoscope

Think about your future while your wishes, ambitions and enthusiasm are high. The child born today is very likely to prove one of those lucky persons who seems marked by continuous good fortune.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SIE BADREAG'D 'N NIMMY: Nay, 'm Dewey Miller fon Bechtelsville sei altie wecker uhr badreag'd 'n nimmy-die uhr is ol in shticker. Ow'r wie aw so oft mohls im lava woh die ungshuldicha leida missa fer die shuldicha, so is es da uhr gonga. Der Dewey fohrt 'n flaish truck doh unna drous, un shtaid alla morya uf om halver fierra. Fer shure mocha os er sich net fershlofa dade, hut er sich shun long tzurick 'n aryie gutie lecktrick uhr kauft woh 'n immer uf tzeit rous grick'd hut.

Ow'r da onner morya wor aeland im haichda grawd wie er wocher is werra de uhr hut shtill g'shtonna, un sei watch hut g'sawt 's wear fier uhr. Fers airsht mohl in yohra hut der Dewey sich "fershlofa" kot, ebbes os er net gawist hut iwwers hartz tzu bringa. Shpote wor er fer noch da arwet gae, un fer shure mocha os onnerra 'm glawwa dada os es da uhr ihra shuld gawest wear os er sich fershlofa het, hut er sie haisa mit gae so os er ebbes het fer uf weissa.

Wem os er sei aeland ol gaglawk'd hut kenna m'r net sawga. So fiel is ow'r hous, os er die uhr endlich ganumma hut, un hut sie mit ol seim gawold wedder 'n shtae-wond g'shmissa os die shticker alla waiga nous g'floga sin. Wie er die uhr g'shmissa hut kot, hut er galocht fon ohr tzu ohr, un g'saw, "Wel, sellie uhr badreak'd mich nimmy.

Die barichda sin, der Dewey het gore wunnerbore shtoltz g'fiel'd os er die uhr lose wear. Des is, er hut shtoltz g'fiel'd bis er gablauder'd hut mit onnerra fon seinra nochberschoft. Noh ferhoftich sei is es rous kumma, os es lecktrick nochts fer paar shtun ob gadray'd wor, un os sei uhr net gae het kenna won sie gawolt het. Die barichda sin, der Dewey wear fer der iwwer reshd fom dawg rum galoffa mit ma rota g'sicht, un des da wenicher os er hoerra dade fon seinra wecker uhr bisnis, des da liever wears 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Tzwelf shtun in Nei Yarrick is 'n longie tzeit -un sel is grawd bout wos m'r Sundawgs da 24d Obril hen won m'r niver gain mit unserra yairlicha Pennsylfawnish Deitscha train exkursion.

Sis 'n blessier tzu sehna fon woh die leit ol bei kumma die exkursion ei nemma-Tamaqua, Quakertown, Palmerton, Nazareth, un ol die onnerra bletz g'shwisha drin.

Im heits Call is widder tzu sehna woh die tickets tzu griega sin, uns sis net gatzailt fer aenicha tickets ferkaufa noch 'm 20d Obril.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

David Mayer, the Chicago department store tycoon, alleges that a character came in the other day and demanded some long underwear. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. The character answered, "Just till the end of this cold snap." Another customer sent the entire information staff into a tailspin by asking, "What will happen if I mix a bottle of your guaranteed ink with a bottle of your guaranteed ink eradicator?"

* * *

In Rochester, N.Y., a gentleman named Flannigan was picked up by the police on two successive Saturdays and charged with intoxication. Judge Michael Rogers was lenient the first time, but gave him a 120-day jail sentence the second. The local headline for the story was, "Patrick Flannigan Has Switched to Water."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of April 16, 1924, a Wednesday.

The "Roamers," a local dance aggregation, presented a program over the air through the facilities of the WSAN broadcasting station from The Morning Call studio. Charles Stuber, Harvey Ackerman, Robert Hoxworth, Percival Wagner, Howard Christman, and Jack Young comprised the "Roamer" aggregation.

Swollen and murky streams plus cold weather took the edge off the opening of trout season. Robert Rehrig, 17, caught a 15-inch tbrown trout as did Sterling Messinger, 141 S. Hall St.

The engagement of Emily Marie Kumm, Staten Island, to Russel J. Eckensberger, Catasauqua, was announced. Eckensberger, a former sergeant in the chemical warfare service, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eckensberger, 316 Mulberry St.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

ED. NOTE—A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing Allentown Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N.E., Washington, D.C. Please enclose 3 cents in stamps for return postage.

Q. Do the scenes in a dream ever appear to the dreamer in color? J.T.C.

A. Dreams, according to psychologists, are usually pictures in black and white, with only rarely a touch of color.

Q. Is Manhattan island completely surrounded by water? What is its area? J. V.

A. Manhattan island is 12½ miles wide at its widest point. It consists of 14,211 acres. The island is formed by the East, Hudson and Harlem rivers.

Q. What was the inscription on the sword presented to George Washington by Frederick the Great? C.McK.

A. On the golden scabbard were the following words in Latin: "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general in the world."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

BEFORE AND AFTER

In speaking of the living, one
set of words we choose
And everyone is labeled by the
adjectives we use.
We speak of some as clever,
and some as rich are known,
Since everyone is talked of by
the traits which he has
shown.
But what about the living by
his fellow men is said,
Is very seldom mentioned
when we talk about the dead.

Oh, whether priest or parson
speaks the final solemn rite,
The viewpoint of the living
neither one will choose to
cite.
Though his comrades, wise or
foolish, long had stamped
him ere he died,
The judgments of the gossips
at the bier are brushed aside
And the adjectives then spoken
are the gentler, simpler few
Such as tender, kind, devoted,
brave and generous and
true.

'Tis all so very different when
the eulogy is said.
The soul is all that matters
when we're speaking of the
dead.
The pride in wealth is ended,
and the faults at which we
sneered
With the passing of the spirit
have forever disappeared.
And a happier world I'm certain we should shortly come
to see
If the living, to the living,
would a little fairer be.



OSCHDERHAAS!

Oschderhaas, Oschderhaas!
Kinner, gehne frieh ins Bett!
Un die Nacht, wann ihr im Schlof,
Kummt der Haas in unser Hof;
Guckt wu ihr die Neschder hett
Aryets datt im hoche Graas.

Ya, der kummt aa rei ins Haus,
Wann er drauss ken Neschder findt.
Datt im Eck en alder Hut,
Der iss ihm doch graad so gut;
Legt er dann die Oier gschwind,
Un dann schpringt er widder naus.

Marye dann, in aller Frieh,
Sin aa schunn die Oier datt,
Rot un grie un geel un bloo,
Ei, was sin die Kinner froh;
Oschderhaas iss widder fatt
Un ich weess aa net wuhie!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

White Plains, New York
March 23, 1949

Dear Editor of the ECK

In attempting to add a footnote to the scanty findings on the origin of the pleasant custom of Easter egg decoration among the Pennsylvania Germans I have stumbled across a few bits of information in a related field which might be of interest to some readers of the "Eck."

We know that some eggs, at least, were fancifully decorated in Pennsylvania in various designs and patterns all during the years of the Nineteenth Century; there are dated specimens in the hands of collectors to attest to that fact. Yearly we see the interest in the Pennsylvania German motifs which are thought to be suitable for the decoration of eggs. Various writers have from time to time called attention to the fact that these motifs are closely related to those found in Sweden, in Germany, and in Switzerland, and I assumed, not unnaturally, I think, that those territories might be fertile fields for investigation. They may well be—but I got sidetracked in Hungary!

Hungary may seem rather far afield from the paths of research in things having to do with the Pennsylvania Germans, but even a little investigation brings to light some thought-provoking facts.

The annual Easter egg celebration, according to Mr. Raymond Naftali, a native Hungarian now studying in the United States, rivals the American institution of Santa Claus in popularity. Decorated eggs are widely exchanged as gifts at Easter, particularly among the peasants. Since about 1900, unusually fine specimens of such eggs have been secured for museums, notably the Folk Museum at Budapest. Among all the groups which decorate eggs at Easter, the shepherds of Balaton are acclaimed as doing the finest work. The designs used by the men of Balaton are common throughout Hungary in all forms of folk art, and appear to combine Christian and pagan symbolism. Regional differences are minor, except in Transylvania, where treatment and execution seem to have reached a point of stylization.

In 1911, Dezsoe Malonyay compiled for the Budapest Museum a volume entitled (in translation) "The Art of the Hungarian Folk," in which egg decoration receives major treatment. He had already noted the peculiarly apt work of the Balaton shepherds, and mentions the fact that the hands of the shepherds, not roughened by manual toil, lent themselves well to the delicate task of egg decoration. Mr. Naftali corroborates Malonyay's statement that on Easter the peasants went from house to house with their "gift" eggs and a cup of wine. Eggs were exchanged and the wine cups replenished as the visits continued. The younger folk sportively substituted perfumed water for the wine, and throwing a few drops of this mixture over a specially chosen maiden was said to be symbolic of renewing her beauty, like the gathering of dewdrops on a rose.

It is in the colored plates supplied by Malonyay in his monumental work that the kinship between Hungarian and Pennsylvania German design is most evident, and it would be easy to deduce, even without his statement, that in egg designs alone one may find an almost complete record of the traditional art motifs of Hungary. The tulips and lilies found in early Pennsylvania German art are all but exactly duplicated here; the flower pots or vessels on Seltzer and Rank dower chests are repeated, even to the curvature of the single handle. Birds common to Pennsylvania **fraktur**; the tree of life design found in **fraktur** and sgraffito; the Virgin Sophia; the whirling swastika; the open-petaled flowers; the flowers of many varieties springing from a single urn—all these are found on the folk-decorated eggs of Hungary.

While these designs are used singly and in combination, there are also treatments not found in Pennsylvania, or at least not commonly. The heart design is almost always used in combination with the cross, the cross springing from the point where the two lobes meet at the top. What we think of as the pomegranate in Pennsylvania German artistry approaches the shape of a heart in Hungary. The tree of life sometimes takes on patterns or variations not common to Pennsylvania, and the fish of Pennsylvania German pottery—a species perhaps more artistic than naturalistic—is designatedly a herring in Hungary. Patterns not found at all in Pennsylvania include spruce twigs, crows' feet, sprays of lilies of the valley, and various whorls or pinwheel designs.

The techniques employed by the Hungarian peasants appear to match those of our own earlier days, before commercially bought dyes came into common use. Onion skins are still used for color tones ranging from yellow through dark reddish brown, although in Hungary cherry tree roots were also used for the same purpose. Beeswax, used to make spots of lighter color on onion-skin eggs, is applied in Hungary with a warm copper wire, with finely-detailed results. There seems to be none of the scratch-carving which was used in America during the Nineteenth Century, but such techniques in applying patterns as would be common to the contemporary decorator here are used, with brushwork the principal method.

Mr. Naftali, to whom I am particularly indebted for Hungarian translation, states that there is a second egg celebration in the fall, at the time of harvest. Gaily colored eggs are then hung on sheaves of wheat, apparently the closest approximation to an egg tree that is found in Hungary.

Last year, at about the time the celebrated egg tree at the Berks County Museum was on exhibition, a shop in New York City was offering one of its choicest traditional specialties—Ukrainian Easter eggs, decorated by Ukrainian women who had concentrated on that particular phase of folk art for many years. Would it not be worth while for such readers of the Eck as may be interested in this perhaps minor but certainly challenging aspect of folk art to contribute still further observations in the field? In particular, what of South Germany, of Switzerland, of Czecho-Slovakia?

Your very truly,

EARL F. ROBACKER

DIALECT SERVICES AT HAIN'S CHURCH

On Sunday, March 20th, every seat in Hain's Church, on the hill north of Wernersville, was filled with devout worshippers. It was not an anniversary occasion; no famous guest was scheduled to speak, no choir was visiting and there was no special service for children. The only variation from routine was the announcement that the entire service would be conducted in the Pennsylvania German dialect. Many hundreds of persons turned out to hear the language of their ancestors, to be raised once again in adoration, in exhortation and in humble prayer and supplication.

All of the hymns sung by the audience were dialect translations of standard church hymns: **Nun danket alle Gott; Ich hab die Stimm vun Jesu gheert; Ich brauch dich alle Schtunn** (I need Thee every hour). Together they repeated the ancient **Vater Unser**, or the Lord's Prayer. Together they listened to their pastor, the Reverend Ralph Starr, as he exhorted the worshippers on the general subject of **Ausredde**, or futile excuses.

Special anthems had been written for the use of the choir. One of these, directly related to Hain's Church, will bear reproduction here:

DIE KAERRICH DO UFF DE HEEH

Es schteht en Kaerrich uff dem Hiwwel,
Mer sehnt sie vun weit—un so schee;
Sie meent, O, sie meent so viel zu mir,
Die alt Kaerrich uff de Heeh!

Refrain

Kummt noch de Kaerrich uff em Hiwwel,
Kummt noch de Kaerrich uff de Heeh
Sie meent, O sie meent so viel zu mir,
Die alt Kaerrich uff de Heeh!

(There were three additional stanzas, all sung to the tune of "Little Brown Church.")

Loyal to the traditions of their Church and its leaders the group sang a hymn which in its English form was written by the first and still the greatest of our dialect poets, Henry Harbaugh. The eminent churchman and theologian who gave his people the beautiful dialect poem **Heemweh**, also wrote the never-to-beforgotten hymn **My Jesus I live to Thee.** How Henry Harbaugh's spirit must have rejoiced in that other world to hear this noble hymn sung in the dialect which he loved so well!

Jesu, ich leb zu dir,
Des Liebscht un Bescht bischt du;
Mei Lewe dir, dei Lewe mir—
In dei Lieb iss mei Ruh.

Jesu, ich schtaerb zu dir,
Wann endlich kummt mei Zeit;
Zu schtaerwe dir, iss Lewe mir
In meine Ewichkeit!

Doch Lewe odder Dod,
Ich weess net 's Bescht zu duh;
Zu lewe dir, iss Friede mir—
Der Dod bringt ewich Ruh.

Lewe odder Schtaerwe, Haerr,
Ich frog yuscht Dei zu sei;
Mei Lewe dir, dei Lewe mir,
Macht Himmel immer mei.

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF.

UNSER VEGGEL

We are very grateful to the Rev. William J. Rupp for preparing the article "Pennsylvania German Bird Names" which appeared in the last number of the ECK. For a larger treatment of the subject we direct our readers to the Rev. Mr. Rupp's excellent monograph "Bird Names and Bird Lore among the Pennsylvania Germans" which appeared in Volume 52 (1946) of the Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society. This work deserves to be in the library of all ornithologists and lovers of birds, but it also deserves a notable place among the books of those interested in our Pennsylvania German dialect and lore. In a review which appeared in "THE AUK," the Journal of the American Ornithologists' Union, Dr. W. L. McAtee wrote: "The book is a compendium of its subject with which there is no work to compare for any other state nor, so far as I know, for any other country." The well-known naturalist, Dr. Herbert H. Beck, Franklin & Marshall College, in a letter to the author, writes: "I am personally gratified by what you have done for ornithology and literature. You have done an excellent piece of work. You have covered the field in a most comprehensive way. You write as a scientist as well as a philologist. Yours, as I think, is the last word. This publication should be in all the scientific libraries of the world."—Ed.

EN OSCHDER LIED

(Melodie: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord")

Gekreizicht iss der Herr,
Uff Golgotha schtaerbt Er;
Drei Daag schloft Er in Yosefs Graab,
Mer sehnt Ihn nimmi mehr.

Die Welt waar kalt un rau,
'S weess niemand was zu duh;
Die Yinger waare all bedriebt,
Un sie hen gaar kee Ruh.

Der aerscht Daag in der Woch,
Yuscht eb die Sunn uff geht,
Do gehn die Weibsleit noch dem Graab,
Es waar 'ne all verleed.

"Wer rollt den Schtee vum Graab,
Wie kenne mir do nei?"
So saage sie uff dem Weg hie,
"'S iss alles gans verbei."

"Mer hen gemeent 's waer Ihn,
Das uns errette deet;
Mer faerrichde es iss net so,
Em Deiwel sei Waerk schteht."

Der Gaarde iss gans hell,
Uffs Graab scheint die Sunn druff;
Der Schtee iss nimmi var em Graab,
Die Dier schteht nau weit uff.

En Mann gekleed in Weiss
Saagt zu de Weibsleit dort,
"Ferwas sucht ihr der Heiland do?
Vum Tod iss Er heit fort."

"Uffgschtanne iss Er heit,
Der Heiland Jesu Christ;
Geh graad un saag de Yinger des,
'S macht nix aus wer du bist."

Wie freehlich waare all
Die Yinger un viel Leit;
Der liewe Heiland iss net dod,
Er lebt in Ewichkeit.

Der Dod kann uns nix duh,
Weil mir sei Yinger sin;
Des gebt uns Ruh uff daere Aerd,
Lewe im Himmel drin.

—The Rev. Pierce E. Swope, D. D.
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Editorials

Thought for Today

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations; the corroding dew that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed. — *Zimmerman.*

Ban on Salacious Literature

Packages of poisons that can be purchased in apothecary and other shops are required by law and common sense to bear conspicuous warning as to the dangerous nature of their contents and usually those warnings are in arresting red print. Manufacturers of such articles cheerfully conform with the common-sense regulation and as a result very few errors are made by people in the handling of wares which properly used are helpful but improperly, are baneful.

It is different with literature which can be tonic, nutritious or poisonous to the soul. Dealing with the subtleties of language, it is a more difficult task for the critic to determine what is poison in literature than it is for the chemist to determine and prove what is poison in food, drink or other articles.

Accordingly the field of censorship of the material for thought and imagination that is presented to people of all ages by way of the radio, television, motion pictures, books, magazines and other publications is almost constantly a battleground. On that battleground educators and reformers are tilting with those who contest the right to freedom of the press and publication and especially those who employ such freedom for license, or abuse of freedom. So it is that the latter group is almost constantly trying to overstep the bounds of decency and to profit from catering to the lowest reading habits and the most depraved tastes.

It is such a situation with which Chief of Police Christine is dealing in his decree of recent days against the tempting display on public newsstands and the sale of suggestive and salacious magazines and papers.

Now Mr. Christine is not posing as a critic of literature. He does not have to be that, nor does he have to have a college degree to be able to pick out poison in magazines for even tho "POISON" does not appear in bold red letters upon a lot of them, even an untrained and uneducated person can sense its character.

So Mr. Christine has served notice upon the venders to cease display and sale of such stuff that they themselves, in all fairness, must know is now contraband in this city. If the dealers themselves are not discriminating readers and critics, they need only note the character of the purchasers of their wares and get their opinions as to whether the stuff is "hot" or not. If the suspected article is "selling like hot - cakes" the obvious conclusion can be reached.

Chief Christine's action will be approved by the clergy and by parents especially for it is these groups which have the best opportunities to note the devastating effects of suggestive and salacious literature. Effects of teaching by precept and example in church, home and school over a long period of time can be erased in incredibly short time by introduction of filth into youthful minds.

Church, home and school want it stopped. Chief Christine proposes to stop it.

For Public Parking Lots

The Legislature has enacted a law giving third class cities such as Allentown the right to buy and develop municipal parking lots. Under the law a city that takes advantage of it in order to solve its parking problems will be permitted to establish an Authority which, in turn, can issue bonds to finance purchase of land and manage such a parking lot system.

Thus Allentown is afforded encouragement as to an idea advanced at the time when introduction of parking meters was under discussion and when it was agreed that the meters were not being placed primarily to derive revenue from the use of city streets but to help business and to control traffic. The idea was that the policing of the meters should be conducted as economically as possible and that surplus revenue from the machines ought to be pooled with the object of buying cheap land and thereby expand the splendid off - street parking facilities already provided by the group of merchants known as Park and Shop and by individual merchants and business concerns.

That idea should never be lost sight of and all effort should be made to establish a Land Purchase fund. If and when desirable plots of considerable size come upon the market, the City then can purchase them. With the establishment of an Authority increased purchases could be made thru bonds at favorable times even tho the profits from the meters were not sufficient to buy the land.

Allentown has practically solved its parking problem. But the problems are going to be increased as the number of motor cars increase and this increase is predicted with almost absolute certainty by any number of signs which anybody can see and understand.

Rejects Red Adoption

Upton Sinclair, who has been highly sarcastic and ironic in his novels and other writings as to practices and methods in some important phases of American business, recently was "adopted" by the Union of Soviet Writers who placed him "among writers, artists and scientists of the capitalist world who invariably have become friends of USSR."

But Sinclair, who has been an avowed and sincere Socialist most of his life and presumably still is, has renounced the adoption. He does not want to be and refuses to be a member of or be classed with the narrow, bigoted group that servilely obeys the crack of the whip of the totalitarian state.

He has declared that either his books have been incorrectly translated into their Russian editions or he has not been read by those who would adopt him. He does admit however that he had been hopeful for some good things coming to the people of the Soviet Union but that he has been compelled to abandon all such hope "following the rape of the Czechoslovakian democracy."

Instead Mr. Sinclair, who certainly is one of our keenest students of political science, is convinced that "Russia is a slave state and the greatest hope for a continuation of our civilization lies in the North Atlantic pact supported by free America and other free peoples."

Daylight Time for Clubs

With the adoption of daylight saving time next week, beginning early on Sunday morning, all clubs and places of business where there is sale of beer and spirituous liquors likewise must conform with the new system, as has been the case in other years.

There is nothing in the system that requires anybody to change time on the clocks or to make new schedules. Inasmuch as railroads, manufacturing and business concerns, banks, public offices and many others adopt the new time, it becomes convenient if not almost necessary for just about every body to fall in line.

But the State Liquor Control Board says to those dispensing beer and liquor that there must be conformity with the daylight time schedule. Thus bars must close at midnight, daylight time, on Saturdays and are not permitted to squeeze in another hour until it is midnight, standard time. In a word, there must be conformity with the daylight system.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington, — Departure of Kenneth Royall from the post of secretary of the army was inevitable as soon as the announcement was made that Louis Johnson would be made secretary of defense. In fact all three secretaries of the armed services may be expected to leave the government before long.

When Secretary Forrestal revealed last autumn his intention of leaving the Department of Defense, the preference at the Pentagon for Kenneth Royall to be selected as the secretary of defense was an open secret. It was reported that both secretaries, Sullivan of the navy and Symington of the air force, had indicated their desire to see the existing team maintained.

Mr. Royall was, of course, a loyal Democrat during the whole campaign, including the pre - convention period. He helped to keep the North Carolina delegation in line at the Democratic convention when other southern states were bolting the Truman standard. On the last night of the campaign — that is, on the eve of Election Day — Mr. Royall made a speech in the president's home town, Independence, Mo., and it is understood that Mr. Truman himself selected the secretary of the army for the occasion.

So Mr. Royall was politically in tune and had also the benefit of actual experience in the defense establishment. Louis Johnson, on the other hand, had prior or, if the word can be used without any attempt at irony, higher claims. Mr. Johnson had collected the campaign funds when the dollars were scarce. Under the present code of political ethics the money-raiser gets almost anything he wants and no questions are asked.

There was, to be sure, the element of experience. Mr. Johnson had been assistant secretary of war in the Roosevelt administration. This gave a certain persuasiveness to the choice of Johnson but it didn't altogether answer the question of why Mr. Royall wasn't chosen and the present elements of the team at the top retained.

It will be argued that unification has not succeeded but certainly this has not been the fault of the three secretaries of the armed services who worked together under Mr. Forrestal. Whatever elements of discord there are have little bearing on the way the civilian secretaries have operated or will operate. It is inside the services, among the officers, that a clash of opinions has developed and this will never be cured by reshuffling the civilian aides at the top of the Department of Defense.

President Truman was asked at his press conference if he thought Louis Johnson was doing a good job. Mr. Truman had to answer that one in the affirmative even though he is in no position as yet really to give a candid appraisal.

The new secretary has made a bold beginning. He has evidenced his determination to bring about unity if he possibly can. But there are some signs that he may have unwittingly created some disunity at the same time. It isn't going to bring concord if the secretary of defense gives the impresson that all that needs to be done to secure unification is to "knock a few heads together." Nothing could be more demoralizing at this time than any such approach.

What is important at the present time is that all sides be given a thorough opportunity to present their facts and that preconceived notions or prejudices be laid aside. To suggest that Louis Johnson or any other civilian can decide the fundamental issues of strategy satisfactorily just because he may have such authority or may obtain it from Congress is in itself one of the dangers that the whole military establishment faces. For, if the experience of men who have given their whole lives to a study of military affairs is to be brushed aside and civilian decisions are to be made hastily and without an attempt to bring the military men themselves into agreement, the whole defense program may suffer grievously.

This is a critical time in the evolution of the 15 billion dollar program. There are many things in it that can be improved and unified. Many economics can be made. But the job cannot be done overnight nor can inexperienced civilians carry out the program by substituting their judgment for the expertness of conscientious military advisors.

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Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Rushing to the Orient today are two of labor's shrewdest international experts entrusted with a single mission—to keep the working people of the Far East on America's side if a world-wide showdown results from the intense cold conflict which flared up in the ship-to-shore battle on the Yangtze.

These men, veterans of the global shadow war against the Communists' international organizers, are bound for Bombay and Tokyo.

In those ancient Oriental cities they have been assigned to set up AFL propaganda and organizational headquarters to distribute funds, literature and advice to free, but inexperienced Far Eastern labor leaders.

* * *

And it'll be a sharp race. Communist agents fanned out of Moscow months ago, as advance men for their big labor show scheduled to open in Peiping early in May. This parley will launch a new Soviet-controlled "Asiatic Trade Union Congress" based on the Communist "All China Federation of Labor," now rigidly the boss of 2,800,000 Chinese workingmen.

On his way to India is the AFL's European representative, easy - grinning, black-haired, Irving Brown, who in his light, shell - rimmed glasses hardly looks the part of the man who in great physical danger helped Europe's free trade unions revive and battle the heavily financed Russian-directed labor apparatus in post-war Europe.

Within a few weeks Brown will be in Bombay to open the AFL's headquarters there. He will also help the Indians launch their democratic Pan-Asiatic Trade Union conference which will begin immediately, competing with the Communist outfit with which Peiping's pregnant.

* * *

Brown will address the Indian union parley and promise it the AFL's financial, moral and material support. Ironically, so indifferent is the U.S. and our State Dept. to this work, that once again we find one man from America fighting the slickly-organized Russian apparatus in India — a Communist machine so well organized that the only was Indian Prime Minister Nehru could prevent its members from disrupting his new nation's railroads and industry was to jail them.

Brown's assignment also includes lining up free Asitic labor for eventual membership in the new United World Federation of Free Trade Unions, the anti - Communist outfit which was privately discussed in Washington a few weeks ago by AFL, CIO and British labor leaders.

Meanwhile, intensely earnest, machine - gun - tongued, almost explosive Dick Deverall is headed for Tokyo where he will open the AFL's offices at the other end of the Orient. And the quicker the better, for the Communist organizers are making sweeping headway among Japanese and Philippine unions. The Communists have become especially powerful in Manila and other Filipino cities.

No better choice could have been made by the AFL than rusty - haired Deverall. For several years he worked for Gen. MacArthur in a special labor division — and instead of living easily in official quarters he went out among the Japanese, learned their language, customs, foibles, and prejudices.

Now without the necessary hampering of official duties, he can move into the Jap labor movement and for the first time give the Commies intelligent competition right in the Nip trade union headquarters.

* * *

His territory is vast. He'll have to keep his eye on thousands of miles from Tokyo to Indonesia where a delegation of Communist agents have been trying to exploit the civil war. Same is true in Malaya, source to us and Britain of valuable tin and rubber. In addition Deverall will have to battle the official Communist labor "mission" which has been operating throughout Japan since 1947.

America may well watch these two men as they face eastward. Their success may keep many a lad from many a crossroads town from having to crawl up the Yangtze river someday.

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Today's Text

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

Psalm 57

The heading indicates that this Psalm, like several others, has as its background the experiences of David when he was being hunted and hounded by his mortal enemy, Saul. David's hope is in the protection which he feels God can and will give him, v. 2 2, even sending help down from heaven; not angels, but His mercy and truth, v.3. For the place of sure refuge, expressed by the phrase 'In the shadow of Thy wings', see Psalm 91:4 and Matthew 23:37. How dangerous his situation is, can be inferred from verses 4 and 6. But he is so certain of God's care, that he breaks out in a note of praise: 'Be Thou exalted O God, above the heavens; let Thy glory be above all the earth', v.7, the chorus of this hymn, repeated in v. 11. Several of David's Psalms begin with a plea for help in dangerous times, but close with a major note of thanksgiving and praise for answered prayer, as in this Psalm, vs. 8-11. If one's heart is fixed on God, v.7, one can rest in peace, even as Daniel did, among lions, v.4.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of April 23, 1924, a Wednesday

The Allentown Square club meeting in regular session at the Hotel Allen had as its guest speaker William S. Hutchinson president of the Bethlehem Rotary club and vice president of the Bethlehem Fabricators. Mr. Hutchison reviewed the history of steel. Dorothy Warfield and Thelma Stortz performed several dance numbers.

Walter Waltz was given a surprise party in celebration of his 27th birthday anniversary. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kressler and children, Mr. and Mrs. William Shingler and children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nagle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frey and children, and Mr. and Mrs. James White and children.

'N yaders hut wissa wolla woh sie so long gawest wear, un woh dada'n'r denka os sie wor? Wel, won n'r fershpracha fer die socha net rum blauderra so os es net rous kumt darrich uns, wolla m'r eich die folla barichda gewwa so wie 'n Fegelchie sie uns gapifa hut.

Uf 'm Centre Shquare in da shtadt is sie 'n blotz os sie der "Komfort Station" haisa. Im weibs dale fon sel'm blotz, hen sie 'n shtub ob g'fens'd ferparbas fer soicha os noch da shtadt kumma un bissel mead werra. Sis 'n blotz fer rugader blotz woh die Addie nei is, un hut 10 cent batzawlt fer ihra fees wenich ruga lossa hut 'n sofa drin. Darta hut sie sich onna galaig'd, un ferhoftich sei won sie net ei g'shlofa is, un hut net yusht g'shlofa bis owets, ow'r aw 10 cent die shtun batzawla missa fer alla shtun os sie g'shlofa hut. Die barichda sin, 's het gore mechdich in der gelt sock garissa, ow'r der Jim hut net g'frok'd noch da koshda, er wor numma tzu froh wie sei Addie Tzurick kumma is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r wolla numma net hoffa os aenicha fon unserra train exkursion leit danovet fergessa ihra uhra fohr tzu draya-ferol os g'sawt wert dale rigelwaiga dada uf altie tzeit gae, gain die trains 'n shtun free'r.

Unser train morya free, ferlust der Lehigh Valley station, Allentown, 20 minuta noch da sexa, un Bedlahame om halver siva-daylight saving tzeit.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Owing to the inexorability of the timeclock and the volubility of the lady participants I didn't get a chance to deliver my carefully planned speech at a radio "forum" to which I had been invited.

As you all know, at radio forums the weightiest problems in the world are settled in the space of 30 to 60 minutes, depending on the sponsor's pocketbook.

But the participants in the discussion must never infringe upon the time set aside for commercials by even one second. If they do the problem on the griddle is left to burn, while the much more important fact that there is no irritation due to nicotine in this particular toothpaste is brought home to you.

* * *

But back to the forum at which I didn't get to say my piece. The sponsor, this time, was a store that had an extra special bargain sale of something or other.

I forgot the store's name and what it sells. But I have a vague recollection that it offered a genuine imitation mink coat with synthetic pure-white diamond buttons at the unheard of price of $14.98.

* * *

The subject of the discussion was, as is so often the case nowadays, "Should the Comics Be Controlled?"

There were the usual pro-arguments by teachers and tired-looking parents, and the just as usual con-arguments by several famous comic artists.

The pro-control people intimated that today's youth is going to the dogs because they imitate what they see in the comics.

One of the ladies, who had just returned from a winter in Florida and sported quite an attractive and, unquestionably, very expensive tan, went so far as to wave her arms around, violently shake her head and suggest that eventual ly the comics will breed a nation of murderers, blackjackers, burglars and fellows who throw their friends and relatives into pits of wet cement and do Indian dances while the mess hardens.

* * *

There should be codes for comics, and laws and fines and jail for the violators, these ladies said.

I was all ready to remind the good ladies that we already have an excellent code, brought down to us by a certain Mr. Moses from Mt. Sinai. "The Ten Commandments" it is called.

I was going to tell them that if mankind has not been able to enforce that code in all its thousands of years, how on earth did they expect to make an anti-comics code stick?

* * *

One of the ladies at the forum said she caught two youngsters running around the house chasing each other with knives. When she asked them where they got the idea, they answered "from the comics."

So I was going to tell them about two cute little kids I observed at a friend's house, running around with glasses in their hands, reeling and otherwise imitating two drunks.

"What are you doing?" I asked the little girl.

"Oh, just playing Mummie and Daddy on Saturday night."

I had never seen that in the Comics.

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Horoscope

Some good financial fortune should come to you soon. Tact, tolerance and moral courage should see you through the year. Today's child probably will be careful, sound and moral in his or her nature.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DIAMOND AND MAN

The diamond perfect seemed to be.
Without a single flaw.
The expert looked and aid that he
Some imperfections saw.

Said he: "This stone I cannot pass.
'Tis not the perfect kind!"
But he had used a powerful glass
Each little fault to find.

Oh, when on men the Lord must pass
His judgement, can it be
That He will use a powerful glass
Each hidden flaw to see?

And since unto the souls of men
Perfection seems denied,
Will all our little failures then
Be found and magnified?

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

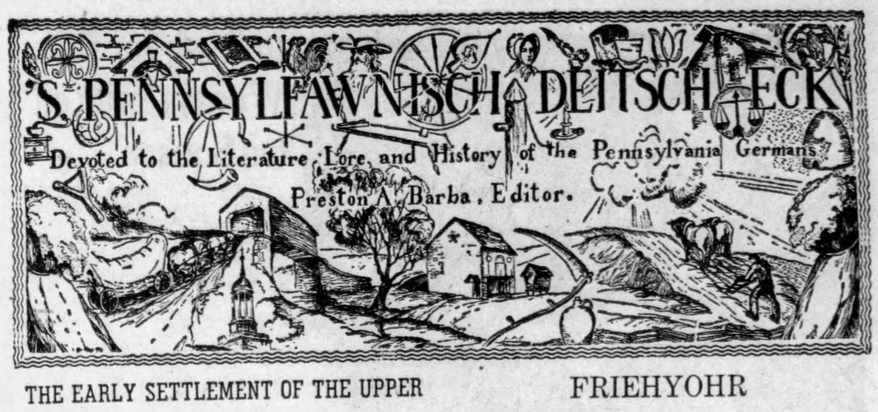
By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH DA SHTADT SHLOFA: Sawg, hen ihr ungfare k'hoert from Jim Steigerwalt fon nagshd on da Huffa Kerrich seinra fraw Addie ihra trip heit 'n woch tzurick noch da shtadt fer shlofa? Wel, fermuthlich werra n'r wol net fiel k'hoert howwa dafon weil die Addie die socha net rum gablauder'd wil howwa-bardich noch so, weil sie 10 cent die shtun batzawlt hut fer shlofa.

'S wor so denna waig. Der Jim hut die Addie noch da shtadt ganumma fer 'm Oshter haws wenich rous helfa. Won sie fartich wear in da shtorra rum kessla, wors gablawn'd kaimt sie so halb nommy dawgs niver tzu ihra shweshter Mabel Frederick uf da Harrison shtross-woh der Jim aw onna kumma hut wolla fer hame gae. Ols bauers leit, hen sie ordlich owets arwet tzu duh, un gleicha immer in tzeit dahame tzu sei.

Wel aenicha waig, der Jim wor on da Fredericha hamet wies gatzailt wor os sie tzomma kumma wotta. Ow'r des da langer os er gawort hut, des da langer is die tzeit werra, un niemond hut fershtae kenna woh in da welt os die Addie sei maich'd. Halb nommy dawg hut sich tzu owet gadray'd, un wie die Addie ols net bei kumma is, hen sie mohl shtarta ol iwwer in da shtadt rum fona-ow'r niemond hut ebbes wissa wolla fon raferlorna Addie Steigerwalt, fon da Huffa Kerrich.

'S aintsich'd tzu duh tzu ra tzeit wie sel, is worta, un sel is grawd wos der Jim gaduh hut. Owets so on dushber, ferhoftich sei won die Addie net bei g'shtiv'ld is kumma sowocker wie 'n ketz'l, un is galoffa wie won sie uf shprings wear.



THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER END OF LEHIGH COUNTY

By CARL D. SNYDER

The writer of this report is a student in Dr. Barba's new course "The Cultural History of the Pennsylvania Germans," Muhlenberg College, 1948-49. He preferred to choose for his subject the early history of his immediate home area. We believed the results of his investigations of sufficient interest to the inhabitants of Lehigh to warrant printing them in the ECK.— ED.

PENNSYLVANIA, named by King Charles II in honor of William Penn's father, Sir William Penn, was granted to Penn by the King in consideration of the claims against the crown for his father's services, amounting to 16,000 pounds. The charter was dated March 4, 1681. William Penn left England in the ship "Welcome" on the 30th of August, 1682, accompanied by about one hundred colonists, and after a long voyage arrived in December at Newcastle. Soon after his arrival he divided his province into three counties, Philadelphia, Bucks and Chester.

Before his arrival his deputy governor Markham had purchased from the Indians a considerable tract of country and in 1683 and in 1684 he himself purchased other



tracts. In 1686 the Indians granted to him an extent of land commencing on a line of the former purchases and from thence northwestwardly, as far as a man could ride on horseback in two days. However this contract was not consumated during the lifetime of Penn, so the extent of this purchase remained undetermined until 1737. On the 25th of August, 1737, a treaty was held with the Indians at Durham, below Easton, on the Delaware at which time it was stipulated that the purchase of 1686 be consumated by commencing near where Wrightstown, in Bucks County, now stands and terminating at the spot which a person could reach in a one and a half days walk. The Proprietaries, Thomas and John Penn, immediately advertised for the most expert walkers. Three men were selected; they were Edward Marshall, Solomon Jennings and James Yeates. The Indians were very angry when Marshall (the other two fell by the wayside) covered about 74 miles which far exceeded the distance anticipated by the Indians. As a result of this vast amount of territory covered, much good hunting ground was to be taken from the Indians, which they "no like."

The greater part of Lehigh County lying between the Lehigh Mountains and the Blue Mountains was deeded to John, Thomas and Richard Penn, sons of William Penn, by 23 Indian chiefs on October 11, 1736. The chiefs signing this deed, all of whom made their marks (X) were representatives of the Onondago, Seneca, Oneida, Tuscarora and Cayuga tribes of the five nations by whom the Delawares were held in vassalage or subjection.

Another deed covering part of Lehigh County was executed by Sassoonan, King of the Delawares and others on September 7, 1732 at Stenton, for all the lands on the river of Schuylkill or branches thereof or on any streams which flowed into or towards the Schuylkill, between the Lechay Hills (Lehigh Mountains) and the Kittatinny Hills (Blue Mountains,) which cross the Schuylkill about thirty miles above the Lehay Hills and all lands, lying within the said bounds, and between the branches of the Delaware River on the eastern side of the land and the branches of the river Susquehanna on the western side of the land. That part of Lehigh County south of the Lehigh Mountains was deeded in 1718.

NATIONALITY OF SETTLERS—The first settlers of the territory now Lehigh County were Germans who found their way into this rich valley through the earlier settlements along the Perkiomen Creek and in the Oley Valley. It is probable that one or two adventurous settlers had located at an early date along the southern slope of the Lehigh Hills, but not prior to 1727 were there any settlements north of these mountains. The courses followed by the greater part of the early settlers were through Maxatawny and Milford in Berks and Bucks, into Milford and Macungie in the present Lehigh County.

Intermingled with the Germans, principally from the Palatinate, were many Swiss who coming down the Rhine from the mountain Cantons, joined the streams of emigrants to the new land, America. There were also a number of Huguenots, descendants of those, who, exiled from France by the Edict of Nantes, sought refuge in the German states or in Switzerland.

In the lower section of the county, through the Saucon Valley, a few English and Welsh from Philadelphia or vicinity settled at an early date. Here and there were also to be found a few Hollanders.

The emigration of the Germans and natives of other European countries to Pennsylvania was in a great measure due to the efforts of William Penn and his agent, Benjamin Furley, as well as others of his agents. Religious persecution and numerous wars had carried desolation and devastation into millions of homes in the Palatinate, and the poverty-stricken inhabitants heard eagerly the news of a land to which they were invited where they could share in making laws and where there were no wars or persecutions.

Among the earliest settlers in the section now Lehigh County, were George Bachman and Philip Geisinger, Mennonites who settled in Upper Saucon and were naturalized as early as 1729 and purchased a tract of land in Macungie from Casper Wistar in the same year and Jost Henrick Sassamanhausen, who settled on the line between Berks and Lehigh and who was also naturalized in 1729 or 1730.

FRIEHYOHR

Wann der Bloovoggel kummt
Un Farrell widder tschummt,
Un der Haas iss wusslich im Klee;
Wann der Biwwi schee peift
Un die Nacht nimmi reift,
Un am Dach gebt's ken Eiszappe meh;

Wann die Pissabett Blumm
Weisst sich alliwwer rum,
Un 's Grass in de Felder iss grie;
Wann der Bauer im Feld
Welschkarn Farrich graad schdellt,
Un Beem weissen Bledder un Blieh;

Wann die Sunn in der Heeh
Scheint so waarm un so schee,
Un die 'Kneedeeps,' die greischen im Schwamm;
Wann die Eil un Schpeckmaus
Sinn mol nachts widder draus,
Un der Bullfrack singt Bass im Damm;

Wann die Blumme so neis
Bliehen rot, bloo un weiss
Im Gaarde, im Busch un im Feld;
Wann die Yunge im Land
Laafen rum Hand in Hand,
Iss alles ball recht in der Welt.

No iss Winder varbei
Un vun Schnee sin mir frei—
Wie iss doch der Himmel so bloo!
Was en lieblichi Zeit
Un so haerrlich die Leit,
Wann Friehyohrzeit iss widder do.

Marz 1949 —RALPH S. FUNK

INDIAN MASSACRES—In the year of 1755, Heidelberg township (then including Washington township) suffered from Indian forays. In Captain Wetherhold's list of persons killed in the townships of Lynn, Heidelberg (including Washington) and Albany, which was made December 21, 1757, occur the names of 56 persons killed by Indians in these townships and ten taken prisoners.

* * *

John Sensinger was one of the pioneer settlers of Heidelberg township who met death with his mother by the hands of the Indians.

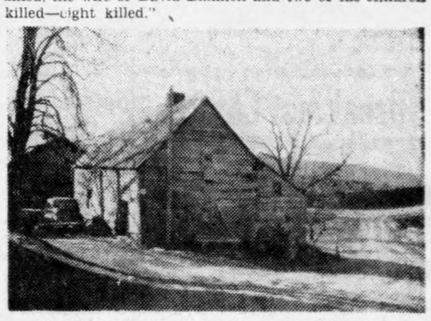
* * *

A Moravian station had been established in Lynn township, and in 1751 a school and meeting house was erected. On November 1, 1755, George Biebinghauser, of Lynn, stated at Bethlehem that 30 persons had taken refuge in the school house, fearing an attack by Indians. George Biebinghauser, or Biwighauser was a wheelright by profession and was reared in the Reformed faith, but upon settling in Lynn township, became a member of Moravian church. (The details of this church will follow later.)

* * *

The Seislove family lived in Lynn township where the father, George, took up a warrant for 200 acres of land on August 16, 1738. He had arrived from Germany on September 1, 1736 and spelled his name Zeisloff. On May 18, 1755, George Zeisloff and his wife, Catherine, were received into the Moravian congregation of Lynn township. His home was located about one mile west of the present village of New Tripoli. The one-story log house, built by Seislove still stands. The building has since been weather boarded but inside can be seen the old, rude-shaped logs and in the attic, over the door, is cut a loop hole at an angle to command the entrance. A large fireplace still remains as a relic of the days when wood was the only fuel.

The Moravian records state under date of February 14, 1756: "Two children of George Zeisloff were murdered by the Indians and a third carried into captivity." Wetherhold's account is ambiguous but both accounts agree in the number killed. One of the sons killed was named Balthazar Seislove. The Moravian account continues, viz: "On March 24th following, while Zeisloff was fleeing with the remainder of his family, they were set upon by the savages and he, his wife, and four children were killed. They had been advised to flee for safety to Bethlehem but chose to seek a place of safety elsewhere." Wetherhold in his list states that in March, 1756, "George Seislove and his wife and three children were killed, the wife of David Bialmen and two of his children killed—eight killed."



THE ZEISLOFF HOUSE IN LYNN TOWNSHIP
(Near New Tripoli. Built prior to 1755. Now owned by Abner Oswald)

The Pennsylvania Gazette of April 1, 1756, had the following account of the massacre: "On the 24th of March following, ten wagons went to Allemaengle (Albany) to bring down a family with their effects, and as they were returning, about three miles below George Zeisloffs were fired upon by a number of Indians from both sides of the road, upon which the wagoners left their wagons and ran into the woods, and the horses frightened at the firing and terrible yelling of the Indians ran down a hill and broke one of the wagons to pieces. That the enemy killed George Zeisloff and his wife, a lad of twenty, a boy of twelve, also a girl of fourteen years old, four of whom they scalped. That another girl was shot in the neck and through the mouth and scalped notwithstanding all of which she got off. That a boy was stabbed in three places, but the wounds were not thought to be mortal. That they killed two of the horses and five are missing, with which it is thought the Indians carried off the most valuable goods that were in the wagons."

The two surviving children of George Seislove were Erhart, aged about 16 and George, aged 4 years. The estate Seislove was administered by Peter Trexler, Esq., who petitioned the court in 1764 for the appointment of a guardian for George, then aged 12 years, when Frederick Romig was appointed. Erhart Seislove was then over 21 and married. In 1768 Erhart Seislove is mentioned in the Lynn tax list as the owner of 150 acres of land. On December 13, 1785, Ehrhart and George Seisloff sold to Burkhard Mosser for 550 pounds the tract of 184 acres. In the deed is stated the fact that they are the only surviving heirs of George Seisloff, who with his wife and 5 or 6 children were killed by Indians. The home is still in fairly good condition considering the age. Today it is used as a brooder house and chicken stable. The present owner (1/49) of this property is Abner Oswald.

To Be Continued

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him. Channing.

Care as to Fire in Forests

A forest fire of considerable proportions near Summit Lawn yesterday afternoon imperilled the Y.W.C.A. retreat and a number of pretty residences that have been built in comparatively recent years in that pretty wooded area.

But for the speed and skill of the well-organized fire fighters in that area, supplemented by the help of the Coopersburg Fire Co., the blaze might have done much damage. Furthermore, if the fire had occurred at night and had gained much headway before discovery, the story also would most certainly have been different.

The incident calls attention to the demand upon the public that in its excursions abroad care should be taken as to the handling of matches, cigars, cigarettes and open fires. The woods are full of dry leaves and fallen branches. A tiny spark can be fanned into a blaze. No one may be near at hand to report the fire and in the woods there are no fire alarm boxes to make a speedy report, even if some one quite casually comes upon the fire.

Our forests are very precious assets, even to the public which does not hold title to them but does benefit from their contributions to health and to the general economy. They should be loved and protected by everybody. Today, with so many residences established in their midst, the necessity for great care as to fire in the forests is doubly great. In addition to property, human lives now also are at stake.

Your Part in Clean-up Week

The first week of May has been designated as Clean - up Week in this city and while there is no need for urging the people of our community to do just this for the city in which they have great pride, there can be expected to be a concentration of attention upon the idea during the week and even more vigorous attack upon any conditions that may militate against the right to call Allentown the Clean City.

The City government itself, with its excellent organization of men and machinery, is going to take a vigorous hand in the polishing process. Undoubtedly the streets will be given sound scrubbing in their first bath since winter set in. The parks already have been prettied with the planting of flowers in abundance, the mowing of grass and the pruning of shrubbery and trees. Very soon the bowls on the boulevard light standards will be filled with flowering plants and vines.

The smaller jobs that must be performed toward removing any blots upon the city's beauty are a personal responsibility. There are accumulations of cans, glass, paper and other rubbish which ought to be amassed and removed.

With concerted effort next week, the job which thousands began a month or more ago with the first signs of warm weather can be completed and Allentown can continue its claim to being "The Clean City," a title of which our people are perhaps most proud.

Mairs' Case Not Ended

Something, in fact much should be said for the interest in and work for little Betty Mairs by many persons who sympathized with the plight of the child who had been injured so badly during the winter in a coasting accident. These folks, in support of the executive committee of the Washington Parent - Teacher Association, contributed to every measure calculated to raise money for the probable rehabilitation of the child and the good cheer with which it was done was perhaps the finest manifestation of their deep sympathy.

However the workers' job is far from ended. Altho the child was brought home for celebration of her birthday anniversary and the Easter festival in her home and among her loved ones, she will have to be returned to the University of Pennsylvania Hospital very soon. The uncertain task of rehabilitation is still far from ended. The miracle is that the little girl is still alive, but miraculous recovery has not set in.

So the work of the friends of the stricken child and her family will undoubtedly have to be continued. And while it is being continued, prayers will go out for Betty from thousands of hearts.

Books by the Millions

It is amazing to be informed that the Book - of - the - Month club, now in its twenty-fourth year, distributed its hundred millionth book during the current month to the American people.

This figure assumes larger interest when it is known that all the public libraries of the United States contain only about 130 million volumes. Of course the libraries have few duplicates upon their own shelves, whereas the book club has distributed a hundred million volumes upon probably no more than several thousand subjects — twelve issues per year for 23 years, plus recommended books each month.

So from one source alone, American homes have accumulated upon their shelves almost as many books as are in all the libraries in the country. At the rate the Book-of-the-Month Club is going, it may well reach the library total within five years.

Whether this indicates that the American people have become more avid and extensive readers cannot be known for lots of books are received and, in the press of things, are forgotten and the pages are not even cut. But there are many other signs to indicate that the American people are reading more than ever. Consider the vast outpouring of the 25 cent books which to the numbers of many millions are purchased annually by the American people and the millions of sales thru the ordinary avenues of trade.

It can be believed that the Book - of - the - Month Club has stimulated reading, that without its sales program that reaches into every community in the land via the mails millions of books have been sold that would never have attracted the attention of their purchasers under other conditions. It can be assumed that most of the books are read not alone by the purchaser but by members of his family and friends.

It will be a matter of pride that our neighbor, Pearl Buck, the novelist enjoys the distinction of having had her work selected the largest number of times in the course of the club's 23 years.

As the production line in American industry has brought business and household conveniences to the millions, so the methods of production and distribution of books under this club's plan has brought the best current American literature to the American people.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

Howard Young, the art dealer who is a friend of Dwight Eisenhower, began feeling sorry for the general a month ago. Young was in balmy Miami and his distinguished friend was working in the frozen north.

So Young sent the general a case of Florida oranges and grapefruit. While it was en route, Eisenhower abruptly took off for Key West to recuperate from overwork and an old leg injury. The box of fruit followed him and finally arrived, somewhat the worse for wear, one day as Ike was sitting under the Florida sun, admiring his neighboring orange and grapefruit trees.

Bob Hope and his air-borne troubadors raced through Washington, D.C., this week, gave two shows, met a few hundred friends, signed a few thousand autographs and barely had time to call at the Bureau of Internal Revenue and ask, "how much?"

Hope had given 19 shows in 11 days and will play his way home to Hollywood via Providence, Erie, Columbus, Ohio and Fort Smith.

He hasn't told his troupe yet, but he is planning a tour of larger cities later in the year, including a performance at Madison Square Garden. At almost every stop his DC-6 makes, he finds his way to a vets hospital if one is remotely in the area. Hope has been seen by more service men than perhaps the whole roster of U.S. generals and admirals.

"He's one third Indian medicine man, one third Gypsy and one third homing pigeon," his friend Bing Crosby said recently. "The last is regrettable. That means he always comes home and we're stuck with him."

Herbert Hoover, the only living ex-president (outside of Tom Dewey, of course) dropped by the banshee luncheon for U.S. publishers the other day only to have a bite to eat and say hello to some old friends. He said, at the beginning, that he had to leave by 1:30.

His hosts urged him to stay on, and read him a list of the entertainment acts that were to follow the luncheon. He shook his head regretfully. Then they mentioned that the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes — all of them — would dance.

That clinched it. He stayed for the last precision kick of that remarkable line of girls — making their first "outside" appearance since their trip to Paris a decade ago. Like the rest of us, the ex-president couldn't resist the chance of seeing a Rockette up close.

Speaking of taxes, as we seem to have been lately, Bugs Baer once upon a time got a sharp note from the collector of internal revenue. He didn't like either its tone or contents. So he wrote back:

"Bureau of Internal Revenue
"Washington, D.C.
"Dear slur: Yours of the 14th instant received and dully noted. . ."

James K. McGuinness, the Hollywood executive, is in New York for a time, catching up on the shows and meeting a lot of people he used to know and write about when he did a column for the old New York Post.

Jim was remembering a Jimmy Walker story. In the early 1920's Walker became a silent partner with the late Jimmy Johnston in the promotion of fights in New York. Walker and McGuinness were good friends so Walker casually mentioned one day that he was cutting McGuinness in on the venture.

McGuinness laughingly told his friend that he was a newspaper man, not a silent or audible promoter. And forgot about it. But Walker remembered. A year later McGuinness was called to a New York office and handed a check for $24,000, his "share" of the profits.

"Twenty four dollars was a pretty good mound of money for me at that time, and two hundred and forty would have been very hard to scrape together," McGuinness remembered. "But twenty four thousand was something I just couldn't comprehend. So, with terrible misgivings, I turned it down. . . .But I had this much consolation in later years: I could sleep well."

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, of the Times, gave a garden party for visiting publishers and editors this week at his Westchester estate. At the height of the party, the guests of the Times were startled to see a helicopter settling upon them with a whirring roar.

It alighted on the New York publisher's lawn, and out of the contraption — plainly marked with the name of his paper — stepped Col. R. R. McCormick, of Chicago. It set a new intersectional record for the "dropping in" of a guest.

Paul Makushak, the odd character who recently was pried out of the Brooklyn cubby-hole in which he has lived, sealed, for ten years, looked around in the light of day and sourly pronounced the modern world, "no good."

He may have something there. But he ain't helping it none, as we used to say in Swamp Poodle. Back in your closet, Buster, you're scaring the children.

So many Communists are turning out to be F.B.I. spies that the party will soon be forced to hold a "disloyalty" hearing. In the meantime we have a new twist in the English language — a double-double crosser. And hurray.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

May Day will this year be celebrated in April because May first comes on Sunday. So there will be two parades today, one organized by the Communist party; the other by the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

As a matter of fact, the loyal parade started spontaneously last year and was a wonderful demonstration of what could be done almost overnight. It had little organization and marched well. For years, the May first parade was the property of the various kinds of Socialists who got together on this occasion to adulate Karl Marx. The Communists, of course, grabbed the occasion and now it is all theirs. They march, carrying anti-American banners and slogans and singing anti-American songs, but they march on American streets, protected by American police.

The most disgraceful part of the Communist parade is the presence in it of American war veterans in uniform—not only soldiers and sailors but officers in uniform. Nobody has ever checked if these men have any right to our uniforms. Photographs are generally taken but not fingerprints. It would seem that the army and navy might make a spot check to discover whether the right uniform was on the right traitor.

Very few New Yorkers ever watch this parade. For several years I went to observe it, but I missed last year's anti-American demonstration because I marched in the loyal one. The New York police keep the two parades apart, sending the Communists along Eighth Ave. where this year they will pass the circus at Madison Square Garden; the loyal parade goes down Fifth Ave. where the crowds are. This year, the May Day celebration will be a competition between loyalty and treason, between the United States and Soviet Russia.

As much as I am for this loyalty demonstration in New York, I still advocate a widespread "I Am An American Day" celebration on May 15 and let there be noise about it in city, town and village. It would be wonderful to see the whole of our people almost simultaneously in all parts of the country pledge allegiance to the flag, take the loyalty oath, singing the Star Spangled Banner, and telling Uncle Joe About Uncle Sam.

There are those who will say that there is no use emphasizing the obvious; everybody is loyal without taking oaths and making pledges, but the fact is that in Judge Medina's court here in New York we have been witnessing for 15 weeks a demonstration of disloyalty beyond belief. We have seen lawyers devote themselves to turning a court into a circus, to insulting and exasperating the judge, to driving him to despair, to giving a frightful example of disrespect for the law and for our system of justice.

And over in Paris, Howard Fast, American author, devoted himself to a series of violent and shameful statements about his own country, where, in freedom, he has had the opportunity to achieve a career as a writer and speaker. No American, in the memory of those living today, has so unrestrainedly abused his own country, has so lied about the land of his birth; not even Axis Sally has been more disgraceful.

And there is the example of Judith Coplon now unfolding itself in the court of Washington, D. C. And there is the matter of Alger Hiss, still to be tried—the American who rose to high rank in our government and who is accused of betraying his country.

Loyalty cannot be taken for granted. Not in these days. There was a time when it was assumable that anyone would be faithful to a country like this where we all live in freedom. There was a time when native and adopted son and daughter loved the soil of this land. Today, that cannot be taken for granted.

We have a fifth column in our land—a vicious, dangerous fifth column that serves a foreign master. It is a constant peril. Only a firm, loyal public opinion can save this land. We need to stimulate that public opinion by a simultaneous, spontaneous demonstration of loyalty by the whole people.

(Copyright 1949)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

To be socially acceptable among intelligent people these days one must be able to discuss the atom and to make at least a show of knowing what it is all about.

Personally I have never been able to take the slightest interest in anything that concerns mathematics or physics.

In all my scientific studies the only thing that fascinated me was the fact that in chemistry class I was able to concoct a number of terrible smells by mixing different ingredients, the whys and wherefores of which I could never understand, nor even tried to understand.

Being a newspaperman (by instinct, I presume,) I never cared nearly as much for causes as for effects, or for theories as much as for facts.

* * *

So, all this stuff about nuclear fission, chain radiation, neutrons and electrons, has been stranger than Chinese to me. I know, of course, that if anybody ever threw an atomic bomb at me that would be the end of me. Consequently, I have been definitely against the atomic bomb, as applied to me and my country. Although, at least in my opinion, it wouldn't be a bad idea to throw one of them on the Kremlin, just to show its inmates that we are not warmongers, but insist on peace even if we have to fight for it.

* * *

However, there has been something going on over at the Brookhaven National laboratory which is very interesting.

As I told you, neither my wife nor I have what is called the "green thumb" and things don't grow nearly as well for us as they do for some neighbors of ours.

Out at that Long Island laboratory they have been fooling around with atomic experiments on plants, to make them grow better.

One of the officials there didn't have any luck with his geraniums. Not getting enough sunlight they kept on getting sick and wilting.

So he put some radio-active phosphorus in the form of a solution on a plant that had not been doing well—and you ought to see the darn thing now. It's growing like Topsy. He is going to try it on other botanical runts, and he expects wonderful results from the new treatment.

I haven't the slightest idea why all this is happening or what the scientific explanation is.

I have seen all sorts of reports, like, for instance, "the neutrons slowed down to three miles an hour and possess an energy of one-tenth electron volt. But when they strike a uranium-235 atom, the resulting fission of uranium fuel releases 200 million electron volts — a ratio of two billion volts."

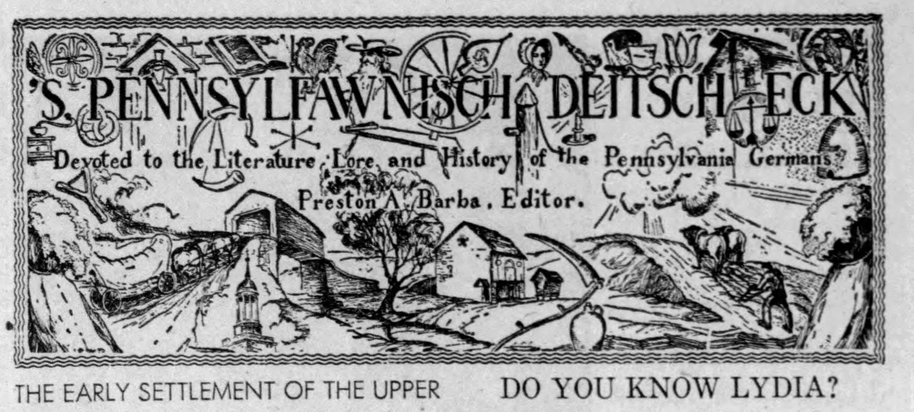
To many of you all this may mean a lot. And to those who understand it, it is probably very simple and useful.

Simple—just like the making of popovers now is to my wife, since she learned the proper way of making them pop.

Useful—just like all science can be useful if it is applied to progress and peace rather than to destruction and war.

Horoscope

Choose interesting companions who have excellent ideas to stimulate you. Your next year should proceed evenly, without undue excitement or change. This is also true of the life of the child born today — who is likely to be a talented and resourceful personality.



THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER END OF LEHIGH COUNTY

By CARL D. SNYDER

Continued

The great many outrages on the frontier (some of which will be related in following pages) aroused the authorities to action and Governor Morris sent Benjamin Franklin, one of the commissioners to direct the building of a chain of forts along the Blue Mountains reaching from the Delaware to the Susquehanna at distances of from 10 to 15 miles apart.

Some of these forts consisted of the defenses previously erected by the settlers which were available for the purpose and the government took possession, while others were newly erected. The soldiers who garrisoned these forts were Provincial troops, which almost without exception were details from the 1st Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiment under the command of that brave and energetic officer, Lieut. Colonel Conrad Weiser. The ravages of the Indians excited the whole population and in their alarm and terror many unreasonable demands were made of the Government. It was Franklin's direction of the building of the forts that brought order out of this chaos.

Fort Everett, the only fort erected within territory now included in Lehigh County was located in Lynn township. It stood in what is now a level, ploughed field, about one-fourth of a mile north of Lynnport, about 150 feet from the house owned by Charles Rauch, about 250 feet eastward from the creek which flows past the slate works and empties into Ontelaupee Creek. A spring, but a few feet south of where the fort was erected, marks the position of what was then a well of water. It was a blockhouse, about 25 feet by 30 feet and stood on the property of John Everett, a man of prominence in the township at the time. The present owner of the property as of January 1949 is Charles Rauch. The fort was in all probability built early in the year of 1756. Franklin in his letter of January 25th, written at Fort Allen at Gnadenhuetten (now Lehighton) says: "Foulk is gone to build another, between this and Schuylkill Fort, which I hope will be finished (as Trexler is to join him) in a week or 10 days." This evidently refers to Fort Everett, as Foulk was a resident of Lynn township, and it is reasonable to suppose that he saw that his friends and neighbors were given protection. Charles Foulk was a captain. He married Catherine Harzy and they had ten children. Foulk commanded 46 men.

The territory included within the boundaries of Albany township, Berks County and Lynn township, then Northampton and now Lehigh County was known at the period now under consideration as Allemaengel, meaning "All-want" from the fact that the land was not as productive as the country further to the south. This area lacked in everything especially roads, defense against the Indians, soil fertility, etc. In the early days the inhabitants of this section were in distress at times and required help.

The territory included in Lehigh County was a part of the neutral ground, crossed by several main trails, used by all tribes of Indians in going from point to point; and an Indian found away from one of these trails was considered an enemy and dealt with accordingly. There do not appear to have been any larger Indian towns within the boundaries of the present county except for a few small villages.

The garrison frequently ranged around the country between Schuylkill and the Lehigh and were under the command of Captain Nicholas Wetherhold. He was in command at Fort Everett the major portion of the time it was garrisoned. He was born in Germany in 1724. He resided in Heidelberg township, Northampton County, now Lehigh. His name was on the tax list of 1764 at the same place as the owner of 75 acres. John Jacob Wetterholt came to this country in the same vessel with his brother Nicholaus, who also rose to the rank of Captain. He possessed undaunted courage, which was accounted for in his firmly believing he had the power of making himself invulnerable: that is, that he could not be killed by a gun shot; he was therefore well suited for the military service on the frontier. He bravely met his death however in 1763 at the hand of the Indians. In 1762 he resided in Lynn township, now Lehigh County. His widow still resided there in 1764.

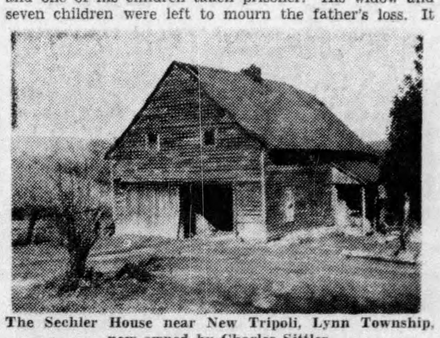
It so chances that the two brothers, both eventually of the same rank, operated in the same general territory. They practically had charge of the country along the southern base of the Blue Range from Fort Everett to the Delaware River and both reported to the same superior officer, Timothy Horsfield. Unfortunately, in the records of the time only the last name is given in most cases so that it becomes difficult in many instances to know which is meant. It may be generally taken for granted in the case of Fort Everett, that wherever Captain Wetherhold is mentioned, it refers to Nicholaus, and where the term "Lieutenant" is used it refers to Jacob.

* * *

Timothy Horsfield writes to Gov. Denny from Bethlehem, November 30, 1756, that "John Holden came here this evening from Allemangle and informed me that last Sunday evening, ye 28th Inst. three Indians came to the House of a certain man named Schlosser, and knocked at the door, the people within called who is there? Answer was made, "A good friend"; they within not opening the door, they knocked again, they within answered—"Who is there?" No answer being made from without. Then one of the men named Stonebrook looked out of the window when an Indian discharged a gun and killed him on the spot. They then opened the door, the woman and two children endeavoring to escape, and the Indians pursued and took both children; one of the men fired at the Indians, and saw one of them fall, when one of the girls he had possession of made her escape from him, but the other he took away.

* * *

On April 28, 1757, occurred the next incursion of the savages in Lynn township when John Eckroth was killed and one of his children taken prisoner. His widow and seven children were left to mourn the father's loss. It



The Sechler House near New Tripoli, Lynn Township, now owned by Charles Sittler.

was at Eckroth's house about 3 miles from Fort Everett that sixteen men were stationed by order of Colonel Conrad Weiser in November, 1756. Then the name was written Eckenroth.

* * *

On July 9, 1757, occurred the last invasion of Lynn township by the Indians that is recorded. On this day ten persons were killed at the house of Adam Clauss of Lynn township. They were Martin or Adam Yeager and his wife, Abraham Sechler's wife and one child, John Krauhaas's wife and 3 children, a child of Adam Clauss and a child of Philip Anthony. The house in which the Sechler family resided is still standing. Senator James Miller resided in this house in his childhood days. It is now (1/49) owned by Charles Sittler who uses it for storage and shelter for his car. Philip Anthony lived in Lynn township and was the owner of 150 acres of land. It was his wife that brought the alarm to her husband, who at once hastened to where Lieut. Jacob Wetherhold was stationed and informed him of the attack. Wetherhold on the same day wrote the following letter to Major Parsons at Easton which is reproduced verbatim:

Northampton County, Lynn Township,
July 9, 1757.

"Honored Sir:

These are to Acquaint you of a murder happened this

DO YOU KNOW LYDIA?

By KATHARINE M. SCHMUCKER

LYDIA left by the front door, as she had come in, "so as not to bring trouble upon the household." Whatever this cryptic remark meant, it did express the unselfishness which in ten weeks had made us love her.

When in January a friend, having scoured the country-side, reported that a seventy-nine year old woman, whom her family knew well, would come to us in our extremity, we doubted the future. But then, when we saw the brisk, gnome-like little figure, scurrying down our walk, we realized that a new life was about to begin. Lydia promptly made herself familiar with the kitchen. The next day she took over the daytime care of the aged invalid.

The speed with which she finished each task was astonishing: she would appear in a doorway with the remark, "Now that is done," and the eager air of "What shall I get at next?" There was no restraining her enthusiasm. I found her, one afternoon, down on hands and knees, wiping the floor of the living room, twelve by twenty-two feet. "I can do it," said she. When I spoke of dangers of high blood pressure or heart failure, she replied that she always felt much better when she kept going. Though I did succeed in persuading her to sit down quietly and rest for a while in the afternoons, she couldn't help being bored!

She had been one of quite a few children born and brought up upon the family farm. At ten she was responsible for the younger ones. At thirteen she not only could do all the indoor work, but labored in the fields as well. She learned to use a scythe like a man. As life unfolded, she accepted greater family responsibilities. She raised two boys of relatives as if they were her own, and, as I happen to know, made an excellent job of their training. She stayed with father and mother until she laid them away. And then she went out on a career of even more strenuous work.

Seventy-two people within a radius of about thirty miles spent their first two or three infant weeks practically in her arms. She is, indeed, well known in the neighborhood. Her duties in connection with the babies were day and night care of mother and infant, and cooking and washing for the family. A single pair of hands needs must be speedy, to accomplish so many tasks. These countless demands through the years created a personage both able and versatile. Lydia's text is the old, familiar motto "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

While one marvels at her abilities and achievements, one is fond of her for her very human qualities. She loves to laugh, she loves animals, she is tender with the aged and sick. She is without gossip or slander and feels charity toward all. Besides, life in the country has made her realize that in God's creation there are elements other than man. In the morning when we fed and watched the birds, she would remark, "They are so busy!" and that does paint the picture. She petted the kitten which spent the winter in the barn, and grieved when it disappeared. She welcomed, our canines, the great Saints when they were brought home one by one from the veterinarian's until all three were here. She soon distinguished their personalities, and made allowance for their naughtiness. She would excuse noisy Pete by saying, "He knows what he wants and he gets it."

Peter is an old gentleman, eighty-five or thereabout, the man of the family. He is really quite domineering. He tells all his ladies what they should do. Patty is the only person who can control him, and he is therefore afraid to walk past her, and lets the world know all about it in no uncertain terms. He has always been loquacious; without him the household would be dull. Lydia understood him well. She remarked, "He never just barks; he always says something."

Patsy-Virginia sleeps with me,—on her own counterpane, of course. I like to have her, because, being so relaxed, she induces sleep. Most people, however, would think it dreadful to let such a big dog lie on one's bed. Lydia, bless her, used to enjoy the sight. Though nearly eighty, she seems to have no prejudices!

Nita was a mighty Nimrod. To my dismay she once killed a cat. Her chief delight is to go out at midnight, and scour the premises for another victim. Accordingly, one winter night, I let her out, the other two trailing after. In a moment I heard ecstatic barking, and in the dim electric light, I saw her rise to her full six feet.

"Yay, yay, rah, rah," sang Pat and Pete.

And "OW" shrieked someone.

By this time I had called Lydia, in case the invalid needed attention. Then, armed with flashlight and leash, I, with broken ankle in cast, began the tedious seated-slide to the gate, a hundred feet away. I "rutched," as we say here, to my bewildered and crestfallen pet, and led her in to Lydia, who had been waiting in the cold living room at least half an hour. Almost any woman would have—well, you can imagine. Yet we both laughed, and, "Poor Nita, what did the pussy do to you?" pitied Lydia. The next morning we found the pole-cat, very dead!

It takes breadth of soul to appreciate other people's dogs.

What made us love Lydia, however, was her tender care of the Old Person. When I admired her patience, she would say, "For that I am here." She often made me ashamed.

Probably the most surprising thing about her is her youthful spirit. She is interested in people and in everything that is going on. She is well informed, and not to be caught napping when asked about world affairs.

You may have guessed that her genus is pure American and her species equally pure Pennsylvania-Dutch. Her forebears helped to settle the Oley Valley in Colonial times. Like most of the folks of her locality, she is bilingual, shaming the rest of us who manage to speak only one language. For Americans of other sections who have been led to consider the people of our neighborhood curious specimens, it is well to paint a true portrait of one who is human, wise, merry and lovable. "Everything," says she, "is happy in the sun."

* * *

One day in April there came to us a tremendous bunch of bluebottles, a heavenly blue and thrillingly beautiful. Lydia had sent them.

Day at the Houce of Adam Clauce, in said Township of Lynn, whaire three or fore Nabors was Cutting said man's Corn; as they Was Eating theaire Dinner they waire fell one By A Perty of Saviges, Indians, and Five of the Whits Took to there Heals, two men, two Women, and one Gerl, and Got saf out of theire hands. Was killed and Scalped, Martin Yeager and his Wife, and John Crouchores wife and one Child, and the Wife of Abraham Secler and one Child of one Adam Clauce and the Wife of John Couchere, and the wife of Abraham Secler was Sculpt and is yet Alive, But Badly wounded, one Shot Thro' the Sid and the other in the Thy, and two Children kild Belonging to said Croushere, and one to said Secler, and one Belonging to Philip Antone Not Sculpt, and this Was Don at Least three Miles within the outside Settlers, and 4 miles from John Everett's, and Philip Antone's wife was one that Took her Tilt and came hom and Acquainted her husband, and he came and Acquainted me, and I went Emeaditly to the Place with Seven men Besides my Self and Saw the Murder, But the Indians was Gon and I Derectly Purs'ed them about 4 Miles and Came Up with them in the thick Groves weaire Wee met with Nine Indians, and one Sprung Behind a Tree and took Site at me and I run Direct at him, and another one the sid Flast at me, and then Both took to there Heals, and I shot one as I Goge Thro' the Body, as he fell on his face, But I Loaded and after another that was Leding a maire, and ye meane time he Got up and Run away and I fired on the other, and I think I shot nim in ye Buttux, and my Soldiers had oppertunity to shot three times, and then they Got out of our Site in the thick Groves, and wee Cold Not find them No more, But I Got from them one Maire and two Saddles, one Bridel and Halter, & one Bag with a Cag of Still Licker in it, and Cloths and one Brace Cittel and fore Indian Cake Baked in the ashes of wheat meal, and to Aquat you further, that I have several New Soldiers that has No Guns, and were Little Powder and Led, and I have sent this Express to you Hoping that you Wold Help me with Arms and Ammenishan and so I remaine your friend and humble Servant."

"JACOB WETHERHOLD."

To Be Continued

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT 'N GROSSER G'FONGA: Fon ol da fiela fisher os des free yohr on da gricka rum gadobt sin fish, glawwa m'r net os aryads ebber 'n graiserer g'fonga hut wie der Alvin Reimer fon nagshd on Cross Roads da onner dawg "ainer" on da line hanka hut kot. Un wos noch mainer is, er hut 'n aw net yusht awhanka kot, ow'r hut 'n rei gatzoga, 'n grosser alter, -ow'r worta mohl, des is wie die socha worra.

Der Alvin wor om fisha in da Petersviller gagend, uns wor boomerawlish kalt. Fer da kelt ous welcha, un aw fisha dabei, hut er sei gart iwwer 's wosser nous g'shteibert, un is fert noch 'm Petersviller hunder un fisher klub hous, fer sich warma inside un outside.

Wie long os er om klub hous wor kenna m'r net sawga. Wie er ow'r tzurick noch da grick kumma is woh er sei gart ferlosa hut kot mit da ongel im wosser, hut die gart g'shnart un gatzuckt wie won er 'n wol fish awhanka het, un der reel wor drous so weit os er gae hut kenna.

Der Alvin hut bletzlich awfonga rei reela, un ferol os er net sehna hut kenna wos er awganka het waeich da hecka, hut er g'shpiert os es ebbes grosses wor, un aw os es sich gawairt hut fer sei waig kumma.

Der Alvin hut ols fert rei g'reel'd, un endlich ebbes gross weisses sehna gaeich 'n kumma. Die sawg is, 's het net fiel ganumma het der Alvin die gart hee g'shmissa un wear shtarta shpringa wie alla hanker. In ol seim lebdawg hut er noch ken weissie farell g'sehna kot, un wor net shure eb wos er maina dade os er sehna dade gaeich 'n kumma, weara wos es wear, odder eb er ferleicht awenich tzu long om klub hous gawest wear.

Wei aenicha waig, der Alvin hut fert rei gareel'd, un sei auga hen 'n net badroga kot. Er hut ainer awhanka kot-ow'r net 'n farell wie er k'huff'd hut os es wear. In blotz fon ma grossa fish fosht howwa, hut ma bauer sei alter anderich sei ongel g'shluck'd kot, un hut 'n altie and awhanka kot in blotz fon ma fish.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis net g'sawt os die maid yusht galainda socha weara won sie heirra, boova sheinds, dada now die sama shtraich mocha-aenicha waig sel wor da onner dawg der fol, wie der Granville Laebold fon Catasauqua k'heiert hut.

Der Granville hut sich brauna shoe kauft fer die hochtsich, ow'r sei maid'l, now sei fraw, hut sich gahairich uf g'shtruv'ld er mist shwartza shoe weara, un is noh gonga un hut seim bruder Charlie sei shoe galain'd.

Sellie lainerrei wor ol recht, yusht wie der Charlie sich uf soddla hut wolla fer noch da hochtsich gae hut er ken shoe kot, un airsht gae missa neia kaufa, odder er het die hochtsich gons un gore ferseim'd.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Acts 10:34-48

Peter, by way of invitation, had come to the home of Cornelius, a Roman centurion, who, with a house-party of friends, wanted to learn more about Jesus. Although Cornelius was a Gentile, Peter went, and was greeted at the door by Cornelius, who fell at his feet, and worshipped him. Peter objected to this, saying, 'Stand up; I myself also am a man.' Peter then asked Cornelius why he had sent for him, whereupon he gave him his story, vs. 30-33, requesting Peter to answer his questions. He does so in today's lesson. Peter, like Paul, had only one text, Jesus crucified and raised from the dead, vs. 39-40. He tells Cornelius how He appeared to friends after His resurrection, and gave His apostles orders to preach the Gospel, the essence of which is that whoever believes on Jesus will receive forgiveness of sins. Before he finished his 'sermon,' the Holy Ghost fell upon the group of Gentiles, so eager was God to fulfill His promise to Abraham, that all the Gentiles were to be blessed through His seed. "Fell on' in v.44 is in the Greek the same verb as in Luke 15:20, where the father falls on the neck of his returning prodigal son.

The Poet of the People

By EDGAR A. GUEST

SUPPOSE

Suppose the good Lord told
you on the day before your
birth:
"For a very special purpose I
am sending you to earth.
There's a place that will be
vacant, with a task some one
should do.
You may think it unimportant,
but I'm giving it to you."
Would you scorn the chance
for service in the way of
many a man
Or accept it with the promise:
"I will do the best I can."

Suppose God gave instructions
for this life before you came
And said: "Throughout your
mission you will wear your
father's name.
As his son down there you'll
labor, though my children
both you'll be.
You can serve your earthly
father best by truly serving
Me."
If you knew the good Lord's
purpose and His plan you
understood,
With the task that you'd been
given would you do the best
you could?

Well, my boy, He didn't bind
you, but to choose He left
you free,
And the work that you are doing, whatsoever it may be,
Means a place the good Lord
wanted some one here on
earth to fill.
It may call for greater courage than the tasks requiring
skill.
It is service that is needed;
work for which your life began.
By the Lord you're being trusted just to do the best you
can.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: the wise man expects future things, but does not depend upon them, and in the meantime enjoys the present, remembering the past with delight; but the life of the fool is wholly carried on to the future.
Epicurus.

A Valued Police Service

It is an excellent and an unusual service which the Allentown Police Department provides for persons who, while on vacations, can expect the police to keep an eye on their premises and prevent robberies.

All citizens do not know that the police are willing to perform this service and many who go touring have their vacations disturbed by the thought that robbers may have learned of their absence.

Many citizens do know of the service and avail themselves of it with satisfaction. However there is a single string attached to the offer of the police — they want to be informed immediately upon the return of the tourists so that their vigils can be ended.

Failure to comply with this reasonable request has led to some embarrassments for householders and unnecessary excitement for the police. People return home. Their homes are lighted. Neighbors report the fact or the police see it and the houses are surrounded by police who are searching for thieves. Explanations of course are simply and quickly made, but a lot of unnecessary pother has been caused.

Those Treacherous Wells

Only a few weeks ago a little girl, Kathy Fiscus, fell down an abandoned well near her home in California and after days of difficult work to rescue the child, a lifeless body was drawn out of the deep excavation.

The story created such a stir thruout the country that people everywhere very naturally inquired into the possibility of similar accidents occurring in their own neighborhoods. Some municipalities took immediate action as to abandoned wells and cisterns, ordering their effective sealing.

The lesson however was not too widely learned, as was indicated in the story from a little place near Lancaster where on Thursday an 18-mo. infant toppled into an abandoned cistern and was drowned. Then it was discovered that a covering for the cistern had been removed, almost certainly by some one other than the little victim.

This second accident should reemphasize the dangers in these outdoor sources of water which exist at so many places. When they were built, they were covered in such way as to make access to them quite easy in the event that repairs for pumps or cleaning of the chamber became necessary. Usually those coverings were of timber which in many cases has rotted. Lots of them have been covered over with debris and vegetation. Many have been abandoned and forgotten because new supplies of water have been provided.

They are a menace to child life, but they also can be dangerous for adults who can just as easily topple into a large well or cistern and be seriously or fatally injured.

Playground for Bath

Bath is the newest community to embark upon an extensive recreation program for its children for, with the presentation of a tract of six acres by the Keystone Portland Cement Co. to the boro, the town can go ahead with the development of facilities for wholesome, healthful, character-building play for all her children.

All up and down the valley communities have developed and continue to develop land for public recreation purposes. The people, en masse, are back of these activities for they know the need for such opportunities and they want to see the children thrive in them and enjoy them.

Adequate land for the purposes all too often is the initial stumbling block for community movements. Bath has had that problem solved for it in the very beginning by a notable, a valuable and a highly appreciated gift.

Day with Universal Appeal

Tomorrow is Mother's Day and the annual observance of this beautiful event and its thought promises to be virtually all-reaching in this community.

It was an inspired person who conceived the idea originally and advanced it publicly. Since it appealed to a universal emotion, it was speedily and widely adopted by millions of people individually and by thousands of communities collectively.

Business, with its high ability for publicizing anything and everything, seized upon the idea and promoted it with unusual vigor for Business knew that it was talking to the universal heart.

As a consequence few and far between are the persons who are not aware of the significance of Mother's Day and few who are not in heartiest sympathy with the idea and eager to give it expression.

The importance and dignity of motherhood, generally recognized by all, is brought to perfect focus upon the second Sunday in May to bring cheer and gladness to her of whom it has been said: "There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Professor Baboo and Prince Ali Sadhoo beg to announce that they have moved from the Holy Temple of Knowledge to a Harlem jail cell and that, until further notice, they will discontinue the practice of fortune-telling and selling their "holy oil of India" at the special bargain price of $25 a bottle.

* * *

By strange coincidence, Professor Baboo and the prince, who proclaimed to all and sundry that they were imbued with strange powers of foreseeing the future and of curing most human ills, did not know that Dorothy Jackson was a policewoman.

Nor did they know, in spite of their mystic powers, that a few minutes after they had told Dorothy all about what was going to happen to her, they themselves would land in jail.

It doesn't matter for the particular story that Professor Baboo, an 80-year old Puerto Rican, is really plain Reggie Wilson and the prince, a 69-year old Hindu, was only an errand boy.

Nor does it matter that the "Holy Temple of Knowledge" was nothing but a broken-down store on upper 3rd Ave. in one of New York's slum districts.

* * *

What does matter is that many people went to their "temple," had their fortunes told, bought their "holy oil" and believed implicitly in all the mumbo-jumbo these two dished out.

It also matters that all over the country thousands of so-called intelligent women and men go to fortune-tellers and other individuals who claim to be possessed with mystic and magical powers. They pay them their good money and think that they can thus steal a march on time and meet that dark-eyed, six-foot millionaire who will bring them fame and happiness, or close that big deal on which they have been working.

* * *

One of the strange phenomena of human nature is that all these gullible believers in the mystic arts don't seem to wonder why so many fortune-tellers operate in shacks and hovels, dress in rags and, as I experienced when I investigated these dealers-in-tomorrow, smell as if they had missed their bathtub by many a Saturday.

* * *

Wouldn't you think that a fortune-teller could tell his own fortune? Wouldn't it seem logical that if the crystal ball or the palm or a deck of cards really pointed the way to a million, the prognosticator would go and get that fortune for himself rather than let you have it?

* * *

What a dreary life this would be if we knew what was going to happen tomorrow!

Somewhere—I forget the source—it is written that you should live each day as if it were going to be your last.

In the same place it says that everything you do should be done as if you would never have a chance to redeem your errors or to right a wrong.

* * *

A play, a novel, a movie, loses its interest when the element of suspense is eliminated.

Life, being a play, would be terribly monotonous if you could anticipate the ending or even what the next act was going to bring.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 7, 1924, a Wednesday.

The piano pupils of Clark V. Johnson and voice pupils of Errol K. Peters gave a joint recital in Zion Reformed church. On the program were Martha Klinger, Ida Reinhard, Grace Ackermen, Harold Heller, and Albert Geho, piano; Gladys Henninger, Mrs. Howard Phillips, Althea Breining and Elizabeth McNabb, vocalists.

Allentown Forest, No. 41, Tall Cedars of Lebanon, held its first family festival in the Allentown High school auditorium. Owen W. Metzger was in charge of entertainment. Harry Sand, tenor, sang several selections accompanied by Harry Schuster. Francis L. Lapitino entertained on the harp.

Frank W. Hagenbuch, president, Ray S. Brown, past president, and John McCollum, of Allentown Rotary, were the principal speakers at a meeting of the Quakertown Rotary club.

The Junior Christian Endeavor held the first of a series of planned socials in Salem and Grace Reformed churches, this city. Naomi Driesbach was in charge at Salem and Mrs. Calude R. Kleckner at Grace. The committee in charge of the affairs was made up of Bessie Dickert, Lillian Walp, Margaret Ritter and Emma Weidner.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Behind the blitz strike call at Ford is a clique of local men with political inferiority complexes and an almost neurotic drive to become labor big shots. That's why they've developed strike-itchy fingers holding a gun to the heart of the country.

Despite the noise at Ford's there's been no emergency. All the screaming from the Ford union, the world's largest local, flared out of the company's decision to make 11 more Fords a day over what it was turning out exactly a month ago.

But the costly political whimsy of the Ford union leaders provoked the labor officials to yell "speedup." Yet on April 8th the assembly lines moved at a rate which completed 340 glistening Fords daily, compared with the 351 cars a day which the Ford schedule calls for now.

* * *

Where's the emergency Where's the crisis which impelled the local lugubrious ones to call for a 62,000-man strike affecting plants in 40 cities.

Where's the emergency which calls for labor action cutting men off from a $6,250,000-a-week-payroll?

Nor is it incidental, except to the Ford union militants, that it costs $1,000,000 a day to keep the huge Ford plant going whether cars are produced or not. This million bucks is exclusive of the profits lost on cars unsold because they weren't completed and customers went elsewhere. And customers are beginning to do that these days.

* * *

Where's any new speedup? At the Mercury plant the assembly line's speed has actually been reduced in the past month. In fact, the company now calls for 20 fewer Mercurys a day. The April 8th schedule was geared to production of 250 daily. Now it's 230.

Certainly this could have been arbitrated. Instead the local Ford leaders, ambitious to earn the label of militancy and the reputation of having kicked Ford in the rear axle, called their lieutenants together, voted strike and telegraphed their national union chief, Walter Reuther, that they were calling out 62,000 men.

This timing and this shotgun strike call were sheer, calloused irresponsibility.

The timing was bad for the nation because the country now is labor-jittery. Thousands of contracts are expiring each month from now on.

As a result, workers are jumpy in huge electrical equipment factories, oil refineries, intricate steel machine plants, truck companies, atom bomb towns, aluminum mills, rubber firms, shipyards, telephone systems, even cigar sheds.

And all in less than 60 days. Strikes are catching. Detroit's at the heart of the country. There's no predicting what may blow at the end of the slow fuse.

* * *

And the timing was unstrategic even for the Ford labor leaders' own national union. Reuther and his second in command, Emil Mazey, neither of whom can be accused of shadow-boxing on an issue, were in the midst of investigating the speedup complaints at Ford.

Mazey himself had led a small group of probers right into the Ford plant to check the speed of the assembly lines after the hotheads had said they didn't even have time to sneeze before the unfinished autos went by them.

An auto plant assembly line worker must complete his particular job on the moving belt within two or three feet. He moves with it. The men claimed they had to move too fast. So the national office investigated.

But before Mazey could complete his study, and while he and his colleagues were conferring with company executives, the hot-lipped local at Ford yelled strike.

* * *

The timing was unstrategic even for the national United Auto Workers master plan to win pensions from the auto manufacturers. Action now over speedup charges would prevent a strike for the more basic gain — pensions — later this summer.

But the local crowd at Ford had become strike-happy. There's a national auto union convention coming up and they'd like to enter it as heroes. They wanted to be the showdown stars at Ford. They've got their showdown—it'll be interesting to watch what that gets them.

(Copyright 1949)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the authors of "Life with Mother," and "State of the Union," are not only successful collaborators, but inseparable friends. When they are not actually together, they talk to one another on the phone—upon arising, after a meal, just before retiring for the night.

When the Lindsays moved recently into a new home on 94th St., Mrs. Lindsay told friends, "I knew Howard would take it the moment I noticed a telephone in the elevator. Now he can phone Crouse while he's riding down from the top floor to the basement. You have no idea what a comfort to him that is!

* * *

Frank B. Gilbreth, the hero of "Cheaper by the Dozen," believed in leaving nothing to chance. He wrote to authorities at Harvard that when he died, his brain was willed to the university medical school. In a postscript he continued, "My hat is size seven and three-eighths, in case you want to get a jar ready."

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I do not recall ever knowing how Mother's Day got started. When I left our country in 1917 for a six months' stay abroad and managed to prolong the absence for nearly 14 years, there was no Mother's Day. That is, every day was Mother's Day.

Inthose distant years, children were brought up to respect their parents. Most of us even loved our parents, and it was quite usual for children to obey their parents. Progressive education had not yet enlightened us to believe that the child was more correct than his elders, that experience was a negligible quality, and that the child had rights which the parent might not question.

We lived in those remote times in families consisting of one father, one mother, and quite a number of children. There were also grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. Divorces were rare — and the divorcee had a bad name, no matter how good the reason for the deed.

Nobody sprouted wings particularly, but there was a way of life that everybody seemed to take for granted. And mom was usually the guardian of that way of life, and nobody answered back. For instance, in those days, if anybody spoke about anybody's wife as the Puerto Rican is said to have shouted about Durocher's wife from the grandstand, a gentleman would have given him a black eye and a kick to boot.

When mother became an old fogey, the world changed. By that I mean that when children began to talk about their parents as though they were antediluvians and when mothers began to compete for youth with their daughters, many miseries came upon our people. For instance, I am sure that the peculiarities of the New Dealers, their lack of respect for tradition and experience and even knowledge, their presumptuousness, their intolerance of know-how—all these peculiarities come from the fact that they spent their youth in that mad period of American history often called the jazz age, when anything was all right and the mores of a nation changed.

Instead of the family having a mother, daddy has a wife and mamma has a husband, and often there are two or three of each kind. I think we can attribute much of our current social disorders, our Hooliganism, to use a phase that Stalin took from Hearst's "Happy Hooligan," to our amoral schools which make God illegal and elevate biology to a creed. For if mother is little more than an ovulating and gestating homo sapiens, then the dictum of the moral law, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be lc g. . ." is little more than part of a speech delivered by Moses on Mount Sinai to keep the Jews in line. It might have come out of a speech by Henry Wallace or Harry Truman.

If nothing matters but how the amoeba splits off its cells to explain how you and I came to be, then why worry about morals and ethics and the manners of life based on them? Someone once said that morals are private and manners public, and that one minds his business about morals as long as the manners are right.

Curiously, when man loses his morals his manners become debased. For manners are a reflection of the soul, as the eye is of personality. The young lady with a pancake finish and a mink jacket who screams at the umpire, "kill da bum!" lacks manners, of course. When she translates that sentence, as she sometimes does at a prize-fight, into language which would make this column unprintable, her personality reeks of that lack of restraint which only exists where morals are weak.

And so, my old mother, I salute you in your very old age. You may never have heard of a pancake finish and you never once got into a gossip column, but I have never seen you drunk, nor have you shamed our household because you had to live your own life. You brought God into our home and taught us to live in His shadow, to love right, to seek truth, to try to be just, to walk through this world humbly and faithfully. God bless you.

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Horoscope

Avoid being blunt while the Moon and Mercury are in square aspect. Chances of success in your next year could possibly be injured by obstinacy or self-will, but "forewarned is forearmed," you know. Look for a very determined character in the child born on this date. Much should be accomplished by such a personality.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

The Pennsylvania Dutchman: Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fon selra neia tzeiting os yusht in der gong kumma is in Langashter, "The Pennsylvania Dutchman?" Fermuthlich werra n'r wol noch net howwa, ow'r sel is ebbes os shun long sei het solla, 'n Pennsylfawnish Deitschie tzeiting. Ow'r won m'r sawga Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, don maina m'r net os die gons tzeiting g'schriva is in da mutter shproch-won sie wear, het niemond tzeit fer sie laisa. Die gross mehrtzahl fon da tzeiting fon ocht bladder in Vol. 1, No. 1, is g'schriva in English, ow'r allas os drin is, hut tzu duh mit socha fon uns Pennsylfawnish Deitscha.

Die tzeiting kumt wochlich rous darrich der "Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc., Frackenthal Library, Franklin un Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa." Die editor sin, der Dr. Alfred Shoemaker fon Schnecksville, woh Folklore Arts, un Crafts in hond hut; der Dr. Donald Yoder woh ocht gebt uf "History, Religion, un Genealogy; un der Dr. William Frey woh ocht gebt uf Dialect, Literature, un Music. So wie m'r fershtain, is yaderer g'shool'd in da bardicha socha woh er in hond hut, un is shure net da boova ihra shuld, won die tzeiting net gute wert.

Wenich leit maiga 's wissa, ow'r Franklin un Marshall kollege, Lancaster, is die graish'd kollection bicher, bobierra, un alla hond socha os tzu duh hut mit uns Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, os aenich aryads tzu finna is. Sis die Claude Unger kollection fon Pottsville, un woh der Dr. Harvey Bassler, 'n direcktor fon da Pennsylvania German Society fon Norristown, kauft hut, un shun fer mohneta long os shoffa is fer die socha in arder griega. Noh sin aw shun onnerra kollection socha hee kumma, woh net yusht now, ow'r aw in tzeit tzu kumma. Langashter 'n hartz mocht fon alla socha Pennsylfawnish Deitsch.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Unser hute is ob tzum neia "Pennsylvania Dutchman," 's mocht 'n mensch sare shtoltz fiela so socha sehna kumma noch dem os uns leit woh galehrt sei hen wolla shier 25 yohr tzurick, wie m'r shtarta hen der Pumpernickle schreiva g'sawt hen, Pennsylfawnish Deitsch wear om ous shtarva, un des da g'shwinder os es fergessa gang'd, des da besser.

Die Mutter shproch gait ow'r net fergessa-net mit ma Pennsylvania Dutchman rum, un 'n yaders os garn sehna dade wie wos er guck'd, kon 'n freier kopy griega sei nahma tzum Dr. Alfred Shoemaker, F un M, Lancaster shicka.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Proverbs 3:1-18

There is no better life motto than verses 5 and 6: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths'. How different life would be for many people, if they would realize it as a partnership with God. This is what the writer of this chapter wishes for his son, addressed as such in v. 1. In v. 9 he is asked to honour the Lord with his substance, and with the first fruits of all his increase. Life would be more successful (see v. 10), if men would give the tithe to the Lord. True wisdom is to be desired, v. 13, but to be wise in one's own eyes is not good, v. 7. If any man lack wisdom, he is advised by James in the New Testament to ask of God, Who gives liberally and does not chide any one for asking. Such wisdom is more to be desired than earthly goods, better than silver and much fine gold, v. 14, 15. Accept the chastening of the Lord, for with patient endurance it works the peaceable fruits of righteousness, vs. 11, 12.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

HEREDITY

My grandfather's fingers were
skillful with things.
They could pry into watches
and regulate springs.
They could tighten or loosen
or fashion anew
And whatever was needed my
grandpa could do.

My grandfather's mind, as his
fingers, was skilled.
With knowledge, most useful,
I'd say, it was filled.
When in trouble the neighbors
for grandpa would send,
For whatever was broken he
knew how to mend.

They say that heredity follows
in line,
But skill didn't pass to these
fingers of mine.
Machines which my grandfather
well understood
I can't understand, though I
wish that I could.

There's nothing that's broken
that I can repair.
If grandpa left skill, I was
robbed of my share.
And often I've wondered, regretting it, too,
Why I've never known what
my grandfather knew.

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THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER END OF LEHIGH COUNTY

By CARL D. SNYDER

Continued

Before the erection and garrison of Fort Everett at Lynnport in 1755, the settlers of that section assembled for the night in a block-house (a fortified building) at Fetherolfville, when attacks were feared from the Indians. Matthias Schitz, who lived near Lynnport had collected clothing and articles of value into a chest which he buried along the hillside back of his house. This was done peradventure he would return in the morning and find his house in ashes.

* * *

Christian Wanamaker was scalped in a log barn at Lynnport. In the morning he had gone out to feed his cattle; not returning, his family investigated and found him lying in the barn in great agony, his scalp having been taken by the brutal savages. He died the same day.

* * *

On February 14, 1756, the Indians surprised the inmates of the house of Frederick Reichelsderfer, shot two of his children, set his house and barn on fire and burned all his grain and cattle. Thence they proceeded to the house of Jacob Gerhart and there killed one man, two women and six children. Two of the children had slipped under the bed; one of them was burned, the other escaped and ran a mile to neighbors.

* * *

George (?) Enos, a lad aged about fifteen years, was captured by an old Indian during the French and Indian War, in the meadow of his father's farm. After his capture the lad accompanied the Indian without resistance. When the Indian and the boy on their march reached the Blue Mountain, the bare feet of the boy became sore, and the Indian feeling kindly towards the lad, made him a pair of moccasins from a deer skin which he had stolen from Ferdinand Enos, an Indian fighter and probably the lad's father. The boy was then allowed to walk by himself and managing to get behind his captor, when the opportunity presented itself he ran away from the Indian with the swiftness of a deer. He safely reached what later was the home of Heinrick Billig and there he hid under the threshing floor of a barn. The following morning he arrived at his home and danced about the room, happy over his successful escape.

* * *

Samuel Benfield shot an Indian in 1795 at the Blue Mountain in Lynn township. The Indian was alone, Benfield fearing the approach of other Indians hid himself in a brush, but no other Indian appearing, he took the Indian's gun and left the body on the ground.

* * *

An early settled farm was that of one Gossler later owned by Levi Heintzelman (1912). Several miles away lived David Mosser who was visited by one Steinbrook from Longswamp township, Berks county. Steinbrook told his host he wished to pay his respects to his friend Gossler, but he was informed that the trip was dangerous and he had better remain. Steinbrook, however, went and while sitting at a window at Gosslers he was "shot dead" by an Indian who mistook him for Gossler. This property is now (1/49) owned by Paul C. Snyder and his son, Daniel, is the tenant.

* * *

During the French and Indian War two soldiers were stationed for some days in a house on the Frederick Leaser farm in Lynn township. Some Indians with evil designs were encamped about three squares westward, who watched the soldiers and settlers as they walked around on the outside. The soldiers were each supplied with six different uniforms or suits and these they changed quite often during the day. By this hoax the impression was given to the savages that a dozen well-armed soldiers were ready for an attack and it doubtless saved the lives of many pioneers.

* * *

Also during the French and Indian War, the savages made an attack upon a family near the Blue Mountain back of Lynnport on the farm where the family lived. The family saved themselves by throwing at the savages live wood-coal they got out of their bake oven, which caused the savages to retreat into the woods. About this time Bernhard Follweiler, the Indian fighter, who had been out with his gun, appeared on the scene and he followed the Indians into the woods, where he blew a decoy by whistling like an Indian, and this led an Indian to appear. Follweiler shot him and quietly buried the body under some rocks in the woods. Upon his death bed, Follweiler told his son that at a certain tree, under rocks, they would find the skeleton of a bear, and on investigation the son found a skeleton, not of a bear, but of the Indian whom their father had shot in the forehead. This Indian's skull until late years was in possession of the Indian fighter's descendants. The gun, he decreed, should go to the oldest son from one generation to another and this identical rifle was last known to be in possession of James Follweiler of Ohio.

* * *

In Kistler Valley, Jacob Billman took up a warrant for land in 1766 and 1772 having lived there several years earlier. The story is current in the township that in the early times the Indians were in the habit of coming over the Blue Mountains and selling their baskets from house to house. The Billmans at one time set the dogs upon them. Some time after that the Billman family were aroused in the night by the Indians, and the whole family with the exception of Mr. Billman were murdered. No one else in the neighborhood was molested. They then crossed the mountains.

Erection of County and Also of Lynn and Heidelberg Townships.

Heidelberg township, Lynn township, and the adjoining township of Albany, Berks County was from the earliest settlement, designated as Allemaengel and in judicial proceedings also called back parts of Macungie or Heidelberg district.

On March 11, 1752, the county of Northampton was established out of part of Bucks County and it then included the region mentioned which extended to the Blue Mountains. In June of that year, the district of Heidelberg was erected in this region. It was so named because of early settlers from the vicinity of Heidelberg, Germany (also written Heydelberg.) In October following, a petition was presented to the court at Easton asking for a new district to be formed out of the western part of Heidelberg. It was called Lynn township in honor of Jacob Lynn one of the first settlers of the district who resided at the base of the Blue Mountain near the eastern line. Lynn township contains 25,640 acres. The area of Heidelberg until 1874 was 33,000 acres but then it was reduced to 17,000 acres.

Lehigh County was formed March 6, 1812, taken from part of Northampton County. The source of the name was the Lehigh River (Indian name). Lehigh—the name is an English corruption of the German shortening of the Indian name which was Lechauweeki, Lechauwiechink, or Lechauweing, which the German settlers contracted to Lecha and which the English corrupted to Lehi or Lehigh. Lechauwoak is a fork. The name Lechauwekink and the other forms signify "at the forks" or "where ther are forks." Heckewelder and others gave the name originally to the place on the river just below Bethlehem, where the Indian trails forked. The name however seems to be more commonly applied to the forks of the Delaware at Easton. The Indians froquently gave this name to the junction of the two streams.

Heidelberg for almost a hundred years comprised in addition to its present territory that which is now included in Washington Township. August 16, 1847, Washington, then named Dallas, was separated from Heidelberg.

Other Interesting Landmarks and Features

On the farm of Mr. Jonas J. Kistler (now Phaon Kistler, Jan., 1949) in Kistler Valley, Lynn Township, there is evidence of an early graveyard established by the Moravians. The sacred spot is well marked by a growth of trees in the middle of a plowed field. The first congregation brought into existence in those parts was formed by Moravian missionaries from Bethlehem and was called the Allemaengel Moravian Church. The old Moravian burial ground is numerously dotted with clayed mounds, underneath which repose over a hundred of the ancient brotherhood of that section. The foundations of the old church are no longer visible but are now under a ploughed field. The graveyard is now nearly obliterated by trees. In 1911 six of the many markers and tombstones were found standing around a tree with inscriptions upon them which indicated that they were put there from 1746 to 1770. As of today (1/49) there are no markers remaining. Today there are five stones remaining, which are being held by Phaon Kistler. He removed them from the graveyard because many of the other markers were removed by persons who identified themselves as historians and descendants of the Moravian settlers buried there. Some of them had promised to return the stones after taking pictures or making moulds of them, however none were ever returned. Phaon Kistler deserves credit for removing the few remaining stones, with the intention of imbedding, in the near future, these few inscribed stones in concrete and placing them back in the graveyard in order to preserve them, and to prevent individual collectors from carrying them away. Thus imbedded in concrete they will mark this historical spot for centuries to come. It is to be regretted that the other stones were never returned.

The Moravian school house is said to have been situated in the other valley eastward from the church. The Moravians are locally known as the "Herrnhuter," named for Herrnhut, Germany, from where they last come to Pennsylvania.

The five stones remaining have the following markings on them: one with the letters "C R R," 1761; another with F 1759; a third has the following fragments—George Volk, Geboren—? den 14 ?,170?—Heimge ? den 13 ? 176?; a fourth has 175?; and the fifth, —? R 1756. These remaining stones are now only fragments of the original tombstones and the question marks above are to indicate the parts of the stones that are broken away.

To Be Continued

THE WALK TO EMMAUS

The altar-curtains of the peaceful west,
Embroidered with the gold of setting day,
Enfold the day-star's calm and kingly rest,
As two walk slowly on their homeward way.

Their hearts are sad, their footsteps strangely slow,
And oft, where sunset tints still faintly fall,
And leave on sombre rocks an amber glow,
Communings deep their careless steps enthrall.

Lo! in their midst One clad in garb of light,
And mien all luminous with love divine,
Now walks, as one who triumphed in His might,
All glory-circled in the day's decline.

The chilling fear, the dawning hope's return,
That agitate their anxious souls, He knows;
And from the Stranger's lips flow words that burn,
Until each heart with holy ardor glows.

Now light from darkness springs, as day from night;
A path of glory leads from age to age—
From Eden's guarded gates to Calvary's height—
As He expounds to them the sacred page.

Their quickened faith, their inner break of day,
Now clears the mystery that veiled the cross.
"O Blessed One, abide with us," they pray;
"With Thee to bless the bread we feel no loss."

In lonely hours of life be near us, Lord,
And walk with us, when night's approach we see;
And when Thou dost unfold Thy quickening Word,
May sad and weary hearts still turn to Thee.

Abide with us, Thou ever-living Friend!
Sweet converse hold with us, and we with Thee;
Abide with us until our journey's end—
Until these veiled eyes Thy glory see.

—CHARLES SIEGEL

NOTE—The only justification for publishing the above in the ECK is the fact that it is an English poem of beauty and distinction written by a Pennsylvania German poet who also expressed himself in High German and in dialect verse. Charles Siegel (1846-1931) deserves to be better known. For a detailed account of him see Don Yoder's valuable article "Charles Siegel—Dialect Poet" published in the ECK for June 12, 1948.—ED.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO LIVED IN A WOOD

En alder Mann, der wuhnt im Busch,
Ihm fallt mol ebbes ei:
Er saagt er schafft so viel im Daag,
As wie sei Fraa in drei.

"Du meenscht verleicht," so saagt die Fraa,
"Ich waer deheem am Ruhge!
Nau maerrye bleibscht du mol deheem;
Ich geh ins Feld fer bluge.

Du melkscht mer dann die Blimmy Kuh,
Schunscht gengt sie aa noch drucke;
Un draus im Schdall sin gleene Sei,
Du musscht nooch selle gucke.

Uffs scheckich Hinkel geb mer acht!
Des legt so gaern ins Feld;
Un dann en guder Iems gekocht,
Un Middaags annegschdellt!"

Die Mammi nemmt die Geil ins Feld
Un schpannt sie in der Bluck.
Der Daadi melkt die Blimmy Kuh,
Doch hot 's ken rechter Zuck.

Noh schmeisst die Kuh der Eemer um
Un schwenselt nooch de Micke;
Er schtosst re in die Rippe nei,
Noh fangt sie aa zu kicke.

"Nau, Blimmy! Ho! Blimmy! Ho!
Nau Blimmy, halt mol schdill!
Wann ich dich widder melke sott,
Dann waer's net ass ich's will!"

Noh geht er in der Seischdall nei,
Vergesst der Kopp zu ducke;
Un wie er an en Balke schdosst,
Ya, dann dutt's awwer gschpucke!

Des scheckich Hinkel sucht er dann;
Ya, des hot sich verloffe.
Un Middaagesse, liewi Zeit!
Do iss mol nix zu hoffe.

So schweert er dann bei Sunn un Mond
Un Schdaerne in der Heeh!
Sei Fraa kann schaffe wie sie will,
Er losst sie numme geh.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH



The Moravian Graveyard located on the Phaon Kistler Farm in Kistler Valley, Lynn Township.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Any mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good.
Stowe.

Two Notable Anniversaries

It is a big week for the Allentown Hospital which is observing its 50th anniversary and in consonance with its rapid growth on Thursday night graduated the largest class of young women in its history from its college of nursing.

An idea of the working staff of the hospital can be gained from this single figure, the number of the graduating class for back of the 72 young women who have completed their course of training in the hospital are the scores of young women who are in their earlier years of work.

What perhaps was most heart - warming during the week was the expression of high loyalty to the institution on the part of the several thousand women who have gone away from the hospital as trained nurses and who returned to this city in droves this week to participate in the exercises of their alma mater. Then there has been the very evident manifestation of public regard for and loyalty to the institution at the various functions which have marked the observance of the Golden Anniversary of the Hospital,—the dedication of the new Trexler Diagnostic Clinic and Health Center and the graduation exercises on Thursday and the Community dinner in the Americus hotel last evening.

Thruout it all the figure of Dr. Robert L. Schaeffer has loomed high and the stature of this inspirational and trusted physician and surgeon has been recognized for outstanding contributions to the work and growth of the hospital.

For forty-one years he has been associated with the institution, twenty - five of which have been passed as the chief of staff. The amount of work which has been done by him in that time is almost incredible but it is illustrative of the vast amount of good that can be done for humanity by men with the capacity for organization and for almost constant work when possessed of the ordered facilities of a great hospital.

In the hush of the operating room, where white - clad figures move with almost machine - like precision, he has worked over probably as many as forty thousand ill and injured persons in the course of his service. Thousands and thousands have left the hospital in the course of his years to call his name blessed, for their memory of him is not merely the confused one of a person passing under or coming out from the influence of anaesthetics but that of the kindly person who continued careful and sympathetic watch during the period of recovery. Always there were words of good cheer from him that were good as or better than tonic.

So the golden anniversary of the hospital has been not merely an institutional but a personal affair, as man-made institutions cannot help butbe. This week has also been a splendid 25th or silver anniversary for and it has served to point up the gigantic tasks and the notable contributions which have been made during the hospital's most important years of work by its chief of staff, Dr. Robert L. Schaeffer.

Fill Every Allotted Space

According to indications, Lehigh County will be eligible to send fifty underprivileged boys to the state camp which is to be opened at Indiantown Gap this summer.

This is Governor Duff's pet project and the Legislature agreed with him that it is a project which well may be tested. Certainly life in the outdoors under competent direction is a healthful and character - building life for boys. Sons of those in the upper economic brackets can and already do enjoy it. Governor Duff wants to make it possible for those in the lower brackets to be benefitted also.

In this community we have the institutions which can recommend not fifty but five hundred or more boys if it be desired, who would benefit from the experience of camping with boys of their own age. It is to be hoped that every place allotted to Lehigh will be filled.

Fans Mourn Sam Breadon

The death of Sam Breadon touched Allentown baseball fans with a poignancy unusual to the passing of people in the sports world for Sam thru his interest in Allentown's baseball opportunities and his visits here made himself felt as a friend to all the lovers of baseball.

It can be said that the fans felt they were individual personalities to the bluff baseball magnate and that his extension of the St. Louis Cardinals' farm system to this city was a personal tribute to them and his expression of confidence in them.

They admired the man who had been a poor boy but on the basis of a few hundred dollars of savings got into organized baseball and built up a fortune. They could do naught else for a man who had the ability to pick men to the end that in 21 years his ball clubs had achieved nine pennants in the National League and had won six world championships. Furthermore he had built up what in his time was the greatest baseball empire and was possessed that Sam Breadon liked Allentown and in turn they liked Sam Breadon.

Vandalism in National Parks

There is a small segment of our population that deserves no share in the national heritage and in this group are those who desecrate the national parks. The little known but shocking story of this vandalism recently was spread upon the pages of the Congressional Record by Representative Louis B. Heller. Here are some typical illustrations: At the foot of Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon was a case of exhibits with a glass cover so large that it had to be carried down the eight miles by men, not by mules. Last year somebody broke the glass. In the Rocky Mountain National Park the glass over a big panoramic picture diagram was twice broken and the exhibit ruined by subsequent rain. The Scotts Bluff National Monument observation station has been repeatedly destroyed and recently at the birthplace of George Washington an ancestral brass candlestick was stolen. In the past eight years at Gettysburg souvenir hunters have carried away 408 parts of cannon and have pried out and stolen a sword from a statue.

Grand Canyon has lost the heavy oak cross at the Shrine of the Ages, the scene of religious ceremonies, and initials have been carved in the walls of famous missions. They have also been cut in priceless original woodwork that can never be restored. Nearly everywhere are to be found cheap sentiments recorded in lipstick, which can be removed from a woman's lips but which is almost indelible elsewhere. And, strange as it may seem, the erasure of obscenities is a part of the duties of men of the National Park Service.

The sad thing about this vandalism, aside from the fact that some of the damage done is irreparable, is that the appropriations that keep the National Park Service going are inadequate even to repair in any one year the damage that can be repaired. There are no men for policing. Some things are not replaced for two to ten years and the millions of decent persons who visit the national parks are the losers. New York Sun.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER GEORGE WOR GABUTTA: Won sei lebdawg eb-oer fershrucka wor waeich ma bobagoy, don wors der George Jones fon New Tripoli wie sei painter boss Abner Reimert, 'n runner noch da shtadt tzum Dr. Harry A. D. Baer on da 17d un Hamilton g'shick'd hut fer 'n shtub painta. Der Abner hut 'm George shae ous galaig'd wie tzu ra hinnershda kaller dier nei ins hous tzu gae, ow'r hut net 'n wert gabeebs'd fom Docktor Baer seim bobagoy woh 'n yaders fershrack'd os in der kaller kumt.

Der George, woh on gore nix gadenk'd hut er er tzu da kaller dier nei is mit 'm paint kessel un barshda in ainra hond, un sei painter glaider unnich 'm onnerra, is bol ous da hossa gajump'd wie er eb-ber hoerra hut shelda, un "Katie, Katie, Katie," greisha. Sis 'm kalt der ouckle nuf galoffa, un os er net allas falla hut lossa un is shtarta shpringa, wor allas. Der George hut sei Elsie shun 'n monich mohl hoerra greisha, ow'r noch nee mohls so sharaf wie sellie shproch woh er k'hoert hut, ow'r niemond sehna hut kenna.

Der bobagoy halt sich immer im fenshter uf, uns sis hard tzu sawga wel fon na os es arrickshd fershrucka wor wie sie nonner recht in die auga gaguck'd hen-der George odder der bobagoy. Der bobagoy hut ow'r grawd gawist, wos tzu sawga, yusht hut so shtarrick g'shetzt os der George net 'n wert fershtae hut kenna, un hut numma gawinsch'd der Abner wear selwar noch Allentown fer sellie shtub awshtreicha.

Des da langeros der George der bobagoy aw gaguck'd hut, des da aryer is der fogel aw gonga un hut k'hous'd un g'sholda os gross ordich wor tzu hoerricka. Der George wor net yusht da gonsa dawg narafich un tzitterich os er shier net gawist hut tzu painta, ow'r wor owets wie er hame kumma, is, noch so fergelshter'd os er ken obadit kot hut fer supper essa. 'S hut weil ganumma bis er seinra Elsie fertzailt hut wos g'shaina wor, un des da wenicher os er hoert fon da bobaoy g'shicht, des da liever is es 'm.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OWR So 'n aryer humdsmon, un hunter os der garagemon Dewey Lentz fon Newhards is, is nix in da welt os er aryer uf 'm shtrich hut wie lavendicha, mice, rotta un grundsi.

Der Dewey gang'd aenichie tzeit liever darrich fire, os wie on aenich ains fon da drei ferbei.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — The lifting of the Berlin blockade has not lifted the mystery that lies behind the Russian decision to end it.

There are those who say the Russians were impressed by America's might. This is not persuasive, because the demonstration of America's willingness spend huge sums of money to achieve an objective in diplomacy has been proved even more conclusively by the adoption of the Marshall plan. There are those who say that Russia yielded because she was afraid there would be a separate German state comprising the bulk of the German population and that this would work to her disadvantage in the long run. This also is not persuasive, because as long as a year ago the firm position of the allies was well known to Russia, as was the plan to put the three zones together.

What recent action or development brought the change? The whole policy of the Russians has been based on the idea that by coercion a change in the plans of the allies could be effected. The use of coercion in the middle of a diplomatic negotiation would have been as quickly resented by the Soviets as it was, indeed, resented by the western allies.

The Russians now have tried coercion and have found that the allies cannot be coerced. The speed with which the rearmament program was adopted and the readiness of both political parties in the United States to spend vast sums to put the army, navy and air force into shape for instant action has unquestionably impressed Russia but the possession of the atomic bomb by the United States probably has had an even greater effect in deterring the Soviets from making war.

In all the discussion about lifting of the blockade, no explanation has been made as to why Russia did not attach a single condition before agreeing to end the controversy over the use of the railroads into Berlin. Usually a nation puts in some face - saving clause or asks for such a method of termination as will not indicate that one side or the other has gained a point. In this instance, the Russians have been willing to let the whole world know that they yielded— the whole world except perhaps the people behind the "Iron Curtain."

The explanation for Russia's behavior might possibly be found in the fact that the "Voice of America" broadcasts have been jammed in recent days. It could mean that the Soviet rulers feared the western countries might gloat over the lifting of the blockade and therefore it would not be wise to let Russian listeners hear about it. Counter-propaganda based on facts at last is having its effect.

On the assumption that the most pressing problems of Russia are internal and that war is as unpopular there as inside the United States, it can be readily seen that Russia, without Marshall plan help, feels the pinch and looks ahead to an even more trying situation on the economic side.

It can be assumed also that the debates in the United Nations taught certain Russian representatives that world opinion is still the most powerful influence in the making of government policy in large areas of the world where valuable resources are located. Without the support of world opinion, Russia cannot achieve economic rehabilitation.

It was the Marshall plan's success that doubtless caused the change in Russian policy. It was the constant reiteration of the case of the allies in all parts of the world that brought the Russian rulers to make an all-important decision in the direction of peaceful relations.

It is natural that there should be caution where there has been distrust but in the long history of diplomacy it rarely happens that a major change in policy is made for one incident or one brief period. The Russians plainly have abandoned coercion and are trying western diplomacy. It is a healthful sign and proves that ideas sometimes penetrate even iron curtains.

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Why?

By HENRY McLEMORE

Just why the English royal family should get so dad-blamed burned up over an Italian photographer taking a picture of Princess Margaret Rose in a bathing suit is beyond me.

For years and years they have been allowing photographers to take pictures of Queen Mary in those hats she wears, without raising a finger to stop them.

Now don't try to tell me that Princess Margaret doesn't look better in a bathing suit than her grandmother does in those four-story turbans she has been inflicting on herself and the public for half a century or more.

What in the world is Princess Margaret supposed to wear when swimming if it isn't a bathing suit? I could understand the Buckingham bluebloods getting upset if the photographer had snapped a picture of the Princess swimming while wearing an evening dress, or a raccoon coat, or an ermine cloak and her father's crown. But why all the excitement over a picture of her in swimming in a costume expressly designed for such a purpose?

They might just as well stamp their royal feet and narrow their royal eyes at any photographer who took a picture of the princess daring to wear a riding habit while riding a horse, or wearing a raincoat when walking in the rain.

There is the chance, of course, that Mrs. Harry Truman inspired the royal family to take the bathing suit stand it did. You will remember that when the president was last at Key West on vacation photographers were forbidden to snap him while in swimming, and he explained the ban by saying that Mrs. Truman had told him never to pose in a bathing suit. I can understand Mrs. Truman's attitude, because my wife is of the same mind. She says I am far more attractive in a suit of armor or a diving bell.

Why, I don't know, unless it be because my knees have an affinity for one another, and stay as close together as possible, while my ankles are dread enemies and get as far from one another as they can.

Speaking of Margaret Rose reminds me of roses, and roses remind me of spring, and spring reminds me of something of which I have written about a thousand times — women's clothes.

Why is it that women have a change of clothes for each season of the year? Honest, you'd think they were trees, and that the laws of nature demanded that they have a switch of foliage. Come to think of it, most women do have something in common with trees — they have a sap (or saps) working for them.

Spring being here, women have to have spring clothes Why? Why (to use two "whys" in a row) couldn't women just take off the coatthey wore during the winter to keep warm and use the same dress for spring? Men do that. The same old suit that worked for winter, works for spring. All that is needed for a man to make the haberdashery switch from snow to robins is to shed the overcoat and the vest.

As soon as spring has sprung, women have to have summer clothes. Why? (One more "why" and the record for the use of the word will be mine.) Spring is much like summer, so is there any reason for women having to have a new wardrobe for that season of the year?

Men don't. The suit that did faithful service in winter, carried on through spring, continues to do yeoman work in summer.

I won't name all the seasonal changes of women's clothes, but they have to have outfits for Indian aummer, early fall, late fall, and — before you know it — a new winter set of garments.

I maintain that if the women of this country didn't require so many changes of clothes the U. S. never would have to worry about going bankrupt. Men would have enough money to triple the Marshall plan outlay with a smile.

But I must admit — which kills my entire argument — that I wouldn't have American women change one whit. They're terrible, but they're magnificent.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some senator, I don't remember who, and it doesn't matter, proposed that all members of the Senate be limited in the number of words they may use.

A certain number of words may be inserted free in the Congressional Record, he suggested. But so much per word is to be paid out of the senator's own pocket if he exceeds his verbiage allowance.

Nothing will come of the idea, of course.

Attempting to take the oratorical privilege taken from a politician would be as successful as trying to dam a Mississippi river flood with your thumb.

It can't be done.

* * *

However I wish there could be a self-imposed penalty on the excess use of words.

Words can be very dangerous. Children like to play with matches.

Grownups like to play with words.

Both are equally inflammable.

Every war, every strike, every domestic fight is preceded by a barrage of inflammatory words.

A bullet hits the mark and is spent.

Words travel on. They spread as they travel. They arouse, incite, inflame.

One of the greatest troubles with words is that often the vilest cowards can do the greatest damage with them.

* * *

Words are cheap. Perhaps that is why successful men use them sparingly.

People rich in thoughts and ideas don't have to use cheap words.

* * *

We are living in an age of unrest and social changes. Uncertainty and discontent are rampant.

Instead of allaying our fears and doubts, rabble rousers and irresponsible would-be reformers are substituting inflammatory orations for sound reasoning and reassuring logic.

* * *

Men and women who themselves have achieved nothing promise to lead us into Utopia.

They try to convince us that the old principles of ability, industry and honesty are out of date. They try to persuade us that laziness, shiftlessness, stupidity and rebellion are the new coins of the realm.

* * *

Don't believe them.

Don't let the spellbinders tell you that milk and honey are to be had for the sitting-down and the day-dreaming.

Cows still have to be milked. Bees still have to hustle for the sweet stuff.

Justice has been pictured as blind. Justice is not blind. Justice has her eyes wide open and "does to you as you do to them."

* * *

There is only one Utopia to which you can be admitted without work, without saving, without ability, without brains.

That Utopia is the poorhouse.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

New York's Mayor Bill O'Dwyer spotted Harry Hershfield, the star of the radio program, "Can You Top This," in the throng pouring out of the Yankee stadium after a big double-header with the Cleveland Indians. "Climb into my car, Harry," suggested the mayor, "and I'll drive you downtown."

The car zoomed southward, ignoring red lights, at about 65 miles an hour. "Slower," begged Hershfield. "It's perfectly all right," soothed O'Dwyer. "Everybody knows I'm in this car." "Granted," said Hershfield, "but I'd also like everybody to see who's with you."

* * *

The star reporter of the Belfast News was so impressed at the launching of His Majesty's carrier "Bulwark" that he wound up his ecstatic dispatch, "The Duchess mashed a bottle of champagne against the bow with unerring aim, and then, while the huge crowd cheered madly, she slid majestically down the greasy slipway into the sea."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 14, 1924, a Wednesday

George E. Reitz attained the highest average in the examinations for township school graduation conducted by County Superintendent Mervin J. Wertman and Assistant Robert C. Landes. Miriam R. Lutz was second.

The Young Men's Bible class of Bethany United Evangelical church met at the home of Earl Ott.

A Mother and Daughter program was held at Salem Reformed church. Mrs. William J. Koons was toastmaster. The Sunday school orchestra played, with Mrs. Mildred Melchor directing. Mrs. William Fister and Dorothy Schleifer put on a skit.

Horoscope

With due caution in all matters of business and social life, your next year should be quite successful. If today's child shows excessive self-will and pride, wise training will correct this.

Today's Text

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

1 Chronicles 16:23-34

When David had established his headquarters in Jerusalem as his capital city, he was not satisfied merely to make it his political capital, but he desired it to be the center of the religious and spiritual aspirations of his people. To this end he brought the art of God, the symbol of his presence, from the home of Obed-edom, where it had been sheltered ever since the Philistines had returned it, to Mount Zion, one of the hills of Jerusalem, where he had erected a tent in which to house it. (Read 2 Samuel 6 for details). In connection with the ceremonies on this occasion, David offered sacrifices, gave gifts of food to the people, and arranged for a great musical festival, for which service he appointed the words of a Psalm to be sung, vs. 8-36, composed of Psalm 105:1-15, Psalm 96, and portions of several others in the book of Psalms. In the portion for today, he calls upon the heathen nations who serve idols to worship the true and living God, the maker of heaven and earth, that they may rejoice and sing unto Him Who rules over the work of His hands, and give glory to His name, because of His marvellous works and His salvation.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DEATH OF A BOOK

"This is the latest book," he said.
"The books of yesterday are dead.
Now, as from page to page you go,
Remember, there's still more to know.

"When to the final leaf you turn,
Remember, there is more to learn.
For books, as even you and I,
Fulfill their purpose here, and die.

"This is the latest book, concerned
With all that man to date has learned;
But when is found what lies ahead
This book will join the countless dead."

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THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER END OF LEHIGH COUNTY

By CARL D. SNYDER

Continued

Soon after the Allemaengel Moravian Church was established in Kistler Valley, the Rev. Heinrich Melchior Muhlenberg established a church in the same vicinity and called it the Allemaengel Lutheran now known as Jerusalem, also called the "Red Church" because the outside wood work including the roof was painted red well over a hundred years ago. Even though this church is in Albany township it will be discussed here because most of the congregation came from Lynn.

Jerusalem Church stands quite near the boundary line between Albany and Lynn, both of which became townships in 1735. About this time a number of families from New Hanover settled here. Soon after Muhlenberg's arrival in America, they persuaded him to visit the place. He was deeply moved by their desire to build a church and their utter inability to do so. In 1746 he induced his father-in-law, Conrad Weiser, to buy a fifty acre plot of ground for them.

While they were erecting a log building, the Moravian emissaries from Bethlehem (Emaus) appeared on the scene and proclaimed themselves the genuine Lutherans. This was an echo of the "Tulpehocken Confusion" and the controversy that raged between the three parties which sprang up was quite bitter. Operations were suspended before the roof was placed on the structure. The Moravians thinking they had gained the advantage, undertook to complete the edifice "with the understanding that it should be a Brethren Church." But as Muhlenberg still held the title to the ground he prevented this movement. In 1770 after the confusion had altogether subsided he deeded the ground to Philip Stambach, Jacob Gortner, Valentine Brobst, Matthias Brobst and George Kistler. This deed is recorded in the Berks County Court House. At this time the pastor Rev. Daniel Schumacher (not ordained and feuding with Muhlenberg) with a considerable number of members withdrew and built about a half a mile to the south near Wessnersville (also known as Stoney Run.) This church was called New Allemaengel or White Church.

Rex's Mill—probably the earliest mill in Lehigh County was situated on the Switzer Creek in Lynn township near Steins Corner, near the boundary line of Weissenberg, the dam being in Weissenberg. It was about a quarter of a mile below where Greenwalds mill now is. Rex's mill was built of logs and was already an old mill that had probably stood for a half a century in 1790 when Greenwalds mill was built. In 1790 and thereabout Rex's mill was doing a large business, and Mr. Greenwald asked Mr. Rex. to sell it to him but the latter refused, thus Mr. Greenwald built a mill just above it. Rex's mill was used to make flour and chaff, also for hulling millet, which was at that time much used for pap, being considered an extra dish, and for breaking and cleaning hemp, and for bruising hemp-seed. The place where the mill was is still visible. Here came sturdy farmers from 5, 10, 15 miles to the mill, having a bag of grain on a horse, and sitting on top of it, often passing through woods for miles without roads but only paths with Indians and wild beasts lurking about on each side.



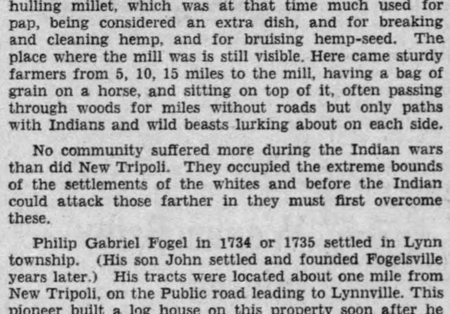
The first Public House built in New Tripoli in 1773. Now owned by Francis Snyder.

No community suffered more during the Indian wars than did New Tripoli. They occupied the extreme bounds of the settlements of the whites and before the Indian could attack those farther in they must first overcome these.

Philip Gabriel Fogel in 1734 or 1735 settled in Lynn township. (His son John settled and founded Fogelsville years later.) His tracts were located about one mile from New Tripoli, on the Public road leading to Lynnville. This pioneer built a log house on this property soon after he had established himself in the township, which stood until 1891, when it was razed by Jacob Mosser the owner at that time. Fogel and some members of his family are buried in a private graveyard on this property. The burial place is located along the public road about 100 feet south of the present brick house. 3 or 4 of the graves were seen until 1890. A few apple trees are on this sacred spot but most of it was used as a garden in the past few years. Harold German is the present owner (1/49.)

Fogel figured prominently in the earliest history and settlement of the township. The house he built was used as a "Block House" and there settlers congregated during Indian invasions. There also was one of the earliest stores in this building, maintained by Fogel.

EBENEZER CHURCH—The foundation of the congregation dates from about the year 1740. Where the road from Lynnville to the Blue Mountain crosses the Ontelaunee there stands a couple of hundred paces on the other side of the creek on this side of Kistler's Mill now Oswald's Mill (1/49) an old weather-boarded log house in which for many years Peter Snyder Esq. of Lynn resided. This old log house witnessed the origin and beginning of the Ebenezer church. About the beginning of the decade between 1740 and 1750 it was the residence of Peter Scholl—active founder of the church. Andrew Steiger, a very talented teacher at that time, held the first divine services with reading of sermons, prayer and praise. Services were held in Peter Scholl's house until the time the church could be erected. It was also the place of refuge in the time of the Indian troubles for the neighbors when threatened with danger. It was at the same time a store kept by Scholl. In 1761 the church building was erected. It had been planned as early as 1750 but the Indians who had a village in the vicinity, becoming troublesome and burning down more than one-half of the dwellings of the settlers, the construction was postponed from year to year until they believed themselves safe from further attacks of the savages. The church had a small organ, thus was called the "Orgel Kirche" (Organ church.)



The Handwerk Homestead built in 1769. Now owned by John Hunsicker, Heidelberg Township.

The first hotel built in New Tripoli was probably in 1773 when a two-story stone building was erected on the road toward Schnecksville (now Wayne street) several hundred feet from Madison. This interesting building is still standing in a good state of preservation with the year 1773 plainly visible at the top of the west gable end. Francis Snyder is the present owner (1/49).

'T WAS ONCE UPON A TIME WHEN JENNY WREN WAS YOUNG

Des waar emol en scheeni Zeit,
Zaahschlipperli waar yung;
Es danst so schee un singt so fei,
Un waar gewiss net dumm.
Noh waar's aa gaar net yuscht so lang,
Do kummt en Amschel bei
Un singt en wunnerscheenes Lied;
Kummt uff die Freierei.

"Zaahschlipp-se-lipp! Zaahschlipp-se-lieh!
Ich wott du waerscht mol mei;
Dann lebscht du yuscht vun Kaerscheboi
Un drinkscht Kansdrauwewei.
Wie'n Goldfink waerrschte dann gegleed,
So waahr as ich der saag!
Pohaahne kann net schenner sei;
So nenn mer yuscht der Daag!"

Zaahschlipperli waerd rot im Gsicht,
Es waar so bleed un schei;
"O Amschelchi, mei Amschelchi,
Nau bin ich ewich dei!
Ich gleich die gude Kaerschebol,
Ich gleich Kansdrauwewei;
Mei braune Fedre sin mir gut,
Ich bin yo net so fei!"

Des Amschelchi schteht maeryets uff,
Net faul un aa net mied,
Un fliegt zu seim Zaahschlipperli
Un singt ihm widder 'n Lied;
"Zaahschlipp-se-lieh un Amschelieh!"
Sell hot sie doch verschdanne.
Die Amschel singt des Lied zum End,
Fangt widder aa vun vanne.

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

NOTES

The first issue of THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, long heralded and long anticipated, has arrived. It is an 8-page tabloid weekly, the first of its kind, devoted entirely to our Pennsylvania German culture. The breezy style, the intimate air that pervades it, and the assurance that it will be unacademic will win THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN a wide patronage. It goes forth under the aegis of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc., Franklin and Marshall College. The first number introduces to the reader its three capable Co-editors: Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, Head of the Department of American Folklore at Franklin & Marshall College, who is in charge of folklore, arts and crafts; Dr. Donald H. Yoder, of the Department of History, Muhlenberg College, who edits the pages devoted to history, religion and genealogy; and Dr. J. William Frey, Professor of German, Franklin & Marshall College, Editor of the now defunct Eileschpiggel, whose department includes the dialect, literature and music. They offer a rich and varied material, whose scope is best indicated in the prospectus which has gone forth and from which we quote the following:

"THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN is a **popular** and NOT a **learned** magazine. It will bring a weekly calendar—one whole page—on what is happening of Pennsylvania Dutch interest throughout the entire Pennsylvania Dutch country. There will be a weekly column on customs and beliefs, dialect stories, local history, family history, church history, folktales, folksongs, music, cooking, farms and farming, arts and crafts, antiques, games and sports—in fact, the whole field of Pennsylvania Dutchiana will be covered. There will be brief reviews of books, articles, dialect columns and radio programs of Pennsylvania Dutch interest. There will be weekly articles on Pennsylvania Dutch personalities in the news of yesterday and today. There will be hundreds of new Pennsylvania Dutch words for a dialect dictionary and, finally, for those interested in learning the dialect, there will be a short weekly installment of a Pennsylvania Dutch Grammar."

Subscription rates are $3.00 per year (52 issues.) Checks are to be made out to The Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Inc., Franklin & Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa.

* * *

The Wyomissing Institute of Fine Arts, Wyomissing, Pa., under the direction of Mrs. Lila Lerch, has recently established a Pennsylvania Folk Art Department, with Dr. Arthur D. Graeff as Consultant. Its purpose is, in part, to satisfy the demands for vocational training in the sound craftsmanship of our earlier Pennsylvania artisans. According to the prospectus sent forth students may specialize in the following arts:

1. FRAKTUR—The highly decorative calligraphy found on old Pennsylvania documents, is the basis of an art course that studies the designs of the past with the idea of motivating the creations of the present. Instructor: Miss Louise Edye, B.S., Western Reserve University Cleveland School of Art, The Kirkland School of Art, Denver, Colorado.

2. POTTERY AND CERAMICS—By the study of the graceful and simple designs of the old folk pieces, their use of color and glaze, students are given a feeling for the genuine Pennsylvania craft. They are encouraged to follow their own individual urge in adapting the old designs to new patterns both in the field of pottery and in the more delicate art of ceramics. Instructor: Olive Zehner, B.S., Temple University.

3. LANGUAGE—A study of the Pennsylvania dialect and grammar aims to give the student a working knowledge of the speech still in everyday use. Instructor: John N. Ritter, S.T.M., Th.D.

4. LITERATURE—This course includes the entire period of the local literature. Instructor: John N. Ritter, S.T.M., Th.D.

5. FURNITURE AND DECORATIVE DESIGN—Special study will be made of designs that are applicable to wood, tin, murals, glass, as well as of the sturdy furniture with its peasant quality. Especial emphasis will be placed on the Pennsylvania Dutch home decoration. Each student will complete authentic interiors. A separate prospectus of the study of furniture and decoration will be furnished on request. Instructor: Lila Lerch, formerly interior-decorator for J. B. Van Sciver Co. Schools, The Stewart Academy, The Penn Art School and the Wyomissing Institute of Fine Arts.

If registrations warrant, courses will also be offered in the following phases: Rug Making, Textile Design, Metal Craft, Toleware, Woodcarving, Weaving, Glass, Reverse Painting on Glass and Needlework.

The oldest surviving building in Heidelberg township of "Ye Colonel Days" is situated on the farm of John Hunsicker (1/49), two miles north of Germansville and it constitutes one of the half dozen dwellings which make up what is known in the communnty for many miles as "Handwerk-schtaedtel" on account of the activity, success and prominence of the families there by this name. It has two stories built of stone, 24 by 34 feet, over a superior spring of water which has not been known to run dry. The sides of the building indicate the four points of the compass as the buildings of the first settlers were generally made to do. On the south side, over the main entrance between windows in the second story, there is a walled-in inscription stone, 12 by 20 inches, with the following legend:

HANNES HANDWERCK
MIT GOTT HAB ICH DIES
HAUS GEBAUT IM IAHR
CHRISTI ANNO
1769

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Editorials

Thought for Today

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are commonly more careful of it than those by whom it may have been inherited.

—Colton.

Machinery Back in Fair

There was no question that the absence of heavy farm machinery from the exhibits at the Allentown Fair last year presented a gap in the all-round agricultural program which the Fair presented in former years. Therefore the decision of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society to encourage the return of these exhibits to the fair this year by the offer of free space will be welcomed by the agricultural community and also by the many city dwellers, who often are just as much intrigued by this machinery altho they cannot comprehend its value as farmers do.

When the machinery exhibitors were faced by heavy charge for the use of ground they balked. First of all, they had not paid for the ground before. Secondly, they had to incur large expense in the movement of the machines and preparation for its care while out in the open, and thirdly, they contended that sales, and therefore financial advantage, were practically nil.

So the Fair Society, which in effect underwrites a good many other features of the exhibition in order to make it a well - rounded one, has removed the conditions that brought about a void in the agricultural show. In September we'll have opportunity again to see the newest and the best things in the field of agricultural machinery. We'll see what it is that distinguishes American agriculture for the agriculture of the rest of the world and in seeing it we'll be able to realize why it is that America is able to feed such a large part of the world and do it without slave labor or what is next to it, poorly paid agricultural workers.

Jail for Peeping Toms

The police welcome the new State law which makes it a misdemeanor to "loiter and prowl at night time."

Hardly a night passes that our police fail to receive calls from citizens, principally women, in which it is complained that mysterious strangers are peeping into windows, loitering in and moving around the corridors of apartment houses and acting in a manner that suggests they are contemplating robbery or some other, probably a sex crime.

Repeatedly police take young men into custody after such complaints but as a rule no definite crime can be charged against them. They could not be prosecuted for their intentions, if such intentions were evil. Of course they did not tell what their intentions were in rousing people from sleep by knocking upon doors and asking whether Susie or Hannah or some other mythical person was at home. Inference of those disturbed was that the caller or callers knew neither a Susie nor a Hannah, that it was merely a ruse to learn who was at home in the apartment, to see things that should not be seen or to have the door opened to an opportunity for crime.

Even when "peeping Toms" have been chased and captured by the police, and their guilty intentions seem to have been revealed in their running away, the police have been able to do very little except charge disorderly conduct. That in itself was a questionable charge and difficult of proof.

So the Legislature during its recent session did something about this common practice, under which punishment can be meted out to the prowlers, the peeping Toms and even such fellows as those who menaced "spooners" along Cedar Parkway on Thursday night, throwing stones and in one case striking a young woman, narrowly missing an eye.

It promises to be tough for this class of fun and excitement-seekers for threat of a jail term up to a year and a fine up to $1,000 stares them in the face if captured by the police.

Reds' Apologist Turns

Louis Fischer, who for many years was an American newspaperman in Russia and became acknowledged as an authority on Soviet Russia, wrote so many hopeful things about that country, its people and its rulers that he came to be regarded as the Soviet's leading apologist to the western world.

But Fischer, like any honest newspaperman who writes objectively, could not forever be fooled by hopes. So we have recently witnessed his turning against the Red regime because, as he reports, he can see from the record that the ruling group has nothing but contempt for the common man, the very person whom the Communists profess to be so much concerned about not only in Russia but thruout the world.

Writing in a recent issue of Look magazine, Mr. Fischer explains that many persons turned to Russia in the twenties because the Bolshevik revolutionists promised an international society which would assure the world - wide abolition of poverty, discrimination and war, but he charges that the present - day leaders have betrayed these principles.

He dates the real decadence of the Communist society from 1928, when Leon Trotsky was exiled for political differences with Stalin. Under Lenin's leadership such controversies were resolved by Communist party debates and ballots. Lenin's exile was followed by the infamous Moscow trials and after that the GPU became supreme. Collectivization of agriculture in 1929, which brought machinery, seed experiments and other scientific innovations to Russia also sent hoards of farmers to slave labor camps and resulted in merely a twentieth century form of serfdom, continues the Look article. In 1934 when Sergei Kirov, Communist boss of Leningrad was assassinated, 103 persons who had been in jail for many months before his death were executed. 1935 brought the Stalin Constitution with its inspiring bill of rights but no executive or judiciary machinery to carry it out. The GPU was not purged as announced but merely reshuffled and given more power. From then on thousands died in the GPU cellars without trial and from a shot in the back of the head.

Russia's reversion to nationalism and the Soviet - Nazi pact of August 23, 1939, which committed the Soviet to the course of aggression it is still pursuing, constituted a complete betrayal of the originators of the Bolshevik revolution, concludes the LOOK article. "A Democratic Russia would have helped anti-Fascist forces in England and France and might have prevented the war which the totalitarian Soviets helped to start," says Fischer.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ALLAS BOL IN ARDNING:

M'r sin froh tzu sawga os der Clair Price un sei Katie fon Longswamp, bol allas in ardning hen om Centre Wertshous, uns g'shaina dawg fer dawg arya socha darta won m'r sie yusht ous fin'd. 'S Clairs' worra fer 'n weil fom wershous, ow'r hen die ruh net ferdrawga kenna, un sin widder tzurick, un hen socha gross ordich ferannert. Der shreiner Harry Wersht is shun fer mohneta om shreinerrahen die gross uffa porch inside in die bar shtub ganumma fer 'n rutch board nei duh.

Now won m'r sawga rutch board, don maina m'r net 'n board fer sich druf hucka runner rutcha wie sie hen on Dorney Park. Des is 'n game os sie shpiela mit gawichter iwwer die blonk nous rutcha-'n game os ainer fom Clair seina shreiner, der "Rote" Shadler nimmy shpielt won sei fraw die Evelyn, odder ewwa wie sies beshd bakont is, " 'm Reds sei Shnutzel," dabei is. Er hut die onner nocht langer g'shpielt os ra lieb wor, un sie is hame un hut der "Reds" nous g'shfossa, un er hut die gons nocht uf da mashine k'huck'd shlofa.

Noh hut der Harry Wersht aw shun aryer kotza druvel kot die weil os er om koncreta wor. Mohl ae morya wie er kumma is, hut 'n kotz so hard in da koncreting fom porcha floor g'shtucka, os er ra die fier bae ob saiga hut missa fer sie lose griega, un der Clair wairt sich wie alla hanker, fer batzawla fer da kotz hiltzna bae shnitzla.

Der LeRoy Baumer is widder tzurick ols barkipper-der kerl woh nix liever dut wie marrick sheesa mit ra kugla flint. Sie sawga 's wear gore nix fer ihn hummla sheesa im fluck. 'M LeRoy sei bruder Stanley is aw tzimlich gawix'd, yusht hut sich da onner owet gross ordich fersehna wie er 'n pock cigaretts griega hut wolla ous ains fom Clair seina mashina. In blotz fon sei fartel dahler in die cigarett mashine shtecka, hut er 'n in die musick box g'shteck'd, uns same shtick finf mohl iwwer ob hoericha missa.

'M Clair sei Katie is aw immerr bisy mawg m'r onna kumma won m'r wil. Won sie net om bocka odder flaish roashda is, is sie om uhra fixa. Der rattler hut fer 'n longie tzeit net g'shoft un hut nix letzes finna kenna os sie net maint os bissel ale fixa dade, ow'r hut 'n mechdichie tzeit kot fer die shticker widder ol tzurick griega. Wie m'r fert sin, wor sie ols noch tzwae shticker iwwer, un die uhr wor sie shure wear recht innonner. So wie m'r fershtain, wil sie ferarnsht in bisnis gae uhra fixa yusht wase noch net wie sie charga wil, bei da shtun, beim shtick, odder der chob duh wie dale hoar schnidder ols g'shora hen-fer wos iwwerich gabliva is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Tzum ledshda hen m'r mohl widder ebber g'funna os uns net gakent hut-die Jean Gery fon Hereford.

'N onnerer dawg fertzaila m'r weiter.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington — The House Armed Services committee has just taken an unprecedented action — it has requested the secretary of defense to conduct tests to determine whether certain weapons of war for which the government is appropriating billions are really worth the money.

For several months now the nation has been told that its security is assured because it has the B-36 bomber. The air force, proud of its weapon, has given the impression that nothing else mattered because the B-36 was able to fly at 40,000 feet to its target and could not be intercepted.

Then the navy came along with its recent announcement that it had developed a jet fighter plane which could do the intercepting. Up to that time, the air force had claimed that its fighter planes took 23 minutes to climb to 40,000 feet. The navy now says that its jet fighters can climb to 40,000 feet in about seven minutes.

The idea is that radar would notify the defense of the approach of a B-36 from a considerable distance off. The navy contends that its fighter planes can get up to 40,000 feet and engage the bomber 100 miles or thereabouts before it reaches the target.

Obviously if the navy is right about it, the security of the United States shouldn't be placed on this one weapon. Also it is evidence that a healthy rivalry between the two aviation forces is a good thing. The naval and marine corps aviation is a specialized operation in which many years of research and training have been vested.

Reports have been current that the secretary of defense didn't want to make the tests and that he felt it wouldn't aid the cause of unification. The navy's request for tests from the air force have not been accepted.

The intervention, therefore, of the House Armed Services committee is really an attempt to get at the facts about the B-36, which is more than can be said of the way matters were handled with reference to the sudden termination of the contract for the improved aircraft carrier called "The United States."

It is desirable that, with billions being appropriated, there should be every opportunity afforded for experts to testify. The "gag" rule that has been imposed on the military and naval officers has not improved the morale of any of the armed services. It is like suppression of free speech. Opinions then go underground and begin to undermine efficiency.

If the problems were related solely to security, then suppression would be understandable. But the developments are a matter of common knowledge all over the world and what a fighter plane can or cannot do is not difficult for experts to determine.

The impression has been spread that strategic bombers confined solely to the air force can win the next war. The navy agreed at the Key West conference to play a subordinate role in the use of heavy bombers, but it was conceded then that heavy bombers could be used on aircraft carriers for various other purposes. No action has been taken to rescind the terms of the Key West agreement.

The navy is interested in both long - range bombers and fighter planes. It needs them for defensive purposes and to carry out specific missions assigned to the navy — as, for instance, the laying of mines in inland waters and the destruction of submarine pens at ports of the enemy.

The two aviation forces — those of the navy and the air force — can be and in fact have been assigned separate missions. The fact that one can help out the other in an emergency is not a disadvantage but an advantage. To say, therefore, that the navy must not have long - range bombers for its own navy purposes because these weapons could be used for missions that would ordinarily be performed by the air force, is to say that the winning of the war must be a monopoly of one service no matter how long it takes to do the job.

Secretary of Defense Johnson has approved the buying of many hundreds of millions of dollars worth of B-36's without giving the navy a chance to be heard on that subject, though he canceled the carrier contract on the say-so of the other two armed services. In the end, full and thorough discussion and impartial tests of the weapons should clear up the doubts and perhaps result in an improvement of the B-36 bombers and the fighter planes concerned.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

It is always sound to go back to history to get at the facts. So much is made of the wickedness of Franco and of his Spain that it is interesting to note that Franklin D. Roosevelt had an attitude toward Franco which is different from that which is generally assumed. I call attention to this not because I favor Franco's Spain but because I despise the lying and hypocrisy that surround this question.

On Nov. 8, 1942, our ambassador to Spain, Carlton J. H. Hayes, handed Franco a letter from Franklin D. Roosevelt, an official letter between heads of states, which reads as follows:

"Dear General Franco:

"It is because your nation and mine are friends in the best sense of the word and because you and I are sincerely desirous of the continuation of that friendship for our mutual good that I want very simply to tell you of the compelling reasons that have forced me to send a powerful American military force to the assistance of the French possessions in North Africa.

"We have accurate information to the effect that Germany and Italy intend at an early date to occupy with military force French North Africa.

"With your wide military experience you will understand clearly that in the interests of the defense of both North America and South America it is essential that action be taken to prevent an Axis occupation of French Africa without delay.

"To provide for America's defense I am sending a powerful army to French possessions and protectorates in North Africa with the sole purpose of preventing occupation by Germany and Italy and with the hope that these areas will not be devastated by the horror of war.

"I hope you will accept my full assurance that these moves are in no shape, manner or form directed against the government or people of Spain or Spanish Morocco or Spanish territories — metropolitan or overseas. I believe the Spanish government and the Spanish people wish to maintain neutrality and to remain outside the war. Spain has nothing to fear from the United Nations.

"I am, my dear general, your sincere friend

Franklin D. Roosevelt."

This letter was published in the newspapers throughout Spain. As Ambassador Hayes subsequently wrote:

". . .The Spanish people were thus told, in effect, that Spain had nothing to fear from the Allies. They were not told that Spain had nothing to fear from the Axis."

That all seems to be very friendly and nothing appears to indicate that Spain is to be regarded as a pariah forever more. Spain had a right to assume, after the letter from Roosevelt, that there would be no trouble with the United Nations and that no matter who disturbed cordial relations, the United States would be fair to Spain. Such an expectation proved to be without foundation. Of course, a promise by Franklin D. Roosevelt was just charm, meant for the moment, and forgotten as quickly.

The most recent example of American antagonism to Spain, largely to please Soviet Russia and the Communist power in France, appears in Secretary of State Acheson's curious statement in which he sets forth trial by jury as a yardstick for sending an American ambassador to a country. Of the 59 nations associated with the United Nations, how many have trial by jury? Actually, this juridical process is unusual, limited largely to the Anglo-Saxon countries. Naturally, Spain does not use this system as no country grounded in Roman law uses it. The Russians and their Slav, Mongol and other Asiatic associates do not employ this system. Yet Mr. Acheson makes that a yardstick for Spain. Why does he not make it a yardstick for Russia or Poland? Does that mean that if Spain will adopt a jury system, all will be well? How absurd!

This is unpleasant work, constantly calling attention to the double-talk of our officialdom. But it must be done to keep the record straight. Mr. Acheson, more honestly, might have said that we are against Spain because we want to be and whoever does not like it, can lump it. That would have been an honestly factual statement of his attitude.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

John 1:19-34.

For 400 years (often called the Silent Years) the voice of no prophet had been heard in Israel. When John the Baptist appeared with his strong evangelical message of repentance, it was as though an Isaiah or an Elijah had suddenly appeared among God's people. Naturally they flocked to the region of the Jordan, v.28, to hear him, and to see this strange messenger. Priests and Levites came from Jerusalem to ask him who he was. Perhaps he was the Christ (Hebrew, Messiah), promised throughout the Old Testament. Not so, he said. Who then are you? Elijah? No, he said. Then it must be that prophet of whom Moses spoke (in Deut. 18:15). No, he replied. Who then do you say you are? His reply was: 'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; make straight the way of the Lord', quoting Is. 40:3. So the next day he has the great privilege of introducing to the world the Lamb of God. Which taketh away the sin of the world, v.29, the Son of God, v.34, sent of the Father to end all the Old Testament sacrifices, which pointed forward to Him Who was to die 'once' for the sin of all who would receive Him.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 21, 1924, a Wednesday.

The annual banquet of Alton Castle, Knights of the Mystic Chain was held at the Pleasant Corner hotel. A program of cards and dancing followed the dinner.

* * *

The board of directors of the Merchants National bank elected Dr. Francis O. Ritter president of the institution to succeed the late Thomas F. Diefenderfer. Dr. Ritter had served as cashier of the bank since 1911.

* * *

Mrs. Hannah Durham, was elected to serve as vice-chairman of the State Republican committee at an organization meeting in Philadelphia. Mrs. Durham's father, Col. Edward M. Young, was to serve as national Republican delegate for the fourth time.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Cape Codders are a hardy lot. Old Jeb Sawyer of Eastport, for instance was still working eight hours a day at the fishing wharf when he reached his hundredth birthday. The company thought it high time he retired on a pension, but Sawyer didn't like the idea at all. "Ding bust it," he exploded, "when I took this job in 1870, the manager gave me his solemn word that it was PERMANENT."

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

For how old do people take you?

(I don't know whether my grammar is correct in that question, grammar and I having parted company a long time ago, but if it should be "how old do people take you for?" please make your own correction without telling me about it)

* * *

The reason I am asking you is that I had a rather annoying experience at the Publishers' convention in New York recently.

My wife and I had gone to a cocktail party given by my syndicate to visiting editors and publishers at the Waldorf-Astoria. One of the syndicate's salesmen came to me and said:

"Mrs. Soandso, of Soandso, has asked me to introduce you to her. She is a faithful reader of your column and thinks you must be a delightful old man."

Mrs. Soandso being the wife of an important publisher in whose paper my column appears, I naturally obeyed the command.

"Here is old man Brandeis," said the salesman and left me alone with her.

The charming lady blushed a delightful carmine red, and said: "Oh that awful fellow! But, really, from your column I had pictured you as a man of about 70. How can anyone crowd so much common sense into the apparently few years that you have been on this earth?"

* * *

Sounds a bit conceited, doesn't it? But that is what the lady actually said, and if you don't believe it, I'll give you her name and address and you can ask her yourself.

But there is a reason why I tell you about this episode.

It made me think. I want it to make You think.

Why is it that so many of us are being taken for much older than we are?

Is it that we take life too seriously?

Is it that we let little, unimportant things worry and fret us and put wrinkles of age on our foreheads and into our minds?

Is it that we throw our young years and our young ideas to the winds long before we should?

* * *

Why did this woman take me for so much older than what I am?

I am not old. I am too young to be Peggy Joyce's father and if Methuselah were alive I couldn't even yet be his great-grandson.

I never saw Abraham Lincoln and don't even remember the Spanish-American war.

I still dance occasionally, I still believe in love, and, if everything goes all right, I hope to be alive when a quince tree I am planting tomorrow bears fruit.

* * *

But I have made a mistake I don't want you to make: I have borrowed too much trouble that never occurred and worried about too many things that never happened.

Would you believe it? The greatest blessing I ever had was my heart attack a year ago.

It taught me to enjoy every day on its own merit and to let tomorrow take care of itself.

Thus, I am getting younger every day, and in 20 years from now I may again drink milk out of a nippled bottle.

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Horoscope

Direct your thoughts in a useful direction at this time, so you can capitalize on them. Financial matters should improve. Self control, tolerance, high endeavors and ideals should manifest themselves in today's child.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

YOUTH

When the doubters sneer,
Heed not the jibes you hear.
Scoffers will fawn on you
If but your dream comes true.

Deaf to what old men speak,
Dare for the goal you seek.
Always for newer truth
Progress depends on youth.

Age is a stubborn thing,
Bound to the past to cling.
One young and fearless mind
The better way must find.

Scoffers have always sneered.
Doubters have failure feared.
Into the vast unknown
Youth must set out alone.

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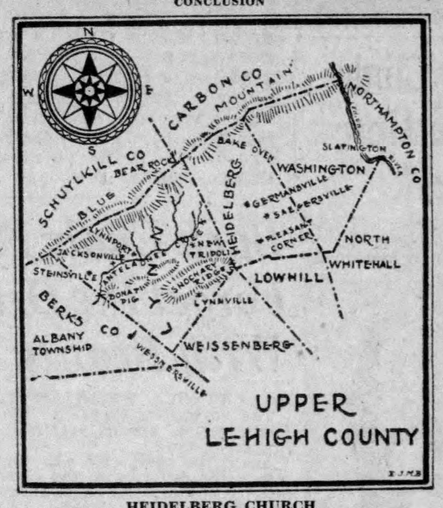
THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE UPPER END OF LEHIGH COUNTY

By CARL D. SNYDER

The writer of this report is a student in Dr. Barba's new course "The Cultural History of the Pennsylvania Germans," Muhlenberg College, 1948-49. He preferred to choose for his subject the early history of his immediate home area. We believed the results of his investigations of sufficient interest to the inhabitants of Lehigh to warrant printing them in the ECK.—ED.

CONCLUSION



HEIDELBERG CHURCH

The first organization of the Heidelberg Chuch took place in 1740 and in 1744 a log church was erected. Meetings were held but as no minister could be engaged, the work of construction was delayed. During this period the services of a reader from Lynn were obtained—Andrew Steiger—and he was accustomed to hold services at the houses of the people. The place for assembling was at Jacob Daubenspecks about one mile south of the church lands. Finally there came a talented Lutheran minister by the name of Jacob Friedrich Schertlein who was sent by Muhlenberg. Then earnest steps were taken to build the first church of logs. The building stood in the northeastern corner of the old graveyard and was called the Hill of Zion.

The oldest legible tombstone in the cemetery is that of Johannes Handwerk, who was buried in 1789.

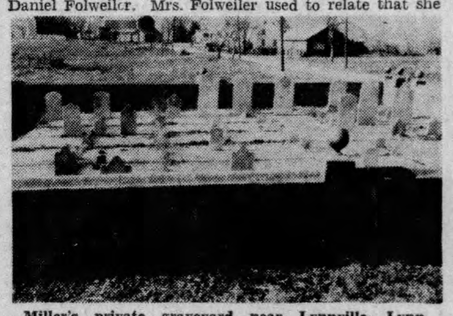
The Heidelberg church still has excellent records of its history, whereas the earliest records of the Ebenezer church were burned during the Indian Wars.

The Indian massacres which during the fifties of the 18th century devastated all the settlements across the Lehigh at Gnadenhuetten (now Lehighton) and in Lynn both on the right and left of the Heidelberg Settlement, passed by this congregation almost without leaving a trace. Scarcely a single murder took place. Nevertheless the members were prepared to render each other prompt assistance. They assisted in burying the murdered in Lynn and Gnadenhuetten. The reason for the freedom of the congregation from the Indian trouble lay, besides the providence of God, possibly in the fact that no Indian village stood within their limits. The nearest village was in Lynn and another was on the other side of the Blue Mountain near Lehighton. The Indian path however led in a straight direction from Lehigh Gap through the present village of Saegersville over the Schochary Mountain.

The Schochary Ridge is a prominent ridge of elevated woodland half a mile wide which extends westwards into the township from Heidelberg at the southeastern corner for about four miles. This name originates from Schoharie in New York State and was doubtless given to this surface formation of the township because some of the earliest German settlers had migrated from that locality and its incorrect spelling arose from their pronunciation of the word in the German language.

Located on the Schochary Ridge at the Berks county line is a prominent peak called Donat Pig (probably intended for Peak). The Adam Kressley farm is situated near "Donats Kopf" on the north slope of the hill. It is locally known as "Saul's Head" and was owned by William K. Fetherolf. A grave is visible there in which a blacksmith named Saul was buried. The hill was named after a pioneer blacksmith.

In 1781 Frederick Leaser owned a tract of land below Jacksonville now owned by his descendents. He was in the Revolution and was engaged as a teamster, having his own team. He hauled the bell from Independence Hall in Philadelphia to Allentown when the British were threatening the city. The hubs of two of the wheels are in the possession of Jesse Folweiler, a descendent who resides near Jacksonville. Frederick Leaser had 3 children: Daniel, who served in the war in 1817 and resided on the homestead; Anna Marie, who married the Rev. Miller; and Marie Dorothea, who became the wife of Daniel Folweiler. Mrs. Folweiler used to relate that she



Miller's private graveyard near Lynnville, Lynn Township.

could remember when the Indians had their tents near her father's house, where she used to play with the Indian children.

One mile east of Lynnville, on the Miller homestead, there is a private burial place, long known as "Miller's Graveyard." It is located at the corner of two public roads, in dimension 50x50 feet with a stone wall in fairly good condition along the two sides adjoining the public roads, the other two sides being enclosed by a fence. One Christian Miller had settled here at a very early period. He, his wife, some children and grandchildren were buried here. Twenty tombstones remain standing and upwards of twenty graves are unmarked. It is noteworthy of mention that, in August 1913, one of the descendents improved this private burial place at great expense by putting around it a concrete wall, by securely fastening the upright tombstones in cement beds, and by covering its entire surface with concrete so as to prevent the growth of obnoxious grasses and weeds, an improvement which has won for him much favorable comment.

It is regrettable that the many other private graveyards could not also have been preserved, including the old log cabins built by our pioneering ancestors.

SCHOOLS

Early settlers soon after their arrival and settlement established places of religious worship, and made provisions for education of their children and in many cases buildings were used for both. Instruction was imparted in reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. Instruction in the catechism, and doctrines of the church with singing was required. The instruction was in the German language but from the years of 1800 to 1820 the English language was gradually but at first very slowly introduced into the more progressive schools. In these schools it was taught in connection with the German.

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DER HAAHNE SINGT SEI MARYESCHTICK

Der Haahne singt sei Maryeschtick
Er dreht fer eener fechte:
Er schtreckt dann hoch sei rot Halsgnick
Un greischt mit grosse Grefte!

Wie weess er dann, dass Helling kummt?
Die Sunn iss noch verschteckelt!
Es hot yo noch ken Peif gebrummt!
Wie hot er's ausgerechelt?

Wu hot er dann sei Schtick gelaernt?
Gedruckte Note gsehne?
Sei Schproch iss gleich iwwer'm ganse Land—
Browier's ihm mol verwehne!

Der Mensch, der geht un kaaft en Uhr
Mit Hend un Gsicht un Redder;
Er draut doch net der Nachtnadur,
Darch Schtarm un Dunnerwetter.

Er schnarrickst laut un schloft so saftich,
Er draamt vun dumme Sache;
Dann gnellt der Wecker! Verhafdich!
Verleicht iss er dann erwache.

Er grummelt, greckst un macht en Gschiss,
Browiert dann 's Uhrgsicht sehne;
Auszufinne was fer Zeit es iss—
Kann 's ihm net abgewehne.

So weckt mer uff de Bauerei—
Wecker im Haus—im Scheierhof!
Der Haahne mit seinre Greischerei
Hot's Vieh verschteert vum ruhich Schlof.

DIE INSCHING RIEB

(Jack-in-the-Pulpit)

UFF en scheener, kiehler, sunnicher Marye im Mol laaf naus in nidder, schwammich un schaddich Land. Dart heerscht die gleene Veggel singe diweil sie wunnervoll neschder baue: hoch uff me Baam schpringt en groer Eechhaas; die Grabbe greische "Kaa, kaa, kaa"; n Schpinn hot en gross Zelt gebaut uff die Hecke—uff eemol sehnscht en wunnervolli Blans. Dart schteht der Jack-in-der-Kansel.

Wu sin sei Blumme? Annere Blanse bliehe eemols im Lewe. Nee! Die Marrichle, Ferns u.s.w. griege ken Blumme; sie griege was mer Schpore heesst; sell iss ihre Saame.

Es iss en blessierlicher Gedanke fer der Jack en Breddicher zu nenne. Er hot awwer nix zu saage; er iss yuscht en "Piepser"; er schteht unnich me gleene Dach, as iwwer ihn biegt. Die Kansel iss zu der Insching Rieb als wie des weiss Deel vun re Calla Lilly, eens vun de Wunner in der Blansewelt.

Ferwas heesst der Jack-in-the-Pulpit die Insching Rieb, odder in English "the Indian turnip"? Die Insching hen die solid Rieb (es iss ken Zwiwwel) gegliche, weil sie arrick brennich un gratzich schmacke. Es war zu de Insching was Meerreddich iss zu uns. Sie hen ebbes hawwe misse as der Schmutz gebroche hot.

Beiss emol in en Insching Rieb. Sell reisst harter as wie en grieni Schparwel. Es kitzelt 's Maul. Die Rieb iss feierich. Versuch sie mol, sie sin net giftich.

Die Rieb iss als gebraucht warre fer Bloer Huschte un fer Rummadis Medizin. Heit iss es zu viel Druwwel fer so Mittel suche.

Em Jack sei Kansel guckt hibsch. Innewennich hot 's scheene rote Schtreefe. Der 'spathe' iss so schee iwwer der Jack geboge als wie der Schnawwel am Bu seinre Kapp. Der 'spathe' iss em Jack sei "sounding board." Un wann der Jack breddiche kennt, daet er saage, 'Enjoy't eich, awwer ropp mich net raus."

Bieps emol innewennich in die Kansel, no finnscht ebbes! Gleene Schnoke un Micke sin an die Schpore am Suche fer Hunnich. Sie helfe 'fertilize'-e.

Im September sin scheene rote Beere am Jack seinre Kansel. Die Insching hen die Beere gekocht un gesse. Warum sin die Beere rot? Die Veggel kenne sie besser finne un helfe der Saame zu schtreehe.

—Aus'm FRANK W. MATZ seim NADUR BUCH.

The school at Heidelberg church is no doubt the oldest in the northeastern part of the county. The church was founded in 1744 and the school soon thereafter. Two schools, one supported by Lutheran members and the other by the Reformed members, were kept at this place for some time, but afterwards united and have ever since formed one union school. New Tripoli in Lynn is a very old school site. It is the oldest in the northwestern part of the county. Doctor Helfrich states, the first school was the one at New Tripoli where a congregation had gathered. The Ziegel church school followed and a few years later Heidelberg and Lowhill.

A society was formed in 1812 for the erection of an English School House in which all instruction was to be in English. This was the first action of the people in the township except in connection with the churches. It was then called Saegersville and later New Tripoli. The school house was built on what later in the town plot were lots 70 to 71 each 66 feet wide, on Decatur Street and 177 feet deep. The old Saegersville school house was in use by the board of directors from 1838 till 1857 when the present two story brick edifice was erected.

KITTATINNY MOUNTAINS

The word Kittatinny is perhaps a corruption of the Delaware Kit "great" and Atin, or Adin, "hill" or "Mountain." As the name is nearly always mentioned by the Delawares as Kittatinny Hills, it is possible that the name as first applied had reference to the "Kittuteney," "Chief town" of the Delawares in the Minesinks. The signification would be "the chief town hills." However, the name is nearly always translated in the early deeds as "Endless Mountains," and is now known as the Blue Mountains.

The rock called the Bake Oven is situated on the summit of the Blue Mountains. It is about the centre of the dividing line between Lehigh and Carbon counties. It was so named because of a fancied resemblance to an old-fashioned bake oven. It has for years been a signal station in the U. S. Coast Survey and has been of vast benefit for that cause.

Two miles west of the Bake Oven on the summit of the mountain was another height—this point was called Bear Rock. There are 3 large rocks standing in a row and connected by smaller ones piled on top of each other. This is the point from which the dividing line between Carbon and Schylkill county starts. The greater portion of Bear Rock is situated in Lynn township and the remainder in Heidelberg.

Ontelaunee Creek in Lynn township is also spelled Antelauna, Antalaunee, and Antelawny. It is an Indian name meaning "virgin" or "maiden." In Berks County the creek is called Maiden Creek.

Switzer Creek in Lynn and Lowhill Townships was originally written "Sweitzer," a name given because of the many Swiss settlers on the head waters. On Roger's map of 1858 the creek is called Linn Run.

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The writer is also grateful to Squire Elmer Kistler and many other residents of Upper Lehigh.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Our competitive system—sparked by the urge to improve, with rewards for the successful—will continue to maintain our country and its form of government as the best yet developed by man for producing the most for the greatest number. —Coppers.

You Can Stop Park Vandals

Just about every year, particularly at this time when so many persons are roaming in the wide open places, complaints come from the Park Department to the effect that vandalism in various forms has been committed. Such reports are followed by appeals to those vandals who still possess a little sense to desist and are accompanied by threats of severe punishment for those who will continue their devastating practices.

The most recent report from the Park Department cites the slashing of a lot of promising young trees which are expected to die as a result of the abuse. Naturally the department will replace the trees at some expense but years of growth will have been lost and a lot of work will have been undone. Since the department gets just so much work accomplished in a season, all unnecessary work such as these acts of vandalism bring about retards the development of the parks to that amount.

Obviously a lot of people have to be educated either painlessly or painfully about this entire matter of public property. While it is the people's, it is not within the rights of any individual or individuals to mar or destroy that which belong to all the people.

And there must be some education as to the civic duty of everybody to prevent vandalism to the growing things in the parks and to the inanimate things such as the play equipment, tables, benches, fire-places which have been installed by Government, which is the entire people, in the parks and playgrounds for benefit, pleasure and use by all. If prevention cannot be accomplished, then it is the duty of the police for the proper action.

People have no hesitancy about reporting vandalism to their homes and thefts from their property to the police, adding the names of the parties guilty of the offenses, if they happen to know who they are. There need be no compunction about similar reports concerning public property for such property is exactly what the term implies: It is public, that is to say publicly owned and every citizen has a share in its ownership and it is just as fully his for use as if the title were in his individual name.

So if there be cooperation with the police on the part of the public a lot of this vandalism can be prevented and it can be punished in the manner which it deserves.

Bible Coins to Return

Everybody who ever has attended Sunday school or church is familiar to some degree or other with the Old Testament and therefore with the life and customs of the Jewish people in the B. C. years. So it is interesting to learn from London that the new Israel republic has adopted a coinage based upon Biblical lore and will apply the Biblical names to the various units.

For the first time therefore in almost 2000 years, there will be an issue of Jewish money and it will bear the terms shekel, putek and gurah. Not since 144 B. C. has there been a Jewish currency, altho in A. D. 131 some Hebrew coins were minted during an ill-starred Jewish revolt, after which the Jewish currency disappeared completely.

It is not indicated that the coin of the New Testament known as the mite, or lepton and made famous by an anonymous widow, will be minted. In the present economic condition of Israel a coin of such low value would have about as much place in ordinary dealings as a centime in France today or a mill in the U.S.A.

Doughnut Girl Retires

One of the legends of World War I had its origin at Montesur-Soux in France not far behind the front lines on a late fall day. Gray weather, the monotony of hot cocoa, homesickness, improvisation, and what must have seemed like sheer genius to fatigued American soldiers, were the elements of creation. A Salvation Army girl, understanding the situation and the need, made a suggestion, traveled to a nearby farmhouse for eggs, and, with her companion turned out a hundred anf fifty crullers. The returning soldiers were jubilant. The next day a hole-cutter was fashioned, and from then on it was doughnuts, until they were more plentiful than bullets.

Lieutenant Colonel Helen Purviance, S.A., subsequently doled out more than a million doughnuts to hungry, hopeful soldiers whose thoughts leapt back across the Atlantic to home kitchens as they dunked. Since those days, the doughnut girl has continued her Salvation Army career, and has now come to the moment of her retirement as assistant field secretary of the Eastern Area. She claims she hasn't made doughnuts in many years — one can scarcely blame her. But it is very likely that many an American infantryman of 1917-'18 remembers hers as the best he ever put in his mouth.—New York Herald Tribune.

Crimes Against Nation

Brutal assault upon Victor Reuther, with evident intent to assassinate the brother of Walter Reuther, head of the United Automobile Workers, recalls attack of similar nature upon the latter a year ago.

The earlier crime remains unsolved after all these months and there are few, if any clues to the recent one. Frankly, the police admit that they are in the dark for the technique employed in the recent crime is practically the same as in the former assault and in the solution of which the police have gotten nowhere.

Naturally, because of the prominence of the two men in CIO activities and their especially vigorous fight to oust all Communist influence from that large organization, there are suspicions that the motive for the two crimes grew out of internal, union dissensions. And, because the two men have been involved in labor controversies there is always the fear that gangsterism may have again reared its ugly head in the often bitter battles between labor and management. Such gangsterism appeared to have broken out in New York within recent weeks but with the assassination of a labor leader but there, as well as in Detroit, the police have been working with few clues that they consider valuable.

The hope will be that the assailants in all such cases will ultimately be brought to justice. Whatever the motives it is of vital interest to the people of the United States who have strained labor relations almost constantly at some place or other to have these practices brought to a halt. Detection and successful prosecution of the assailants and potential murderers will be an important step in that direction.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Who's paying off the professional killers—the torpedoes-for-hire who make this the shotgun season for the Reuthers?

Detroit's comic book cops say they haven't got a clue but are working on the theory that the Communists have picked the auto city and the prominent Reuthers to start a reign of terror.

But the Detroit police also reveal that the FBI is in the picture—and has been in since the early morning blasting of Victor Reuther, a man without a known enemy or grudge in and out of labor circles.

And the Detroit gendarmerie are going through the motions while awaiting a reported FBI move. That, at least, is the word from inside the Motor City Police department, which so fouled up its investigation of the Walter Reuther murder attempt that its higher-ups actually have said they think they've arrested the wrong suspects in that brutally cruel shooting.

All right then, while we're waiting, let's examine what the genial and gentle Victor Reuther was doing and just what he meant in the explosive auto union setup when some goon was hired to blow his face off.

One thing he wasn't doing: he hadn't the time to battle any of the notorious Detroit mobs which pick up their folding money by running hot but fortune-laden junk or collecting numbers slips in that platinum-lined racket.

This bespectacled, Socialist-minded, scholarly Reuther was busy elsewhere and never once mentioned to his most intimate friends and aides any crusade against the local gangs. That's certain. Why then should they try to knock him off.

Whoever fingered him for bloody oblivion must have been motivated by something Vic Reuther was doing.

Well, he was the braintruster, the man who built the union's powerful Education department with its 58,000-watt radio station, its cooperative stores, its forums, its movies.

This machine slowly but inexorably was weaving the United Automobile Workers' 1,000,000 members into a tight, disciplined union juggernaut behind Walter Reuther's militant anti-communism.

Vic Reuther was making his brother Walter the symbol of the kind of anti-communist activist inside labor whom the Commies most fear and malign.

All right, what next? Vic Reuther was about to start visiting auto union locals to win support for Walter and the Reuthers' program at the July 10th UAW convention in Milwaukee. The Commie coalition, under orders to provoke wild strike action, wasn't exactly ecstatic over this little tour.

Next? Most of Victor Reuther's time in the past few months had been spent shuttling between Detroit, New York, Washington and London on a terrifically important mission.

He conferred with, guided and encouraged hundreds of French, Italian and German labor chiefs who sought help in their struggle to revitalize their unions and so neutralize the Commies' master plan in Europe.

It must be remembered that the labor movement is the base of Communist power in those lands Soviet soldiers have not seized. Communist unions are trained military battalions with huge arms caches available at strategic spots. In Italy alone, the Communist-led unions have a military force running upward of 50,000 strong-arm men.

Vic Reuther had just been named co-chairman of the Anglo - American Production council (purpose of which is to speed British output and strengthen anti - Communist Europe). That made him a key part of the small group of experts who by long-distance are checkmating Russia's plans to use its union armies to seize France, Italy and eventually a unified Germany.

Certainly the Commies were not orgiastic over that prospect.

Furthermore, wrap all these activities up and you find that Vic Reuther is the single most important man in the auto union, aside from Walter.

* * *

These are the things in his life—they are his life.

And when he leaves the hospital, blind in one eye, his lungs injured, his chest in frequent pain, weak from tremendous loss of blood, he will have to live that life under 24-hour surveillance—as Walter does, traveling by day with two bodyguards, sleeping while two other protectors roam the house below.

And now the third brother, the political strategist, Roy, must move his family from their isolated Detroit suburban home

Surely Michigan's governor will move in. This is no slight case of would-be-murder. The price of terror will be many a lost battle for decency, perhaps as far as Berlin.

(Copyright 1949)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—When a prominent person takes his own life, the public experiences a sense of shock, and laymen discuss with all their inexpertness just why such things happen.

Suicide, though one of the oldest expressions of a mind out of balance, is the result of one of the least understood of all illnesses. The idea that an individual can be sick mentally without being irrational is not as widely known as it should be. Indeed, the whole science of mental hygiene is in its infancy so far as public understanding of it goes.

In recent years much notice has been given to the work of the psychiatrist—who, be it known, is a person with medical training who specializes in mental illnesses. But unfortunately too many people call in a psychiatrist when it is too late to save the patient. Then, when suicide occurs, they feel that somehow it should have been prevented.

The incidents in a patient's history that lead to suicide are often examined in retrospect, and, when it is too late, an error in treatment is sometimes discovered. But analysis of the human mind is not subject to exactness. What happens to the sense of reason along life's troubled way is difficult to chart even when all the facts and the fateful ending are known. Too much is locked up forever or repressed in hours of brooding and worry that ought to have come out like pus from a boil.

There is no doubt that upon the close friends of a distressed individual rests the responsibility of detection in the early stages of nervous ailments. But laymen cannot always recognize the symptoms. They do not realize what the danger signals are. Public education is absolutely necessary in the field of mental hygiene, and the national movement in that direction known as the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, 1790 Broadway, New York City, deserves wider support than it has been getting.

There used to be one school of thought which held that physical pains were brought on by mental anxieties, and another which believed that physical irregularities created the mental disturbances. Today they are held to be parts of the same thing — body and mind are examined in their entirety. A loss of weight and sleep and disturbed functioning of digestion occurred for weeks in the Forrestal case in connection with his worries. Oftentimes the patient does not cooperate by being willing to give the time to checkups and treatment. This increases the difficulty but does not remove the necessity for insistent handling of such cases.

In many cases of nervous ailment the patient lacks a crutch to lean on when the going gets tough. Here is where members of the family and friends can help by sympathetic understanding. Here is where spiritual aid can count heavily. Henry Link, in his famous book, "A Return to Religion," recounts numerous cases in the New York City neurological clinics where a return to religion was indicated and how it frequently helped.

Too many of our clergymen spend too much of their time on institutional matters and too little in ministering personally to the members of their congregations. Too many friends turn away indifferently from persons whose mental health appears to be weakening. Suicide is not just a record of the collapse of an individual's mind. It is a record of the failure of many other persons in modern society to do their part in saving human life.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Isaiah 6:1-8

Thrones topple and kings depart, but there is one throne which is everlasting. Uzziah, the King, died, but the Lord still lives and reigns. Isaiah beheld his glory. John 12:41 definitely states that in this chapter Isaiah saw the glory of the Lord Jesus. The seraphim were exclaiming antiphonally, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of hosts, one 'Holy' for each person of the Trinity. In contrast with the holiness of God, Isaiah becomes conscious of his own sinfulness, when one of the seraphim, taking a live coal from the altar, laid it upon Isaiah's mouth, declaring the forgiveness of his sins. Then a proclamation was made in the form of a question: 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Jesus is speaking for the Trinity (us), to which question Isaiah(means the same as the name Jesus, 'salvation') replies: 'Here am I, send me'. He is told frankly that his message will be rejected (vs. 9-10 are quoted in Mark 4:12; John 12:40; Acts 28:26,27) But like the stump of a tree, after it is cut down, sends forth new life, so there will be a godly remnant in Israel, through which God will work out His purposes.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If I did not know that "Hank Hayseed," who writes a local column for the Waynesboro, Pa., Record Herald, is a fine young fellow, I'd swear that he is playing a trick on me to have me put in jail and thus hope to take my place on the editorial page.

* * *

In one of Hank's recent columns he asked me to advise him what to do about his sacroiliac trouble.

He considers me an authority on ailments, he said, and he is sure that I can help him.

Hank knows darn well that I am no physician and that practicing medicine without a license is a criminal offense.

Is that a nice way to get a competitor out of the way?

* * *

It seems that Hank is much troubled with that sacroiliac thing and went to several doctors to get relief.

One of them told him not to sleep on a soft mattress but to get himself a bed-board instead.

Hank's wife, apparently having more sense than he, (just as most wives have more sense than their husbands) figured out a much better use for the board than to cure sacroiliac trouble.

She hacked the thing up into several pieces, used part of it for a breadboard, and with the other pieces nailed up mouseholes and did several other jobs around the house.

Then she took Hank's mattress, put it on the floor and told him that the floor was just as good as a bed-board.

But, being used to a bed, Hank, half asleep, got up one night, stepped down, as he thought, on the floor, and, to use his own words, "My heel clunked on the hardwood floor. Not only do I have sacroiliac pains now, I also have a useless right foot."

Which reminds me of a story "Bugs" Baer told me and which he swears is true.

He had trouble with his eyes. They caused him headaches and dizzy spells and his eyesight went back on him.

So he went to a doctor.

The doctor examined him carefully and then told him that the seat of the trouble was not in his eyes but in his prostate gland.

He recommended a slight operation.

Bugs had the operation and now he can read better than ever. His eyesight is perfect again, he says.

Of course, you have all heard the story about the fellow who went to his physician because his left ear hurt him.

"Step into the next room," said the medico, "and get completely undressed."

The patient did, and told another fellow who sat there, stark naked, that he couldn't understand why he should get undressed when his ear hurt him.

"You should kick," said the other fellow. "I just came in to deliver a Western Union telegram, and I've been sitting here for two hours without a stitch of clothes on me."

* * *

Now, Hank, go ahead and put me in jail.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

I wonder how many of you remember the shenanigans of Montague Glass' greatest creations, Potash and Perlmutter? These two hot-tempered and argumentative partners called one another every name under the sun, but if an outsider attacked, they were as united and indivisible as Park and Tilford or Haig and Haig!

One of Potash's rages was provoked by a high-salaried salesman who was too lazy to cover his accounts properly. "Look at you sitting here twaddling your thumbs," screamed Potash. "Why aren't you out selling?" "Listen, Mr. Potash," the salesman assured him. "If I could sell like you think I should, I'd be in business for myself!"

There came a day when Potash and Perlmutter invested in a motion picture company, and Perlmutter hired a slinky siren of the then-popular Theda Bara-Pola Negri type. "How much you paying her?" demanded Potash suspiciously. "Seven hundred a week," admitted Perlmutter. "Robbery," cried Potash. "You've gone crazy." "Calm yourself" said Perlmutter. "You don't seem to understand that this girl is a Kipling vampire." "For seven hundred dollars a week," decreed Potash, "she should Kipple for somebody else."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of May 28, 1924, a Wednesday.

With music by Billy Ray and his Kentucky Kernels, Allentown Lions held the annual dinner-dance at the Hotel Allen. Prof. Charles A. Bowman of Muhlenberg college gave an address on his trip through China.

Today's Horoscope

You should enjoy some very good fortune in the year just beginning. The child who is born on this date should be clever and successful in the arts, and be endowed with a good, kind, sympathetic disposition.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

WORK ISN'T MALIGNANT

The doctors write the cause
of death upon a slip of white,
But always it's a malady or
injury they cite.
And when the state certificate
goes to the filing clerk
No surgeon or physician gives
the cause of death as
"work."

I've run the records through
and through of those whom
death has stilled.
I've yet to find the name of
one that work had ever
killed.

I've known of men afraid of
work and men too fond of
ease.
But where's the doctor who
will say that work is a disease?

It's luxury that leads to fat,
and that of course is bad;
But appetite and health and
strength and sleep from
work are had.
And though we all are born
to die, upon the printed line
It won't be work that takes us
off, but something more malign.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERLEICHT GEBTS BOHNA, FERLEICHT AW NET: Wons mohl ons bohna blonsa aw gait, don nembt der Herb Spohn fon Maxatawny der kucha. Der Herb un sei Helen sin noch fon da alta ort leitdie ort woh gleicha fer ihra aiga gorda socha raisa. Sin sin 'n gons free yohr om grawwa, blonsa un hocka, os die shiverra fliega. Alla is des free yohr widder gute gonga, bis der Lewis Allen fon Breinigsville owets ob g'shtopt hut fer der Herb p'sucha, uf 'm waig noch 'm Kutztowner locker, flaish hola.

'S Herbs' worra eiferich om bohna blonsa wie der Lewis g'shtopt hut. Onnerra tzeita kon die Helen der Herb shier net fon hame griega-oft mohls dades note sie het 'n siva geils fuhr fer 'n in der gong griega fer aryads onna gae. Allas os er duh wil won er net om gardla is, is dahame hinnich 'm offa hucka die peif shmoka, mit ous die Wescoesviller boova shpiela balla, noh is er om balla game un greish'd sich bol der hois ob. Ow'r den gawissna owet wie der Lewis kumma is, wor er grawd ready fer uf die shtross un hut gons un gore fergessa os er noch tzwae roya bohna tzu tzu decka hut kot.

Wons Herbs' gardla, mocht er die roya, die Helen blons'd die socha, un er deck'd sie tzu. Den gawissna owet wie g'sawt, hut er ow'r fergessa tzwae roya bohna tzu tzu decka, uns net ous g'funna bis 'n woch odder so danoh wie er gonga is gucka eo die bohna uf, weara. Noh ferhoftich sei worra tzwae roya net tzu gadeck'd un die weil os er ready wor fer onchs Macka gae woh er shoft, hut er die Helen g'frok'd fer die bohna tzu decka. 'S hut yusht hesslich garayer'd kotta sella dawg un die weil os die Helen fershprocha hut kot fer die bohna tzu decka, hut sie 'm Herb sei gumshtivel aw gatzoga, un is nous in der gorda gabawda.

Os die Helen net unner gonga is bis sie die bohna tzu gadeck'd hut kot wor allas, un des da wenicher os sie may hoert dafon des da liever is es ra. Un so weit os die bohna aw gain, sel is now 'n froke eb bohna os so long drous in da freia sun galaiga hen un ous gadrick'id worra, uf gain odder net. Won sie uf gain, gebts bohna, un won net, wert die Helen der Herb wol alla gabut on der owet gamohna, wie er mit 'm Lewis Allen noch 'm Kutztowner locker wor, un hut fergessa die bohna roya tzu tzu decka.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Allas is so tzu sawga in arder fer die train exkursion un boat kruise der Hudson nuf, un im Nei Yarrick wosser rum, Somshdawgs da 13d Augusht.

M'r hens gons boat tzu uns selwar, der Sandy Hook, 'n boat os 2,000 passengers nembt, un sin shure os es 'n aryie shaenie trip gebt -'n trip os shun 'n lot g'frok'd hen dafor, 'n gonsie dawg boat ride.



THE DOWER-LADIES

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

PETER KUTZ drove along the frozen lane with a great creaking and bouncing of his heavy wagon. He drew up at the kitchen door with a flourish, then he sat still for a moment on the high seat, the reins hanging loosely from his hands, a worried frown darkening his blue eyes. Some difficulty or danger seemed suddenly to disturb him. While he meditated, the door opened.

"Peter, hurry yourself and come in. It is fearful cold. Did you bring my store things?"

"Yes," answered Peter absently.

"Everything?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" Little Mrs. Lutz took the basket from him, and hastened back to the shelter of the doorway. She looked sharply at him. "You look as if something was wrong."

"Nothing is wrong," stammered Peter. "Nothing."

Mrs. Kutz pulled shut the door between her and the warm kitchen, at the same moment that a little old woman's face, in a stiff white cap, peered out the window.

"What have you been doing, Peter?" She insisted, sternly.

"Nothing," protested Peter once more. "Get up, Billy! get up, Dan!"

He heard with a sigh of relief the closing of the kitchen door. He would have a half hour at least before the news must be told. The stable was warm, he could linger there almost indefinitely, he would milk the cows as slowly as possible, he would feed Elmina's chickens, he would put in as much time as he could. It was no wonder that Elmina suspected his guilty conscience. Rover, whimpering to his master's feet after he had caught one of his mistress's Plymouth Rocks, could not have looked more abject.

Suddenly, like the voice of conscience itself, he heard Elmina's stern voice. She stood just inside the stable door, a shawl about her shoulders, a sunbonnet tied closely under her chin. She looked as though she had come to stay.

"Peter," she said, "have you bought another farm?"

"Just a little one." Peter could hardly be heard.

"Where?"

"Down along the Lehigh. It is a nice little farm. The land is fine. There is a nice barn, and a nice house on it. It was Alec Benner's farm. He——"

"Peter,"—Mrs. Kutz's tone seemed to say that these details were irrelevant—"has it a dower-lady to it?"

"Well, yes," confessed Peter. "She is such a nice lady, she—she—" His words trailed off into nothingness, as though they withered before the angry beams from Elminas eyes. "Won't you sit down, Elmina?" he faltered.

Elmina paid no heed to the polite invitation.

"When we came to this farm, and it had Grandma Kemerer on it, you said she was such an old lady, she couldn't live so long any more. That was twenty years ago. And she is here yet. For twenty years she got her dower-rights, her room, her bed, her board, her cow, her chickens, her carriages to go to church. She was seventy-five and now she is ninety-five, and ——"

"You took always such good care of her," faltered Peter. "That is why she lived so long."

But Elmina was no mollified.

"I don't mind Grandma Kemerer. She is company and I like her. But Mommy Dill—how often must you hear it explained? When you got that farm, interest was six per cent, and as long as she lives you must pay her that much on a third of the farm. 'Yes,' you say, 'but she won't live long, and then I can pay it off.' But she does live, and it is the same way with Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick and Grandma Weiss. To all of them you pay more interest than you make from the farms. And now you go and get another yet. What do you mean?"

"Ach, she was such a nice old lady." Peter knew well enough that the possession of six farms encumbered with dower-ladies proclaimed him a poor man of business. "But you see there was nobody who would buy this farm, and the old lady cried, and—"

"How old is she?"

"About eighty, I guess." He hoped it was not a lie. He knew that she was only seventy-six.

If he had said a hundred, Mrs. Kutz might have received the news with some equanimity. As it was, she started to speak, then shut her lips and went out, closing the door sharply behind her. Outside, she stopped to wipe her eyes.

Peter sat heavily down to his milking. Affairs were really much worse than Elmina suspected. Not one of the six farms was his outright, nor could it be until the dower-lady died, and he could pay over the last third of the principal. In the mean time, the heavy interest must be paid. And today—he realized it with a gasp—he had paid out the last cash he owned. If the dower-ladies should die, he would have no money to pay to her heirs, he would have to borrow; he would have to borrow even to pay the next quarter's interest. He began to be badly frightened. The next quarter-day was his birthday, when the dower-ladies always came to dinner. He saw himself seated proudly at the head of his table, dealing out good things to six grateful old women. It was always the proudest day of the year. Then, remembering some sharp words of Elmina's, he flushed hotly.

"The Bible says you must first look after your own, Peter. It is not right to give everything away."

"But somebody must look after these old ladies," he answered.

"But you needn't look after five of them."

And now there are six. He acknowledged to himself that today's purchase had been a mistake.

When he saw the cheerful glow of the kitchen fire, his face brightened. He never remained long depressed. He spoke gayly to Grandma Kemerer, who sat by the stove, her hands folded on her stiff white apron. She did not look nearly ninety-five years old; there was no doubt, as Peter had said, that Elmina had taken good care of her. She peered round with bright, inquisitive eyes. She could see that something had provoked Elmina; a stranger might have guessed that from Elmina's energetic flying about. Grandma Kemerer was disturbed. She was sincerely attached to both the Kutzes. Peter had taken the farm, when her nephew had refused it because she was an encumbrance, and no curious detail of her husband's will had remained unfulfilled. She was a tactful little old lady; she often soothed Elmina's ruffled spirit. She began to speak pleasantly as soon as they sat down to supper.

"It will soon be time for the dower-ladies' dinner," she said. "Are you going to have a fine chicken or turkey, Elmina?"

The hand which was pouring the coffee shook.

"I don't know," answered Elmina shortly.

After that it was plainly to be seen that she could hardly wait until Grandma Kemerer had gone to bed, to finish her remarks to Peter.

"There is one thing I have to say," she announced with a trembling voice. "I ain't going to cook no dinner for six old ladies. I have more to spend than I have. I can't afford it."

"But Elmina!" cried Peter. "For twenty years the dower-ladies have come on my birthday."

"I don't care. We can't afford it."

"But they expect it."

"I can't help that. Such old people ought to stay at home, anyhow. Every one over eighty, and two over ninety."

"The new one isn't so old," faltered Peter. "She is only seventy-six."

Elmina stared at him. She remembered that he had said that old Mrs. Benner was eighty. She opened her mouth to remind him of it, then closed it with a snap. What was the use.

"I can't have none of them here," she said.

"But—but I invited the new one already," confessed Peter. "I invited her after I bought the farm."

In the morning, Grandma Kemerer saw clearly that the cloud still lingered. She tried constantly to dispel it.

"I hope we will have cold weather now," she would say; "then it will be nice and warm in March, and the dower-ladies can come."

Once Peter undertook to plead his cause.

"It is such a big time for Grandma Kemerer. They are all her old friends. Mommy Dill was her company girl."

"I couldn't help it if she was her sister," said Elmina. "This new one will have to come because you invited her, and Grandma Kemerer will have to get along with her."

"Did you tell her yet?"

"I'll tell her in time," said Elmina.

Nevertheless, she postponed it until the evening before Peter's birthday. Grandma Kemerer did not wish to go to bed, she was excited as a child.

"Tomorrow we will have to work, Elmina. It will be hard work getting ready for so many."

"Grandma Kemerer,"—Elmina folded the tablecloth with a wide sweep of her arm, "we aren't going to have any—"

At that moment there was a knock at the door, then some one lifted the latch, as though sure of a welcome. Without stood five shawled and hooded figures.

"Henry said it would give snow tomorrow," announced Mommy Dill. "So we came this evening."

"He brought us all together," said Grandma Stuber.

"My, I am glad to get in!" cried Grandma Illick.

"They made me come along," said Grandma Benner, a little doubtfully. They said you would have room."

"We are all going to help get ready for the dinner," announced Mommy Dill. She was ninety-five, but she walked as though she were twenty. She was the only one of the dower-ladies who had an income of her own besides the dower-rights. How much it was, no one knew. "You expected us, Elmina, didn't you? I was away when Peter came last quarter-day."

"Ach, yes," answered Grandma Kemerer, of course we expected you."

Half an hour later, Peter came in. The old ladies were seated round the fire; they wished to bid him good-night. It was a long time before he could have a word with Elmina.

"Did you do it to surprise me?" he asked.

Elmina stood still in the middle of the floor, two quilts over her arm. For a few moments she had thought that he had invited them, and that she would never forgive him. His innocence made her speak more gently.

"No, they came of themselves. But this is the last time."

The dower-ladies stayed for three days. That night there was a heavy snow, and Elmina did not think it was safe for them to be taken home.

"It is not fit," she said grimly. "They are here now, they must stay. Perhaps you will have enough of dower-ladies."

Their colloquy was held in the cellar. Above them the old women could be heard laughing merrily. Mommy Dill was telling a story of her youth. She had been a great belle. These, her contemporaries, remembered it; the younger generation would have laughed.

Elmina stood at the window the next afternoon, and watched them drive away. They looked like five mummies in their shawls.

"They are all so good yet," said Grandma Kemerer at her elbow. "They look as when they would live to be so old like I."

Two hours later Elmina met her husband with a white and frightened face. He came in from the barn, rubbing his hands cheerfully. The merry old voices to which he had been listening had brightened his heart, and made him feel once more like Prince Bountiful. He did not see Elmina's ominous gaze.

"Peter Kutz."

"What is it?" gasped Peter. Elmina must be very angry.

"Elwin Danner was here this afternoon to see about some money you had borrowed from him. Did you borrow money from him?"

"A little."

"What for?"

"I needed it."

"To pay the interest on the dowers?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me about this?"

Peter's glance implied that the reason was evident.

"Peter, when I was a little girl, my Pap said to me, 'Live on bread and water, but don't borrow.' And now"—Elmina put her head down on the table and cried.

It was with a chastened soul that Peter prepared to make confession. He had borrowed from the doctor, and a little from John Dillfield, who kept the store.

"Those ladies can't live so long, any more," he faltered.

"But that will only make it worse," cried Elmina. "Now you have only to pay the interest; if one dies, you will have to pay the principal yet. What then?"

"I don't know," confessed Peter blankly. "I might sell a farm, but nobody will buy farms now, especially with dowers on them. I don't know what I will do, Elmina."

In two days, Elmina had paid the doctor and the storekeeper. She had been saving egg-money for a long time to buy a large incubator. An incubator was nothing compared to her horror of debt. Peter dispensed with the services of a hired man. When quarter-day came, he paid the interest, but he had to borrow more money. His sanguine spirit failed.

"If one of those dower-ladies would die, the sheriff would have to sell me out," he said to Elmina. "I can't get a penny, any more, money is so tight."

Grandma Kemerer watched her benefactors growing old.

"Peter is getting stoop-shouldered," she said to herself. "Elmina is getting thin. What is the matter with these people?"

Christmas came and went. Grandma Kemerer had gifts, but Peter and Elmina gave each other nothing. Grandma Kemerer thought he had given Elmina the parlor clock. She forgot that it had stood in its place for five years. She forgot easily, she could not remember her own age.

"I am ninety-nine years old," she said one day. "Soon after Peter's birthday I will be a hundred, then I don't want to live any more."

Elmina gazed at her in fright. She had heard that it was only the desire for life which kept such old persons alive.

"You are only ninety-six, Grandma Kemerer."

"Oh, is that all!" answered Grandma Kemerer resignedly. "Well, then."

Neither Elmina nor Peter thought of the dower-ladies' dinner that year. Elmina went about with an increasingly pale face and slower step. Peter's brow was constantly clouded in a vain effort to understand how a man could be at the same time as rich as he was and as poor. One evening he sat beside the kitchen table, painfully figuring on great sheets of paper. He dared not look at Elmina. He heard Grandma Kemerer say that she wished to go to bed, and Elmina rose at once from her work. Grandma Kemerer stood still in the doorway of her warm room, which opened from the kitchen.

"Good-night, Peter," she said. "Elmina, you neet not bother to invite the dower-ladies. Henry Stuber was here when you were off, and I said he should go round to tell them."

When Grandma Kemmerer was safely in bed, Peter looked up at his wife.

"I can go and tell them not to come," he offered dismally.

"No," answered Elmina. "Nobody was ever invited to my house, and to stay away. I can kill a few of my hens. They are laying fine, but I can kill a pair. The—dower-ladies have everything else, they can eat a few of my hens yet. Perhaps it will help them to live longer. Perhaps—perhaps"—Elmina could not go on.

In the morning she was sick. Peter hailed the doctor as he drove past, and the doctor shouted that he would return.

"I am going to see Mommy Dill. She has pneumonia."

If Peter had been a little less dependent upon Elmina, he would have kept the news to himself. But he could not help telling her.

"That will mean I must pay out two thousand dollars right away. And I have not two cents. What am I to do? I—"

He saw that Elmina had fainted.

The doctor scolded heartily. Elmina had been working too hard. He would give her a tonic, she ought to have a servant for a while. He would come in the next day to see her; if she were not better he would punish her. He had known Elmina since she was a little girl. As he wrapped his scarf round his neck, he told them the news. Mommy Dill was a little better, but both Grandma Stuber and Grandma Illick were sick.

"A sharp spell like this is hard on old ladies," he said. "I would not tell Grandma Kemerer about it, if I were you."

Elmina did not need to kill her hens. When the day for the dinner came, three of the dower-ladies were sick, and a blizzard kept the others at home. Grandma Kemerer had to be told.

"Who would 'a thought they would be so delicate?" she said in superior fashion. I "None of them are old like I, wonder if they are going to die." She spoke lightly. She had contemplated death for too many years to fear it.

"Ach, don't talk so," said Elmina weakly. She did as little work as possible, she took the medicine faithfully knowing that nothing would help her but release from anxiety. Peter unable to pay his debts! Ruin hovered over them, prevented only by the frail tenure of life of these old ladies.

Toward evening the doctor came in again. A great wind was blowing the snow into huge billows.

"Are you better?" the doctor asked sternly, as he pulled off his glove.

"I guess so," answered Elmina.

"Well, you'd better be."

Grandma Kemerer woke from a nap in her deep rocking-chair. She straightened the frills of her cap, and smoothed her apron.

"How is Grandma Stuber?" she asked.

"Better," answered the doctor. "She said she wanted you to have her gold watch, Peter. But you won't get it yet awhile. She said you were her best friend."

Peter's blue eyes brightened. He forgot his anxiety.

"And Grandma Illick says her Bible is to go to Peter, and her shawl to Elmina. Everything else goes to the children."

"And Mommy Dill?" faltered Peter weakly. "Will she die?"

He could not even add together all he would have to pay if these old ladies died.

The doctor looked at him sharply, and then at Elmina.

"Mommy Dill is going to die," he said, "but the others are not. I helped to make Mommy Dill's will two weeks back. Ninety-five and no will yet!"

"What has she besides her dower?" asked Peter.

"Oh, a little," answered the doctor, laughing. "Her dower goes to her nephew; that she cannot help, even if he wouldn't take the farm. But she had four thousand besides in the bank, and interest to it yet since her man died."

"Her nephew will be glad that she has so much," said Peter.

The doctor laughed again.

"He don't get it," he said. "He settled that when he wouldn't take the farm. She gives it to her two best friends. It is written that way in the will and signed and witnessed. The lawyer and I, we fixed it up."

"They are lucky people," said Peter dully. "Who are these people?"

He saw Elmina flush scarlet, then grow deathly pale.

"Who do you mean?" she said.

"Sure enough!" cried the doctor. "Who do I mean!"

To both Elsie Singmaster and The Atlantic Monthly we here express thanks for gracious permission to print THE DOWER-LADIES which first appeared in The Atlantic Monthly for August, 1909.—ED.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.
—Crowquill.

Toll Bridge Don't Pay

Toll bridges, like toll roads in the horse-and-buggy days, are not popular and they are in fact anachronisms in the motor car age. So the prospect that the Eighth Street bridge in this city may be purchased by the State and freed either at once or within a reasonable time is welcome to the motorists as well as to pedestrians who use that structure and are required to drop a cent for each crossing.

However it is timely to clear up some common and mistaken opinions about this bridge and its revenue which have been in circulation ever since the bridge was constructed by private capital and tolls were fixed to pay for its cost and maintenance.

The motorist who reluctantly has paid a nickel for a crossing or a pedestrian paying a cent has seen a very large and valued coin passing out of his possession. Many have therefore to the conclusion, to employ the common phrase, that "the bridge has paid for itself over and over again."

While reports on income are generally dug up by the newsmen about once a year and these show comparatively petty income when compared with maintenance costs, the idea that the bridge has been and is a money-maker persists among many.

Yesterday figures on income for the year 1948 were published. These show that the sum total of all nickels, dimes and cents paid as tolls during 365 days was $28,084 or just about $77 per day on the average. Since tolls are collected during only about 18 hours of the day, that means an hourly income average of about $4.

Any one can see from these figures that there is not much traffic over the bridge.

It is pertinent also to note that 1948 was an unusually good year for business on the bridge, having been $7435 better than in 1947. When average daily intake was only $56 a day or a little better than $3 per hour.

Obviously a bridge which cost more than half a million dollars to build and costs anywhere from $5000 to $10,000 per year to maintain and operate has not paid much interest upon the investment.

Were it not for the fact that the Lehigh Valley Transit Co. pays an annual rental fee of a reported $50,000 per year the bridge company undoubtedly would have gone into bankruptcy years and years ago. It certainly has not been sustained by other traffic.

Bring College to Farmers

Pennsylvania State College is going to be asked to establish short courses in agricultural subjects in the local five-county area and in light of this institution's traditional policy of bringing the college to the people, wherever it can, it can be confidently anticipated that the request will be granted.

The desirability of the establishment of these courses is affirmed by the agricultural population itself. Thru virtually all its organizations it has studied the question intensively, has made extensive surveys and now is making the request to the college.

Furthermore the desirability of having such courses is supported by the fact that until the war, when State College abandoned its program of short courses and a two-year course for farm families, many local agriculturists took advantage of them. Their satisfactory experience is widely known. Now the younger generation of farm families is desirious of expanding its knowledge to the end that farm enterprises will be more profitable when they are conducted more intelligently and efficiently.

State College enjoys an enviable national reputation in the field of education for which it was founded specifically, namely agriculture. The College has been particularly close in spirit, tho separated by many miles, to the agriculturists of this area, thousands of whom look to it as their alma mater altho they never matriculated therein nor cracked a book within its walls. They know State as the institution which has supplied so many of the helpful farm agents that have come into this area to be the friends and mentors of the farm folk. They know State as the institution which always has been ready to send its top-flight experts in any branch of agriculture to help them with their problems, and many can point to their successes as deriving from the good counsel received.

So it is predictable with almost absolute certainty that if Penn State accedes to the request of the Granges and other rural organizations, thru the advisory committee of the Allentown Branch of the Penn State Extension Service, there will be large and satisfactory response on the part of many who want to take short courses in a variety of subjects and even many who will want to take the two-year course in agriculture.

Penn State is taking the college to our people in other phases of education, and it has been doing highly satisfactory work hereabouts for many years. Now it is to be hoped, it will bring education in agriculture to our doors.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N UF RUHR IN DA GROSSA GRICK: Soicha drowwa on da Grossa Grick nous in Karbon kounty, woh da onner dawg gamaint 'm blotcha noh, 's het wolfish dart im wosser, worra gross ordich badroga. Allas os sie k'hoert hen, wor der Irvie Hoffman fon nagshd on Rockdale wie er in die grick g'falla is mit tzomta gum shtivel. Oy duh tzushtond wos wor sel net 'n lebdawg, un wos hut der Ivie net g'shar'd fer gravel. Onnerra tzeita is er immer om rum peensa, ow'r darta hut 'n niemond ken wert hoerra beebsa wie er da gonsa dawg hee k'huck'd hut fisha mit da shtivel fol wosser — un hut anyhow nix g'fonga.

Der Irvie un sei boo der Quinton, un 'm Quinton sei dochter Imogene wora dart nuf fisha, ow'r hen die sols in da sup net ferdiehn'd. In ol hen sie yusht drei harner chubs g'fonga bout fingers long, un woh der Irvie gamaint hut, ebbes wear besser wie nix. Wie sie hame kumma sin, hut niemond die fishelcher butza wolla-wora yader'm tzu glae fer boddera mit. Iwwel odder wohl hut die Imogene, un die Dorothy un der Ernest Ruch sich erbarm'd, un hen sie gabutzt on da "Mammy" Hoffman ihr'm kicha droke. Bis die glaina die fish gabutzt hen kot, hen sie ken obadit may kotta fer sie essa, un 'm Quinton sei fraw die Arlene hut sie gabroda un gessa mit tzomta grawna.

So weit os der Irvie aw gonga is, hets in aim hoar 'n grossie hungers note gewwa. Der Irvie hut g'sawt eb sie fert sin, sie wotta net bodderra fer essa mit nemma-er dades kaufa. Un er hets all'm noh aw kauft, ow'r wies ons batzawla gonga is, miner sivatzae won er net dahame fert is mit ous gelt, un denk 's het longa maiga gewwa won der Quintie net uf gablech'd het-odder der Irvie het ferleicht noch g'shar wesha missa, war wase.

'S airsht os der Ivie tzu sawga hut kot wie er hame kumma is, wor sei Birdie froga wos sie wist fon seim bocka buch. "Yar," hut sie g'sawt, duh bish'd don grawd ous tzu dum fert, hosh'ds yoh dahame leia lossa." Sel uf kours hut 'n galechert, un denk er hut gadenk'd er het fer ae mohl gelt g'shport, fisha gae mocht 'n mensch hungerichbardich won er nix fong'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Dade m'r now denka os es sei kent, ow'r 's Harland Smith from "Immer Drin," essa blotz uf 'm Kresgeville pike-um so g'shwind os sie darta ous ferkauf'd her, fom Pennsviller wertshous, sin shun 29 yohr k'heiert.

'M ledshda Sundawg hen sie ihra hochtsich fesht g'fir'd, un net bohna farna har g'sawt, os es freia kucha gabit tzu ol os kaimta, — 'n aryer Harland un "Em," net wohr?

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

ED. NOTE—A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing Allentown Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N.E., Washington, D.C. Please enclose 3 cents in stamps for return postage.

Q. During which president's administration were the most states admitted to the Union? F.T.

A. Benjamin Harrison's. During his term of office six states were admitted: North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming.

Q. What do the abbreviations EOM mean on invoices? M.C.M.

A. The letters stand for "End of month."

Q. What finally became of the natives of Bikini who had to leave their island home because of the atomic bomb tests? L.V.R.

A. Bikini natives have been settled on the island of Kili in the southern Marshall group. Their new home is about 500 miles southeast of Bikini.

Horoscope

Some business progress may be expected by you during your next year. Today's child is likely to be of a happy disposition and enjoy moderate good fortune.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

This is a study in sucker-bait strategy—with this great big schnook of a country of ours being the biggest sucker of all.

This story could begin anywhere in the past 30 years but we'll pick it up in mid-1941 in a leaflet-littered, grimy little San Francisco room.

A tight little band of seven men is meeting. They run District 13 of the American Communist party—an area covering San Francisco, Oakland, the bay area, the west coast from Portland to San Diego and Hawaii and Alaska.

That's a lot of geography, but not for the San Francisco seven who had just been ordered to infiltrate strategic Hawaii and Alaska, around which any next war must be fought.

That was in mid-1941.

* * *

Now, exactly eight years later, the governor, the people, the newspapers and the lawyers of Hawaii are calling for help from the FBI, Congress, and President Truman.

The islands are virtually shut off from our mainland. Shipping is immobilized in Hawaiian ports. No Honolulu-bound vessels leave the stateside because they couldn't get unloaded in Hawaii anyway.

Some foods, medicines and industrial supplies vitally needed are being flown in. That's the only way to get them through—via the airlift about which no one in the U.S. seems to care.

* * *

Hawaii is slowly being paralyzed by a longshoremen's strike. What's the connection between this stoppage and the San Francisco seven? Well, the strike isn't run by the Communist party. It doesn't have to be. The party has enough good friends in the CIO longshoremen's union which developed its interest in Hawaii just about the time the Communists did.

The dock union, led by Harry Bridges, sent in a regional director by name of Jack Hall. And an FBI chart in front of me as I write, charges that Jack Hall was one of the most active pro-Communists ever to mooch on this country's good nature.

Hall became the lefties' Hawaiian hotshot. He edited their paper, he organized the dock-wallopers, the sugar workers and the pineapple pickers.

He grew to be such a prominent labor leader that he even deceived the territory's governor—who appointed this comrade of comrades to the Hawaiian police commission. (He was finally exposed and junked).

Never was there any doubt of his friendship for Communists or their causes in San Francisco or elsewhere.

Finally by slickly devised propaganda appealing to the Jap and native antagonism towards the white inhabitants, Hall and his union won great power in the islands by controlling sugar, pineapple and waterfront labor.

Hall, with a handful of men and women from the U.S., won control by having Japs front for him. His interlocking directorate of pro-Commie unions and newspapers, bookstores and innocent front outfits was jammed full of names like Izuko, Akiyama, Tekata.

The pitch was as simple as it was unclean:—it pandered to the worst anti-white emotions in the islands. Successfully, no doubt. It won over native labor.

* * *

Among Hall's American lieutenants were such lefties as Henry Schmidt recently indicted on charges of "fraudulently" stating that Harry Bridges, their supreme chief, was not and had never been a member of the Communist party.

This crowd was known to the Hawaiians as "the koleas"—the nickname for lefty labor leaders from San Francisco and elsewhere.

A kolea is a bird, known in the states as a plover, which flies an unbroken ocean flight of 2,000 miles from the mainland to the warm and lush Hawaiian islands to escape our ferocious winters. The kolea arrives skinny and on its return summer flight it is fat. Enough said for the nickname.

* * *

Now to get back to Brother Schmidt. One month ago he called a longshoremen's strike which paralyzed Hawaii's docks.

The islands are locked tight and 22 big Matson Line ships, main line of cargo to Honolulu, are immobilized by the walkout. And who can argue it's not a legitimate strike? The union wants a 32-cent hourly raise. The companies have offered 15 cents.

I can only add that I've been across country these past few months and can report that 32 cents is higher than any union demand I've run into and 15 cents is pretty much tops in corporation offers anywhere in the land.

There's just one more short item to this story:

By phone this week from Hawaii, one of the territory's top officials told me: "We are now in the midst of a stevedore strike, which if kept up much longer, will be disastrous to the territory."

And somewhere in President Truman's mail is a note from the islands' Bar Assn. saying the strike has caused serious "economic dislocation and social unrest."

They want help. What happens now?

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Joel 2:28-32

This passage is assigned for today's reading since it was quoted by the Apostle Peter in his address on the day of Pentecost, which church festival we celebrate to-morrow (see Acts 2:17-21). Because of this, Joel is often called the Prophet of Pentecost, although he makes no reference to the festival as such. When the Holy Spirit had been 'poured out' on the company of believers, accompanied by certain phenomena, such as the sound as of a rushing mighty wind and a tongue of fire appearing over the head of each one present, an inquisitive multitude came together to observe what was going on. Some ridiculed the situation, declaring that these Christians were drunk. Peter at once arose to defend them against the charge, saying that people don't usually get drunk at nine o'clock in the morning. He goes on to explain that what was happeing was according to Joel's prophecy concerning the time when the Holy Spirit would come upon young and old, men and women, even upon servants; all of whom would experience an ecstatic state, possessed, as they were by the Spirit of God, uttering praises to His ineffable name.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of June 4, 1924, a Wednesday

Old fashioned religion was cited as the cure for law violation by Rev. Anson W. Lindenmuth in an address to the Men's Assn. of St. Stephen's Lutheran church. William Held, Edwin Rabenold and William LeVan also spoke. William Heilman was program chairman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller of Northampton held a party at their home in honor of the third birthday anniversay of their son, Melvin.

Ruth E. Boyer, soprano, and Mrs. Stella H. Landis, contralto, gave a recital in the chapel of Zion Reformed church. Both were pupils of Minnie K. Zimmerman.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

Paris—Man's search for accord and peace has been, for many centuries, conducted amidst the trapping of grandeur. His latest effort, the meeting of the big Four foreign ministers, is in keeping—though probably not one of them could explain just why the search must be so all fired fancy.

The over-all effort to build a home for peace on New York's East Side, the permanent headquarters of U.N. will cost several hundred millions. A good percentage of the palaces and statelier public buildings of Europe have been nesting places of the restless dove of peace. The dove has died so many deaths. Can it have been of suffocation?

Just what the boys will be able to accomplish at the Palais Rose which they could not have achieved in a couple of three dollar rooms off the Place Concord must await the unpeeling of the calendar. If their efforts fail again in the marbled halls they might have failed in the homeliest flea-bag in town. But one will never know, for peace-makers seem committed to the plushiest surroundings possible, though concerned, as they have said for so many generations, with the hopes and fears of the common man.

The common man would get the biggest bum's rush of his life if he attempted to look in on the present conference which is deciding what might well be his fate. So would the common man's main intermediary in such matters, the foreign correspondent.

The meetings are secret; their leading figures guarded by, respectively, the F.B.I., the M.V.D., Scotland Yard and the undercover section of the Surete. For window - dressing there is a sword-brandishing bevy of light operetta soldiery, the Garde Republicain. No chance for anyone to crash this particular party. Or to know precisely what goes on within.

The ghosts of the past which must haunt all peace-makers as they toil in their templed halls showed up in force for this Paris meeting. About $5,000,000 of Anna Gould's dough was piled into the Palais Rose at the trn of the century, when $5,000,000 meant just that. The gaudy place, the color of deep-frozen strawberry ice cream, was copied generally after the Grand Trianon at Versailles.

The breath-taking stairway inside is a copy of the Escalier des Ambassadeur's at Versailles. The one-time dining room of the place opens on an emerald-green swimming pool, complete with bronze heron. There was nursery space enough to provide current office space for a Russian delegation of about 50 persons.

The grand salon in which Acheson, Vishinsky, Bevin and Schuman meet each day is heavy with the echoing footsteps of a day when the daughter of the American railroad tycoon tossed her bizarre parties for the friends of her husband, Count Boni de Castellane.

It remembers, too, the seemlier fetes of the period when the Gould girl married the Duke de Talleyrand-Perigord. And it still creeps with the presence of Gen. Otto von Stuelpnagel, Nazi commander of capitulated Paris, who entertained Hitler in the very room in which four men now wrestle for a variety of the spoils. There is a long crack in the blue, angel-studded ceiling over the heads of the foreign ministers.

There is a curious added touch of swank to the seating arrangement around the 15-foot circular conference table. The table itself is discreetly covered in pool table green with ten cent store ashtrays in front of each place and a little fern centerpiece impaled with four tiny silk flags. Most of the chairs around it are little more than camp chairs. But the four chairs for Acheson, Vishinsky, Bevin and Schuman would have been considered gilded enough and grand enough even for Boni de Castellane.

We hope it all helps. But just for the heck of it, some generation, lets try for peace in a motel.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There is no better lesson in practical patriotism than to get away from your own home every once in a while and really see this country of ours.

Don't tell me that you haven't the time or the money.

You have your Saturdays and Sundays, haven't you?

You have an old jalopy, haven't you?

You have some stuff in the icebox to make a picnic lunch, haven't you?

* *

So many people think that you have to travel thousands of miles to "see the world."

Nothing could be more false.

The world is right around the corner from you.

As a matter of fact, it is right where you live, only you can't see the forest for the trees right where you live. So you've got to take an occasional trip.

Let me give you an instance or two.

* * *

I am writing this in my room at the Fort Bedford Inn in Bedford, Pa.

We just had a wonderful breakfast of strawberries and cream, scrambled eggs with Bedford county sausages, toast oozing with butter, jam and three cups of coffee each. And nicer even than the breakfast itself was its very reasonable price.

* *

While my wife was getting dressed I sat on the porch and admired the gorgeous maple trees all around me and looked at the glorious Allegheny mountains through the morning mist.

A hearse passed by on its way to a funeral.

I have seen many hearses pass by, but this one attracted my attention.

On it was the undertaker's name:

"BAREFOOT."

What a name for an undertaker, I thought.

Barefoot we come into this world, barefoot we go out of it.

Gruesome? Not at all. Just true.

* * *

In Berwick, Pa., one of the editors of the Enterprise, the daily paper there, took us over to look at that newfangled train that is going over to Spain. It was built by the American Car and Foundry people in Berwick.

The editor's name is Fenstermacher.

That is German for "Windowmaker."

Isn't that appropriate for any editor who is worth his salt?

Isn't a real editor supposed to make the window for you through which you see the world?

* *

Yes, if you'll just keep your eyes open and do a little thinking, there are things to see and to learn and to love wherever you go.

For instance, take these beautiful Pennsylvania mountains.

I wish I had the space to tell you about them. But I haven't.

So let me finish this column with a poem by Rudyard Kipling which, of all places, I found on the bottom of the menu of the Fort Bedford Inn:

"If you're off to Pennsylvania this morning
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land behind
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.

"Still the pine woods scent the moon, still the catbird sings his tune,
Still autumn sets the maple forest blazing.
Still the grapevine through the dusk flings her soul-compelling musk,
Still the fireflies in the corn make night amazing.

"They are there, there, there with earth immortal
("Citizens, I give you friendly warning),
The things that truly last when men and time have passed,
They're all in Pennsylvania this morning!"

Yes, that's Pennsylvania. That's America. And that's loving it.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DARKNESS

We see the rags upon the back,
We see the grime upon the hand,
But darker than the night—the balck
That hides the power to understand.

We see the wrong and folly done,
For these are plain to every eye;
But there is neither moon nor sun
To shine upon the reason why.

We see the sorry signs of shame,
And all the tragedies of sin,
But we might pity more than blame
If we could see the heart within.

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ISAAC WELD'S TRAVELS

TRAVELS THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA AND THE PROVINCES OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA, DURING THE YEARS 1795, 1796 AND 1797—By Isaac Weld Jr. Illustrated and embellished with sixteen plates. London. Printed for John Stockdale. Piccadilly. 1799.

Note: The author, a young Irishman, states he was induced to cross the Atlantic for the purpose of looking with his own eyes into the truth of the various accounts which had been given of the flourishing and happy condition of the United States of America. He travelled through the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, New Jersey, New York and the Canadas. In his Preface, signed in Dublin, December 20, 1798, he apologetically writes that if it should appear to any one "that he had spoken with too much asperity of American men and American manners, the Author begs that such language may not be ascribed to hasty prejudice, and a blind partiality for everything that is European." The author appears to have arrived upon our shores strongly repossessed in our favor, and if he shows a different tendency, he declares it to have "resulted solely from a cool and dispassionate observation." In Letter VIII he presents a summary view of Pennsylvania which contains passages of some interest to the readers of the ECK. In March, 1796, he writes from Lancaster as follows:

LETTER VIII

Lancaster, March

My Dear Sir:

This winter has proved one of the mildest that has ever been experienced in the country. During the last month there were two or three slight falls of snow, but in no one instance did it remain two days on the ground. A smart frost sat in the first week of this month, and snow fell to the depth of six or seven inches; but on the third day a sudden thaw came on, and it quickly disappeared: since then the weather has remained uncommonly mild. The season being so fine, and so favourable for traveling, I was unwilling to stay at Philadelphia; accordingly I set out for this place on horseback, and arrived here last night, at the end of the second day's journey. From hence I intend to proceed towards the south, to meet the approaching spring.

The road between Philadelphia and Lancaster has lately undergone a thorough repair, and tolls are levied upon it, to keep it in order, under the direction of a company. Whenever these tolls afford a profit of more than fifteen per cent on the stock originally subscribed for making the road, the company is bound, by an act of assembly, to lessen them. This is the first attempt to have a turnpike road in Pennsylvania, and it is by no means relished by the people at large, particularly by the wagoners, who go in great numbers by this route to Philadelphia from the back part of the state.

The state of Pennsylvania lies nearly in the form of a parallelogram, whose greatest length is from east to west. This parallelogram is crossed diagonally from the north-east to the south-west by several different ridges of mountains, which are about one hundred miles in breadth. The valleys between these ridges contain black soil, and in the south-west and north-east angles also, at the outside of the mountains, the soil is very good. The northern parts of this state are but very thinly inhabited as yet, but towards the south, the whole way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, it is well settled. The most populous part of it is in the south-east corner, which lies between the mountains and the river Delaware; through this part the turnpike road passes which leads to Lancaster. The country on each side of the road is pleasingly diversified with hill and dale. Cultivation is chiefly confined to the low lands, which are the richest; the hills are all left covered with wood, and afford a pleasing variety to the eye. The further you go from Philadelphia the more fertile is the country, and the more picturesque at the same time.

On the whole road from Philadelphia to Lancaster there are not any two dwellings standing together, excepting at a small place called Downing's Town, which lies about midway; numbers of farm houses, however, are scattered over the country as far as the eye can reach. These houses are mostly built of stone, and are about as good as those usually met with on an arable farm of fifty acres in a well cultivated part of England. The farms attached to these houses contain about two hundred acres each, and are, with a few exceptions only, the property of the persons who cultivate them. In the cutivated parts of Pennsylvania the farms rarely exceed three hundred acres; toward the north, however, where the settlements are but few, large tracts of land are in the hands of individuals, who are speculators and land jobbers. Adjoining to the houses there is generally a peach or an apple orchard. With the fruit they make cider and brandy; the people have a method also of drying the peaches and apples, after having sliced them, in the sun, and thus cured they last all the year round. They are used for pies and puddings, but they have a very acrid taste, and scarcely any of the original flavour of the fruit. The peaches in their best state are but indifferent, being small and dry; I never eat any that were good, excepting such as were raised with care in gardens. It is said that the climate is so much altered that they will not grow now as they formerly did. In April and May nightly frosts are very common, which were totally unknown formerly, and frequently the peaches are entirely blighted. Gardens are very rare in the country parts of Pennsylvania, for the farmers which think the labour which they require does not afford sufficient profit; in the neighborhood of towns, however, they are common, and the culinary vegetables raised in them are equal to any of their respective kinds in the world, potatoes excepted, which generally have an earthy unpleasant taste.

Though the southeast part of the state of Pennsylvania is better cultivated than any other part of America, yet the style of farming is on the whole very slovenly. I venture, indeed, to assert, that the farmers do not raise more on their two hundred acres than a skillful farmer in Norfolk, Suffolk, or Essex, or in any well cultivated part of England, would do on fifty acres of good land there. The farmer also, who rents fifty acres of arable land in England, lives far more comfortably in every respect than the farmer in Pennsylvania, or in any other of the middle states, who owns two hundred acres of land, his house will be found better furnished, and his table more plentifully covered. That the farmers do not live better in America, I hardly know whether to ascribe to their love of money making, or to their real indifference about better fare; perhaps it may be owing, in some measure, to both; certain it is, however that their mode of living is most wretched.

The taverns throughout this part of the country are kept by farmers, and they are all very indifferent. If the traveller can produce a few eggs with a little bacon he ought to rest satisfied; it is twenty to one that a bit of fresh meat is to be had, or any salted meat except pork. Vegetables seem also to be very scarce, and when you do get any, they generally consist of turnips, or turnip tops boiled by way of greens. The bread is heavy and sour, though they have as fine flour as any in the world; this is owing to their method of making it; they raise it with what they call sots; hops and water boiled together. No dependence is to be placed upon getting a man at these taverns to rub down your horse, or even to give him his food, frequently therefore you will have to do everything of the kind for yourself if you do not travel with a servant; and indeed, even where men are kept for the purpose of attending the travellers, which at some of the taverns is the case, they are so sullen and disobliging that you feel inclined to do everything with your own hands rather than to be indebted to them for their assistance; they always appear doubtful whether they should do anything for you or not, and to be reasoning within themselves, whether it is not too great a departure from the rules of equality to take the horse of another man, and whether it would not be a pleasing sight to see a gentleman strip off his coat, and go to work for himself; nor will money make them alter their conduct; civility, as I before said, is not to be purchased at any expense in America; nevertheless the people will pocket your money with the utmost readiness, though without thanking you for it. Of all beings on the earth, Americans are the most interested and covetous.

It is scarcely possible to go one mile on this road without meeting numbers of waggons passing and repassing between the back parts of the state and Philadelphia. These waggons are commonly drawn by four or five horses, four of which are yoked in pairs. The waggons are heavy, the horses small, and the driver unmerciful; the consequence is, which is, that in every team, nearly, there is a horse either lame or blind. The Pennsylvanians are notorious for the bad care which they take of their horses. Excepting the night be tempestuous, the waggoners never put their horses under shelter, and then it is only under a shed; each tavern is usually provided with a large one for the purpose. Market or High-street, in Philadelphia, the street by which these people come into the town, is always crowded with waggons and horses, that are left standing there all night. This is to save money; the expence of putting them into a stable would be too great, in the opinion of these people. Food for the horses is always carried in the waggon, and the moment they stop they are unyoked, and fed whilst they are warm. By this treatment half of the poor animals are foundered. The horses are fed out of a large trough carried for the purpose, and fixed on the pole of the waggon by means of iron pins.

Lancaster is the largest inland town in North America, and contains about nine hundred houses, built chiefly of brick and stone, together with six churches, and court house, and gaol. Of the churches, there is one respectively for German Lutherans, German Calvinists, Moravians, English Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics. The streets are laid out regularly, and cross each other at right angles.

An act of assembly has been passed, for making this town the seat of state government instead of Philadelphia, and the assembly was to meet in the year 1797. This circumstance is much in favour of the improvement of the town. The Philadephians, inimical to the measure, talked of it much in the same style that they do now of the removal of the seat of the federal government ,saying, that it must be again changed to Philadelphia; but the necessity of having the seat of the legislature as central as possible in each state is obvious, and if a change does take place again, it is most likely that it will only be to remove the seat still farther from Philadelphia. On the same principle, the assembly of Virginia meets now at Richmond instead of Williamsburgh, and that of New York state at Albany instead of the city of New York.

Several different kinds of articles are manufactured at Lancaster by German mechanics, individually, principally for the people of the town and the neighborhood. Rifled barrel guns however are to be excepted, which, although not as handsome as those imported from England, are more esteemed by the hunters, and are sent to every part of the country.

The rifled barrel guns, commonly used in America, are nearly of the length of a musket, and carry leaden balls from the size of thirty to sixty in the pound. Some hunters prefer those of a small bore, because they require but little ammunition; others prefer such as have a wide bore, because the wound which they inflict is more certainly attended with death; the wound, however, made by a ball discharged from one of these guns is always very dangerous. The inside of the barrel is fluted, and the grooves run in a spiral direction from one end of the barrel to the other, consequently when the ball comes out it has a whirling motion round its own axis, at the same time that it moves forward, and when it enters the body of an animal, it tears up the flesh in a dreadful manner. The best of powder is chosen for a rifled barrel gun, and after a proper portion of it is put down the barrel, the ball is enclosed in a small bit of linen rag, well greased at the outside, and bits of rag, which are called patches, are carried in a little box at the but-end of the gun. The best rifles are furnished with two triggers, one of which being first pulled sets the other, that is, alters the spring, so that it will yield even to the slight touch of a feather. They are also furnished with double sights along the barrel, as fine as those of a surveying instrument. An experienced marksman, with one of these guns, will hit an object not larger than a crown piece, to a certainty, at the distance of one hundred yards. Two men belonging to the Virginia rifle regiment, a large division of which was quartered in this town during the war, had such a dependence on each other's dexterity, that one would hold a piece of board, not more than nine inches square, between his knees, whilst the other shot at it with a ball at the distance of one hundred paces. This they used to do alternately, for the amusement of the towns people, as often as they were called upon. Numbers of people in Lancaster can vouch for the truth of this fact. Were I, however, to tell you all the stories I have heard of the performances of riflemen, you would think the people were most abominably addicted to lying. A rifle gun will not carry shot, nor will it carry a ball much farther than one hundred yards with certainty.

To Be Continued

O MUTTERSCHPROCH

Tune: "Drink to me only"

O Mutterschproch, du bischt mer lieb,
Un hunnichsiess debei;
Mit deinem Klung uff meinre Zung,
So frog ich no far Wei,
Was hot die Welt des Haers verlangt,
Doch gnallscht du meh dezu;
Der Himmelsgang hot gaar ken Gsang
Als lenger schallt wie du.

So wie varalders aa noch heit
Varennert sich die Welt
Doch iss dei Gschmeck un dei Gefieck
Far Ewichkeit gemeldt.
Ken Wolk so drieb, ken Sunn so klaar,
Doch reecht dei Zweck draa hie—
En Schpetzli singt, en Englin dingt
In deiner Melodie.

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

EN DRINKSCHPRUCH

Gott segne die Palz am Rhei,
Unser Aerbschaft, mei un dei!
Vum Keenich Karl der Gross'
Zum Fridder Barbaross.

Wann die Deitsche 's veriosse,
Dann schenkt 's de Franzose!

—CLAUS WIESCHT.

Old Childhood Rhymes

Der Hannes kennt der Nickel net—
Die weite Hosse dricke net—
Wann du Duwack bettle witt,
Dann nemm dei Gaul un Schlitte mit.

* * *

Heddele! Beddele!
Hinnich em Schtedtele
Hen die Dremps Hochzeit—
Danst die Wans, schpringt die Laus,
Huppst die Fleeh zum Fenschter naus.

Uff der Heeh wachst der Glee—
Fieder mir mei Geili,
Wann der Daadi ins Waetshaus geht,
Macht die Mammi en Meili;
Wann sie awwer Kaffi drinkt,
Huppst sie wie en Dischtelfink.

The above interesting old nonsense rhymes came to us from Frank H. Oberholtzer, Allentown, who is in his seventies. He remembers that he learned the first one from his parents when he was a little child. The second he learned from a childhood playmate whose parents had come from Westmoreland County, Pa. and never heard it from anyone else.—ED.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it.—Lytton.

Help for Chinese Students

It is to be hoped that there will be enthusiastic and adequate answer to the appeal of Dean Wray H. Congdon of Lehigh University to people in this community to sympathize with the plight of a dozen Chinese, students at the university, who are virtually stranded there by reason of the Communist invasion of their native country.

Here is a group of intellectuals, the cream of Chinese universities, who have come to our splendid technical institution for graduate work and who are heading to master's and doctor's degrees in various fields of study, principally scientific. They came here on scholarships and fellowships which as most people know, provide little if anything more than tuition fees. They have been dependent during their stay in Bethlehem upon remittances from their families in China.

In China's present chaotic condition, these remittances have ceased. So has all other communication between the young men and their families. They stand in need of immediate assistance to the end that they can secure employment of almost any kind to keep body and soul together while hoping for early reopening of communications between this country and China.

Dean Congdon, who was born in and lived in China for some years, can be expected to feel particularly concerned about the plight of young men who are representative of the finest families of a great people. Our community, representative of the American people who hope for ultimate return to the traditional good relationships with the most populous nation on earth, may well set the example of good will which we bear to that people.

Dean Congdon points out that these young men are qualified for laboratory jobs, for labor in electrical, metallurgical and chemical industries or even menial household tasks. Anything, in fact that will keep them fed and housed.

Power Factor in Success

It has been pointed out repeatedly that while the total population of the world is something around 2½ billions, the people of the United States who number 150,000,000 produce more wealth than all the rest of the world put together. And when that fact is pointed out, the conclusion is generally advanced that there must be much of good in the American system which makes such results possible.

Undoubtedly there are many factors contributing to these results — our free and liberal institutions and their effect upon American morale, abundance of natural resources, and the vast mechanization of industry and agriculture by which Americans multiply their productive capacity.

While peoples in other countries undoubtedly have as great physical strength and mental capacity as Americans, the important difference is that while many Europeans are supported in production by a tiny fractional part of a horse-power on the average, workers in the United States are backed up by about eight horse-power per worker. This compares with Briton's three horse-power, the highest figure in any country outside the United States.

While most of the peoples of the world struggle to produce just enough food to enable them to get by and do it with shovels and hoes, the American farmer has adopted machinery to the point where he not only can feed the American people but millions of peoples thruout the world.

The adoption of machinery by agriculture has resulted in reducing farm help in the United States to one in seven workers, a remarkably small ratio when compared with a world in which "the man with the hoe" is predominant.

It was not always thus for in 1800 three out of four employed persons in the United States were required to produce the food necessary to feed the nation. But that was a day before the gang-plow, the tractor, the combine, the truck and trailer and all the farm machinery that today is employed to break and till the soil to seed it, to fertilize the growing crops, to reap them and ship them.

Most of the world is where the United States was in 1800 as far as agriculture is concerned. But today American farms have more pieces of machinery to grow food for our people, and much of the world besides, than are to be found in all our factories. In fact, farm machinery has almost doubled in volume in the past eight years.

With all this, there are about 10,000,000 horses and mules on American farms and much farm work still is done by hand. But more than three million tractors on American farms, plus 30 million machines of other kinds show the trend. While we cannot add to arable land acreage, the American people can promise further mechanical development to supply food not only for our growing millions but for millions abroad for many years to come.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AELAND ALLER LEBDAWG: Des da elter os der Milt Zimmerman fom Werleys Korner wertshous wert, des da bonger is er waeich rotta un mice. Wie shun oft g'sawt, der Milt wot aenichie tzeit liever darrich 'n bockashtaenie mauer shpringa os wie on ra rot odder mous ferbei gae. Mit ma g'fiehl wie sel, is es leicht tzu denka wos fer 'n wertschoft unna waisa os es gebt won numma 'n glae, butzich mic'l der kup im Milt sei bed shtub shtrack'd.

'S mic'l in dem fol hut uf kours may gaduh wie yusht der kup in die bed shtub g'shtrack'd-'s wor gons in da shtub, un is hinnich 'm radiator rum g'shprunga wie die Sade un der Milt om ready mocha worra fer ins bed gae. Die Sade huts mic'l 's airsht g'sehna, un mohl net gamaint os sie 'n wert beebsa wot. Sie hut gadenk'd wos der Milt net wist gang'd 'n nix aw-' ow'r noh widder wor sie net shure os er ra ferleicht tzum tzwet shtuck fenshter naus shpringa maichd in seinra nocht kut won er 's mic'l selwar sehna sot in da shtub rur. shpringa.

Fer druvel wie sel ferheeda hut sie g'sawt wos sie g'sehna het, un in wenicher tzeit os es nembt sel tzu sawga, wor er mit hand un fees uf 'm bed, un hut gawunnert, "Woh, woh, woh is die mous." Die Sade hut 'm g'sawt woh sie die mous g'sehna het, un er hut 'm boo Sterling, un 'm Sterling seinra Florence gagrisha allas os er greisha hut kenna, sie sotta darbber tzu hilf kumma, 's wear 'n mous in da shtub.

'S Sterlings worra shun im bed, un die Florence woh mice ken pieca besser gleich'd wie der Milt, is aw im bed gabliva ow'r der Sterling-guter, gadreier drup wie er ainer is, is 'm Milt tzu hilf, un hut da Sade helfa sucha fer die mous. 'S hut net long ganumma bis sie sie erblick'd hen, ow'r 's wor net bis der Sterling der yord shtecka k'hol'd hut, os sie die glae grush'd hinnich 'm radiator rous grick'd hen. Noh is sie ol iwwer in da shtub rum g'shprunga un des da naicher os sie ols om Milt hee is, des da aryer hut er gagrisha.

Fer blotz mocha, hut die Sade der shuckle shtuhl ufs bed bed g'shteld, uns nagshd os wor, ferhoftich sei won der Milt net uf 'm shtuhl uf 'm bed k'huck'd hut, un hut 's aller arrickshd g'shuck'dld bis sie 's micl gagrabiert hen kot. Sel uf kours wor g'shwinder g'sawt os wie gaduh. 'S wor Sundawg owets, uns Milts hen om nine uhr ins bed gawolt, os sin net nei kumma bis shier halver tzwelfa darrich die mice g'shicht-un der Milt hut bout ol sellie tzeit uf 'm bed uf 'm shuckle shtuhl k'huck'd, shuckla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Jake Singmaster fon Macungie wil nix may hoerra fon free yohrs gae fix yawga won die ebbel soft lawft.

Der Jake wor doh weil tzurick net yusht hesseldawnish darmlich wie er mit 'm Allen Carl nous wor, ow'r hen die hund aw ferlora, os der Grover Carl fom Pulver Dahl noch Rosedale gae hut missa die hund sucha.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Francis L. Duffy writes from Ottawa, Ill., that he asked a misbehaving youngster, "Do you know where bad little girls go?" "Certainly," she answered, "They go almost everywhere!" In an irrelevant postscript, Mr. Duffy points out why a bird with one wing is nothing like a bird with two wings. It's a difference, as I'm sure all of you have guessed, of a pinion.

* * *

Stephen Longstreet, the novelist, has a solution for the troubles besetting the film industry. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with Hollywood," he told fellow members of the Authors' League, "that a short, bloody Indian uprising couldn't cure!"

Horoscope

It's a propitious time for buying or selling. Go confidently ahead. The youngster who first sees the light of day on this day promises to be one of "fortune's darlings." A sterling character, loving and lovable disposition and talent are predicted.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington. — Since 1937, when the Supreme court of the United States rendered its historic decision broadening the federal power over business and industry, there has been a tendency in some quarters to seek federal power also over physical violence and disorder and to rely less and less on the states.

Now comes the Senate committee on the judiciary to report favorably a bill that is designed on its face to punish police officers of the states for failing to protect persons charged with crime. The ostensible purpose is to prevent lynching, but the law is so drawn that it could conceivably protect citizens who are attacked on the picket line in labor disputes.

If the federal government is to protect one class of citizens, it logically follows it must protect all.

The crime of lynching, for example, is indefensible. Prodded by an indignant public opinion, many states in the south and elsewhere have sharpened up their procedures so as to protect criminals and assure them of a trial. But many groups in Congress are not satisfied with these efforts and hence legislation to punish sheriffs and police chiefs when they fail to do their duty has been recommended by a senate committee.

The language of the bill is significant. The first sentence says:

"To guarantee, insofar as it lies within the constitutional power of the Congress so to do within the subject matter of this act, that each and every citizen of the United States be secured in the equal protection of the laws of the United States, and of the several states, and that no citizen of the United States be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, the Congress, in the exercise of all powers which it possesses, does hereby legislate with respect to the crime of lynching as hereinafter described."

The follow some definitions and a "lynch mob" is described in terms that could as readily fit a mob on the picket lines in a labor dispute. Even if the courts should rule that depriving a citizen of his liberty by mass picketing is not exactly "lynching," the fact that the courts upheld one form of federal supervision of local crime would mean that it held constitutional any other measures of discipline the Congress might wish to apply to state or local police officers who fail to preserve law and order. It opens up a whole new field of federal power.

A "lynch mob" is defined in the bill as follows: "Any assemblage of two or more persons which shall, without authority of law, exercise or attempt to exercise, by acts of physical force against person or property, any power of correction or punishment over any person . . . with the purpose . . . of imposing a punishment, shall constitute a lynch mob within the meaning of this act."

Again and again as innocent citizens are beaten up or their property damaged—often their autos are overturned or stoned at the factory gates—the police look the other way. Sometimes this is because the police chief is part of a political administration and the mayor gets his principal political support from labor-union votes. Sometimes it is the employer group which is in cahoots with the local police.

Not long ago the National Labor Relations board, finding that a local police chief was affiliated with an employer company or was under the domination of such an employer reached out and applied the National Labor Relations act against the police chief. Whether the police chief was or was not an ally of the employer is not relevant to the constitutional issue. Up to now the federal government has not possessed the right to try local police officers for failing to do their duty or for pursuing local police functions which involved partisanship in labor controversies.

Certainly mass picketing has never been defined as a federal crime. The federal police power, however, has been exerted by Congress in the passage of a law forbidding employers to transport strike-breakers across state lines. It also has been applied by Congress in forbidding extortion or racketeering in inter-state commerce, and the labor unions have sought repeal of this law.

Now for Congress to assert that it is constitutional for the federal government to punish local police officers introduces a deviation from accepted practice. The Supreme court some day may be obliged to rule on the extent to which the federal government may back up the right of any citizen to live unmolested by any form of lynching or violence when local officers are indifferent.

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Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington — If you know the right crowd here you can get yourself invited to private hearings of the recorded, carefully rehearsed hysteria of Hot Licks Lewis in his most treasured role of champeen of the peepul.

Sorrowful John L's great performance a week ago at a Senate mine safety hearing was a masterpeice, one of the greatest acts the capital has ever seen or heard. Obviously he had practiced at home. He wanted to frighten the senators—to prove that he still was a searingly effective infighter.

And well he may rehearse again and again in that antique-filled Alexandria home. It looks as if all the frenzied, unprecedentedly complex maneuvering and scurrying over the Taft-Hartley law will end up with only John Lewis's power hurt. That's why he invested $500 for insulting telegrams to the Senate the other day.

He knew, for example, that the CIO had told Mr. Truman's White House aides last week that CIO would publicly back an official administration call for general compromise on a new labor law.

The CIO wasn't double crossing anybody. It simply sought to cut the hysteria out of Washington, get a new law which won't prevent new unionizing drives, and return to union business.

But Mr. Truman ducked that one. No guidance came out of the White House. So nothing came publicly out of CIO.

Then the fight shifted to the Senate. There the labor strategists began battling for the best bargain they could make.

The CIO legal brains, working closely with virtually all other labor lawyers, got themselves a headquarters downtown in the Congressional hotel. They pow-wowed, planned swift maneuvers, and prepared the best arguments they had for speeches by their senatorial friends—with Claude Pepper in the lead.

Meanwhile, up on the hill, the labor strategists began sending in small congenial labor delegations. Mostly from New England. They went to work on such senators as Saltonstall, Tobey, Mrs. Smith, Lodge and Flanders in an effort to split them away from Senator Taft (who's now such a one-man battalion that I found his personal secretary literally making an appointment to get to him.)

Watch these labor delegations. They're setting a new labor action pattern. They're made up of AFL and CIO leaders working together, as they did so successfully in Massachusetts politics this past year.

They clear everything with each other — publicity, radio broadcasts, billboard advertising, local drivers, meetings and such ventures as soundtruck and airplane ballyhoo. In Massachusetts their team-up called the United Labor committee—and they're now doing effective lobbying here. They'll set a national pattern for future political campaigns in and out of Washington. Just watch!

Meanwhile, the AFL called in 200 of its key people from its far-flung city and statewide councils. Last Tuesday they were briefed by the AFL's truly skilled Washington legislative and legal specialists. Then they fanned out to the Senate gallery and office building. Next week there'll be three more gatherings of this clan.

Of course, they'll be lobbying by trying to impress their senators. But they really have another very, very important job. This was suggested to the AFL leaders by their friend, Sen. Paul Douglas. He pointed out that compromise was necessary—but that debate on the new law was so complex that few would understand it back home. So the 200 regional AFLers were brought in to watch and learn why compromise was needed. Then they are to go home and explain that the AFL, the other union leaders and their friends in the Senate did not let labor down. They made the best bargain they could.

Now this bargain includes compromising on just what the president of the U.S. can do in the event of a national strike.

Actually the AFL and CIO don't want him to have any power to stop a walkout. But they're practical men. And in off-the-record conferences they reluctantly agreed to a clause giving the White House power to seize and operate struck facilities in a national emergency.

This, of course, cripples all Lewis' strategy. It would prevent him from paralyzing the country with a coal strike.

So the Man is playing Superman again— to stop everybody from cutting Sampson's hair, if I may mix my literature.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

1 Timothy 6:6-21

'Godliness with contentment is great gain' is one of the wisest sayings of Paul. Even in his time he noticed, according to v. 9, that they which are rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. 'Charge them that are rich', he tells Timothy in v. 17, 'that they be not high-minded, nor trust in the uncertainty of riches, but in the living God, Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.' A man's happiness is not necessarily in proportion to his bank account. Often it is in inverse ratio. There is great danger in the desire to become wealthy, 'for the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil'. The ten commandments close with no anti-climax in warning us against covetousness. Rather let us be interested in doing good, v. 18, rich in good works, ready to share with others, laying up treasures in heaven. Meanwhile be jealous of the truth, avoiding profane and vain babblings, even in the religious world, shunning the opposition of science falsely so called, v. 20, which some professing have erred from the truth.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 11, 1924, a Wednesday.

Robert Wessner of Central Junior High school won the city marble championship at a tournament on the Herbst playground. Annie Elko, Sheridan school, won the jacks championship and Viola Zotter, Harrison - Morton, captured the hopscotch title. Wessner defeated Julio Lotti, champion of the Garber - Horne school, in the finals.

William A. Elliot, 627 N. Penn St., completed and patented an invention to keep windows locked even though the sash was lowered for ventilation.

Harry H. Aubrey was re-elected president of the Alumni Assn. of Catasauqua High school. John Mengelson was chosen as vice president and John S. Matchette was elected treasurer. Katharine Gemmel will serve as recording secretary and Edna Silfies will be corresponding secretary.

Manager Raymond Nothstein of the Lehighton baseball club said that the Lehighton - Hazleton game was to terminate Sunday baseball for his club. Residents of Lehighton had objected to the team's playing on Sunday.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It always gives me a pain in the neck when I hear about the failure of marriage.

The statistics do look discouraging, but you can do almost anything you want with statistics.

When I read that one in every four marriages goes on the rocks, I simply don't believe it. But even if it were true it wouldn't be so awfully terrible.

One in every four sounds bad. But when you look at it another way it means that out of every million marriages, 750,000 are successful, or at least stick together.

* * *

I wonder where the statisticians get their figures.

Naturally, people who spend a lot of their time in night clubs are not going to be successful at marriage.

In the big cities there are bound to be more divorces because there are so many more temptations.

Human beings are not all exemplars of virtue and of moral strength.

Satan, if you believe in him, is a little bit like those folks in the Kremlin.

He has plenty of under-cover boys and girls to lead susceptible victims astray.

* * *

But I maintain that there is nothing wrong with marriage fundamentally, any more than there is anything wrong with democracy fundamentally.

But just as democracy has to be practiced and not preached, marriage has to be practiced and not just played at.

Marriage is a partnership.

If one partner in business steals, the partnership is eventually going to go on the rocks.

If two partners fight with each other too much, they usually dissolve the partnership.

Marriage is just like that.

Cheating and fighting can't ever make a marriage last.

Divorce is simply a dissolution of partnership.

* * *

The trouble is that happy marriages never get any publicity, except when a couple celebrate their silver or their golden wedding anniversary.

But I get plenty of letters from long-married people who seem to be just as happy as the day they were married—or even happier, because they have learned to know and adjust themselves to each other.

* * *

Only today, for instance, I had a letter from Mrs. Hilda Oller, of Waynesboro, Pa., who just celebrated her 32nd wedding anniversary with a happy family party.

"Thirty-two years of happy marriage means a lot to us," she writes. "Sure we've had our ups and downs. We've had arguments, but they never amounted to much. We weathered the depression and raised fine children. We are happier today than we were on our wedding day. We have so much to live for."

* * *

And then Mrs. Oller closes with a comment on a recent column in which I said that I stopped praying.

"You haven't stopped praying," she writes. "Good thoughts are prayers, too, and your column shows that you have lots of good thoughts."

Good thoughts, by the way, also make for happy marriages.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

JUNE BRIDE

Sweet bride of June! Your wedding day,
Which once had seemed so far away,
Has come at last,
The dreaming passed.
And now there are the vows to say.

So young, so beautiful to see
In all your wedding finery,
'Tis joy and pride
To be a bride,
But there are happier days to be.

You're lovely now, but lovelier still
Will be the roles that you may fill
As time goes by.
The first faint cry
You hear your baby make will thrill.

God grant you grace with added years
And softer charms when age appears,
But still above
All else are love,
A joyous home, and faith for tears.



ISAAC WELD'S TRAVELS

TRAVELS THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA AND THE PROVINCES OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA, DURING THE YEARS 1795, 1796 AND 1797—By Isaac Weld Jr. Illustrated and embellished with sixteen plates. London. Printed for John Stockdale. Piccadilly. 1799.

CONTINUED

Letter IX (p. 68)

York, March

My Dear Sir,

I arrived at this place which is about twenty miles distant from Lancaster, yesterday. The inhabitants of this town, as well as those of Lancaster and the adjoining country, consist principally of Dutch and German emigrants, and their descendants. Great numbers of these people emigrate to America every year, and the importation of them forms a very considerable branch of commerce. They are for the most part brought from the Hanse Towns and from Rotterdam. The vessels sail thither from America, laden with different kinds of produce, and the masters of them, on arriving there, entice on board as many of these people as they can persuade to leave their native country, without demanding any money for their passage. When the vessel arrives in America, an advertisement is put in the paper, mentioning the different kinds of men on board, whether smiths, tailors, carpenters, labourers, or the like, and the people that are in want of such men flock down to the vessel; these poor Germans are then sold to the highest bidder, and the captain of the vessel, or the ship holder, puts the money into his pocket.

There have been many very shocking instances of cruelty in the carrying on of this trade, vulgarly called "The white slave trade." I shall tell you but of one. While the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia in the year 1793, at which time few vessels would venture to approach nearer to the city than Fort Mifflin, four miles below it, a captain in the trade arrived in the river, and hearing that such was the fatal nature of the infection, that a sufficient number of nurses could not be procured to attend the sick for any sum whatever, he conceived the philanthropic idea of supplying this deficiency from among his passengers; accordingly he boldly sailed up to the city, and advertised his cargo for sale: "A few healthy servants, generally between seventeen and eighteen years of age, are just arrived in the brig————, their times will be disposed of by applying on board." The cargo, as you may suppose, did not remain long unsold. This anecdote was communicated to me by a gentleman who has the original advertisement in his possession.

When I tell you that the people are sold in this manner, it is not to be understood that they are sold forever, but only for a certain number of years; for two, three, four, or five years, according to their respective merits. A good mechanic, that understands a particular kind of trade, for which men are much wanted in America, has to serve a shorter time than a mere labourer, as more money will be given for his time, and the expense of his passage does not exceed that of any other man. During their servitude, these people are liable to be resold at the caprice of their master; they are as much under dominion as negro slaves, and if they attempt to run away, they may be imprisoned like felons. The laws respecting "redemptioners," so are the men called that are brought over in this manner, were grounded on those formed for the English convicts before the revolution, and they are very severe. The Germans are a quiet, sober, and industrious set of people, and are most valuable citizens. They generally settle a good many together in one place, and, as may be supposed, in consequence keep up many of the customs of their native country as well as their own language. In Lancaster and the neighborhood German is the prevailing language, and numbers of people living there are ignorant of any other. The Germans are some of the best farmers in the United States, and they seldom are to be found but where the land is particularly good; wherever they settle they build churches, and are wonderfully attentive to the duties of religion. In these and many other respects the Germans and their descendants differ widely from the Americans, that is, from the decendants of the English, Scotch, Irish, and other nations, who, from having lived in the country for many generations and from having mingled together, now form one people, whose manners and habits are very much the same.

The Germans are a plodding race of men, wholly intent on their own business, and indifferent about that of others: a stranger is never molested as he passes through their settlements with inquisitive and idle questions. On arriving amongst the Americans (1), however, a stranger must tell where he came from, where he is going, what his name is, what his business is, and until he gratifies their curiosity on these points, and many others of equal importance, he is never suffered to remain quiet for a moment. In a tavern he must satisfy every fresh set that comes in, in the same manner, or involve himself in a quarrel, especially if it is found out that he is not a native, which it does not require much sagacity to discover.

The Germans give themselves but little trouble about politics; they elect their representatives to serve in congress and the state assemblies, and satisfied that deserving men have been chosen by the people at large, they trust that these men do what is best for the public good, and therefore abide patiently by their decisions; they revere the constitution, conscious that they live happily under it, and express no wishes to have it altered. The Americans, however, are forever cavilling at some of the public measures; something or other is always wrong, and they never appear perfectly satisfied. If any great measure is before congress for discussion, seemingly distrustful of the abilities or the integrity of the men they have elected, they meet together in their towns or districts, canvass the matter themselves, and then send forward instructions to their representatives how to act. They never consider that any important question is more likely to meet with a fair discussion in any assembly where able men are collected together from all parts of the states than in any obscure corner, where a few individuals are assembled, who have no opportunity of getting general information on the subject. Party spirit is forever creating dissensions amongst them, and one man is continually endeavoring to obtrude his political creed upon another. If it is found out that a stranger is from Great Britain or Ireland, they immediately begin to boast of their own constitution and freedom, and give him to understand that they think every Englishman a slave, because he submits to be called a subject. Their opinions are for the most part crude and dogmatical, and principally borrowed from newspapers, which are wretchedly compiled from the pamphlets of the day, having read a few of which, they think themselves arrived at the summit of intellectual excellence, and qualified for making the deepest political researches.

The Germans, as I have said, are fond of settling near each other: When the young men of the family are grown up, they generally endeavour to get a piece of land in the neighborhood of their relations, and by their industry soon make it valuable; the American, on the contrary, is of a roving disposition, and wholly regardless of the ties of consanguinity; he takes his wife with him, goes to a distant part of the country, and buries himself in the woods, hundreds of miles distant from the rest of his family, never perhaps to see them again. In the back parts of the country you always meet numbers of men prowling about to try and buy cheap land; having found what they like, they immediately remove; nor having once removed, are these people satisfied; restless and discontent with what they possess, they are forever changing. It is scarcely possible in any part of the continent to find a man, amongst the middling and lower classes of Americans, who has not changed his farm and his residence many different times. Thus it is, that though there are not more than four millions of people in the United States, yet they are scattered from the confines of Canada to the farthest extremity of Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi. Thousands of acres of wasteland are annually taken up in unhealthy and unfruitful parts of the country, notwithstanding that the best settled and healthy parts of the middle states would maintain five times the number of inhabitants that they do at present. The American, however, does not change about from place to place in this manner merely to gratify a wandering disposition; in every change he hopes to make money. By the desire of making money, both the Germans and Americans of every class and description are actuated in all their movements; self-interest is always uppermost in their thoughts; it is the idol which they worship, and at its shrine thousands and thousands would be found, in all parts of the country, ready to make a sacrifice of every noble and generous sentiment that can adorn the human mind.

In coming to this place from Lancaster I crossed the Susquehanna River, which runs nearly midway between the two towns, at the small village of Columbia, as better boats are kept there than at either of the ferries higher up or lower down the river. The Susquehanna is here somewhat more than a quarter of a mile wide, and for a considerable distance, both above and below the ferry, it abounds with islands and large rocks, over which last the water runs with prodigious velocity: the roaring noise that it makes is heard a great way off. The banks rise very boldly on each side, and are thickly wooded; the islands also are covered with small trees, which, interspersed with rocks, produce a very fine effect. The scenery in every point of view is wild and romantic. In crossing the river it is necessary to row up against the stream under the shore, and then to strike out over to the opposite side, under the shelter of some of the largest islands. As these rapids continue for many miles, they totally impede the navigation, excepting when there are floods in the river, at which time large rafts may be conducted down the stream, carrying several hundred barrels of flour. It is said that the river could be rendered navigable in this neighbourhood, but the expense of such an undertaking would be enormous, and there is little likelihood indeed that it will ever be attempted, as the Pennsylvanians are already engaged in cutting a canal below Harrisburg, which will connect the navigable parts of the Schuylkill, and also another canal from the Schuylkill to the Delware, by means of which a vent will be opened for the produce of the country bordering upon the Susquehanna at Philadelphia. These canals would have been finished by this time if the subscribers had all paid their respective shares, but at present they are almost at a standstill for want of money.

The quantity of wild fowl that is seen on every part of the Susquehanna is immense. Throughout America the wild fowl is excellent and plentiful; but there is one duck in particular found on this river, and also on Patowmac and James rivers, which surpasses all others: it is called the white or canvass-back duck, from the feathers between the wings being somewhat of the color of canvass. This duck is held in such estimation in America, that it is sent frequently as a present for hundreds of miles—indeed it would be a dainty morsel for the greatest epicure in any country.

York contains about five hundred houses and six churches, and is much such another town as Lancaster. It is inhabited by Germans, by whom the same manufactures are carried on as at Lancaster.

The courts of common pleas, and those of general quarter session, were holding when I reached this place; I found it difficult therefore, at first, to produce accommodations, but at last I got admission in a house principally taken up by lawyers. To behold the strange assemblage of persons that was brought together this morning in the one poor apartment which was allotted to all the lodgers was really a subject of diversion. Here one lawyer had his clients in a corner of the room; there another had his; a third was shaving; a fourth powdering his own hair; a fifth noting his brief; at the table standing in the middle of the room between a clamorous set of old men on one side, and three or four women in tears on the other, I and the rest of the company, who were not lawyers, were left to eat our own breakfast.

On entering into the courts a stranger is apt to smile at the grotesque appearance of the judges who preside in them, and at their manners on the bench: but this smile must be suppressed, when it is recollected, that there is no country, perhaps, in the world, where justice is more impartially administered, or more easily obtained by those who have been injured. The laws expressly declare that there must be, at least, three judges resident in every county: now as the salary allowed is but a mere trifle, no lawyer would accept of the office, which of course must be filled from amongst the inhabitants (2), who are all in a happy state of mediocrity, and on a perfect equality with each other. The district judge, however, who presides in the district circuit, has a large salary, and is a man of a different cast. The district or circuit consists of at least three, but no more than six counties. The county judges, which I have mentioned, are "judges of the court of common pleas, and by virtue of their offices also justices of oyer and terminer, and general gaol delivery, for the trial of capital and other offenders therein." Any two judges compose the court of quartersessions. Under certain regulations, established by law, the accused party has the power of removing the proceedings into the supreme court, which has jurisdiction over part of the state. This short account of the courts relates only to Pennsylvania; every state in the union has a separate code of laws for itself, and a distinct judicature.

1.—In speaking of the Americans here, and in the following lines, it is those of the lower and middling classes of the people which I allude to, such as are met with in the country parts of Pennsylvania.

2.—This is also the case in Philadelphia, where we find practicing physicians and surgeons sitting on the bench as judges in a court of justice.

To Be Concluded

TO-WHIT! TO-WHEE!

The following translation from the English Mother Goose Book illustrates how plastic and pliable our dialect can be under the touch of a master hand.

"Tu-witt! Tu-witt! Tu-wie!
Nau guck emol dohie!
Mei Nescht iss fart, en Dieb waar do!
Wer schtehlt die Oiyer, dibblich blo?"
"Des waar net mich, mu-uh!"
So saagt die scheckich Kuh.
Ich geb dir yuscht en Wischel Hoi;
Ich hab nix gsehne vumme Oi.
Des waar net mich, mu-uh!
Des hawwich net geduh!"

"Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Nau saag mer awwer, flink!
Waar ebber uff em Blaumebaam?
Mei Nescht iss fart, des iss ken Draam!"
Do saagt der Hund, "Wuff-wuff!
Net ich—do schtehn ich druff!
Ich geb dir yuscht en bissel Haar;
Un was ich saag, iss immer waahr.
'S waar ebber schunscht, wuff-wuff!
Net mich, do schtehn ich druff!"

"Kuck-kuck! Kuck-kuck! Kuck-kuck!
Nau kumm dohaer un guck!
Wer schtehlt re Amschel ihre Nescht?
Du weescht verleicht noch's allerbescht!"
"Net ich!" So saagt en Schof.
"Des daet ich net im Schlof!
Ich geb dir Woll fer midde nei,
Der macht en Nescht so weech un fei.
Net ich!" So saagt des Schof.
"Des daet ich net im Schlof!"

"Gaa-Gaa!" So saagt die Grapp,
"Wer hebt die Neschter ab?
Mer lewe in re beese Zeit,
'S hot heitzudaag so schlechte Leit!"
"Gluck-gluck!" So saagt die Gluck,
"Nau kumm yuscht haer un guck!
Mei Biewelcher, die simmer 'n Freed;
'S iss kens debei, as schtehle daet.
Gluck-gluck!" So saagt die Gluck.
"Do kumm yuscht haer un guck!"

"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 Bu, 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!"

Aus'm JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

Now For Comfort in Pools

Thousands of Allentonians who have been uncomfortable during the past three weeks of hot weather will welcome the opening today of the City's five attractive and commodious bathing beachs. Henceforth thru the summer these pools and beaches will be open nightly until 9 for the accomodation of bathers and swimmers whose total will almost certainly exceed a hundred thousand.

The pity of course is that the pools have not been available for us during the past few weeks when the opportunity for use of their services was so great.

But a lesson can be learned from this experience and this is that there generally are almost as many days favorable for swimmers and swimming in June as there are in August and that the bathing season period by no means corresponds with the school vacation and the summer playground season.

There have been years when the pools were opened well in advance of playground work because the weather for swimming had arrived and because the pools and beaches were in condition to receive the swimmers.

Every year the pools and beaches should be ready for the people at the time when weather encourages swimming, even if that be in mid June or a little later.

People Pay the Bonus

If there is to be a bonus for Pensylvanians who served in the recent war, it will have to come thru a vote of the people of the State, to whom the mattr will be submitted at the election in November. And if adopted, the bonus will have to be paid by the people at large for it is they alone who in the last analysis will supply the millions of dollars necessary.

The manner in which the money is raised differs in the sixten States which so far have adopted bonus measures, prior to 1949 while six approved such awards at legislative sessions this year. In addition to Pennsylvania, New Jersey voters will decide the matter of a bonus in November.

The Federation of Tax Administrators has surveyed the bonus measures in the 16 States and finds that three of them will finance them entirely by increasing tax on real estate. These are the Dakotas and Iowa.

In Minnesota where the measure is expected to cost $152,000,000, the money will be raised by a $5 tax on every person who files an income tax return, by a 5 per cent increase in the State income tax rate, a 10 per cent increase in taxes on liquor and beer, a mining tax of one per cent and a property levy to meet any deficiency in total receipts from the other sources.

In the State of Washington, it is expected to raise $100 million for the bonus by adding two cents to the cigarette tax, in Indiana there are to be increases in State income taxes while in West Virginia the voters are going to be given their choice of the same tax resources which Minnesota proposes to tap.

Only one State Iowa, has any considerable surplus which can be tapped in part and spare the people heavy additional taxation.

Outrageous Use of Filibuster

A filibuster is likely to prevent the American housewife from getting colored oleomargarine at lower prices than she now is paying altho the bills before Congress are in such position on th calendar that the U. S. Senate could enact them into law in a minute.

The situation is that the House of Representatives overwhelmingly passed the measure long ago and that the newspapers of the United States, except in the two butter stats, Wisconsin and Minnesota, have been fighting shoulder to shoulder with the millions of women of the country to urge Senate passage of the bill.

The bill is on the Senat calendar but the Senators from the butter States have been able to keep it thre by threatening parliamntary tactics on other bills.

Time is runing out. Congress wants to adjourn or recess on July 31. The feud as to a new labor bill, the Atlantic Pact, the Reciprocal Trade Pact and lots of other national and international matters have not been decided.

The butter Senators seem to be confident that they can deny the will and the wishs of the millions of American housewives and they will resort to filibuster, if necessary, or throw other monkey-wrenches into the legislative machinery.

It is one of the most brazen exhibitions of the power of the filibuster that has yet been seen. While "the public be damned" attitude has in general disappeared from American affairs, here it is evidenced in its boldest and most reprehensible form in the highest American legislative body whose members are chosen by the people.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

NOCH MAY FON DA WELSHKERN HEISELCHER: Tzitter os m'r die ledshd woch fertzailt hen fon da welshkern heiselcher, hen'n lot fegelcher gapifa-un aw net fer welshkern kerna howwa, ow'r fer uns weiter fertzaila ferwos 'n welshkern heis'l unna ang is, un owwa braid. Ainer in Bucks kounty hut uns g'sawt, 's wear kayose, ow'r er wear noch ol sei lavens tzeit um welshkern heiselcher rum gawest, un het nee net so weit gadenk'd os wie fer wunnerra ferwos sie gabout weara wie sie sin, unna ang un owwa braid. Paar fon Karbon kounty os m'r aw gadroffa hen, hen g'sawt 's het sie aw shun oft gawunnert, ow'r hetta nee net gabodder'd fer noh froga dawaiga bis sie unser "Mertza" brief galaisa hetta, un now hetta sie noch niemond finna kenna os na sawga het kenna ferwos sie so kayose gamushder'd weara.

Etlicha hen aw uf garufa uf 'm fone, ow'r der aintsich'd os aenich ebbes neias kotta hut, wor der Ed Bittenbender fon Emmaus. Der Ed-glae wenich darra sida da fuftsich, hut g'sawt er kent sich noch gute erinnera wie er sei Grampap der He Schoup fon g'shwishich Macungie uns Lauers meal, longa yohra tzurick mohl g'frok'd het ferwos die welshkern heiselcher immer so kayose gabout dada werra. 'S wor wie der Ed 'm Grampap helfa hut welshkern uf fossa os sie gablauder'd hen fon da socha, un der alt Hen hut g'sawt, sie dada so gamocht werra fers welshkern halta fon ferdarva. Welshken breich'd blenty luft fer drickla, un sella waig dades sich net nagshd so hard uf nonner hucka wie won die heiselcher gleich runner gabout weara, odder unna braider wie owwa. 'S welshkern mist aw yaira, het der Hen g'sawt, un kent sel yusnt duh wons luft het fer drickla.

Ains fon da schreiver is niemond shunshd os wie die poshtmaishder'n un shtorekipper'n Ida Hollenbach fon wie sie secht, "Saegershteddle." Sie hut aw 'm Ed sei maining waeich 'm welshkern ferdarva, un bring'd aw die lotta nei, un woh sie secht os gayus'd weara werra fer 'm welshkern luft gewwa fer die krutza drickla. Sie maint uf kours, 's welshkern kent aw drickla won die sides gleich runner kaimta, yusht die heiselcher mista noh haicher sei fers weshern nei griega. 'n wohs arrick unghandich mocha dade fer filla.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won aenicha onnerra aenicha onnerra uhrsocha wissa feewos die welshkern heiselcher sei sotta wie sie sin, dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon, 's same wie aw ferwos der gabrouch noch immer wor fer da aisel die shwentz un mona shaira.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Psalm 119:9-16

Again we have a section of the longest chapter in the Bible, Psalm 119, almost every every verse of which is in praise of God's Word, His law, the Torah, v. 1. This is one of six Psalms beginning with 'Blessed'. 'O, the blessedness of the undefiled in the way', says the Hebrew, 'who walk in the law, that is, the commandments of the Lord'. There are 22 divisions of this Psalm, each one consisting of eight verses; 22 divisions according to the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet, the names of which, and sometimes the letters themselves, being printed at the head of each section. Our lesson is the second division, which means that in the Hebrew each of these verses begins with the letter 'beth'. It begins with the question, 'Wherewithal shall a young man keep his way clean?'. The answer is, 'By taking heed thereto according to God's Word'. And how may this be done? The answer may be found in v. 11. 'Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee'. God's Word in the heart of a man is a perfect antidote against the poison which we know as sin.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 18, 1924, a Wednesday

Alfred K. Hettinger was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania law school with a bachelor of laws degree.

Alfred J. Butz, member of Allen Fire Co. No. 7, was given a surprise party at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Fulton. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Malsberger, Cleora Malsberger, Mrs. Alfred Marks, Robert Marks, Anna Sechrist, Dorothy Butz, Julius Marks, Harry Bechtel, Curtis Malsberger and Mrs. Alfred J. Butz.

On the Line

By BOB CONSIDINE

Fatima, Portugal,—Millions of Catholics and an incalculable number of other mortals believe unswervingly that Mary the mother of Jesus appeared before and spoke to three simple Portuguese children in Fatima on six occasions in 1917.

The children were Lucia Ababora, then 10, and her cousins, Francisco Marto, 9, and Jacinto Marto, 7. None could read or write, yet they related astonishingly - worded revelations dealing with the spread of Russian ideology through the world, the end of World War I, the prospect of World War II, hell, and the length of their stay on earth.

The church, jittery during the period of persecution then rampant in Portugal, was distressed at first over the incredible reports of the naive children. It was feared by some priests that the words the children mouthed and their descriptions of "the lady all in white, more brilliant than the sun" were but part of a plot which—when exposed — would bring additional woe to religion in Portugal. The prior of the nearby village of Aljestrel, where the children lived among their populous families, a Father Ferreira, denounced the first visions as the work of the devil.

Arturo de Oliveira Santos, a sort of political boss and magistrate of the area at that time, jailed the children and submitted them to such tortures as the threat of cooking them in sizzling oil. Each was told separately that the others were dead, but each stuck to his story. Each was told separately that the others had confessed to a fraud, and each stood by the strange and wonderladen story.

At home, for Lucia, there were entreaties and beatings and even periods of starvation. But she—who is the survivor of the three — accepted her troubles stoically. For had not the virgin told her that her life would be long and full of care? Today, in her early '40's, she is Sister Maria das Dores (Mary of the Sorrows) and performs the hardest and often most menial work about the Portuguese convent that cloaks her.

The Marto children died, as they steadfastly asserted that the virgin had predicted, in the great influenza epidemic that followed World War I.

The first vision came at noon on Sunday, May 13, 1917. It was a brilliant day and after mass the children walked their flocks of sheep to the ragged, windy section of this bleak plateau where now rises a magnificient alabaster church. On that day, without warning, they said a bolt of lightning seemed to strike near them. They ran in fright for perhaps 100 yards and then stopped and fell to the ground at the sight of a blinding ball of light atop a small indigenous evergreen called the azinheira.

Out of the ball of light, they said, appeared the lady. According to the children, she said she was from heaven, urged them to visit that place at the same hour of the same day of the month for the next six months, spoke of some friends of theirs who were in heaven and urged them to say the rosary daily.

The strange story spread through the hill country and a score of curious scoffers were on hand when the children returned to the spot at noon on June 13, 1917. None saw anything while the children addressed a series of questions to the top of the gnarled azinheira bush, but some professed to have heard a sound like the buzzing of a bee.

The children declared that the virgin showed them hell during the third vision.

As their persecution and constant interrogation continued (troops were called out to drive off the faithful who came to Fatima) the children prayed to the lady to give a sign to those who could not see her. She replied, they said, that she would work a miracle on Oct. 13, her last scheduled appearance.

Lisbon newspapers sent their most callous and realistic reporters. The church dispatched its leading scholars, most of them skeptical. Professors, thrill-seekers and the likes made the 90-mile journey northward from Lisbon by train, bus and car. Some of the simpler folk crawled the last miles on their bloody knees. By noon of that day of the showdown, 70,000 stood in the driving rain, praying or heckling.

The story of what then happened is history perhaps most clearly described by Avelino de Almeida, agnostic reporter of the Lisbon newspaper "O Seculo." He described the shout of Lucia, who suddenly ordered the crowd to lower its umbrellas, the shocking parting of the raincloud, and the unprecedented appearance of the sun.

"It was a spectacle unique and incredible if one had not been a witness of it," he wrote. "One can see the immense crowd turn toward the sun, which reveals itself free of the clouds in full noon. The great star of day makes one think of a silver plaque, and it is possible to look straight at it without the least discomfort.

"It does not burn, it does not blind. It might be like an eclipse. But now bursts forth a colossal clamor, and we hear the nearest spectators crying 'miracle, miracle! marvel, marvel!' Before the astonished eyes of the people, whose attitude carries us back to Biblical times and who, full of terror, heads uncovered, gaze into the blue of the sky, the sun has trembled, and the sun has made some brusque movements, unprecedented and outside all cosmic laws—the sun has 'danced.'"

The two younger children died and Lucia, who had been bidden to learn to read and write by the lady, she said, found the obscurity for which she had prayed. As is its practice, the church moved prudently, almost timidly, until confronted with the weight of what has now become hundreds of cures achieved at Fatima under the scrutiny of nonsectarian medical boards. Bombs and vandals destroyed the original shrine and the azinheira bush, but a greater Fatima has risen. Today—for all its remoteness — millions visit it annually and go away thoughtful and moved by the experience.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At a period when the Civil War was going badly for the North, and Secretary of War Edwin Stanton was in an extremely bad humor, the mother of a young private who had been sentenced to death for falling asleep on guard duty came to plead for clemency.

President Lincoln overheard Stanton dismissing the distraught woman in the most off - hand manner, and reproved him with a remark that has become famous: "Don't be in such a hurry, Stanton: listen to any woman speaking for her son's life." Lincoln himself issued a full pardon for the boy.

* * *

The French savante, Madame de Staël, cared more for conversation than she did for places. "If it were not for respect for human opinion," she noted in her diary, "I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, whilst I would travel 500 miles to talk with a man of genius."

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,— Business men have been wondering why the stock market has been so low and why, in particular, the public isn't buying stocks when it is acknowledged that so many securities are way below their true value in terms either of earnings or of assets.

The public seems to have become frightened about something, and the customary answer heard is that fear of the future trend of business is at the core of the whole problem of investor confidence.

The next 60 days are to be crucial. Within that time America will have made some fateful decisions which can have a substantial influence on national psychology and especially on business men. Here are some of the questions that will have to be answered one way or the other in the next two months. Most of them will have to be decided by Congress.

1. Will the budget be balanced or will the United States resume deficit financing?

2. Will the Taft-Hartley act be replaced by a law that gives the unions absolute freedom from restraint so that strikes and labor disputes will multiply and interfere seriously with production?

3. Will the ECA funds for Europe be seriously cut and the whole European economic situation forced into a deflationary trend, thus affecting international trade in which the American economy is deeply concerned?

4. Will the situation with Russia clarify to the point where some long-range planning can be done by business men without fear of international crises or a rising budget for military expenditures which create shortages of raw materials?

There are dozens of collateral questions that grow out of these four major problems. They all add up to the same thing—some effort to find an economic equilibrium in which prices can level off and put an end to the stalling between buyers and sellers.

While it is true that fears of a recession and even deep depression have been engendered through the reports of how production has declined in the first six months of this year, there are many factors which are present today to strengthen the situation that were not present in 1929 when the last major depression began.

The need at the moment is for a true appraisal of the things that are bringing uneasiness and weakness. Most of them stem from the failure of Congress to clarify doubts and take a position on current questions that touch the future of business.

Concretely, there would be a resurgent confidence and a rise in stock-market values if Congress made up its mind to balance the budget for the fiscal year which begins July 1 and if Congress enacted a law that held the scales even between the two groups that wield great economic power. An early decision on ECA funds would help stabilize the international trade situation. A prudent policy on fiscal affairs here would thrill the whole world. Many things can be done to show that American economic leadership is such that a readjustment need not be a depression. But the key is here in Washington—in a majority of the Congress, whose decisions on policy are anxiously awaited by the country.

Another uncertain factor is the policy to be pursued by John L. Lewis and the mine workers' union—whether they go on another work stoppage after the present negotiations are concluded or enter a new contract and into an era of peace. The recent assertion of economic power to bring an interruption in production of coal for "stabilization" purposes startled Congress.

Shall any economic group have the right to shut down production and use as its instrument a national union with the closed shop? Congress has the answer to that one in the anti-trust laws which have in recent years not applied to unions. Judicial decisions have given unions immunity from prosecution for restraint of trade. Congress can remedy that defect by a simple piece of legislation.

The fact that labor unions now exceed in many respects the economic power of even the large corporations and assume rights of supervision over what shall or shall not be produced makes many business men wonder whether a free economy and a competitive system can be fostered when any one group is immune from monopoly laws.

The situation as a whole is drifting toward a climax. Unhappily, there is no White House leadership in these critical times, and hence the nation is more than ever dependent on statesmanship in Congress.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today's column will start with an obituary.

It is an obituary for Popovers.

I loved popovers. I couldn't get enough of them.

But my wife, as I wrote in a rash column, did not succeed in making her popovers pop.

Being accustomed to dealing with world-shaking problems in my column, I told my readers about my wife's plight.

More than 250 recipes for popovers came in.

Most of them were similar or alike.

But there were about 40 varieties of making popovers.

My wife tried them all—on me.

* * *

Then about a dozen other letters regarding popovers came in.

"I am anxious to know whether your wife tried my recipe," they said in substance, "and I am anxious to know whether my recipe worked out all right. If not can you give me the one that did?"

* * *

Yes, dear friend, who and wherever you are, she did try your recipe.

And she found that by putting in three eggs instead of two and filling the very hot ramikin full, instead of just half-full, the popovers come out perfect.

* * *

But not to the obit.

As I said, I loved popovers. When their aroma wafted from the downstairs kitchen into my upstairs bedroom on a Sunday morning, that wonderful odor got me out of bed as no church bell had ever been able to do. But, after my popover column, popovers were no longer a once-a-month Sunday delight.

They became a weekly experiment, and I was the guinea pig.

With tears in my eyes I begged my wife never to make another popover again as long as I live.

"Bury the recipes as deep as you can," I said, "and let us bury even the memory of popovers. May they rest in peace."

I am telling you all this not just for the sake of popovers.

My popover experience holds true in many of life's experiences.

Too much of anything becomes monotonous or even nauseating.

No woman would care much about orchids if orchids were a dime a dozen.

No man would aspire to financial success if money grew on trees and dollars were his for the picking.

People go to Florida or California in winter because June days in February are rare.

God must have known what He was doing when He mixed joys with pain. Perhaps it is good that the days of joy are so much rarer than the days of worry and anxiety.

* * *

I love roast leg of veal. We had it last Sunday. It was delicious.

On Tuesday we had cold veal and potato salad. It was pretty good.

Tonight we will have roast veal again.

Shall I have to write another obit?

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Horoscope

You may have a pleasant surprise. For your next year a certain amount of success should crown your efforts. Unusual ability probably will be noticed in the child born today.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

DAY OFF FOR FISHING

When a fellow goes fishing he's done with his care.
Life's small irritations can't follow him there.
No phone calls to answer! No "hurry up" cry
That someone is wanting what he must supply.

When a fellow goes fishing his mind is at ease.
For a brush and a comb he just uses the breeze.
He is free from the customs of life which enslave.
He can go for the day without having to shave.

When a fellow goes fishing his rivals are fair,
The joys of the stream all are willing to share,
And when dinner is ready there's no one to note
At the table that he's without necktie or coat.

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ISAAC WELD'S TRAVELS

TRAVELS THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA AND THE PROVINCES OF UPPER AND LOWER CANADA, DURING THE YEARS 1795, 1796 AND 1797—By Isaac Weld Jr. Illustrated and embellished with sixteen plates. London. Printed for John Stockdale. Piccadilly. 1799.

CONCLUSION

[A portion of]

LETTER XXXVII

Philadelphia, November [1796]

On the Atlantic side of the mountains the country is much less rugged than on the opposite one, and it is more cleared and much more thickly settled: The inhabitants are for the most part of German extraction.

Bethlehem is the principal settlement, in North America, of the Moravians, or United Brethren. It is more agreeably situated on a rising ground, bounded on one side by the river Lehigh, which falls into the Delaware, and on the other by a creek, which has a very rapid current, and affords excellent seats for a great number of miles. The town is regularly laid out, and contains about eighty strong built stone dwelling houses and a large church. Three of the dwelling houses are very spacious buildings, and are appropriated respectively to the accommodation of the unmarried young men of the society, of the unmarried females, and of the widows. In these houses different manufactures are carried on, and the inmates of each are subject to discipline approaching somewhat that of a monastic institution. They eat together in a refectory; they sleep in dormitories; they attend morning and evening prayers in the chapel of the house; they work for a certain number of hours in the day; and they have stated intervals allotted to them for recreation. They are not subjected, by the rules of the society, to perpetual confinement; but they seldom, notwithstanding, go beyond the bounds of their walks and gardens, except it be occasionally to visit their friends in the town.

The Moravians, though they do not enjoin celibacy, yet think it highly meritorious, and the young persons of different sexes have but very little intercourse with each other; they never enter each other's houses, and at church they are obliged to sit separate; it is only in consequence of his having seen her at a distance, perhaps, that a bachelor is induced to propose for a young woman in marriage, and he is not permitted to offer his proposals in person to the subject of his choice, but merely through the medium of the superintendent of the female house. If from the report of the elders and wardens of the society it appears to the superintendent that he is able to maintain a wife, she then acquaints the protegee with the offer, and should she consent, they are married immediately, but if she does not, the superintendent selects another female from the house, whom she imagines would be suitable to the young man, and on his approval of her, they are quickly married. Hasty as these marriages are, they are never known to be attended with unhappiness; for being taught from their earliest infancy to keep those passions under control, which occasion so much mischief amongst the mass of mankind; being inured to regular habits of industry, and to a quiet sober life; and being in their peaceable and retired settlements out of the reach of those temptations which persons are exposed to who launch forth into the busy world, and who mingle with the multitude, the parties meet with naught through life to interrupt their domestic repose.

Attached to the young men's and the young women's houses there are boarding schools for boys and girls, under the direction of proper teachers, which are also inspected by the elders and wardens of the society. These schools are in great repute, and not only the children of Moravians are sent to them, but also those of many genteel persons of a different persuasion, resident in Philadelphia, New York, and other towns in the neighbouring States. The boys are instructed in the Latin, German, French, and English languages; arithmetic, music drawing, etc.: the girls are likewise instructed in these different languages and sciences, and, in short, in everything that is usually taught at a female boarding school, excepting dancing. When of a sufficient age to provide for themselves, the young women of the society are admitted into the house destined for their accommodation, where embroidery, fine needle-work, carding, spinning, knitting, etc., etc., and other works suitable to females are carried on. A separate room is allotted for every different business, and a female, somewhat older than the rest, presides in it, to inspect the works and preserve regularity. Persons are appointed to dispose of the several articles manufactured in the house, and the money which they produce is distributed amongst the individuals engaged in manufacturing them, who, after paying a certain sum towards the maintenance of the house, and a certain sum besides into the public fund of the society, are allowed to keep the remainder for themselves.

After the boys have finished their school education, they are apprenticed to the business which accords most with their inclination. Should this be a business or trade that is carried on in the young men's house, they at once go there to learn it, but if at the house of an individual in the town, they only board and lodge at the young men's house. If they are inclined to agricultural pursuits, they are then put under the care of one of the farmers of the society. The young men subscribe to the support of their house, and to the public fund, just as the young women do; the widows do the same; and every individual in the town likewise contributes a small sum weekly to the general fund of the society.

Situated upon the creek, which skirts the town, there is a flour mill, a saw mill, an oil mill, a fulling mill, a mill for grinding bark and dye stuff, a tan yard, a currier's yard; and on the Lehigh River an extensive brewery at which very good malt liquor is manufactured. These mills, etc. belong to the society at large, and the profits arising from them, the persons severally employed in conducting them being first handsomely rewarded for their services, are paid into the public fund. The lands for some miles around the town, which are highly improved, likewise belong to the society, as does also the tavern, and the profits arising from them are disposed of in the same manner as those arising from the mills, the persons employed in managing the farms, and attending to the tavern, being nothing more than afterwards agents of the society. The fund thus raised is employed in relieving the distressed brethren of the society in other parts of the world, in forming new settlements, and in defraying the expense of the missions for the purpose of propagating the gospel amongst the heathens.

The tavern at Bethlehem is very commodious, and it is the neatest and best constructed one, without exception, that I ever met with in any part of America. Having communicated to the landlord, on arriving at it, our wish to see the town and public buildings, he immediately dispatched a message for one of the elders, and in less than a quarter of an hour, brother Thomas, a lively fresh coloured little man of about fifty years of age, entered the room: he was dressed in a plain blue coat and waistcoat, brown corderoy breeches, and a large round hat; there was goodness and innocence in his looks, and his manners were so open and unconstrained, that it was impossible not to become familiar with him at once. When we were ready to sally forth, he placed himself between two of us, and leaning on our arms and chatting without ceremony, he conducted us first to the young women's house. Here we were shewn into a neat parlour, whilst brother Thomas went to ask permission for us to see the house. In a few minutes the superintendent herself came; brother Thomas introduced her to us, and accompanied by them both we visited the different apartments.

The house is extensive, and the passages and their stair-cases are commodious and airy, but the work rooms are small, and to such a pitch were they heated by stoves, that on entering into them at first we could scarcely breathe. The stoves, which they use, are built in the German style. The fire is inclosed in a large box or case formed by glazed tiles, and the warm air is then conducted, through flues, into similar large cases placed in different parts of the room, by which every part is rendered equally warm. About a dozen females or more, nearly of the same age, were seated at work in each apartment. The entrance of strangers did not interrupt them in the least; they went on with their work, and except the inspectress, who never failed politely to rise and speak to us, they did not even seem to take any notice of our being in the room.

The dress of the sisterhood, though not quite uniform, is very nearly so. They wear plain calico, linen, or stuff gowns in a peak in front, and tied under the chin with a piece of riband. Pink ribands are said to be worn as a badge by those who are inclined to marry; however, I observed that all the unmarried women wore them, not excepting those whose ages and features seemed to have excluded them from every chance of becoming votaries of Hymen.

The dormitory of the female house is a very spacious apartment in the upper story, which is aired by a large ventilator in the ceiling. It contains about fifty boarded beds without testers, each calculated to hold one person. They sleep here during winter time in the German style, between two feather beds, to which the sheets and blankets are stitched fast; in summer time the heat is too great here to admit even a single blanket.

After having gone through the different apartments of the female house, we were conducted by the superintendent into a sort of shop, where different articles of fancy work manufactured by the sisterhood, are laid out to the best advantage. It is always expected that strangers visiting the house will lay out some trifling sum here; and this is the only reward which any member of the society expects for the trouble of conducting a stranger throughout every part of the town.

The house of the sisterhood exhibits a picture of the utmost neatness and regularity, as do likewise the young men's and the widows houses; and indeed the same may be said for every private house through out the town. The mills, brewery, etc., which are built on the most approved plans, are also kept in the very neatest order.

Brother Thomas, after having shewn us the different public buildings and works, next introduced us into the houses of several of the married men, that were most distinguished for their ingenuity, and in some of them, particularly the house of a cabinet maker, we were entertained with very curious pieces of workmanship. This cabinet maker brought us a book of Indian ink and tinted drawings, his own performances, which would have been a credit to a person in his situation in any part of the world.

The manufactures in general carried on at Bethlehem consist of woolen and linen clothes, hats, cotton, and worsted caps and stockings, gloves, shoes, carpenter's, cabinet maker's, turner's work, clocks and a few other articles of hardware, etc., etc.

The church is a plain building of stone, adorned with pictures from sacred history. It is furnished with a tolerable organ, as likewise are the chapels of the young men's and young women's houses; they accompany their hymns, besides, with violoncellos, violins, flutes, etc. The whole society attends the church on a Sunday, and when any of the society dies, all the remaining members attend his funeral, which is conducted with great solemnity, though with little pomp: they never go into mourning for their departed friends.

Every house in the town is supplied with an abundance of excellent water from a spring, which is forced through pipes by means of a hydraulic machine worked by water, and which is situated on the banks of the creek. Some of the houses are supplied with water in every room. The machine is very simple, and would easily raise the water of the spring, if necessary, several hundred feet.

The spring from whence the houses are supplied with water stands nearly in the center of the town, and over it, a large stone house with very thick walls, is erected. Houses like this are very common in America; they are called spring houses and are built for the purpose of preserving meat, milk, butter, etc. during the heats of the summer. This spring house in Bethlehem is common to the whole town; a shelf or board in it is allotted to each family, and though there is no watch placed over it, and the door be only secured by a latch, yet every person is certain of finding, when he comes for it, his plate of butter or bowl of milk, etc., exactly in the same state as when he put it in.

The Moravians study to render their conduct strictly conformable to the principles of the Christian religion; but very different notions, notwithstanding, are, and, no doubt, will be entertained respecting some of their tenets. Every unprejudiced person however, that has visited their settlements must acknowledge, that their moral conduct is truly excellent, and is such as would, if generally adopted, make men happy in the extreme. They live together like members of one large family; the most perfect harmony subsists between them, and they seem to have but one wish at heart, the propagation of the gospel, and the good of mankind. They are in general of a grave turn of mind, but nothing of that stiffness, or of that affected singularity, or pride, as I will call it, prevalent amongst the Quakers, is observable in their manners. Wherever their society has extended itself in America, the most happy consequences have resulted from it; good order and regularity have become conspicuous in the behaviour of the people of the neighbourhood, and arts and manufactures have been introduced into the country.

As the whole of the plot of ground, on which Bethlehem stands, belongs to the society, as well as the lands for a considerable way round the town, the Moravians here are not liable to be troubled by intruders, but any person that will conform to their line of conduct will be received in their society with readiness and cordiality. They appeared to take the greatest delight in showing us their town, and everything belonging to it, and at parting lamented that we could not stay longer with them, to see still more of the manners and habits of the society.

They do not seem desirous of adding to the number of houses in Bethlehem; but whenever there is an increase of people, they send them off to another part of the country, there to form a new settlement. Since Bethlehem was founded they have established two other towns in Pennsylvania, Nazareth and Lititz. The former of these stands at the distance of about ten miles from Bethlehem, and in coming down from the Blue Mountain you pass through it.

Bethlehem is visited during the summer time by great numbers of people from the neighboring large towns, who are led thither by curiosity or pleasure, and regularly, twice a week throughout the year, a public stage waggon runs between it and Philadelphia. We engaged this carriage to ourselves, and early on the second day from that on which we quitted Bethlehem, reached the capital, after an absence of somewhat more than five months.

IM JUNI

Die Rose bliehe im Juni,
Die Veggel singe laut,
Doch schenner wie Rose un Veggel
Iss manchi Juni Braut.

Sie heiere druff un dewedder
Un denke gaar net draa,
Wie raar iss oft die Aerwet
Un wie aarm ebmols der Loh.

Sie sinn so yung un so glicklich,
Un gucke ins Lewe nei
Mit kee Gedanke an die Zukunft
Un Druwwel das sie bringt bei.

Der Daadi 'furnish't die Heemet,
Die Mammi 'furnish't 's Geld;
'S Lewe iss en Picknick
Un e Paradies die Welt.

Ya well, loss sie so denke!
Es kummt emol e Zeit,
Dass sie die Hoffning verliere
Un warre zu gescheit.

Der Druwwel kummt vun selwer,
Mer braucht net halbwegs geh,
Ihn uff em Weg zu finne—
Sell kann mer allfert gseh.

Do hen sie die 'satisfaction,'
Dass Lewe emol waar siess,
So loss de Buwe un Maedel
Ihr karzes Paradies.

—LOUIS A. WEITZEL (1862-1934)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The temple of our purest thoughts is--silence! — Hale

Swim at the Safe Places

Three weeks of tropical wheather have driven our people to any and all spots hereabouts where bathing and swimming can be enjoyed in cooling waters and the weekend which begins today and next week's three-day holiday for the Fourth of July promise to bring just about everybody who can walk, drive or ride to those places where a swim or a dip can be enjoyed.

Now it is a happy circumstance for virtually everybody living in this community that safe places for bathing and swimming have been provided. Not only have pools been built and not only have natural bathing beaches been developed for public use but they are provided with attendants who constantly are watchful over the activity of those who visit the pools and beaches.

There is no excuse therefore for non - swimmers and those who are poor swimmers to risk their lives by going to any of the many places along our streams where bathing and swimming can be enjoyed but where there is no supervision of the sport. There will be enough water accidents and fatalities this season, as there have been in other years, without our people courting trouble in dangerous places.

Parents should insist that their young people go to the public places where there is supervision and almost absolutely assured safety. Since they are the nicest places there should be no difficulty in having orders to this effect obeyed implicitly.

Speed No. 1 Road Villain

Startling increase in deaths on rural highways during the month of April is reported by the State Bureau of Highway Safety which appends the not at all surprising information that "speed" has been responsible for just about half the State's traffic fatalities.

Studying all the records of fatalities during April, the Bureau reports that a little better than 49 per cent were caused by speed, or by speed "too fast for conditions." Only three per cent were charged to drunken driving and a little better than seven per cent to drivers going to sleep at the wheel.

Enforcement of the regulations as to speed is therefore being urged upon local law enforcement authorities and it is expected that the State Police will be vigilant out on the open roads, as they have been during the early months of the year. This vigilance is indicated in an increase of revocation of drivers' licenses by almost thirty per cent over the figures for the corresponding first four months of 1948, and an increase of suspensions by 53 per cent over the figures for the same period a year ago.

Help for Blood Pressure

Step by step the scientists invade the fields of man's physical ailments and progress in an understanding and treatment of these ills that are a burden to the flesh and a weariness to the mind.

Every advance is welcomed by the lay world because each and every individual realizes that he too some time or other is likely to stand in need of help. Therefore the more that is known about all human ills, the more likely it will be that an answer will be ready for his own case.

Our generation has heard more about high blood pressure than humanity has ever heard before in all its history about this physical condition and so there will be satisfaction that the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine is able to announce the development of a new drug which is being used to bring about decrease in blood pressure.

The drug, developed from a fungus which grows on rye and other grasses, is said to bring release of the spasm of the brain blood vessels which accompanies high blood pressure, the pressure is lowered and it is accomplished without any unfavorable effects.

The medical men are conservative in their claims, saying it is not recommended for routine treatment and its effects are only temporary. But they do feel sure that the drug is "an important step toward the development of an effective therapy for the treatment of high blood pressure."

Where No Oath Needed

In an address to Yale alumni this week Dr. Charles Seymour, president of the university, announced that Yale would require no loyalty oaths of its faculty members and would tolerate no "witch hunt." At the same time he declared that Yale employs no Communists because "their presence here would be the negation of academic freedom."

Is there an inconsistency in this stand? The requirement of loyalty oaths in many State laws and in the regulations of a number of individual colleges and universities is usually a step toward the detection and elimination of Communist teachers. Why then should Yale, which will brook no Communists on its staff, look askance at the requirement of an oath?

The answer is that Yale, which selects its faculty members slowly and carefully, has no doubt about the loyalty of any of them. Some may differ from the majority in their economic and social views but the differences are those of men of integrity and loyalty, not the expressions of intellectual puppets who change their convictions in accordance with a party line. Yale feels that it has no need of oaths; the same is true of many other centers of learning. It would be fortunate if all schools and colleges were in the same happy circumstance.—New York Sun.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

PARADE: 'N yader mensch hut 'n waicher blocka om hartz fer die gagend fon seinra yuchand. Kindheits dawga sin nee mohls tzu fergessa, un wos in shpaiterra yohra is shannei, os wie fer don un won tzurick in die gagend gae woh m'r drin uf gawoxa is. In selra gagend sehnt m'r net yusht freind fon freea dawga, ow'r 's dut ma mensch aw gute sich erinnerra on kindsheits g shpichta shun long fergessa.

Morya is widder Dillingersviller dawg im unnerra end fom kounty. Fier yohr tzurick sin fon da alta eiwohner tzomma gonga un hen 'n fersommling ui grick'd fon ol woh ols darta in die shule gonga sin. Noh wor aw 'n tzeit woh die leit fon selra gagend ihra kerrich darta kotta hen. Ludderich, Refamiert, un Manishda. 'S wor in 1735 os die airsht kerrich gabout is werra, un in 1799 sawga sie, wear 's shtaina shule hous gabout werra woh ols noch shtaid, un woh die fersommlinga morya drin k'halta werra wons wiesh'd sei sot.

Der Porra Alfred Mertz, der nei porra fon da Zionsviller refamierta kerrich breddich'd nommy dawgs om tzwae uhr, un der Robert Krauss, 'n alter shule maishder is der shwetzer. Kor fon drei kerricha singa dawgs un owets, mit ma bardicha musical program owets. Sis 'n ess shtand darta so os soicha woh net hame wolla, ihra owets essa darta griega kenna.

Yar, morya is 'n gosser dawg fer ol die leit os uf gabrocht sin werra in da Dillingersville gagend. Sis der dawg woh sie ol hame kumma fer blauderra iwwer alta tzeita, un aw die fohrelterra ehra, woh in sella freea dawga die airsht kerrich un shule in der gong grick'd hen, -hen wartzla galaig'd woh ols noch gree sin, may wie tzwae hunnerd yohr noch dem os sie gablonst sin werra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R—Die nagshd woch kumma die tickets rous fer unser Pennsylfawnish Deitschie train un boat exkursion der Hudson nuf, un um Nei Yarrick rum, Somshdawgs da 13d Augusht.

Soicha os folla barichda wolla, kenna uns schreiva, un aw watcha in Call heit 'n woch, woh m r tzaila 'n ad tzu howwa os fertzailt fon da trip.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of June 25, 1924, a Wednesday.

The Allentown Police band made its debut over the air on station WCBA under the leadership of Frank H. Troxell. The program included vocal solos by mounted policeman Edward "Spud" Sperling, Edgar Snyder, and Mrs. Lou H. Miller; a saxophone solo by Clyde E. Wolf and a cornet solo by Fred Wiegand. Mrs. E. H. Berryman accompanied.

A novelty shower and a birthday anniversary party were on the agenda at a meeting of Gamma Sigma Nu sorority. The birthday anniversary of Sue Gerhart was celebrated and a novelty shower was held for Margaret McQuade. Others attending were Emma Hiltebeitel, Miriam Laudenslager, Mrs. Willard English, Mrs. Ira Schaffer, this city; Sue Coleman, Catasauqua; and Mrs. George Bellis, Phoenixville.

The semi-annual election of the Four Square club took place in the Hotel Allen. The new officers were Garwood Ottinger, president; John D. O'Rear, vice president, E. C. Story, secretary, and Lloyd C. Bingaman, treasurer.

William Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, Fullerton, a graduate of Catasauqua High school, won Lehigh county's state scholarship. He was to enter Lehigh university in the fall to take up a course in engineering.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

(Editor's Note: This column is another in a series of guest articles written by leaders in the field of capital and labor during the absence of Victor Riesel who is on vacation. Today's column is authored by Wallace F. Bennett, president of the National Assn. of Manufacturers.)

By WALLACE F. BENNETT

It is difficult not to assume, when we read about the issues leading to strikes and unrest among the men and women who work in our industrial plants, that the trouble workers find with our individual enterprise economy is that it is not paying high-enough wages; that it has not sufficiently shortened the work-week nor provided plentiful jobs.

Yet the American economy in the last ten years has just about doubled wages, without significantly increasing the hours worked per week, and it has employed record numbers of workers.

If employes' satisfaction with their jobs and the economic system which supplies them is principally a matter of wages and hours, then it might be expected that their approval of the operation of our free economy would have increased proportionately rather than decreased.

However, today, at the highest level of prosperity in history, many of our people seem to have lost faith in freedom—particularly the freedom of enterprise, which is an indivisible part of freedom.

When people are willing to surrender economic freedom in exchange for government control they must face the loss of all freedom, as the record of authoritarian states plainly shows.

Not history alone, but common sense makes it clear that when government takes over an economy, it must sooner or later dictate to every individual what he shall work at and where; what he shall produce and for how much money, what and how much he may buy and for what price.

Such a government cannot tolerate opposition. When it has controlled everything necessary to its management of everyone's economic life, it will take some very sharp defining to name what is left of individual freedom.

But it is not my intention to use the hospitality of this column to disparage the managed economy, nor even the Communist economy, except to note that when many Americans begin to display eagerness to exchange the fruits of our American economic system for the dubious little berries of the "welfare state," it does indicate a flaw in the way we operate our system.

I do not believe that this fault is concerned, fundamentally, with wages and other material returns. I do believe that the processes of the machines, in this tremendous American industrial age of ours, seem to have become more important than the men who run them—and for whom, indeed, they were created.

American industry has shown an amazing ingenuity in the technical sense. But we need to re - appraise and strengthen our human resources, which are the most important of all.

With the right leadership — spiritual, not technical leadership — jobs can produce satisfactions which are far more important to a man than gaining a wage increase — and I am not attempting to depreciate the importance of good wages, which all of us want to receive. On the other hand, if a man's job is boring and frustrating, if he feels unhappy and confined in it and his energies and aspirations are stifled, you can pay him almost anything and he will still regard it as a form of slavery.

A man's job must be more than a living — it must be a life. Perhaps few men think of their jobs as a source of happiness; they consider happiness to be something sought only in leisure hours.

Yet no one can turn the switch off his emotional life for the eight hours or so he spends at his job. All his human urges and responses are on the job with him. Multiply this one man's spiritual needs and fulfillments — or lack of fulfillments — by those of the millions of individuals who work in America's factories and try to comprehend the force which is acting upon our individual enterprise system — for good or bad; in favor of it or against it.

If industry is to have the support of this force, if its leaders are to restore a waning faith in freedom among American workers, it must be realized that the challenge of today is not a challenge to devise new industrial techniques, but to the capacity for spiritual leadership. Business managers must be more concerned with whether a man is happy in his job than whether a new piece of machinery is operating to perfection.

There is no place in this undertaking for a master blueprint. It involves individuals and it must be performed by individuals.

Throughout everything that is done, however, there must be recognition of five human needs which have to be satisfied, in various ways, if any man is to make his job produce happiness. These are a man's need to be himself; his need to grow and use his abilities; the need to achieve and be rewarded for it; the need to belong, and the need to contribute.

Businessmen alone cannot preserve freedom of enterprise. They must have the understanding and support of these millions of men and women who work in America's plants. The imagination and devotion management gives to responding to these fundamental human requirements can decide the course which our economy and our whole national life will take.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Voelker, the prosecuting attorney of Marquette county, Michigan, has a favorite poker story concerning a doctor who was taking a frightful shellacking when lo! in a hand of stud he finally got aces back to back. Furthermore, everybody stayed. On the next turn of the cards, the doctor drew another ace! Unfortunately, his friend Joe, sitting at his right, chose this moment to suffer a heart attack and slumped over the table.

The players rushed him to a couch where he breathed his last. "What'll we do now?" the white-faced players implored the doctor. "Out of respect for the dead," he replied promptly, "I suggest we finish this hand standing up."

* * *

Carl Loeb, the metal magnate, once asked his son, "How do you spell 'Mississippi'?" The lad countered quickly, "Do you mean the river or the state?"

(Copyright, 1949)

Horoscope

Excellent time to relax. New and old friends should bring you happiness in your next year, and fortunes expand. Refinement, tender-heartedness, sincerity and perseverance, may all be noted as today's child develops.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

President Truman must certainly live in a vacuum. His message to Congress urging increases in pay for the heads and assistant heads of departments and other executive officials contains an unrealistic comparison with the pay received by executives in private industry. But Mr. Truman doesn't seem to realize the difference.

In private industry executives are chosen for their efficiency and for the record they make over a period of years.

In government top executives are chosen for political reasons. "Government by crony," which has been introduced by Mr. Truman, differs very little from the political spoils system of past administrations. Men aren't worth big salaries just because they have big titles and serve a political party.

In an era in which the size of campaign contributions is the determining factor in selecting ambassadors and ministers and when the criterion of Cabinet eligibility is too often the amount of money an individual raised in the presidential campaign, it is not surprising that good men will not take subordinate positions in the government.

"It is customary," wrote the president, "in private industry for an executive to be paid many times as much as he would be paid for comparable work in government service. Salaries of $50,000 to $100,000 a year in private industry are not uncommon."

"When it is considered that the responsibilities of many top government executives are far greater than those of any private executive in the nation, it is evident why the government has great difficulty in obtaining and keeping the best men."

But a record of appointments to Cabinet posts in recent years shows few changes. Mr. Truman wouldn't have the slightest difficulty in getting men from private business to become Cabinet members. It is a safe bet, however, that he never would offer such a post to any of the top executives who have made good in the big companies to which he refers in his message.

Anybody in an executive capacity earning $50,000 to $100,000 a year or more must perform to the satisfaction of a board of directors which measures results by the yardstick of incomes and profits made and by individual capacity. The fact that an executive is a hail-fellow-well-met or that he tells good stories or is a boon drinking companion doesn't get him very far in those large businesses where the people's money is invested.

Somehow or other, in government it's another story. The president often appoints and the Senate confirms men who would never be able to earn in private industry the equivalent of their government salary.

There are many capable men in the government and they deserve salary increases. Many of them could make more money in private life — and many of them do leave the government service and would leave no matter what the raise in pay given them. They find the red tape of government irksome and the opportunities for advancement not at all attractive. They become disgusted with party politics and the waste of public money.

The problem of efficiency in government will never be solved just by increasing the salaries of its policy-making executives. The nation will never get the best men to serve at the top level until men are elected to the White House who do not play fast and loose with public authority by using it to foster personal friendships or to pay political debts. When there is public confidence in the executive attitude toward public service, there will be a corresponding recognition of what it is proper to do with the salary scales of executives throughout the government.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Isaiah 1:11-18.

A well-known minister once said that it is difficult to keep religion spiritual, and history proves his statement, as do the first five verses of today's reading lesson. For many, religion can become merely a matter of attending church service once a week (to say nothing of once a year), and the observance of a few festivals, v. 14. But true religion is more than that. It is a matter of the heart; of personal communion with God through His Son as an unbroken fellowship throughout the day and throughout the year. That is why Isaiah, speaking for the Lord, says: 'Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before your eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well. Come now, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool'. It is because of such passages of invitation as this one that Isaiah is called the evangelical prophet. See, for example, another one like it in chapter 54, verses 6 and 7.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It's too hot today to be sensible, so here goes for a lot of nonesense.

* * *

As part of the 150-year anniversary of the City of Burton, Ohio, residents have been asked to write their honest opinions about their neighbors and put them in sealed envelopes.

These envelopes will be put in a metal box which will be buried and it not to be opened for a hundred years.

I do hope that no Burtonian will get at that box while whatever neighbor about whom he or she expressed an opinion is still alive.

Otherwise, there may not be a single Burtonian left long before the hundred years are up.

(By the way, to show you how up-to-date this column is, I just found the clipping of this item in one of my 'idea folders.' It is dated June 14, 1948. Which shows you that I am only a year behind in my news.)

* * *

In the city of Boston, Mass., a law has been proposed that for the first violation of an automobile ordinance a fifty-cent fine is to be imposed. That fine is to be doubled with every offense.

Thus, the twenty-second fine would be $1,048,576.

A mere trifle to rich people such as you and I.

* * *

Here is another year-old item that I got out of that folder.

Last year about this time, a bill was introduced in Congress providing for the better care of elephants.

The bill declared that many elephants being shipped here from India arrived in winter, "practically unprotected from the icy salt-waves which broke over them."

The elephants, the bill said, "where white with salt, shivering and moaning and very near death."

I don't know what was done about it.

But if it got the same Congressional treatment as a lot of bills for the protection of us humans who are "shivering and moaning" over high taxes and such, it is probably buried somewhere and will never be passed.

* * *

A London, England magistrate decided some time ago that it is perfectly permissible for a husband to chastise a recalcitrant wife, provided the cane he uses is "no thicker than a man's little finger."

A London cane and umbrella merchant told a reporter recently that there has been no demand for suitable canes since the magistrate's decision, although he put in a plentiful stock and advertised "canes legal for uxorial punishment."

The same type of canes, he added, have been used for years by farmers for the herding of cattle and in schools for the disciplining of pupils.

* * *

A Chicago fellow built himself an eight-room house for $600 and bragged to his friends about it.

Someone squealed on him and, upon investigation, it developed that he stole all the material.

That's one way to beat the housing shortage.

And I bid you all a pleasant weekend.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

A DAY

From sleep to wake,
From toil to sleep;
Some things to make;
Accounts to keep;
To sell; to buy;
To teach; to pray;
To laugh; to cry;
For all—a day!

The hours the same
As all before,
And none to claim
One second more.

A date to mark
Each passing day,
From dawn to dark
For work and play.

Yet from the rise
To set of sun
By him who tries
Can much be done.
Before the end
Who will can say:
He dared to spend
A useful day.

(Copyright 1949)



GIBS UN GLEE

A Story of Early Pennsylvania German Farming

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

"THAT'S a fine field of clover" said my friend as we rode along the crest of a hill heading towards the Blue Mountain. At the moment my eyes were too intent on the road to pay much attention to the clover, but as we descended into the valley of the Jordan and drove more leisurely along familiar scenes, I began to reminisce. Jesse Guth and I drove along the narrow, dusty road in a freshly painted buggy. That was more than forty-five years ago. How things had changed since then! The smooth concrete road cuts out all the sharp bends and turns. Yes, most of the old houses are still there, but the meadow lands are neglected and look worthless. There are a few new buildings, including a roadstand or two, but the last vestiges, of the house where Peter Sell and his son-in-law, George Hollenbach, lived two hundred years ago have disappeared.

That evening, at home in the easy chair, the scenes returned. I tried to picture Lowhill two hundred years ago. What had the forests been like on those hills? And the grasslands along the Jordan? And why had my ancestors built their home in a wet meadow land instead of on the hill where we had seen the beautiful field of clover? I remembered reading something about clover not growing in Pennsylvania originally. These things arounsed my curiosity—whence this little story of **"Gibs un Glee."**

Pennsylvania — Penn's Woods — is generally believed to have been completely covered by forests. This is not entirely correct. There were clearings of various sizes, covered with native grasses, mostly along streams and in low lands. Just how these clearings happened to be there is not definitely known, but it is believed that some of them had been used by the Indians as places to grow corn and beans. The Indians had no grass-eating domestic animals and therefore had no use for grasslands.

The Dutch and Swedes who settled on the Delaware had brought cattle from Europe long before the first English settlers arrived, and the first cattle of the English came from that stock. There is no record that any of our Pennsylvania German ancestors brought cattle direct from Europe and their first stock too came from the cattle already there. Before long every family had two or three cows which during the summer were allowed to range, day and night, on the native grasses that grew in the forest. The grasses on the uplands were mostly annuals and this foraging soon exhausted their growth. This left the meadows, where the perennial grasses grew, as the only source of fodder, and the early farmers valued their land according to the amount of meadowland that was included. All land along streams was turned into grasslands as far as possible, and to promote the growth of grass and to make it possible to harvest two, and sometimes three, crops a season, the early Pennsylvania German farmers resorted to meadowland irrigation. "Some time before 1750 the German farmers of Pennsylvania began to irrigate natural meadows. The streams flowing through meadows were diverted along the hillsides and the water distributed by lateral ditches over the lowlands. The procedure often took much labor, but the increased hay crops apparently justified the expense. Farms with a large acreage capable of irrigation were highly valued." (1.) This practice was common in Bucks and Lancaster counties and there is evidence that it occurred in Goshenhoppen.

The entire system of farming, as then carried on, would indeed seem strange to a farmer today. The farming of the colonial Pennsylvania German is nowhere more vividly portrayed than in the diaries of David Schultz. (2.) Over a period of more than 50 years (1733 to 1790) Schultz wrote memoranda in his almanacs, using a peculiar mixture of German, Latin and English. Only fifteen of these are still preserved, but fortunately these fifteen are scattered oved the period so that we still have the overall picture. When there were no important events to record, such as deaths of friends, Indian Wars, battles in the Revolution, etc. he filled the spaces with notes about daily farm chores, even down to the bimonthly cleaning of the stables during the winter months. (Er hot die Schdell ausgemischt in Ladeninisch!) During the summer his cattle were in the pasture day and night and the stables needed no cleaning.

He jotted down his plowing and sowing, his reaping and mowing, and when the grain had been hauled home he knew the exact number of sheaves. The last day of haymaking he wrote "Heu Ernte finished" and it must have been with heavy heart that he added "but 20 small Fuder" (3.) (only 20 small cartloads). The following winter the scanty hay crop was supplemented with turnips and oats straw, and luckily it was an early spring for on April 25 he wrote "Rapas ultimas feeded pro vaccas" (the last turnips fed to the cows) and eleven days later "Avena ultim Stramine feeded" (fed the last oats straw.) Farming those days was a continuous struggle for existence.

The farmer had not yet learned how to grow grass on the hills and uplands. Haymaking took such little time that it was no sooner begun than done. June had not yet become "die hoiet" but was still "der Brachmonat," according to the old German custom. Most of the month was spent with the first plowing (Ger. **brachen.**) although sometimes he did this in May. There was an imperfect rotation of crops which made it necessary to let the land lie fallow every third or fourth year. The fallow land was always ploughed twice, the first plowing in June and the second plowing (**Ger. felgen**) in August. The practice of two plowings died out early in the 19th century, after a complete rotation of crops was established and better plows were invented. Schultz used the words **brachen** and **felgen** repeatedly, but they have long since vanished from the Pennsylvania German vocabulary.

A second crop of hay was always cut in the meadows, and in very good years even three. Schultz used both **Omet** and **Grummet** to designate the second crop. In the dialect, **omet** and **umet** have remained in use down to the present time, but with the disappearance of the practice of a second crop, the word is now rarely heard. It seems that **grummet** was never generally used as a dialect word, although as late as 1836 Solomon Fister, Greenwich Township, wrote the word **grommet,** but used as an adjective. Fister kept his accounts in English, but he did not grope for words and frequently resorted to the dialect, so he wrote, "grommet grass gemeth." (4)

Schultz mentioned many other interesting things in his diaries, but they do not belong to this story. In 1757 he mentioned planting corn for the first time. In 1782 he mentioned potatoes for the first time. He raised a little tobacco and always had an acre or an acre and a half of flax. He sowed four to six acres of buckwheat every year and harvested only four or five bushels per acre. Sometimes he sowed a little hemp, and there was always a field of turnips for the cattle. The important event, as far as this story goes, occurred in April, 1786, when he for the first time mentions sowing clover.

The cultivation of red clover is mentioned in England as early as 1633. (5.) William Penn in 1685, mentioned an experiment of sowing English grass and "great and small clover." Peter Kalm, the Swedish scientist, saw fields of red clover near New York in 1749. (6.) It was not, however, until after 1768 that a discovery became known that made the growing of clover a success and revolutionized, so to speak, the whole farming industry of Pennsylvania. This discovery was the use of gypsum, or plaster of Paris, in the raising of clover.

This new era, the era of "'Gibs un Glee," was described by Watson in his "Annals" in the following words: "It may justly surprise the present generation to have a little insight into the state of farming before the revolution and before the introduction of clover and plaster of Paris. These were the things which enriched the cultivators and beautified our fields . . . Everybody was delighted to see the effect of the interest which was everywhere excited by this important improvement. Before this time a farmer at Germantown would consider one hundred acres of land as inadequate to provide for his frugal living, unless he had a good portion of natural meadow to supply his stock. It soon can be experienced that fifty acres of land, well-tilled, produced enough to fill a barn of double the size used before!"

ERNTE LIED

The harvest season is once more upon us. In the rapid age in which we live our people are no longer as conscious of the significance harvest time once had for our people when life in eastern Pennsylvania was still largely agricultural. What hopes, fears, anticipation and suspense attended the approaching harvest time; what gratitude and sense of security when the harvesting was at an end and the golden wealth safely stored. An older generation may remember how hundreds of people made their annual excursion to the top of the Big Rock on the Lehigh Mountain on the Sunday midway in harvest time, to enjoy from there the beautiful prospect of the ripe sheaves and shocks spreading southward through the Saucon Valley.

The following verses were sent to the Editor some years ago by the late Fred W. Fegely of Allentown, who had found them in a clipping from the MONTGOMERY COUNTY PRESSE, Lansdale, Pa., for August 4, 1863.

Similar verses can be found in the files of our early Pennsylvania German papers and almanacs, all indicative of a simpler age, when one still reacted with reverence and with thankfulness to the cycling seasons.—ED

Gottlob, die frohe Erntezeit,
Nun ist sie wieder da!
Heut jauchzet Alles hoch erfreut,
Und singt Hallelujah!

Heut fuehren wir wieder mal
Die reifen Garben ein;
O Brueder, singet allzumal
Und laszt uns froehlich sein.

Wie haben wir in Furcht gelebt,
So oft ein Wetter kam!
Wie hat uns da das Herz gebebt,
Wie trauerten wir vor Gram.

Gelobt sei Gott! vorueber sind
Die bangen Tage nun.
Wie haetten Hagel nicht und Wind
Uns koennen Schaden tun!

So mancher ginge heut' heraus
Und weinte laut vor Schmerz,
Und kehrte traurig dann nach Haus!
Ihm blutete sein Herz.

Gottlob! das darf nun Keiner tun;
Wir duerfen froehlich sein:
Wir alle fuehren jauchzend nun
Die reifen Garben ein.

Ein Jeder hat auf's ganze Jahr
Nun jeden Tag sein Brod!
Ja maechtig, gnaedig, wunderbar
Half uns der liebe Gott.

O ruehmt es laut: von ihm allein
Kommt aller Segen her.
Wie wuerden wir berathen sein,
Wenn er, wenn er nicht waer.

Zwar wird von uns mit saurem Schweiss
Das Saatenfeld bestellt;
Jedoch was nuetzt all' unser Fleiss
Wenn Gott es nicht erhaelt.

Das Korn waechst ohne Sonnenschein
Und ohne Regen nicht;
Und nimmermehr kann es gedeih'n
Wenn eines ihm gebricht.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts getan;
Von Gott kommt Beides her.
Wer ist's der's regnen lassen kann,
Auch wenn er Kaiser waer?

Dies laszt uns heut' erkennen wohl,
O Brueder, Herz und Mund,
Von Gottes Lob und Preise voll,
Mach' seine Sachen kund.

Und heilig schwoer es Jeder heut:
"Mein ganzes Leben sei
Aus Dankbarkeit nur Gott geweiht,
Es sei von Bosheit frei!"

Wer Vorrat hat, miszbrauch ihn nicht
Zu schaendlichem Gewinn.
Er gebe dem, dem Brod gebricht
Von seinem Vorrat hin!

O Brueder, welche suesze Lust,
An Lieb' Gott aehnlich sein.
Entzuecken floeszt es in der Brust,
Die Armen zu erfreu'n.

Auf volle Scheuern trotze nie
O reicher Bauersmann;
Im Himmel lebt ein Gott, der sie
Dir leicht zerstoeren kann.

Nein! Keiner trotz' auf Geld und Glueck;
Wir stehn in Gottes Hand:
Er ruft den Blitz—im Augenblick
Steht Haus und Scheu'r in Brand.

An Gottes Segen liegt's allein;
Doch soll der auf uns ruh'n:
So laszt uns fromm und friedsam sein,
Und gerne Gutes thun.

Ja, Gutes tun, das wollen wir;
Sag' Jeder ja dazu;
Ja, ja! nun kehren freudig wir
Der stillen Heimat zu.

DIE BAUERE

Not all the wealth of India's mines could fill the farmer's place,
And Heaven's smiles are mirrored in the sweat of Labor's face;
We hail the true man everywhere - who ne'er from duty swerves
He is the one right royal heir, who rules the land he serves.

Wie mache's dann die Bauere?
' Ei, so mache sie 's:

Sie bluge un sie eege, sie blanse un sie saee
un schbaare net die Soot;
Sie aernde - schneide, maehe,
gans fleissich, frieh un schpot;
Sie reche 's un sie binne 's,
duhn 's uff Heife odder Schack;
Un far alles Gut's, das drin isch,
nemme sie 's gaar gut in Acht;
Sie faahre 's in die Scheier
un packe 's schee eweck,
Dart, gege Blitz un Feier,
bewaahrt mit Schtee un Bleck.
Sie dresche 's, baschde 's, butze 's,
duhn 's in Gaerner schee eweck;
'S geht lang eh sie 's benutze,
doch endlich geht 's in Seck,
Dann an der Marrick gfaahre,
darch Dreck un Schnee un Eis,
Un verkaaft mit annere Waare,
am heechschte Marrickpreis.

Was saage dann die Bauere?
guter Zeiche - wann's gerot;
Un immer muss es daure,
"In deim Schweess verdien dei Brot."
So mache 's dann die Bauere -
viel gschafft far wennich Geld -
Doch, waer 's net far die Baueregschpiel,
Was waer 's en aarmi Welt.
All hail! ihr Bauere, yung un alt,
Eier 's des greescht Vergniege;
Schiebt fart der Blug mit Mut un Gwalt,
Loss Keenich zu Eich biege!

—Aus 'm H. L. Fischer seim KURZWEIL UN ZEITFERTREIB, York, Pa. 1896.

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To Be Concluded

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Editorials

Thought for Today

He That Suffers

Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean;
Like those impressions 'n the air, that rise
From dunghill vapors, scattered by the wind,
Leaves nothing but an empty name behind. Nabb

How Could She Do It?

A young woman, American born and well-educated, after trial in Washington has been found guilty of acting as a spy in the interest of Soviet Russia and sentenced to jail for a term of between three and ten years.

Thus one phase of the case against Judith Coplon, arrested in New York City in the company of a young Russian attache of the United Nations, has been ended. She still must face a court and jury in New York week after next when she and the Russian go on trial together.

For weeks the testimony adduced by Government and defense witnesses has made front page reading matter for the American people. There has been much speculation about the case of the young woman whom the Government termed a clever spy while her attorney claimed she was a naive little girl whose love for a young Russian, (later revealed to be a married man) had gotten her into difficulties.

The American people have wondered how any person, born and educated in this country and then employed by our Government at a salary of close to $4500 per year could think of selling out her country to an unfriendly if not really an enemy nation.

Defense efforts sought to establish that the young woman had been "framed" by the FBI, that is to say that she had been snared into a trap and taken therein.

There was no denial however that the young woman had removed copies of some thirty important FBI documents from Washington and that they were found in her purse when she was arrested in the company of the young Russian diplomat and ostensibly were to be turned over to him. So if she was inveigled into a trap, it appears that it was as a smart little mouse that Judith Coplon walked into it.

The scene now is set for the more important trial which is to begin in New York on July 11 and in which the Russian, now out under $100,000 bail, is to be tried with Miss Coplon. There is where the real sparks should fly for it can be expected that the Russian will have to be buttressed by his government's own interest.

The Real Coal Czar

There never has been much doubt as to who operates the coal mines of the United States, but if there was any lingering suspicion in any quarters of public opinion John L. Lewis must have dispelled it during the week when he ordered the soft - coal miners to work three days per week henceforth, and to work even tho no contract has been signed by miners and operators.

Hitherto Mr. Lewis has operated upon the dictum of "no contract, no work." He made the words the slogan for half a million miners and they lived up to it religiously. But now Mr. Lewis is ready to have the mines operated without a new contract and have work performed subject to the old and continuing contract.

But the three - day week is the surprising innovation and follows upon the lecturing that Mr. Lewis has given the operators in economics in recent weeks. Mr. Lewis in effect told the operators that the miners can dig enough coal in three days each week to keep the country's business operating and that to work more days is to build up vast stockpiles and bring about long periods of complete idleness. So Mr. Lewis proposed that the work be spread out. The operators rejected the demand. So Mr. Lewis has told the miners to dig coal only three days a week and not report to the mines on the other days of the week.

Some little while ago there was talk of a "coal czar," a man to preside over the vast business of coal mining much as "Happy" Chandler presides over baseball and Eric A. Johnston keeps things running smoothly in the motion picture industry.

Mr. Lewis has nominated and elected himself to the position. The men who go down into the mines are completely satisfied. The operators will have to be, for John L. repeatedly evidences his ability to outsmart them and in this instance certainly has done it again.

T-H Act Stands Unscathed

After six months of sittings by Congress and much agitation that was stirred against the Taft - Hartley Act during the recent national elections and since, indications yesterday were that if a new Labor Act be passed by the current or 81st Congress it will be practically the same as the T-H Act. The greater likelihood is that no new legislation will be passed and signed by President Truman and that the Taft - Hartley Act will continue on the books and be the labor law of the land until 1951 at least.

This means, according to President Truman, that the T-H bill will be a leading issue in the 1950 campaign as it was in 1948 and that his fight to repeal the measure again will be taken to the people.

President Truman considered his election a mandate from the people to repeal the T-H Act. It has not been possible to get a majority of the members of the U. S. Senate to believe that the people gave such a mandate nor to convince them that the T-H Act was entirely bad. Instead a majority of Senators has seen much good in the existing measure, so much good in fact that they are determined those good elements should be included in any new bill that was to be written.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Independence Day has been variously celebrated, depending upon the times and the public attitude toward our national existence. What July 4th marks is the Declaration of Independence of the 13 colonies in North America from Great Britain. Before that independence could be established, two wars had to be fought, the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. National organization followed hard upon the Revolutionary War, frst by means of the inadequate Articles of Confederation and finally by means of the Constitution, a document of law which still governs us 162 years later.

Mere declarations of independence and even effective constitutions do not establish national groups. The prime requisite is a homogeneity of sentiment, a binding tradition, a moral force sufficiently potent to guide a people through trying times as well as during the effervescence of prosperity and enthusiasm. A nation lives by its faith.

In a word, national existence that is not more than the politics of a self - governing state is not enough to drive a people forward to conquer a continent, to clear its forests, to cross its deserts, to provide homes and workshops, farms and mines, a multitude of occupations for a hundred and a half million people. Political independence alone will not do that. It is not a sufficient answer to the historic puzzle of America.
the historic puzzle of America.

For the United States is a historic puzzle. To this continent, for nearly three centuries and a half, men of all races have migrated. No one had to come here. No one was forced to come here. Curiously, most who did come escaped from some dissatisfaction, disappointment, or disillusionment. Poverty, hunger, fear, inequality, oppression, bigotry—these sent to America millions from every land and here they found what they sought most, freedom to live their own lives as they chose. It was often the most courageous and enterprising who braved the terrors of the sea and of a new world to seek and find liberty.

There is, of course, one exceptional group, the negroes from Africa, who were transported to these shores in the course of a world-wide slave trade and whose amelioration has been slow and whose opportunities have been limited. Yet, nowhere upon this earth, where the negro lives in large numbers, is his condition as favorable, economically, socially or politically as in the United States today. There is no country in Africa or Europe where there is any concentration of negro population, where his standard of living is equal to that which he enjoys in this country.

Granting this exception, one marvels at the vast divergence of habits, customs, languages, religions, traditions which joined together in producing the American. Israel Zangwill once spoke of this country as the melting pot and that oft-repeated phrase somehow gives the impression of the end product as a sort of chop suey — all kinds of things thrown together to make a palatable, if not delectable, dish.

A more accurate analogy would be the symphony orchestra, where a large number of different personalities of variegated habits and temperaments play upon numerous and even antagonistic instruments, often in what seem to be opposite directions, in discord and dissonance; and yet, out of it all comes the heavenly music that thrills us with its majestic beauty. That is the United States of America.

And that has become a distinctive civilization. For its emphasis on the rights of the individual—the inalienable rights of the individual by grace of God — has produced a people who, while they treasure their differences, their personal independence, their personal dignity, do manage to cooperate under a government of their own choosing. The Chaplain Corps of the United States Navy hit upon the sprit of the nation in their slogan: "Cooperation without Compromise."

On this Fourth of July, it would seem that we need more than ever to think in terms of the American tradition and the American civilization, for we are a people apart, different from all others on this earth, today finding our way of life justified more than ever by the evidence of our capacity to carry upon our strength the burdens of those who need help and find it only among us.

The 'Glorious' Fourth

By HENRY McLEMORE

Once a year, and once a year only, I question the wisdom of John Hancock, Button Gwinnett, Thomas Jefferson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and all the other patriots who put their names on the Declaration of Independence back in 1776.

The Declaration rid us of the tyranny of Great Britain, to be sure, but at the same time it made us slaves of a celebration which, for pure, unadulterated discomfort, has few if any equals.

I speak of the Fourth of July.

This year the discomforts are going to be doubly severe because the Fourth falls on a Monday. That means that most of us will have three full days — the equivalent of 72 hours, or 4,320 minutes, or 259,200 seconds — in which to practice patriotic flagellation.

It makes me shudder to think how most of us Americans will look and feel when we attempt to pick up normal life again next Tuesday. It's a shame that July 5th isn't Washington's Birthday, or New Year's Day, or some other holiday so that we could have it to recuperate from the "Glorious" Fourth.

Shut your eyes and you can picture this nation on the Fourth.

Miles, square miles, of fiery shoulders.

Acres, square acres, of noses, legs, arms, foreheads and backs, all the color of a brakeman's lantern.

All because of an unwritten law that on the Fourth every man, woman and child capable of doing so must gallop out into the sun with as near nothing on but their birthday suits as possible, and let the heavenly broiler do them to a turn.

Keep your eyes shut and your ears open and you can hear the moans of those citizens who have swallowed buckets of sea water, and of those who have plunged into lakes so icy that even the fish who live there wear long underwear the year around, of those caught in traffic that moves nowhere at a speed of zero miles per hour.

Picture the itching and scratching that will go on as millions of citizens, determined to celebrate the Fourth even if it kills them, invade the haunts of the chigger, the mosquito, the black fly and the poison ivy.

Picture — but shut your ears to — the cussing that will resound over this broad land when it is discovered that all the ice in the cooler has melted, that the battery in the car has run down, that the prickly heat powder has been left at home, that the fish aren't biting and that there is a two-hour wait on the first tee.

Keep on picturing.

Picture the grown-ups who will have to shoot off Roman candles for youngsters and place three - inch salutes under tin cans and light the fuses. There comes a time in every man's life when he is afraid to fire a Roman candle lest it backfire, just as there comes a time when the sight of a tin can flying through the air ceases to exhilarate.

And, in conclusion, picture all the millions who, on the Fourth, will say to themselves how much better it would have been to stay in the comfort of their homes, far from the maddening crowd.

But the Fourth is Independence Day, and to celebrate it properly none of us can afford to be independent and do what we want.

"Ouch, take your hands off my shoulder." I'm just practicing for Tuesday.



GIBS UN GLEE

A Story of Early Pennsylvania German Farming

By RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

CONCLUSION

THE story of the first use of gypsum in Pennsylvania varies somewhat, but this much is certain—its use was first promoted by the "gentlemen farmers" of Philadelphia who a few years later organized the "Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture." The actual discovery of the effect of gypsum on clover and the bringing of the knowledge of this discovery to Pennsylvania was distinctly German. Farm journals down to the 1840's keep repeating the stories of its discovery and are enthusiastic about the results obtained. The most noted authority on the subject was Judge Richard Peters, of Philadelphia who in 1797 had a treatise printed about it. In 1807 Peters made a speech (8) before the above-named society, in which he said as follows:

"Thirty-seven years have now elasped since my first acquaintance with gypsum, and its agricultural use and properties . . . The first time I saw the agricultural effects of the gypsum, was several years before the commencement of our revolutionary war, on a city lot belonging to, or occupied by, Mr. Jacob Barge. (9) He was the first person who applied the gypsum in America to agricultural purposes; but on a small scale. This worthy citizen still lives, at a very advanced age . . . He shewed me a letter, in German, from one who had gone over from Pennsylvania to Germany, for redemptioners, as was the custom at that day. The writer sent over a specimen of gypsum and desired Mr. Barge to seek for land in this then province, in which it could be used. It was probably to assist in this object, among other considerations, that I was taken into a secret, then utterly unknown to others in this country.

"The person who wrote from Germany to Mr. Barge informed him (with what correctness I do not know) that the discovery was then of no long standing, and that it had been accidentally made by a laborer, employed in the mixing of stucco mortar, at a large building. He saw that the path used, or made by him, in going from his work to his cottage, threw up a luxuriant crop of clover, in the succeeding season, when all other parts of the field exhibited sterility. He attributed this extraordinary vegetation to the dust flying off his clothes; and in consequence of this idea, he strewed offals of the gypsum near his cottage. The effects astonished every spectator."

As often happens in instances of this kind, there were various reports and claims. William Strickland (10), an English traveller, stated in a book that the German farmers of Lancaster County were the first to use gypsum in this country. Judge Peters made an investigation of this report, and in the same speech from which the above is quoted gave a very interesting account of what he found in Lancaster County.

"When I first sent samples of the gypsum into that county, very soon after I was acquainted with it, I perceived the Germans there to be totally ignorant of its existence. More than ten or twelve years elapsed, before they could be prevailed on to use it freely . . . Some of our Germans at this day believe the gypsum invites thunder and lightning; and, on the approach of a thunder storm, turn out of their barns and houses the vessels containing this subject. But generally their prejudices are gone, and they use it abundantly and profitably."

When Johann Schoepf, the German traveller, came through Northampton County in 1783, the "new era" in agriculture had not yet reached there. Nearer Philadelphia he had seen gypsum but he said they used it "because there is less trouble involved than in collecting, loading, hauling and spreading the common dung of the cattle." At Nazareth he said "Their grass crops are insignificant, and during the winter they have to feed their cattle on turnips." At Kutztown he again saw farmers that used plaster but he scoffed at the idea and said "they flatter themselves here that they can increase the fertility of the soil by lime and plaister, but this method is by no means adapted to this soil (11).

Eleven years later, when the Frenchman, Cazenova (12), travelled through the same territory, a marvelous transformation had taken place. At Bethlehem "the German farmers are beginning to sow a great deal of clover." In Whitehall Township "much clover is sown" and "plaster of Paris is good to grow clover" but, he added "its price has gone up very much since the war; before it was ½ dollar a bushel and now it is a dollar a bushel and they have to go and get it themselves in Philadelphia. For clover they manure in the proportion of four bushels per acre." He said they had a regular rotation of crops—1. Wheat, 2. Oats, corn or buckwheat, 3. Clover and plowing to sow. "They are all German farmers in this district; they are diligent and thrifty and become rich." At Kutztown and Maiden Creek and at Governor Mifflin's farm near Reading, he saw the same thing. In Cumberland County he said "they are beginning to sow much clover" but he was getting out of Pennsylvania German territory and he reported that they had not yet worked out a consistent rotation of crops. In York County he saw but little clover but here "all meadows are sown with timothy."

The cultivation of timothy in Pennsylvania began about the same time as that of clover. Timothy is a native of Europe but it was first cultivated in America. Some time after 1700 a man named John Herd (13) found it growing near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the seed had probably been dropped accidentally from an English ship. Here it was called Herd's grass. Some years later it was introduced into Maryland by Timothy Hanson and there it was called timothy. The name timothy is said to have been used for the first time in a letter by Benjamin Franklin to Jared Eliot in 1747 (14). From Maryland the cultivation of timothy spread northward into York County and from there rapidly through all southeastern Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania German country where the name timothy became **demede** in the dialect. Shortly after 1800 everybody was growing timothy. In 1815 Jacob Scheurer of Whitehall Township was selling **"glesamen"** at 2 shillings (27 cents) a quart and **"demede samen"** at 1 shilling 6 pence (20 cents) a quart. (15) The Lehigh County farmers were raising mixed clover and timothy, a custom which was popular for many years.

The amount of gypsum used per acre varied greatly. Generally it was spread broadcast at the rate of one or two bushels an acre, although there were instances where as much as six bushels were used. In terms of pounds, it was reported at 80 to 120 pounds, or more, per acre. The total quantity a farmer needed each year was not very large, yet there were difficulties in obtaining even so little. As Cazenove stated, they had "to go and get it themselves in Philadelphia." The account book of John Krauss (16) tells us how this was done. Every spring as soon as the roads could be used farmers hauled their marketable grain to Philadelphia and on one of the return trips brought their year's supply of gypsum rock—a half ton, a ton, or a ton and a half. In 1806 Krauss paid $15.00 for a ton and a half. In 1790 Francis Lee, a miller on Haverford Road ten miles from Philadelphia, advertised plaster in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" at 3 shillings 9 pence per bushel (50 cents), or a trifle more than Krauss paid. Lee's advertisement read, in part: "Purchasers may be assured it is the genuine French plaster. Persons living in the back counties may be supplied by applying to Mrs. Miller, at the sign of the Buck, or Mr. James Elliott, at the sign of the Sorrel Horse, both living on the Lancaster road. Gentlemen purchasing the stone may have it manufactured at said place on the most reasonable terms" (17).

The first plaster used in the United States came from the Hill of Montmartre, near Paris, France, hence the name plaster of Paris (18). Afterwards the main source of supply was Nova Scotia where American ships loaded the rock on the unpopulated, or sparsely populated, coast and hauled it away without paying anybody anything (19), which must have made it a profitable business. The total amount of plaster used reached large proportions and some of it was carried on the Schuylkill and the Lehigh canals when they were completed, and later also on the railroads. In the season of 1833, 2675 tons cleared on the canal at Easton for the Lehigh Valley (20. In addition to this, the farmers continued hauling in their own wagons.

The farmers bought the plaster in rock form and had it ground at their local grist mills. Gypsum is Number 2 on the mineralogist's scale of hardness, that is, next to chalk it is the softest rock. It was therefore easy for the miller to grind the rock with the same stones used to grind grain. Each spring the grinding of "gibs" was an important part of the miller's business. All the grinding was done from April to June, since the plaster had to be used soon after grinding to prevent it from getting hard and lumpy. Jacob Anthony's account book (21) contains pages of nothing but "giebs geschrothen" at prices varying from one dollar to a dollar and a half per ton. Jacob Bittner, (22), at Bittner's Corner, in 1850, charged a dollar and a half. Anthony had thirty or forty customers per season and the total amount ground averaged 20 tons per season.

The Pennsylvania German farmer stuck to the use of gypsum, lime and old-fashioned barnyard manure for a long time, but as knowledge of agricultural science increased and commercial fertilizers were put on sale, he was not slow to fall in line. The use of "gibs" has now been entirely abandoned, but let us hope that the hillsides will always blossom in clover.

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DER PATRIOT

Heit iss der Viert July. Hip, hip, huraa!
Mit "Cannon Fire-Crackers" gehn mer draa
Un gripple nanner wie in "seventy-six"
Die Continentals hen John Bull gebichst.

Heit sin die Patriots blendi darrich's Land,
Guck wu mer will, sie sin uf allehand;
Voll Patrioticks sin sie darricheweck,
Un deel voll "Jiggers" rolle rum im Dreck.

Die Band schpielt "Hail Kolumby!" dass es gracht,
Schusspulfer knellt un dunnert darrich die Nacht,
Die Orators verschprenge ihre Lung
Un's anner Volk fresst Ice-cream bei de Dun.

Mer sin so schtols mit 1776,
De alde Kontinentals mit de Bichs,
Un was sie gewunne hen in sellre Zeit,
Mer denke net was unser Pflicht iss heit.

Die Patriots an Bunker Hill im G'fecht
Hen yuscht geguckt far ihre ehrlich Recht,
Un schtandhaft g'fochte darrich Blud un Biel,
Schunscht hett mer heit ken freier Viert July.

En Patriot sei ee Daag im Yohr batt nix,
Mit Fire-Crackers, Drumm un Pulfer-Bichs,
Far unser Freiheit iss zu gross in G'faahr;
Mer muss getrei sei alle Daag im Yohr.

Der Feind kummt immer wann der Patriot schloft,
Im siesschte Friede waerd ner oftmols g'schtroft,
Un allezeit guck yeders wu er will,
Hot des Land immer blendi Bunker Hill.

DER SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller)

RURAL RHYMES

By Arthur D. Graeff

'S MAEHE MIT EM REFF

'S iss net dewaert, dass mer viel schwetze,
Dihr maagt's nemme alle Wege—
Wann's kummt zu Deitsch Sens wetze
Un ringsrum 's Feld Reff maehe—
Do hoscht die schwerscht Arewet,
Das es gebt. Glaabscht mir des net?

Do hosht en Feld vun zeitich Karn—
"S iss immer verdollt langstengelich;
Es nemmt gewiss en schtarricker Mann
Mit blendi Grefte—net yuscht wennich;
Mit grosse Hend un Achsele breet—
Fer'n gleener Kaerl waerd's yuscht verleed!

Do schteht des Feld, zwelf Acker Land,
Gehl mit Frucht un umgeboge.
Die Schtaakefens schteht wie en Wand
Drum rum; un schteif, wie Hoke,
In de verflammte Fense-Ecke
Schtecke die deiwelische Hollerhecke!

Mei Buckel bickt; mit Arremschwing
Es Blaad kummt rum un glitzert hell;
Un darrich Schtengel-Gebrumm un Gsing
Fliegt die Sens; ich nemm mei Schtell
Un leg die Frucht schee uff der Grund—
Glei gebt's en gehler Bundel, rund.

Ich nemm en Schritt; schlack widder los—
Kreiminetics! Do bin ich fescht!
Was schtecht mich in die mit vum Schooss?
Ach Himmel! 'S iss en lewendich Hummlerneschtl
Ich schpring un schlack mit Hend un Fiess,
Un fluch verdollt iwwer die bumbelbees!

En bissli Dreck mit Schpautz vernasst,
Gebleschtert uff die wehe Blacke—
No widder draa! Was hawwich ghasst
Reff maehe ums Feld mit de Hummler wacke!
Kummt Owet, doch, iss der Paad gemacht—
Un, zum Beischpiel, all die Hummler gschlacht.

TO OUR READERS

The Publication Committee of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society has taken action to prepare a Yearbook devoted entirely to the Pennsylvania German farmer, gardener and orchardist. Early methods of farming, the contributions of the Pennsylvania German farmer to agriculture throughout the nation, the introduction of grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables and their culture; the breeding of stock and poultry, the culture of bees, together with the lore, traditions and superstitions pertaining to these subjects, will constitute the material for this yearbook.

The Committee apppointed to collect such material consists of the Rev. Dr. Pierce E. Swope, (Kasper Hufnagel), Lebanon, Pa.; G. Gilbert Snyder (Die Wunnernaas), Robesonia, Pa.; Dr. Wilbur H. Oda, Barto, Pa.; John Z. Harner, Boyertown, Pa. and Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, Pa., as Chairman of this Committee.

Mr. Hollenbach, a keen student of the general economy of early rural Pennsylvania, is the author of "Gibs un Glee," which is concluded in today's issue of the ECK.

Readers possessing any material that may serve the purposes of the above-named Committee are requested to send such material to any one of its members or directly to its Chairman, Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach, 415 Church Street, Royersford, Pa.—ED.

Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Jeremiah 18:1-10.

The figure of the potter at his wheel, running through the ten verses of our lesson, reminds me of a visit I made to a potter in his shop, at work on his wheel in the town of Nazareth in Palestine. I saw there before my eyes what our lesson text describes, all the more interesting to me because it was in Eretz Israel The Lord, speaking through His servant, the prophet Jeremiah, is speaking of His sovereignty and power as ruler of nations, but, in this case, particularly of Israel. If an individual or a nation fails to fulfill the purpose which God intended, he has the authority to do as the potter with his marred vessel, which did not turn out according to pattern. The Italian word 'fiasco', meaning a flask, is usually explained as referring to a vessel which did not turn out well in the making of it. So the life of a person, or that of a nation, is a fiasco, if it does not conform to God's will and purpose. Let us permit Him to mould, shape, and fashion us according to His pattern for us.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FREIND P'SUCH'D IN EASTON: Da onner dawg hen m'r paar minuta ob g'shtopt im Easton kourt hous alta freind p'sucha. Onnerie bisnis os m'r ow'r druf ous worra hut net erlawbt fer ol p'sucha os m'r gaglicha hetta tzu sehna. Ungfare m'r hen der Charlie Unangst, net tzu sehna grick'd, 's same wie aw net der "Piffy" Boyer, der "Buff" Coleman, un etlicha onnerra net. Der willamon un fendu groyer Ryan Redline hen m'r ow'r aw gadroffa in seinra offis so fleisich on da arwet wie 'n gluck mit aim yunga. Bisnis hut er g'sawt wear wenich shlow, ow'r hetta fer 'n tzeit mainer tzu duh kot os sie gawist hetta wie noh tzu kumma.

Noh hen m'r aw der deedmon Charlie Young fon Pennsville g'sehna-der Charlie un sei shmoke peif. In ra gons kartza tzeit sin m'r 'n halb dudsend un noch may bakont werra, ow'r hen ihra nahma net nunner ganumma. Der Charlie, 's ame wie aw der Ryan is om ready mocha fer 's shpote yohr darrich 's gnuddle rawd fon da lexion gadray'd werra-sie kumma alla bait ous offie mit ous sie werra widder nei g'shtim'd.

Die airsht shtub linx won m'r tzu da dier nei kumt, is woh der Bill Green sich uf half-der Bill un sei kandy un drinka shtand. In blotz fon ow'r brovierra fer uns aenich ebbes ferkaufa, hut er sei aller beshdes gabroviert fer uns ei faidla fer die koast guard joina. Fer 'n weil hen m'r gaglawbt Easton maich'd in g'fohr sei os Phillipsburg iwwer der Delaware riwwer kumma maich'd fer die shtadt nemma. Shpaiter hen m'r ow'r ous g'funna, os der John Burns woh beim Bill hinnich 'm kounter k'huck'd hut, 'n coast guard recruiting officer wor, uns sol uns wunnerra eb der Bill net ferleicht uf kommission shoft.

Oh yar, wen sotta m'r noch larna kenna beim Bill Green, os wie die Deloris Hall, 'm doda ous laiger Harry sei fraw fon Easton. Die Deloris shoft fer der kounty kommissioner Nick Piel, un hut sich gute ei galaig'd beim Bill in unnershittlicha socha os sie brouch iwwer der Fiert July. Noh hen m'r aw 'n Easton Express reporter aw gadroffa-is es now net 'n shond, worra shure m'r kenta sei nahma halta, ow'r hen 'n gons un gore fergessa. Wase net wos 'n mensch so mocht, ebs foulhate is fer der nahma net uf schreiva, odder fergesslichkate sei maich'd fon da elt.

Der Bill hut ow'r g'sawt er wear 'n Irisher, un missa sawga os er sheind 'n extra feiner yunger kerl tzu sei.

Ow'r now worta mohl, m'r hen in gons'm yusht 'n halb shtun tzu gabrocht im kourt hous, un besser fertzaila nimmy weiter wos m'r g'sehna un k'hoert hen, odder 's Maich'd leit howwa os denka dada m'r hetta die socha ous da feisht g'suck'ld.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wie 'm Somshdawg fershprocha, heit is 'n ad aryads tzu finna im Call un Chronicle fon unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha exkursion da 13d Augusht, der Hudson nuf, un um Nei Yarrick rum bei boat.

War mainer wissa wil, schreibt uns, un m'r sehna os n'r folla barichda griega.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If I were an otherwise beautiful girl but had an ugly wart on my nose I would have that wart removed.

If there are ugly warts on an otherwise beautiful life, it is a writer's duty to do what he can to remove them.

Life to me is beautiful.

I have tried for several years to point out its beauties to you, my readers and friends, and to have you share my enjoyment of it with me.

* * *

But today I received a letter which made me wonder.

"You used to help us appreciate the world as it is" he writes, "but of late you seem to put more stress on what it ought to be."

I read over a number of my recent columns, and I find that the writer is correct.

But I shall continue to mix the pleasant with the unpleasant and to make you conscious of the warts on our national life.

I shall do so because, in my opinion, America is not a land of morons or of little children.

America is a country of intelligence and of courage.

To be an American does not mean to be a complacent softie. We have grown by daring and by faith, by hard work and intelligent enterprise.

At this time of the year, all over the country, lovely flowers are in bloom.

Those flowers first were seeds.

The seeds had to be planted, watered, cultivated, carefully nurtured.

Wherever there are flowers there are also weeds.

Unless those weeds are torn out by the roots they will destroy the flowers.

If you want to enjoy the beauties of your garden, you must pull out the ugly weeds.

Speaking of gardens, let me give you a little story I read this morning.

It illustrates something I wrote the other day about making circuses out of charity drives. I shall omit names and places. They don't matter.

A hospital needed money and started a drive for funds. The funds were slow coming in, although thousands of people in the community benefit by the institution's existence.

So someone had an idea.

"Let us have a garden tour, charge admission and give the money thus raised to the hospital."

* * *

There are thousands of lovely gardens all through the nearby countryside.

But for the tour they picked the estates of six of the wealthiest people.

And, as a special attraction, they promised a visit to "the African game room" of one of the multi-millionaires.

I understand that already a large number of people—almost entirely women—have signed up.

Undoubtedly many will be dressed in their finest. And many will now be able to say that they visited Mr. Soandso and Mr. Thisandthat.

There I go pulling out weeds again—or am I pulling up a petunia?

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A globe-trotting publisher reports a rather satisfying experience in the first-class carriage of an English railroad train. Next to a crusty old gaffer in a crowded compartment, he discovered a seat that was occupied only by the gentleman's battered Gladstone. "Would you mind removing this bag" the publisher asked pleasantly. "It's not mine," snapped the gentleman. "It belongs to a friend of mine."

"In that case," said the publisher, "I'll just sit here until your friend shows up, and hold the bag in my lap." A few moments later, the train started. The publisher heaved the bag out of the window and explained, "Your friend must have missed his train. He'll undoubtedly be wanting his baggage when he does show up."

The old gentleman stomped out of the compartment at the train's first stop in a London suburb. His comments will not be quoted.

Answers to Questions

By HASKIN

ED. NOTE—A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing Allentown Morning Call Information Bureau, 316 Eye St., N.E., Washington, D.C. Please enclose 3 cents in stamps for return postage.

Q. Where do the Pribilof island seals spend the winter? G.H.Y.

A. It is not known with certainty where seals go in the winter time. Possibly they swim down to Southern California waters before returning to their breeding grounds in the north. No one knows why the seals go back to the Pribilofs, but they do go back regularly each spring.

Q. How many islands are there in Casco bay, Maine? I.E.B.

A. There are 222 islands large enough to stand on, and 138 islands having enough acregae to be classed as good size islands in Casco bay, Maine.

Horoscope

Concentrate on business in your next year, is good advice. Born today a child is likely to have an original turn of mind.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THOUGHT FOR A SMALL BOY

You'll learn to add, subtract, divide,
The names of cities and the states,
And I shall look on you with pride
The day you march with graduates.
'Tis not what teachers teach I fear.
Much graver now is my concern.
The risk you'll run from year to year
Is what from strangers you may learn.
I watch you romping now in play
And wonder what the years may hold.
No dread have I from day to day,
Of what the schoolroom may unfold.
'Tis this I fear: Some stranger may.
In you, a willing listener find,
And lead you from what's best astray
And soil your still untainted mind.

Of evil doctrines I'm afraid,
By shrewd and cunning phrases spread,
With which are mobs to anger swayed
And youth to vicious thinking led.
When those who would your land betray
With speeches fashioned to deceive,
Oh, little boy, 'tis this I pray:
That no such teaching you'll believe.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of July 2, 1924, a Wednesday.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Sacred Heart hospital elected Mrs. William J. Geitznauer as president, treasurer and secretary, respectively, for the fifth consecutive term.

Trinity United Evangelical church choir gave a program over Radio Station WSAN under the directorship of Prof. Henry R. Stermer. Solos were sung by Mrs. Homer Berkey, Helen Reynolds, Althea Steckel, Mrs. Ralph Nagle, Arthur Kehler, Ray Brinker and Lloyd Hawk.

An Allentown party brought back 180 fish after spending two days at Fortesque on the Jersy coast. The party included Dr. Charles Zellner and family, Dr. C. J. Wickert and family, Charles Brown, Capt. Herbert B. Frederick and Constable Charles Fisher.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellowmen.--Colton

Ships as Grain Elevators

So many ships were built during the war that a vast surplus both of warships and of freighters now is tied up in just about every American port. These constitute the so-called "mothball fleet" since the ships for the most part have been covered and sealed to protect their interiors and exteriors and their machinery from the effects of the weather.

Most of the ships are of absolutely no immediate use. Furthermore they do cost Uncle Sam quite a pretty penny to keep watch over them for there are skeleton crews in charge of every group of such ships which generally are moored closely together for the crews' convenience.

But the ships might be needed over night and in that event it is expected that removal of the seals will reveal the ships to be in good condition for men's occupancy, the machinery in perfect running order by reason of the use of modern lubricants and their fire power unimpaired by idleness since the war.

However it is possible that an important use will be found for a lot of the merchant ships. This will be determined by a current experiment in which twelve ships, now anchored away up the Hudson River, are to be towed to docks in New York City where they will be filled with 3,200,000 bushels of surplus wheat. After being loaded, they will be returned to their anchorage in the river.

Thus these ships will take the place of big elevators, each one accommodating about 10,000 tons of grain. They'll provide some room for the anticipated gigantic wheat crop now being harvested on the northern great plains and it would seem that if wheat is to be shipped abroad, here would be a big quantity all ready for immediate movement.

The important point however is that storage facilities are going to be put to test everywhere in the country by the current wheat crop. A lot of grain will probably be ruined because it will not have been moved out of the western fields in good time.

Joseph in Egypt built vast granaries for the seven years of plenty. It may be wisdom akin to Joseph's that is prompting the use of idle ships as storage place for surplus food. This experiment will test the practicability of storage under conditions and for an indefinite period. Uncle Sam, thru the Commodity Credit Corp. is going to pay the bill and the benefits, if any, will be national.

Polio Season on Hand

Death of a little Macungie boy, victim of poliomyelitis, and illness of a little Allentown girl with the same disease, indicate that the infantile paralysis season period is at hand and the people and institutions committed to caring for its victims are readying themselves for any emergencies.

Death of six - year - old Ronald W. Dries, the first local case of the year, was also the first local fatality from the disease in almost two years. The case of Nancy Smith, nine-year-old Allentown child, is the second of the season and, following so closely upon the first, immediately brings the fear of many cases to follow in the course of the summer.

As in other years, theories about this mysterious disease are many but established, useful facts about it are few. Society does not yet know how to prevent the disease nor how to cure it. All it can do is provide kindly care for victims and then help rebuild ravages caused by the disease.

But scientists continue their probe into the mystery. They are determined to learn what causes the disease and how it can be prevented or cured, or both. Their success in so many other fields makes one confident that ultimately they will evolve the answers to all the currently difficult questions.

"Brass Hats"

Bernard M. Baruch's recent comments at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces about the deficiencies of our economic mobilization plans somewhat overshadowed his longer but no less germane defense of the "brass hats" in American life. Mr. Baruch has had close contacts with the military during a major part of his long and useful public career, and his spirited remarks about the patriotic contributions to the nation of United States Army, Navy and Air Force leaders should be heart warming to the services at a time when the morale of many in the officer corps is somewhat depressed.

What Mr. Baruch termed "the ability of the American democracy to fuse professional soldiering with a love of liberty" has been, indeed, one of the safeguards of our way of life. That tradition — the love of liberty, and the subordination of military to civilian control — must continue to be the compass by which our military leaders—Americans first, soldiers second—orient themselves in the dangerous new world of the atomic age. But, as Mr. Baruch pointed out, the rewards given our military leaders rarely have been commensurate with the responsibilities thrust upon them, or with the principles that we expect them to uphold. One cannot purchase generalship; nor do material rewards induce young men to enter the uniformed services of their country. But adequate pay — a chance to bring up their families in decency — is one of the factors that must and will be weighed by all prospective "brass hats" of tomorrow. As General Bradley has noted, second-rate pay will in time result in second-rate leaders. The best endorsement of Mr. Baruch's defense of the "brass hats" that Congress could give would be passage at this session of the much-needed and too long delayed pay bill for the armed forces. New York Times.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

One of the outstanding characteristics of the modern human being is his desire to impress others with his importance, to continue yesterday's subject.

I have never been able to discover why it is important to have people take you for more than what you really are, but lots of men and women I know seem to devote much of their time to the achievement of this ambition.

I just read a review of H. L. Mencken's latest book, "A Mencken Chrestomathy."

* * *

According to the reviewer, the book is good, as most of Mencken's writings are.

But here we have one prevalent form of "impressionitis," a quality for which this author is famous.

By the way, don't try to find "impressionitis" in your dictionary. It isn't there.

But if Mencken can call a simple collection of his own writings a "Chrestomathy," why can't I call his ailment "impressionitis?"

* * *

The natural impulse of anyone reading the word "chrestomathy" is to look it up in the dictionary.

That creates interest in the book, and, according to sales authorities, to create interest is the first step of good salesmanship.

So I looked it up. It comes from the Greek. "Chrestos" means "useful" and "mathein" means "to learn."

So why use English when Greek sounds so much more erudite?

* * *

Here is another one. I got it from a medical article.

It deals with gas on the stomach.

It isn't polite to say "I have gas on the stomach."

People might think you are common if you tell them the truth.

But there is an impresisve medical term for "gas on the stomach," particularly if it is caused by emotional disturbances that affect your botulus.

(That you will have to look up yourself. The layman's word for "botulus" isn't mentioned at all in the better circles).

If you have that kind of gas on the stomach you are entitled to say you have "diverticulosis."

You certainly must admit that Mrs. Jones, with whom you are trying to keep up, can't possibly top your "diverticulosis," no matter what ails her.

* * *

This business of using two or three big words where a short one might do, is one of the most effective forms of impressing people.

Furthermore, it is much cheaper than trying to attain the same results by elaborate entertaining, mink coats, diamonds or eight-cylinder automobiles.

Another advantage is that the verbalistic four-flusher need never be afraid of getting a bill for his bombast.

Words, as you know, are one of the few things that are still free.

And so I shall take my "commeatus" if you like Latin, my "conge" if you prefer French, or "So long" if you like your American straight.

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Horoscope

Some god fortune is foretold for you in your next year, so look forward to it. A highly intellectual and original personality should develop in today's child.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,—The first real blow in recent years for clean government — for the elimination of corruption in the presidency and in Congress — has been struck by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, Republican.

Faith in the representative system of government can be strong or weak only in accordance with the morality practiced in high places. When the people find out that offices at the policy-making level are bought and sold, that legislation is influenced by campaign contributions and by political support in the form of financial help in organizing elect tion campaigns, they will cry out for reform.

Senator Lodge wants to bring the facts out so the public may know. He wants also to end for all time the system of private campaign contributions which today influences the appointment of many officials in the Democratic administration, just as has been the case in Republican administrations in the past.

It is the height of corruption and is unlawful to bribe legislators with money paid into their pockets for personal use, but it apparently isn't regarded as corrupt today for organizations to spend money to elect individuals who will do their bidding in Congress. They openly bribe by threatening defeat or offering support. A smoke screen has often been raised against lobbyists, and legislation has been passed requiring them to register and to disclose their expenditures here in Washington. But nothing is done to curb the work back in the districts and states where the pressure groups buy their influence with legislators. It is there that the money is contributed to campaigns which makes it possible for these groups to exact their pound of flesh when the candidates are victorious and come to Washington.

Few Presidents of the United States in recent decades have been immune from these practices. A President has to recognize, in accordance with the so-called code of politics, the persons who contribute heavily to his campaign fund. Indeed, officials are importuned to contribute and, if they do not, they are frowned upon and eventually replaced by those who did contribute either in money or speech-making or in money-raising.

No President of the United States, for instance, should ever have been placed in the embarrassing dilemma that confronted Mr. Truman last year when he and his political associates were unable to raise the money needed to carry on the campaign. Mr. Truman evidently felt compelled by custom to accept the contributions of individuals who now are benefitting or getting favors from his administration.

Senator Lodge urges the passage of a resolution of inquiry to ascertain the facts concerning a possible method of financing that would liberate a President of the United States from the financial clutches of labor unions or business organizations or any other kind of association which organizes the voting in presidential campaigns and then demands that legislation and special privileges be granted in compensation.

Some of the organizations have been bold enough to ask publicly for their reward when the election is over or to criticize a President if he fails to come through. The late President Roosevelt was so embarrassed by a demand that he favor a certain labor organization which had loaned his campaign $500,000 that he initiated immediately a money-raising campaign to pay off the loan and rid himself of the political obligation that he was being asked to fulfill.

The problem is not partisan. It applies to all political parties. Because James Forrestal didn't campaign or contribute money to the Democratic presidential campaign, he was attacked by persons close to the administration. Because the President took no steps to squelch that kind of attack and indeed indicated a loss of confidence in his secretary of defense, Mr. Forrestal became depressed and frustrated and came to a tragic end. His successor raised the money — estimated at $1,500,000 — to elect Mr. Truman. In political parlance he received a just reward.

It will be interesting to see how many true liberals there are who will vote to look into the Lodge plan for financing presidential campaigns out of public funds. As the Massachusetts senator indicates, it might cost $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 every four years but it would save the country many millions now diverted to special interests by self-serving appointments. Clearly also, if such a plan were developed for presidential campaigns, it might furnish a pattern for financing elections of candidates for Congress, too.

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Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

MAIDEN AUNT

My mother's sister says that she
Stayed single just to care for me.
But mother laughs and says that she's
A lady very hard to please;
That several men whom she could name
When she was younger wooing came.
But all stopped calling by and by
And no one knows the reason why.

"You're very lucky!" says my dad.
"An old maid aunt I never had.
Though married aunts will kindness show,
How children can be spoiled they know,
And they will never think to buy
What parents wisely must deny.
But all boys love an ignorant,
Devoted, foolish, spinster aunt."

A lovely, gentle, spinster aunt
Buys things your mother won't or can't.
She doesn't know that too much cake
May make a fellow's stomach ache
And that too many costly toys
Should not be given to little boys;
That's why I'm always glad to see
The old maid aunt who's spoiling me.

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Today's Text

By Rev. Robert R. Fritsch D.D.

Luke 18:1-14.

Yesterday we were reading of the Psalmist in the attitude of prayer, asking God to pay heed to his petitions. Today we are shown how persistent prayer will be heard, but we should never forget that, when we do pray, it should always be qualified by our desire that God's will be done in any matter, and not our selfish desires. We are to believe that God hears and answers prayer, although God's No may be as definite an answer as His Yes. He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. Jesus in v. 8 asks a question which implies that there is a time coming when this faith will not be found. He would have us Ask, Seek, and Knock, and the initial letters of these three word spell out the word Ask, so urgently are we asked to consider our right to petition the throne. Vs. 10-14 show us how to come and how not to come into God's presence. The Pharisee prayed 'with himself', and got no hearing. The publican, confessing himself in need of mercy as 'the sinner' (so the Greek), went home justified.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of July 9, 1924, a Wednesday.

Application for a charter was made by the United States Lutheran and Reformed congregations of Christ church in Hanover township. Directors of the church were Rev. Harvey T. Sell, Charles L. Heckman, T. C. Heckman, P. V. Snyder, Charles A. Heist, L. J. Bender, Samuel J. Hahn, Quintus Schafer, George Laubach, J. V Remaley, George Fensternacher, G. C. Knecht, Clinton J. Solt, Oliver W. Rudolph, Frank L. Hess and William Hartzell.

Washington Daybook

By TRIS COFFIN

Washington,—A revealing peak behind the scenes at the bullying Ku Klux Klan was given justice department officers by the hard-hitting, independent attorney general of Alabama.

Scholarly - looking Albert A. Carmichael, a World War II vet, said there was a definite connection between the KKK, the Dixiecrat movement and the fight against labor unions in Alabama. He added "The Klan has not taken any important political hold in the state."

In his conferences, Carmichael made the direct accusation, "The Klan's orders come from mahogany desks in the steel offices of Brimingham." He pointed out that the KKK activities are limited to the outskirts of Birmingham, the big steel center, and textile and mill towns. The floggings have not been directed against Negroes.

The real purpose, Carmichael charged, "is to distract and divert folks from the economic issues."

The attorney general recalled that the LaFollette Congressional committee had traced Klan orders to long distance calls from the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. offices in Birmingham. And, in 1936, the KKK flogged instructor Joe Gelders at the University of Alabama for expressing what were then radical economic ideas. (They would seem pretty tame, now.)

The KKK represents politically the extremist fringe of the Dixiecrats, Carmichael said. The Klan's boss on paper is E. P. Pruitt, a country preacher who shouts he is "100 per cent for the Dixiecrat movement."

Horace Wilkinson, a well-to-do Birmingham lawyer and Dixiecrat, has been interested in the Klan. He was one of the ring leaders in engineering Senator Tom-tom Heflin's bolt against Al Smith in 1928. Six years ago, Wilkinson tried to organize a "League of White Supremecy" in Alabama.

The membership of the Klan largely is of a "low, moron level - wanting to push someone around" and has been so crude it has failed to gain any wide popular support, Carmichael reported.

A sign that Carmichael's diagnosis is on the ball is that in the deepest part of the south, where Negroes actually outnumber whites, the KKK has never gained a hold. Even at the height of Klan strength in the twenties, the masked bullies did not thrive in Mississippi. ommunity leaders, editors and many politicians said, "Nothing doing" to the white sheets.

P. S. The threat of FBI action and a wide open congressional investigation had a lot to do with the state legislature's quick move to pass an unmasking law. It also spurred on public meetings against the Klan by responsible Dixiecrat leaders.

PAGING DEMOSTHENES— The fellow looking around for the honest man can shine his light on Ernest McFarland, the big, farmerish - looking Arizona senator.

There had been pious speeches about government economy from the floor of the Senate. McFarland listened attentively to them all. Scott Lucas, the majority leader, got up and chided his fellows.

They wanted economy, he snapped, just so their own states and pet projects weren't touched. He forecast - if a resolution ordering the President to make big cuts was passed, Senators would be at the White House drooling, "Mr. President, don't cut my appropriation. Don't cut the funds for my state."

While some of his brethren sat there squirming, honest man McFarland arose with a puckish grin and said, 'The junior senator from Arizona wants to make a plea now. Don't cut an Arizona project if there is an appropriation for it."

A CONGRESSIONAL NOTEBOOK — Wayne Morse, the crisp, independent Oregon senator, was arguing with a colleague on the labor bill. The other senator said he's like to vote with Morse, but, gee, fella, it might hurt his campaign for re - election. Morse snorted, "If I had to appease to get elected, I'd raise horses for a living."

The mystery of ex - Senator Joe Ball, who dropped out of sight after his defeat, is now solved. Ball has been in Washington and is going back to Minnesota to write a novel. He's through with politics and has avoided his old cronies on The Hill. Senator Ed Thye, also a Minnesota Republican, is not going to get the unions sore at him, as Ball did. Before the vote on the labor bill, Thye asked Walter Monro, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen's smart Washington operator, for advice.

BIGTIME SQUAWK — The crash of an unscheduled airliner and the death of 53 abroad has bolstered the case of the big air transport companies in a bitterly fought battle before the Civil Aeronautics board.

The story, as one major airline prexy told his board of directors, "We haven't had a single crack-up during the year except in the treasury."

The battle lines are: the majors are scrapping to keep the "non-skeds," the contract carrier lines developed mainly by veterans, from muscling-in on the trade. The majors argue they maintain high safety, and that this costs more than the non-skeds.

Some of the points the majors are asking the CAB to enact are: bring all aviation, including the non-skeds, under government safety regulations, drop the excise tax on aviation, regulate the non-skeds, and keep the states from levying aviation gasoline taxes.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GRUNDSI FEVER: War in da welt het gadenk'd os es miglich wear os 'n gross, ous gawoxner mensch wie der Bill Kamp fon nagshd on Kempton, grundsi fever graich'd. Un wos noch mainer is, er huts fever aw net yusht kot fer gae grundsi sheesa. Fiert July, ow'r 's hut 'n warick-lich aw gapock'd wie sie ols sawga os harsh hunder, "buck fever" graichda.

'S wor Fiert July wie er ous gamocht hut fer gae 'n grundsow odder paar sheesa, ow'r wor net may wie tzu da dier drous bis er sei boo der Bobby hoerra hut greisha, "G'shwind Pap, darta kumt aenie."

'S hut der Bill ordlich weil ganumma bis er die grundsow g'sehna hut, un woh sich endlich uf die hinnerra k'huck'd hut im waitsa feld. Der Bill hut sie noh erblick'd un hut g'shossa, uns hut g'sheind sie wear aw g'falla. Wie er shier om waitsa feld wor wos sot er sehna tzu waitsa rous kumma grawd uf 'n tzu, os wie die grundsow. Der rocha uf, un der shwontz in da hae, die grundsow is kumma fer der Bill wie won sie 'n lavendich fressa wot.

Der Bill hut ols noch die flint in da hond kot, ow'r sel wor die tzeit wohs grundsi fever 'n iwwer numma hut, un hut nimmy gadenk'd os er sheesa kent, hut die flint weck g'shmissa, un shtarta shtae un grundshulla shmeissa, ow'r hut sie net dreffa kenna. Wos es gewwa het won der Bobby net halt aw g'shloga het is badirelich tzu denka. Die grundsow ferol os m'r wase, het der Bill ferleicht lavendich ferrissa, uns het 'm ken hawna noh gagray'd.

Der Bobby hut da grundsow 'n shtae midda uf die shtarn galaig'd, un sie is rum garoll'd un hut die fees noch da shtarna gadray'd wie won sie in ol ihr'm lebdawg net uf da bae g'shtonna het. Der Bill hut noh so droashdmeedich g'sawt, "Wel, m'r nen sie ow'r grick'd," un gatzitter'd wie 'n lawb blawd.

Der Bill hut noh ous gamocht der dawg wear tzu yung fer sich hee hucka worta bis es tzeit wear fer ins bed gae, un hut g'sawt er gang'd mohl awenich weiter hinna nous in die hivla, sehna eb net noch onnerra grundsi rum weara. Aina waig odder da onner hut 'n ebbes iver noch Earnest Rhaff seim blotz gatzoga, un woh er grawd selar leeblich keffer bree garuch in die naus grick'd hut. Sel wor 's end fom grundsi yawga Fiert July. Weiter is er nimmy kumma, un bis er hame is wors shticha dunkla -un aenich ebber wase os grundsi summers net garn nochts our ihra lecher kumma. Un wos noch mainer is, won aw ferleicht 'n grundsow sehna het hucka, het sie bei selra tzeit 'n tzwilling bruder navich ra kot, un het sie widder net dreffa kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Commodore Yorkey fon hinnich da Ziegels Kerrich drunna woh tzailt fer iwwer dem in die moffing pickter bisnis gae hut sei bilder schreen on tzwae bame ganog'ld.

So wie die bame in die hae woxa, maint er, sot sei bisnis aw in die hae kumma-longsome un deitlich.

IN DER KICH

The ECK for March 12 contained reflections upon Shrovetide customs of baking **Fettkuche** or **Fassnachtkuche.**. Our requests for recipes for the baking of the same received such generous responses that we should like to share them with our readers.

Miss Emma Y. Yoder, Hegins, writes: "The following recipe for **Fettkuche** my mother used, who in turn learned it from her mother in "de Machadunky" (the Mahantango Valley.) Take:

1 cup sour cream	1 teaspoon baking soda
2¼ cups thick milk	½ teaspoons cream of tartar
2 eggs	
7 to 8 cups of flour	1 cup sugar

Roll out on a flat board about one-half inch thick. Cut in strips about three inches wide and cut each strip in parallelograms or diamond-shaped designs with a small slit in center. These are baked in hot fat.

Raised doughnuts (also **Fettkuche**) are made with yeast as follows:

1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup potato water, 1 yeast cake (dissolved in 1 cup of lukewarm water), ½ cup sugar, all mixed together and left to rise. Then add 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup shortening, ½ teaspoon salt and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Set dough at a warm place to rise. After it is raised roll out and cut with a round cutter and again set in warm place till double the size, then bake in hot fat. **No hoscht du Fassnachtkuche. Believe me these recipes are good. Wann dihr's net glaabt, browiert 's mol."**

Mrs. F. F. Bartholomew, Bethlehem, writes: "I would like to share with you three recipes which have been handed down to me. The first, made with yeast, must be more than a hundred years old, since it was the recipe my great-grandmother used (and I am a grandmother myself). The second and third are the sour milk and soda and the baking powder recipes. I am presenting them just as they were handed down to me. Anyone acquainted with the art of sugar-cake baking can no doubt figure it out for themselves how they are to be mixed and baked.

Fassnachts

I cup lard	3 eggs
½ cups sugar	salt
1 cup yeast	flour to stiffen
1 cup sweet milk	

Crullers (with soda)

1 egg	1 teaspoon soda dissolved in ½ cup vinegar
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons melted lard
1 cup thick milk	Flour to stiffen
½ teaspoon salt	

Crullers (with baking powder)

¼ cup butter	¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 cup sugar	
2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk	Flour to stiffen
3½ teaspoons baking	

Cream butter. Add sugar; then the well-beaten eggs. Sift the baking powder, nutmeg and salt with one cup of flour and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add additional flour to make a dough stiff enough to handle. Toss on a floured board, roll one-half inch thick and cut into strips (or cut with a doughnut cutter.) Twist and fry in deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper and when cold roll in powdered sugar.

NOTE: The 1 cup yeast in the recipe for **Fassnachts** above originally read—1 tincup yeast."——

Mrs. Emory M. Moyer, Souderton, sends the following: "The difference between a doughnut and a cruller. The doughnut is made with yeast; the cruller with sour cream and soda or sweet cream and baking powder. The raised doughnut is the one made years back, and I remember both my grandmothers just taking some of the dough which was made for bread, adding a bit of sugar and of shortening, letting it raise; then they cut it into squares with two slits in it. After they had risen again they were fried in lard.—I enclose a doughnut recipe which I have used possibly twenty-five years, and for which I use the round doughnut cutter with hole in centre:

Doughnuts

1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 cup potato water (in which the potatoes were cooked), 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 quart milk, 1 yeast cake dissolved in ½ cup luke warm water. Add flour to make a thin batter. Let rise 2½ to 3 hours. Then add 4 eggs slightly beaten, 1½ cups sugar, ¾ cup butter melted. Add flour to stiffen. Do not use too much flour. Only to allow mixing sufficiently with a mixing spoon. While mixing add ¾ teaspoon dry ginger. In my experience I have found it best to divide the dough into two or three parts put in separate dishes to rise overnight. Then roll out and cut, using as little flour as possible to roll. Let rise until twice the size, fry in deep fat. Drop a few whole cloves into the fat for a delicious flavor. Do not sugar them while warm. You will have about 7½ dozens of doughnuts."——

Mrs. Eddie C. Evans, Kempton, sends two recipes that differ slightly from the above:

Potato Fassnachts

1½ cups potatoes	1 yeast cake (dissolved
2 eggs	in ½ cup warm
1 cup sugar	potato water)
1 teaspoon salt	6 to 8 cups of flour
½ cup shortening	

Boil the pared potatoes in enough water to cover them. Drain off the potato water and save it. Mash potatoes and beat lightly. Measure the potato and add more potato water if necessary to make 2½ pints. Combine with the rest of ingredients, using enough flour to make a rather stiff batter. Cover and let rise in a warm place until morning. Knead, adding more flour if necessary. Let rise again. Roll on a well-floured board and cut in squares, oblongs, or rounds. Let rise again and fry in hot fat until a golden brown. Sprinkle with sugar.

Sour Cream Fassnachts

4 cups of flour	¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons shortening
¾ teaspoon soda	4 egg yolks (or 2 eggs and 1 egg yolk)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar	1 cup sour cream

Sift together flour, salt, soda, and cream of tartar. Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks well-beaten and mix. Add cream. Now add sifted dry ingredients and mix thoroughly until smooth. Roll dough on floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Let dough stand 20 minutes; cut in rounds and squares and fry in deep fat until brown.

If sweet milk is used instead of sour milk, reduce milk to ¾ cup. Omit soda and cream of tartar and use 2½ teaspoons of baking powder. Egg yolks make more tender doughnuts than whole eggs."——

Mr. Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, reared in upper Lehigh County, makes this interesting comment: "Faasenacht is a religious holiday and originally the important things about **Faasenacht kuche** was that they did not contain any yeast....My mother made them religiously every year, and it was important that they were made only at **Faasenacht** time . . . we follow the same custom—only at **Faasenacht.**"—We should be interested in knowing whether this custom obtains in other parts of our Pennsylvania German country.

Mr. Robert F. Blose, Ambler, writes: **"Fettkuche** and **Fassnachtkuche** brought back fond memories of my boyhood days. On Shrove Tuesday we used to call the last of the family to get out of bed in the morning 'Du bischt die Fassnacht.' On the following day, Ash Wednesday, the last to get up would be called **Eschepuddel."**—For the latter compare the German **Aschenputtel, Aschenbroedel;** Eng. Ashputtle and the familiar Cinderella, the fairy-tale kitchen drudge lingering over the ashes on the hearth.

And now we seek information from our readers about the following:

Who will inform us how to make **Yuddekaersche** (Ground Cherry) pie? How were preserves made of these cherries? Were the plants ever cultivated or were they simply allowed to seed themselves in our old gardens?—

What was the preferred kind of pumpkin used in making pie? We do not refer to the pumpkin custard pie, but to the old-fashioned pumpkin pie with an upper crust.

Why is elderberry pie one of the most liked and also one of the most disliked of pies among Pennsylvania Germans? Who will send us a good recipe for elderberry wine?

Have any of our readers eaten elderberry blossoms dipped in batter and friend in deep fat?

Have you ever heard of preserving the **Moisbbel** (may apple) fruit?

What did your grandmothers use for coloring their butter, noodles, chicken soup and potpie?

Can any one furnish us with a recipe for the making of **pipsissewa** beer? Some of our ancestors liked their **pipsissewa** beer. **Pipsissewa** is an Indian name for wintergreen.——

Kindly send replies addressed to **Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.**



KATZ VERSEEFE

'S waar immer'n Wese mit der Katz
Ans Duvvy Gundels datt;
Die Alt hot g'scholte, 's waar ken Ruh:
"Die Katz die muss mer fatt!"
Der Duvvy hett sei alter Gaul
Net gewwe far die Welt;
Die Sal hett net der Tip verkaaft
Farn ganser Haufe Geld.

So'n alter Gaul, so'n alter Hund,
Do denkt mer viel devun;
Die sin im letschte Wille yo
Ge'mention't warre schunn.
Die Katz as Yohrelang gemaust
Un Ratte abgedankt,
Die grickt der Besem hinnedruf
Un waerd zum Loch naus gfankt.

Die Kitty hot en harti Zeit
Ans Duvvys datte ghatt;
Ken Zuflucht un ken Ufenthalt,
Ken "miau" hot nix gebatt.
"Do iss die wiescht schewitzich Katz,
Sie hockt schunn widder datt!"
No hot sie gschtampt, em Tip gelockt,
Un hetzt die Kitty fatt.

'S waar'n "Quilt'n" mol ans Duvvys datt,
Mit Weibsleit hot's gelebt;
Die Nochberschaft waar ausgetarnt
As wann's en Frolic gaebt.
Die Katz waar aa so neigewitscht
Un hockt am Offe datt;
Die Sal erblickt sie iwwerdem
Graad wie sie's Ohr sich scharrt.

'S waar Sals uff Sals mit Peffer druff,
Sell reisst der Deckel ab;
Sie ruft em George: "Do, George, kumm rei,
Hoscht gheert? Do hoscht en Tschabb!
Do fang die Katz un ab un fatt,
Verseef sie datt im Damm."
Die Sal waar hitzich un ihr Gsicht
Des waar so rot wie'n Flamm.

Der George iss ab, er hot gewisst,
Wann's noch Towhicken geht;
Mer schteht net lang un schwankt der Hut,
Wu's um die Ecke dreht.
Sunscht waar der George e bissel schlo,
Mer kann net saage dumm;
Aus siwwe Schparre waar verleicht
Die helft so bissel krumm.

Der George waar fatt farn gansi Schtunn,
No kummt er endlich bei.
Er hockt sich uff die Holskischt hie
Un schwetzt so newe nei.
Sie hen en no geneckst, gezerrt,
Des Wasser waer so nass;
Wie as die Katz es gsoffe hett,
Beim Schepper odder'm Fass?

Sie hen gemeent so'n Katz, die hett
Nein Lewe unnerm Schwans;
Sell waer aa's letscht as lewe daet,
Wann's anner dot waer gans.
No schteht die Sinde uff un geht
Uffs hinnerscht Bortschel naus,
No greischt sie: "Harri Yarm, die Katz!
Do kummt 'n yuscht mol raus."

'S iss alles ab, der George geht mit,
Far sehne was dann iss;
"Ei, ei, ei, ei!" macht no die Sal,
Un schtampt noch mit zwee Fiess.
"Was hoscht gemacht, du Esel-Ochs?"
Un hot em George geweeft.
No saagt er so getrei wie'n Kind:
"Ich hab sie gut verseeft."

"Verseeft! du Ochs; do iss sie doch,
Do guck mol, sehnscht sie net?"
Der George secht widder: "Ei, ich hab
Sie ewwe gut verseeft.
Ich hab mer Seef grickt aus der Kischt,
Un nemm sie an der Damm;
Ich hab sie eigeriwwe datt,
Sie waar gans zu mit Schaum."

"Ich schmeiss sie no zum Wasser nei
Am Iwwerschuss, ins Loch;
Ich hab gedenkt, die Katz, die hett
Genung farn gansi Woch."—
"Du dummer Biffel," macht die Sal,
"Verseeft un doch net dot!"
No iss sie ab die Schtubb darch nei,
Gans gliedich, feierich rot.

No geht's aerscht ab, die Weibsleit hen
Gegrische un gelacht;
Un's Township hot sechs Munet lang
Sei Capers mitgemacht.
Der George, der ziegt der Duwack raus
Un beisst en Schtickel ab;
No meent er: "Well, ich denk ich geh
Nau widder an mei Tschhabb."

'S waar'n Missverschtendnis, sell waar all,
'S gebt meh vun sell're Aart;
Wann's austarnt wie die Katzeschprie,
Dann saag ich: "Yuscht net gschpaart.
Was waer dann's Lewe un die Welt,
Gaebt's gaar nix vun Gewaerz?
So bissel Dummheit dann un wann,
Iss gut far's Menschehaerz.

May 15, 1916 —**ASTOR C. WUCHTER**

An unpublished poem by one of the foremost of our dialect writers. The original is among the Wuchter manuscripts in the Library of Muhlenberg College.—ED .

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

Steel Strike Averted

For sixty days at least, and it is to be hoped for an even longer period, peace and production in the American steel industry are assured by the actions of large and small companies alike and by the men whom they employ to avoid a strike that was to have begun last night.

Early in the week the men had welcomed the proposal of President Truman that a sixty-day truce be observed while a fact-finding board was engaged in work that could lead to recommendations; which recommendations might be helpful in settling disputes on wages and working conditions.

A few of the smaller steel manufacturing companies also expressed readiness to go along with the idea altho not willing to accept the fact-finding board's decisions. The biggest manufacturers — U. S. Steel, Bethlehem and Republic —balked at what they claimed was by-passing the Taft-Hartley Act.

President Truman made further appeal and yesterday, after some of the fires had been banked in steel mills thruout the country and preparations were in progress for complete shutdown, the Big Three agreed in the interest of industrial peace, employment of men and good effect upon the economy in general to go along. However the Big Three continue their protest that the President has not acted according to the dangers inherent to the nation in a steel strike. They will not be bounden by the report of the fact-finding commission, which of course the President has at no time asked them to be.

The great harm of a wide-spread strike by a million or so well - paid men in the world's basic industry has thus been averted happily. Two months time is afforded inside which it may be possible to arrive at understandings that will keep men at work and steel pouring out of the mills into American industry. It will bring optimism again to the communities which were directly threatened by such a great strike and in which there already was retarded business as everybody likely to be affected by strike, whether directly or indirectly, already was pulling in his belt.

Loss of Religious Leader

The large gathering of Allentonians who said their farewells to Dr. and Mrs. Baruch Braunstein at a testimonial dinner on Thursday evening attested to the place which this brilliant, scholarly and earnest young man had established for himself during six years of activity in religious thought and leadership in this community.

A community is noble, mediocre or ignoble according as its people are noble or otherwise. And a community's name, whether good or bad, its reputation as we call it, depends upon the character and reputation of the people in it.

Without any doubt Rabbi Braunstein achieved a place in our community's life such as few persons ever are able to attain and even fewer are able to attain in such a brief span of years. He was admired and respected for his intellectual qualities. He was beloved for the warmth of his personality and his deep sincerity. He contributed much of the highest value to the community's life, to the best side of its life, the intellectual and the spiritual. And then too he brought good and high reputation to the city thru his religious and intellectual activities in other communities. He did much to make Allentown shine out to people in other places just as his work shone brightly in his own community.

So there will be deep community loss in the departure of a good man and a brilliant scholar from an important place in our religious life. That sense of loss is far wider and deeper in the community than anything that could be expressed even by such a notable event as the farewell dinner.

Margarine Repeal

In all the legislative schedules and "must" lists put out from Washington on the assumption Congress is going to adjourn July 31, we see nothing about the margarine-tax repeal bill.

Remember the bill that was going to permit the nation's 31,000,000 housewives to buy yellow margarine without having to pay a heavy, unjust and discriminatory federal tax? It was passed by the House of Representatives by a 287-to-89 vote. It was favorably reported by the Senate Finance Committee. President Truman has advocated repeal of the margarine taxes and license fees. But where is the repealer?

Senate Majority Leader Scott Lucas said six weeks ago he hoped to bring it up for Senate vote — there is good prospect it would be passed if it could get to the floor — but nothing has been done. Now the bill is competing for place with a host of other important measures in the preadjournment bottleneck.

But there is still time to get Senate action on the margarine bill if housewives will make themselves heard. Let your senators know in on uncertain terms that the repealer must not die on the eve of success. —New York World-Telegram.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N GLAINER UNNERSHIT: Der hulsmon John Singmaster fon Macungie hut shun 'n monich mohl onnerra socha grick'd gaeich wos er gaarder'd hut in seinra bisnis, ow'r in ol seim lebdawg ken er - fohring kot wie er doh kartzlich 'n arder rei hut fer 'n gadrash kon, un hut 'n nocht kish'd grick'd mit ma loch im tzwet ewwerra deckle. 'S wor der Archie Knauss, salesmon fer 'n gute bakonter eisa shtore doh in da shtadt os die arder ganumma hut, un war die arder rum gadray'd hut tzu wos der John grick'd hut wase ken saelicher mensch.

Der John h t shun long garn ebbes fon ra gadrash kon in seinra hamet kot, un die weil os bisnis alla weil tzimlich gute ous sehnt, hut er die onner woch gadenk'd er dade aenie arderra. Ow'r wie sie kumma is, liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, fer - hoftich sei wons net 'n glaenie eckichie kishd wor fer navich 'n bed shtella, mit blotz unna drin fer die nocht eil nei shparra. Der John hut seina aigna auga shier net glawwa kenna wie er die g'shicht grick'd hut, ow'r der Archie wor arrick akommodadish un huts 'm bletzlich ous g'shwabt fer wos er howwa hut wolla.

GAIN NET YUSHT DER HUDSON NUF: Sellie Pennsylfawnish Deitsch exkursion Somshdawgs der 13d August gait net yusht der Hudson nuf, ow'r aw so gore 'n lot onnerra bletz rum, so wie ums Statue of Liberty rum, nunner noch Ambrose channel, un der East Raver nuf nous noch Long Island Sound. In blotz fon ob shtoppa on parks wie sellie ort exkursions bol im - mer duhna, odder die passengers gaina fon aim boat uf 'n onners, fohra mier uf 'm sama boat -der Sandy Hook, fon moryets 10 uhr bis owets ochta.

'S gebt 'n aryie shaenie trip fer leit woh net garn weit lawfa wolla. Die train shtart ous in Mauch Chunk, un kumt om da Lechaw runner mit shtops on Lehighton, Palmerton, Walnutport, Siegfried, Northamp - ton, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bedlahame un Easton. In Jersey city fohrt die train grawd nava on der waraf wohs boat om worta is, un owets hen m'r yusht fom boat uf die train tzu gae. So weit os essa gait, is 'n dining shtub, un ess kounter uf 'm boat, un aw 'n blotz fer soicha os darsht hen. 'N lot sheinds wotta ihra aiga essa mit nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET OW'R Won uns ebber g'sawt het 'm ledshd yohr wie fiel exkursion tickets os des yohr shun drous weara bis doh har fer die train un boat exkursion da 13d August, hetta m'r 's net gaglawbt.

Answers to Questions

By THE HASKIN SERVICE

Q. How is a petition to Congress handled after it has been presented? S.E.H.

A. A petition frequently calls for the enactment of new legislation, therefore it is mentioned in the "Congressional Record" and then referred to an appropriate committee for consideration.

Q. Has the Bible been printed in the Esperanto language? E.R.

A. Several Protestant organizations have distributed the Bible in Esperanto, and a Catholic Esperanto Conference, held in Rome last year, received encouragement from the Pope.

Q. What is the greatest distance at which lightning can be seen? D.R.

A. For lightning strokes from clouds to the ground the greatest distance is probably about 15 miles. The so-called "heat-lightning" might be visible up to 20 miles or more.

Q. Are there any snakes that have legs? G.D.

A. Snakes do not have true legs, but some species have vestigial legs in the form of tiny spurs.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington—

President Truman still believes there's too much excitement stirred by exposures of underground Communist operations and has passed word on to some federal investigators that he'd be happier if they didn't go about making public what they found under government and Hollywood beds.

So I'd like to put onrecord the blow-by-blow story of techniques used by the international Commies to parlay an obscure sailors' strike into a revolutionary crisis — which a little spotlighting could have averted. Instead, now this crisis may cripple western decency.

So hold on to your kid's colored National Geographic maps and let's go:

Back last January several squads of trusted Canadian Communist waterfront agents slipped out of Montreal and made for British ports—Liverpool, Bristol, Avonmouth and London to be exact. Once in England they alerted their British dockside counterparts to prepare propaganda which would make the "limey" longshoremen sympathetic to strike action sometime this past Spring.

Then these Canadian Communist missions melted away. At about the same time scores of Communist sailors moved into the Canadian port of Halifax. Why Halifax? Because this Nova Scotia harbor is ice-free all year around — and therefore tht most strategic set of docks in eastern Canada. And these swarming lefty seafarers were fully equipped for street warfare — as I'll soon reveal.

* * *

Next step: The Communist controller Canadian Seamen's union, after months of haggling with the ship owners over wage increases, kicked an arbitrator right in his decision and called a strike. That was last March. Such a walkout, if prolonged, would cripple Canadian shipping and disrupt the sensitive, delicate economy of the British, which we're trying to save so they can buck the Russians throughout the world.

With ships idle on a panting ocean outside of Halifax, a clean little non-Communist union, the Seafarers International, moved its sailors into town to man the paralyzed vessels and move them on to England.

What happened when leaders of the non-Communist sailors arrived in Halifax by chartered plane on April 9th? They found the taxi drivers so terrorized by roving Commie squads that the hackies wouldn't run them in from the airport.

The newly arrived non-Communist officials were told to move on by the Immigration Dept. which didn't want the Commies to assault them on federal Canadian property. Once the Seafarers did get into town the non-Communist leaders discovered themselves in what seemed to be a left military camp.

Groups of tough Commies roamed the steets armed with bats, blackjacks and pickhandles. These squads kept in touch with each other via police whistles. If one Commie goon squad discovered non-Communist sailors, whistles would blow, the squads would merge, blood would flow. Some of these roving bands had walkie-talkies to keep in touch with, and get orders from, the Canadian Seamen's union.

The Commies also had a spotter system to watch for the "enemy." When opposing sailors were discovered in large bands, the CSU would broadcast an alarm, and have all members rush to their union hall, ready for action. But the Commies just couldn't keep the Seafarers out—and the ships sailed, manned by non-Communists.

Now let me swing you back to England and the advance agents of January. They had worked well. They had appealed to the sense of fair play of the class-conscious British, Socialist longshoremen.

The Commies literally had gone from door to door, from union hall to union hall, in the key ports I mentioned, dolefully reporting that the non-Communist Seafarers union was breaking a strike back home—and that the strikers in Canada, their wives, and youngsters were starving across the sea.

The British longshoremen were angered. They were not Commies, but they were tough. The appeal sounded like hundreds of others which the militant British had supported in the past. They refused to unload the Canadian ships—about eight of them.

Then when the British labor government insisted on having the vessels emptied of vital cargo the English dock wallopers struck all vessels—and the great port of London is paralyzed. A drastic "State of Emergency" has been declared.

And at 11 a.m., on July 9, the drooling Moscow radio reported to Europe "the workers of the capitalist countries are realizing more fully that only a joint struggle can insure them victory."

So there you have your perfect political strike. What's Mr. Truman think—the stork brought it?

(Copyright 1949)

Pay Boost for Postal Clerks

By HENRY McLEMORE

The postal clerks of this country are seeking the passage of legislation which will give them a boost in pay, and here's hoping they'll get it.

They are almost as badly underpaid as schoolteachers which, in this day and time when the dollar doesn't have half the cents it used to have, means it is a wonder they have time to handle the mails for trying to make ends meet.

Working in a post office is a tough job. I trust someone will pop up and ask me how I know anything about it, because I have the perfect answer, namely, I worked in one; for one whole summer, to earn enough to finish my higher education, the benefits of which are now so obvious in this column.

My first job was throwing mail — that is, distributing it in the boxes. Oh, the temptations of that job if you are young, in love, and in love with a girl who is in love with a fellow who lives in Providence, R. I., and who writes her every day.

Such was my situation, and to make it worse the P.O. box of my sweetheart's father was in the section where I distributed. I had to handle those confounded letters from that counfounded rival in Providence. No one will ever know how hard I had to fight with myself to keep from tearing up all the letters that came to Miss Lillian Burton from Rhode Island. They used to burn my hands. I'll have to admit that I often deliberately put them in the wrong box, thus making them a day late getting to Lillian.

But my worst trial came on the day when the low-life from Rhode Island sent what was obviously a picture of himself. I mislaid that for two full days while I debated with myself as to whether it wouldn't be better to tamper with the mails and spend the rest of my life in a federal pen than to have my heart torn apart by the thought of that picture perched on my sweetheart's dressing table. I finally let Lillian have it, but I did kind of wrinkle it up the best I could before letting it loose.

If all a postal clerk ever had to do was to try to put a Sears Roebuck catalogue in a P.O. box he would deserve a halo as well as a raise in pay. We used to await the arrival of those monstrous catalogues with heavy, heavy hearts. The average sized P.O. box, in my time as a clerk anyway, was built more for the accommodation of a wren, thrush or some other bird of similar size than it was for a catalogue the size of a stick of firewood.

But they had to be put in the boxes. I didn't have the strength of arm to shove the things in, so I used to butt them in with my head. An hour or two of this billy-goat tactic left my head and temper in such a state that if I could have laid my hands on either Mr. Sears or Mr. Roebuck I would have done them in, and gladly.

Late in the summer, either because of merit or the fact that boxholders in my section were complaining of always getting mail that didn't belong to them, I was transferred to the general delivery window and placed in charge of the M to Z department. Being a general delivery clerk is a hazardous business, because when people don't get letters when they think they should have letters, they blame the clerk behind the wicket. I have had disappointed folks threaten to shoot me if I didn't come across with a letter.

Yes, let's give the post office boys some more money. They're a deserving crew if there ever was one.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Peter 1:1-12

Peter here speaks of himself as a servant and as an apostle of Jesus Christ, addressing himself as such to all those who, like himself, had obtained like precious faith through the righteousness of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ (see reference column). He then greets them with a benediction, as he prays that grace and peace might be multiplied to them through the knowledge of God, even of Jesus their Lord which was to be according to His divine power which had given unto them all things belonging to life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him Who had called them to glory and virtue, whereby had been given unto them exceeding great and precious promises, that they might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world by lust. How to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord, Peter indicates in vs.5 to 7: by adding or supplying one virtue after the other. Thus would they never fall, and at last there will be granted them an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of Christ. 'Add in v.5 and 'shall be ministered' are translations of the same Greek verb

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"How to Meet the Recession" is the title of a series of three half-hour radio programs soon to start on one of the national networks.

A college professor will be chairman of the series and a number of so-called economic authorities will be guests contributing their respective palaver.

I shall not listen to any of these discussions.

* * *

For years now these forums have been on the air.

For years hundreds of experts have spouted words of wisdom on hundreds of problems that confront us.

In 15-minute programs, in half-hour programs, in full-hour programs they have found the cure for most all our national and international diseases.

They have found the cure. But the diseases are still with us.

They have solved our problems.

But the problems still confront us.

* * *

Some time ago I wrote that if there were a tax on words fewer of them would be used.

I also said that the people who do the least thinking do the most talking.

That goes doubly for these radio discussions.

They seem so futile.

They are convenient outlets for a lot of publicity seekers or money-hungry folks who want to make a few easy dollars on the side.

* * *

A couple of years ago I hired me a woman press agent.

I wanted to get famous quickly.

She promised to write beautiful pieces about me and blazon my name over the horizons.

"Eric Brandeis" was to be a household word among all who could read and a name that would long outlast that of Shakespeare and Milton Berle.

What did she do for the $300 and expenses I paid her monthly?

She put me on radio programs!

So I got up early in the morning and went on Maggi McNellis's program. And I broadcast on the Voice of America. Dorothy Dean or something like that was another one who got me for free.

One day I even was squeezed in between phonograph records and commercials by Andre Baruch and Bea Wain on their "Mr. and Mrs. Music" show.

When I was out a thousand dollars of hard-earned cash and a number of sumptuous meals at the Stork Club, the Sherry-Netherlands and other expensive places "where I would meet the right kind of people" I stopped.

If I had to try to become famous by being a sucker for a lot of people I might as well remain unknown, I figured.

* * *

Do you want to be an "expert" on a radio show?

Why not? Everybody else is.

(Copyright 1949)

Horoscope

Energy, optimism and the will to succeed ought to reap their just rewards during your next 12 months. Many good traits will doubtless be observed in the child born today.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Early in his term on the bench, Judge Jim Wallace presided over a case that involved two participants in a drunken brawl. There was one witness. "You saw what was going on," Judge Wallace said to the witness. "Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant?" "Your Honor," was the reply, "at the time I was witness, it was impossibe to determine who was going to be the defendant."

In the White Plains branch of a clothing company, a housewife was helping her husband pick out a new suit. Whenever he liked one, she cried, "Take it off. It's terrible." Finally, however, she grew tired of the argument and said, "Oh, well, suit yourself. After all, you're the one who'll have to wear it." The man corrected her quietly. "That goes for the coat and vest, anyway."

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of July 16, 1924, a Wednesday.

Paul Opplinger, Walnutport, was honorably discharged from the U. S. Navy after two years of service, most of which was spent as second class engineer on the U.S.S. Corry on the Pacific coast.

Allentown Nest 121, Order of Orioles, named delegates to the organization's national convention. Those named were William Hudson, Grant Tobias, Ralph Kline, Samuel Cumfer, Louis Rohr, C. E. Breisford and John Johnson.

Cards were played after the regular meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Lehigh County Medical society. Honors went to Mrs. Harold Hersh, Mrs. John W. Noble, Mrs. W. A. Hausman, Mrs. H. D. Jordah, Mrs. H. J. F. Keim, Mrs. V.J. Gangewere, Mrs. George F. Seiberling and Mrs. William A. Riegel.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

BIRDMAN

In a pleasant land a gentle man
With beard of gray and cheeks of tan
Waits for the birds from spring to fall
And calls them his neighbors, one and all.
"Though I live alone," he said to me,
"Always I've glorious company.

I've a guest book here which I keep to show
The dates when my visitors come and go.
The first to land on my window sill
I feed 'til he tells me he's had his fill.
Alone? Not I! When I'm having tea
The sweetest of song birds sing for me.

"I have prize fights, too, and a ringside seat
When two jealous rivals chance to meet.
Both wooing the self-same lady fair.
The feathers start filling the springtime air
Alone? Not I! 'Til the long day ends
I've the comradeship of a thousand friends."

(Copyright, 1949)



DER TAMBOUR YOCKEL

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE IN THE MAKING

YOCKEL AND EAST SALISBURY

The earliest history of the congregation of East Salisbury (Salzburg), in Salisbury Township, Lehigh County, is somewhat obscured, but it is believed that its beginnings go back as early as 1747. A reorganization and the erection of a log church took place in 1759, in which year the first Lutheran pastor, the Rev. Daniel Schumacher, in his fine hand made the first entry in the church record. In the Rev. C. J. Cooper's History of Jerusalem Church, Eastern Salisbury, published in Vol. II of the Proceedings of the Lehigh County Historical Society, this first entry read in translation as follows: "In the Name of God, Amen.—The Christian Evangelical Lutherans and Reformed, both adhering to the Protestant religion, have together erected a church in Salzburg township in Northampton County, in the year of the Lord 1759. This church was built after the Indians had again ceased to burn and to kill in this neighborhood, and by poor people only, who were, however, assisted by their brethren with small contributions."

The Rev. Daniel Schumacher continued to make entries into the East Salisbury Church Record from the day of its dedication on July 22, 1759, down to 1768. Now entries by other pastors follow. The last baptismal entry was made on May 21, 1786, by the Rev. Carl Christoph Goetz. A last list of communicants is entered on April 23, 1791. And now a remarkably strange interlude presents itself in the history of this early church—a dispersing of the congregation and lack of any records for 56 years, from 1791 to 1847, when the congregation was once more reorganized.

In the last years of the 18th century the legend of Tambour Yockel begins to circulate. Could this terrifying tale be responsible for the disintegration of this church and its congregations? In The History of Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, by Charles Rhoads Roberts, Rev. John Baer Stoudt, Rev. Thomas H. Krick and William J. Dietrich (Allentown, Pa., 1914) we read:" "Another reason for the decline of the congregation is found in the gruesome tale of how, shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War, the devil one night slew, dismembered and carried away from the cemetery the body of a certain Tambour Yokel. That the legend powerfully affected the community cannot be gainsaid, for even today the story is widely circulated and frequently credited and there are still people to be found who will drive several miles extra on a dark night to avoid passing the cemetery."

It is but natural that the clergy should wish to discredit this tale. Preston A. Laury, in his History of the Allentown Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania (Kutztown, Pa., 1926), writes: "An old legend called the "Tambour Yokel Legend" clings to the cemetery of the East Salisbury church. It is, however, without foundation. What was intended as a joke was magnified by Yokel into a challenge to fight the Devil in the graveyard. Hair-splitting stories of this disastrous conflict were told. If all legends have no better foundation than the one connected with the East Salisbury graveyard, it were well to give credence to none." The same historian also points out that the organization of the Friedens Church at present-day Friedensville by the Rev. John Conrad Yeager in 1793 reduced the membership of East Salisbury very much and that the reduced number did not feel strong enough to build a new church in place of the log church of 1759 now falling into ruin. But the fact remains that the last communicant list was entered in the record in 1791 two years before the organization of the Friedens Church and the last baptisms seven years earlier. Is there any other record of an early church, situated in a fertile and well-populated area, that fell into disuse because of reduced membership? Only in May, 1847, more than half a century later, the corner-stone of a new church was laid. Even then the old site was avoided and the edifice reared on the opposite side of the road. Could it after all have been the terrifying tale of Tambour Yockel that kept the members away from church and churchyard? The American Revolution, begun at Lexington April, 1775, and concluded with the Treaty of Paris, September, 1783, had ended only a few years before the last entries in the record. The local survivors had returned to their homes and Yockel, it's to be assumed, among them. Yockel's old enemy rested in his grave, but Yockel, defying God and the Devil, challenges his foe to rise from the grave and fight it out with him. The sequel to that challenge, reminding us somewhat of the ancient German Faust legend, was told far and wide and took various forms in song and story. The best English version is the ballad written by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Henry Dubbs, formerly Professor of History and Archeology at Franklin and Marshall College. It is found in his HOME BALLADS (Philadelphia, 1888) and reads:

THE LEGEND OF TAMBOUR YOKEL

Tell the story with bated breath—
A story of horror, and gloom, and death.

A little church on a lonely hill;
A churchyard near it, calm and still;

Fair in the morning's early light,
Dark and gloomy it seems at night.

There it is said, in the olden time,
Happened a nameless deed of crime;

And stalwart men, with swiftest pace,
Haste when they pass that dreadful place.

Home, with the troop, from the war had come
Tambour Yokel, who beat the drum:

A worthless wretch, who on his way
Had learned but the arts of a bird of prey;

Who had sold, it was said, in the dreadful strife,
His soul to Satan to save his life.

"Now where," he cried, "is my ancient foe?
I have come from the battle to lay him low."

"Peace! Peace!" they answered. "Your boast is vain;
The man will never fight again;

The foe you hated, and sought to kill,
Now rests in the churchyard on the hill."

"Ho! What of that?" the drummer cried,
"Perhaps it was well the coward died;

But I know a way, as you'll see tonight,
To bring the man from his grave to fight."

Then a dreadful oath the ruffian swore,
He would call him forth to fight once more.

In their cups that night, at the tavern near,
His comrades met him with mock and jeer:

"Ho, wizard!" they cried. "Why don't you go
To the churchyard now to meet your foe?"

Then Tambour Yokel cursed and swore,
And sallied forth from the tavern door.

"Come forth!" he cried, through the startled night,
"Come forth, tho fiend, from the grave and fight!"

He reached the churchyard gate, and then
The fearful challenge was heard again.

But soon a cry that was wild and shrill
Was heard from the churchyard on the hill.

"Help! help!" he cried, but none drew near,
His comrades trembled, aghast with fear,

In silence waiting—that godless crew—
While the cries still fainter and fainter grew.

Next morning they came, with silent tread,
Seeking their comrade among the dead.

There, 'mid the graves, the man they found,
Naked and cold on the trodden ground;

Scattered his garments, far and wide,
Bloody the soil where the wretch had died.

And this was all; but who can tell
Who wounded the victim, and how he fell?

Did a panther, perchance, of the forest tear
The limbs of the wretched boaster there?

Or, was it the fiend, as the neighbors say,
That bore the godless soul away?

Ah! none could tell—nor cared to know—
But a mighty hand had laid him low.

Yet, with a shudder, men still relate
The tale of Tambour Yokel's fate;

And none forgets the legend grim—
How a fearful judgment was sent to him.

Another interesting version is that of our well-known dialect poet, John Birmelin, written in the modified Nibelungen stanza, and published in the ECK for May 20, 1944.—P.A.B.

LASZ' DIE TODTEN RUHEN

Herewith we present to our readers an old High German ballad which recounts another version of the tale of Tambour Yockel. For this we are indebted to Dr. Wilbur H. Oda, Barto, Pa., who possesses the only copy we have seen. It is in the form of a broadside, unfortunately without imprint. It probably dates from the early 19th century. Its author is unknown, but it is evident that he possessed some literary talent and training. We point out that he was probably acquainted with Gottfried August Buerger's LENORE, which had appeared in 1774. This famous German ballad, which was influenced by the old English ballad "Sweet William's Ghost," to be found in Percy's **Reliques**, was in turn rendered into English in 1796 by Sir Walter Scott under the title of "William and Helen." Both Buerger's "Lenore" and the ballad before us are written in iambic tetrameter and trimeter verses. What is still more striking is the title "Lasz die Todten ruhen," as well as the last line in the ballad so strongly reminiscent of the phrases "Doch lasz die Toten," "Ach! Lasz sie ruhn, die Toten!" and "O weh! Lasz ruhn die Toten," skillfully arranged in climactic order in Buerger's "Lenore".—P.A.B.

In Salzburg steht ein Kirchlein alt,
Nicht weit vom Lecha-Berge,
Un ringsum ruht die Erde kalt
Auf todter Nachbarn Saerge.

Nicht weit davon ein Wirthshaus steht—
Ich weisz nicht mehr den Namen,—
Wo Alt und Jung zum Frolick oft
Sonntags zusammen kamen.

Da ward getrunken und gekart't,
Geflucht und rauh gesprochen,
Und kurz, auf jede Weis' und Art
Der Tag des Herrn gebrochen.

So traf sich's eines Sonntags auch,
Dasz viele Leut' gekommen,
Die in der Woch' am Leichenzug
Des "Wild Bill" Theil genommen.

Der arme Kerl ward frueher oft
Am Wirthshaus angetroffen;
Trank Whiskey gern und suchte Streit,
So bald er angesoffen.

Jetzt schlaeft er seinen letzten Schlaf,
Und wie's um ihn befissen
Im andern Leben—armer Kerl—
Das koennen wir nicht wissen.

Allein die Nachbarn hatten viel
Vom "Wilden Bill" zu schwaetzen,
Und suchten namentlich zum Spasz
Den "Nickel" aufzuhetzen.

Denn "Nickel," hatte kuerzlich erst
Mit "Wild Bill," so zu sagen,
Ein recht' Gefecht, in vollem Ernst,
Und wurde arg verschlagen.

Dem "Nickel" stand das wenig an;
Er blieb noch lange hangen
Nachdem die andern Nachbarsleut
Schon meistens heim gegangen.

Der Mond schien hell, der Wind blies kalt,
Und Wirth und Wirthin lachten,
Als "Nickel" und ein andrer Mann
Sich auf den Heimweg machten.

Denn ihre Koepfe waren schwer,
Und ihre Beine schwankten,
Da sie dem letzten "Gute Nacht"
Mit schwerer Zunge dankten.

Ihr Weg liegt nach dem Kirchhof zu;
Und als sie sich ihm naehern,
Da steigt dem "Nickel" 's Blut in Kopf
Und er faengt an zu schweoren.

Er flucht und schwoert und schreit und tobt,
Und ruft den Bill mit Namen;
Springt auf sein Grab und stampft die Erd,
Und reiszt das Kreuz zusammen.

"'Komm' 'raus, Du todter Hund, komm' raus
"Aus Deinem dreck'gen Loche
"Ich geb Dir jetzt fuer was Du mir
"Gethan erst letzte Woche!"

"Komm' 'raus, und wenn der Teufel selbst
"Mich heut' noch sollte holen,
"So will ich Dir, Du Lumpenkerl,
"Das Fell noch erst versohlen."

Und wie er's sagt, da greift's ihn fest
Mit Grallengriff am Nacken,
Und eine and're Grallenhand
Thut ihm das Bein anpacken.

Er schreit umsonst, sein Kopf ist ab,
Ab dem in Augenblicke,
Und auch der Rumpf des Koerpers wird
Zerrissen in drei Stuecke.

Dann fliegen, auf, zum Baume auf,
Die blut'gen Koerperfetzen,
Bis sie zuletzt verschwunden ganz
Zum Grauen und Entsetzen

Des Nachbar's der im Mondlichtschein
Den Teufel wohl gewahrte,
Wie er ein hoellisch Strafgericht
An "Nickel" offenbarte.

Todtbleich und zitternd lief er heim,
Und sagte was geschehen,
Und wie er selbst den Teufel hab
Den "Nickel" holen sehen.

Wohl hundert Menschen sahen noch
Am naechsten Tag mit Schrecken
Die Blutspur an dem Grab und Baum,
Und ringsum an den Hecken.

Und mancher Gotteslaest'rer geht
Den Weg seitdem mit Grauen;
Denn wer den Boesen Geist versucht,
Kann auf den Herrn nicht bauen.

Und dieses schrecklich' Schicksal warnt
Vor'm Saufen und vor'm Fluchen,
Und selbst im trunkenen Zustand nicht
Den Teufel zu versuchen.

Und ein Gebot, wenn auch nicht g'rad
Unter Moses Geboten,
Befiehlt doch jedem Menschenkind:
Lasz' ruh'n, lasz' ruh'n die Todten!"

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Surely, happiness is reflective like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror, transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and everlasting benevolence. *Irving*

Campaign Against Speeding

It is perfectly obvious to most Allentonians that the police department cannot be on the lookout everywhere and at all times for motorists who grossly exceed the speed limits or drive in fashion that is reckless and dangerous to life and property. It is perhaps even more obvious to the reckless speed maniacs that at most times and in most places they are going to be safe in stepping on the gas because there are so few policemen on duty. Furthermore there frequently are considerable periods of time in which the police appear to have not the slightest interest in this dangerous disobedience and violation of the law That is the heyday for the speeders.

Things are different at this very time. The police, few tho they be in numbers, are thinking in terms of violations of the law on city streets. They are making it their business to prowl on the highways that are frequented by the speedsters and they are putting in a lot of their time on placing fast and reckless motorists under arrest.

The campaign has been in progress for several days. Daily results have been considerable and show no signs of decrease. The police promise that the campaign is to be continued indefinitely. It is only a brash motorist who will fail to mend his ways and take chances with alert Allentown police at this time.

Pact Warning to Russia

The United States Senate has ratified the Atlantic Pact, without amendments, and so for the first time in our country's history we have entered into a military alliance with eleven countries, most of them in Europe, and have committed ourselves to a policy of common defense against aggression, no matter where it may originate nor whom it may concern.

Since the recent war the world has been divided very definitely into two camps, that of the democratic peoples and that of the Soviet system and its satellites. The division has been effected thru no desire on the part of the United States. There has been effort for years since the war to be able to do business with Russia. But it has been realized thru repeated rebuffs that the Communists of Russia are out to achieve the goals that their leaders have repeatedly set for their ideology, namely complete world conquest.

Most immediately threatened and therefore most immediately concerned by this threat and the fear that the threat can be made good are the free peoples of western Europe. These nations rightfully have feared that they will be swallowed, one by one, by the new totalitarian monster. They and the people of the United States, know that this one-by-one process is possible and will be pursued by Russia unless there be a deterrent force or threat.

This deterrent is to be provided by the North Atlantic Pact under which the twelve signatory nations are to "maintain and develop their individual and collective capacity to resist armed attack," and provides the understanding that "armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all."

The Atlantic Pact has been discussed in the American Forum for so long a time that it is pretty well understood by our people. There is no misconception that it does not bind this country morally to armed participation in a third overseas war. It does. But the American people, after two experiences overseas and belated help for oppressed peoples, have come to the conclusion that steps to prevent another war must be taken; that it is important to recognize aggressor nations and their criminally-minded leaders well in advance of any outbreaks and by the sheer strength of a strong police force be able to hold them in check or put them under arrest at the very beginning of their first marauding.

There is wide belief that such an attitude might have prevented World War I and certainly could have averted World War II. In both eras of world history free peoples were too selfish, too self-centered to realize that international bullies were dangerous to world peace and to all nations.

Twelve nations concerned in the Atlantic Pact now declare that attack upon any country is the world's business and that attack upon any one of their membership is the concern of them all and that they propse to treat it as an attack against each and all of them.

Only in this way do the twelve nations believe that the designs of Soviet Russia can be checked and that the culture of western Europe and North America and their democratic institutions can be preserved.

Peace in Palestine

Conclusion of an armistice between Israel and Syria is good news in itself and good news because it is a considerable triumph for the United Nations. Reports from Tel Aviv, Washington and Lake Success all agree that great credit for the settlement is due to Ralph J. Bunche, the Acting U. N. Mediator, and his assistants. Their untiring work and persistent efforts to find a solution, despite the difficulties, have been crowned with success, for armistice agreements have now been reached between Israel and all her neighbors.

The scene now shifts to Lausanne, where another U. N. body, the Conciliation Commission, can take heart in renewing its efforts to establish a permanent political settlement between Israel and the Arabs. There are large and serious problems—notably, the problem of the Arab refugees and the problem of Jerusalem—but with good-will and a spirit of compromise that has sometimes been lacking in the past it should not be impossible to reach agreement. Now that the military questions are out of the way, we can hope that through the good offices of the Conciliation Commission, composed of representatives of the United States, France and Turkey, a new era may really be about to dawn throughout the Middle East.

New York Times

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LIFE OF RILEY: Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fom Paul German nagshd on da Haidelbaryer kerrich seinra "Life of Riley" erfohring net long tzurick. Yoh, per Paul un sei fraw worra in da shtadt uf 'm marrick, un hen ous gamocht won sie fartich weara, fers pickter "Life of Riley" sehna. Eb sie ow'r noch 'm movie gangda, hut yaders bisnis tzu fersehna kot, un hen ous gamocht fer tzomma kumma on da Nin'd un Hamilton, un gangda noh mit nonner noch 'm moovie.

Der blawn wor gute, ow'r der Paul mit 'm kup fol gadonka wos er dahame noch ol tzu shoffa het, un wie gute os es moovie fermuthlich wear, hut gons un gore fergessa woh sie tzomma kumma wotta, un hut fer 'n ordlichie weil fer'm movier hous g'shtonna worta uf die fraw. Wie sie tzu long net kumma is, hut er gadenk'd sie het 'n fermuthlich gabutta un wear nei, er gang'd aw nei, so os sie ken tzeit ferlierra dada fer g'shwind hame on die arwet gae wons moovie feriwwer wear.

Drin im moovie wors dunkle wies immer is on sella bietz, un der Paul hut die fraw naryads sehna kenna. 'S pickter "Life of Riley" wor gute, ow'r glawb os m'r ferleicht hinna noh aw 'n gutas mocha het kenna "Life of The Germans." won m'r der Paul un sei fraw ob nemma het kenna wie sie endlich widder tzomma kumma sin. 'S wor net bis der Paul uf 'm rous waig wor fom pickter sehna, os es 'm bei g'falla is os er fershprocha hut kot fer die fraw meeta on da 9d un Hamilton.

Der Paul is ains gongs nous noch da 9d un Hamilton, un darta wor sei fraw uf gatzoga wie 'n ocht dawg uhr. Mohl fers aller airsht hut sie net fershtae kenna woh in da welt os er so long rum gadunner'd wear, un fewos er net g'shwinder bei kumma wear fer gae "Life of Riley" sehna. Yar, die fraw wor uf gatzoga, ow'r wie sie ous g'funna hut os er laenich gonga wor 's pickter sehna -wel noh is der shtawb ferarnsht g'floga, un besser sawga nix may weiter weil sie die soch a ferleicht net hous howwa wolla fon ihra "Life of Riley" erfohring wie sie fartich worra huckshterra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R.

Aryads im heits Call is 'n bilt tzu sehna fom shteamer Sandy Hook, unser boat fer der dawg da 13d Augusht fer der Hudson nuf gae un ol iwwer um Nei Yarrick rum kessla.

'S gebt 'n boat ride fon 10 uhr farmie dawgs bis owets ochta, un die tickets sin om gae wie haisa kucha.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of July 23, 1924, a Wednesday

Perfect attendance certificates were issued to the following pupils of the first three grades in Coplay public schools: P. A. Korsak, Kenneth Frickert, first grade; John Fassman, Joseph Drexler, Rudolph Duldt, Joseph Miller, Anna Shinko, second grade; and Frank Fassman, Harry Kunkle, Bertha Gilly, Emma Hershman, Rose Lorens, Celia Perl, Alice Shaffer, and Malba Lilly, third grade.

Alberta Council No. 156, D. of A., Alburtis, installed the following officers at their recent meeting: Alice Hensinger, councilor; Lillian Findley, associate councilor; Lillie Fretz, vice councilor; Hester Reinert, recording secretary; Evelyn Butz, financial secretary; and Clara Mohr, treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heinz returned home to Allentown after spending a month and a half traveling in Europe. Mr. Heinz is proprietor of the Heinz Department store.

Eight fresh air children arrived in Catasauqua for a two weeks' stay. They are quartered by the following families: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Laub, two children; Mrs. Laura Kidd, two; and one each by Mrs. Guth on the Newhard farm; Helen Morrow and Mr. and Mrs. John Geiger.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington,— Although for several months the Senate has been expected to ratify the North Atlantic pact and it had been estimated that only a mere handful of votes was likely to be cast against it, nevertheless the 82-to-13 vote will make a profound impression throughout the world.

For there was much truth in the arguments raised by the opponents of the pact—namely, that a historic change in policy for the United States has been promulgated by the provisions of the document. The reasoning of the opposition was much the same as that heard in 1919 when the covenant of the League of Nations was rejected because it failed to get a two-thirds vote in the Senate.

It is interesting to recall that there was a demand for "reservations" then, too, and the Democratic administration in power opposed them as being "amendments" to the treaty that would have to be resubmitted for further negotiation. Some administration supporters did think that "interpretive" reservations were in order, but the coalition of opponents of the league in both parties was too strong to permit even this compromise, inasmuch as President Wilson was cool to any interpretation of a kind that would have to be made the subject of further negotiations.

The leader of the "reservation" group was Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, grandfather of the young senator from Massachusetts who now stands in the forefront of the supporters of the North Atlantic pact.

Today the new treaty is an accomplished fact only because the Republican party, unlike its course after World War I, refused to make a political issue of foreign policy. The work of Sen. Vandenberg, Republican, in behalf of the North Atlantic pact has been conspicuous, and it is significant that only 11 members of the Republican party voted against ratification.

The North Atlantic pact carries with it the implied obligation to work with the other 11 nations to defend themselves collectively in the event of an attack by an aggressor. In some respects this is not unlike the famous non-aggression pact, known as the Kellogg-Briand treaty, which the Republican - controlled Congress passed in the '20s. But the North Atlantic pact is specific and calls into action a collective group of specific nations who undertake to defend one another.

The pact in reality says what might have been said after World War I. Its adoption then might even have prevented World War II. Many governments in the world and particularly that of Germany had the mistaken notion that the United States would remain neutral in the event of a second world war. In fact, the neutrality statutes passed by Congress plainly indicated such a course.

What the North Atlantic pact does is to say now to the whole world that the might of the United States will be used instantly against any nation which attacks any of the 12 countries. This means that an attack on Britain or on France or on Norway or Belgium or Italy or Holland or on the other signatories, individually or collectively, means war.

There may be some doubt as to what constitutes an act of aggression or an attack, but this is purposely left undefined so as to allow for negotiated settlements of "incidents" or episodes that need not provoke war. Even when war is imminent, it becomes the duty of each country to decide for itself, through its Congress or Parliament, how much military help it will furnish. Today, when the war scare has to a large extent died down, it may well be that members of the Senate who voted for the treaty will differ as to the quantity of military aid that need be furnished to bolster the armament of the countries which signed the treaty. It could conceivably happen that, when each of the countries builds up adequate armament, there would be no further aid rendered in peacetime by our military establishment.

What the pact does is insure immediate consultation and action against a real attack. It is intended as a warning and hence what the Senate has just done is to say, in effect, that the United States undertakes and assumes her full responsibility in the world to prevent a war of aggression and will utilize her entire military and economic strenth to defend the victims of aggression.

It is a tremendous step but, with two world wars so recent in the memory of people living today, it is a step that might better have come 30 years ago, as some of us urged, when Woodrow Wilson sought to establish a system of collective security which included the United States.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 39:10-23.

Joseph in all his experiences was a remarkable type of Christ. Beloved of his father and hated by his brethren (ch. 37), he is sold, at the suggestion of Judah, for twenty pieces of silver. Jesus was sold by Judas for thirty pieces of silver, and soon came into the hands of the Gentile Romans. So Joseph in today's lesson is in Egypt as a steward over the household of an influential Egyptian official. Again, as Jesus was tempted at the beginning of His ministry, so was it in the case of Joseph, whom God wished to use for His purpose in behalf of the very ones who had despised and rejected him. Satan was on his track. Through the wife of his master, Satan sought to seduce him to evil, but unlike David under similar circumstances, he refuses, asking, 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' His temptress turns on him, by false witness and circumstantial evidence persuades her husband that Joseph was guilty, and then brings about his arrest. He is cast into prison, but in all this unpleasant experience we read that the Lord was with him. As we read of Jesus' humiliation and exaltation, so we today read of Joseph's humiliation, but tomorrow of his exaltation!

Horoscope

A busy, happy and successful year should lie ahead of you. You may travel. Today's child probably will make many friends.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington— Trumpeting Republican toy elephants crowd the bust of Lincoln and the heroic statuette of ex-President William Howard Taft on the mantelpiece of his son's office—and they look down on you as you question the frank, easy grinning senator whom labor has turned into its public enemy number one.

In the first few minutes of conversation, I got the feeling that Sen. Taft well knew that every labor chief from Phil Murray t oJohn L. Lewis already were ganging up in Ohio to crush the political life out of him—but that he was quietly confident labor couldn't stop him next year.

Good - humoredly. Sen. Taft quickly proved he was taking no chances. He had already begun writing a 650-word daily column for Ohio newspapers. I asked, as one professional to another, how many papers were printing him and he said 150. I could use them myself, I told him. He smiled and retorted that he supplies the column for nothing in manuscript or metal plate form in specified width, complete with picture, just to present his views to Ohioans this early in the 1950 campaign.

In the same vein, I remarked that his rate cuts prices too much, and he laughed back something about not worrying over that sort of competition.

Then Mr. Taft revealed he's not letting labor monopolize radio campaigning techniques. He, too, had turned air-wave commentator and once a week cuts an interview platter. Copies of this disc are sent free for transcription broadcasting to some 40 Ohio stations.

* * *

But the banter ended quickly enough when he began reporting plans for what will be 1950's pivotal senatorial campaign — an election which will make or break his hopes for the presidency of the U.S.; an election which once and for all will substantiate or shatter labor's claims to political power.

First, the senator told me, independent Taft committees will be launched in every Ohio county. Efforts already are being made by his lieutenants to develop these groups as nonpartisan as possible.

On Sept. 5th, he starts swinging through 88 Ohio counties for 13 weeks.

"I haven't asked anyone to set up formal Republican meetings," he revealed. "I just want to meet them all, doctors, farmers, veterans, and labor people, if they'll come. Any group in any county. I want to find out what they think and tell them what I've been doing," he asserted.

Some time next year Mr. Taft really will concentrate on Ohio by cutting out talks anywhere else. He'll probably fly out each weekend. Then will come a straight Republican tour set up by the GOP state committee.

* * *

Bluntly I asked what he thought was the public's reaction to his severe criticism of labor. The answer came with a characteristic swift shifting to a hard-headed businesslike tone.

"I think that their (the union leaders') position has been so unreasolanble that the people of Ohio resent their tactics as unfair. I tried to meet labor's objections, but they wouldn't make any concessions. I think I can bring my position home to many labor people.

"We'll certainly try to reach the union membership any way we can—by literature, radio and other arguments. I think I start with about a third of the union people, anyway. We've investigated our precinct workers and have discovered many of them are union members.

"Our job is to try to build up that one third of the Republican union voters to 40 per - per cent of labor's ranks. Then we're in."

* * *

But his worst political enemies, the angered AFL chiefs who had gathered meanwhile across town in the Hotel Statler's air - conditioned South American room — just don't think he's going to win.

It was after I left Taft and shuttled cross town to this AFL political strategy session that I got a panoramic view of the senator's opposition. These AFLers are honestly embittered men. For, even as Sen. Taft had said earlier, the Taft-Hartley law had hit the AFL harder than the CIO.

And so the motion picture operators, the grain grinders, the plumbers, the liquor salesmen and bartenders, the hat workers, the truck drivers and scores of others, through their 300 leaders here, were planning to raise a war chest and send thousands of campaigners into the streets to smash the symbol of union criticism—the calm conservative Republican I had just left up on the Hill.

And it isn't trite this time to report—this fight has just begun, on both sides.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Well, as I told you yesterday we were knee-deep in maps and folders trying to figure out where to go on our trip.

The sun was shining and it was not too warm, so we both felt quite spry.

California—that's where we would go.

But not the short way, via the Santa Fe Trail or the Lincoln highway.

No, we had done that before, and in summer it would be hard to get accommodations.

We'd go the long way—through Canada, via Banff and Lake Louise, to Vancouver down to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, our old home, and eventually to Los Angeles, where we could figure out how we'd go back.

We thought we might return via Texas, the Gulf Coast, New Orleans, etc., etc., etc.

* * *

But all this was before I had started to figure the cost of this wonderful trip that looked so enticing and so colorful on the maps.

It also was before the mailman came.

But then the mailman did come.

There was the usual lot of stuff, and there was also a pretty chartreuse-colored envelope with a white border addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Erich Brandeis."

It was obviously an invitation, although we did not know anybody in the Massachusetts city from which it came.

So, still full of our anticipated seven or eight-thousand mile trip, I opened the envelope.

A neat little folder was inside.

On the front page only "You are invited."

I opened it.

Page Two was a road map with an arrow pointing to the place described on Page Three.

Page Three was headed by a fancy-sounding name which I will not mention here.

Then the subtitle, "A Nursing Home for the Frankly Fastidious," printed in heaven-blue ink.

The text, following, was in soft-brown:

"Softly played music is wired to cheerful private rooms which are equipped with telephone and signal system.

"There are facilities for physiotherapy with registered nurses constantly on duty to give individual attention.

"Special diets come temptingly served from a bright modern kitchen.

"Rates are commensurate with the high standards of care."

* * *

The rates were printed on Page Four—nothing but the rates: Single Room, $25 per day. Double room, $18 per day per person.

* * *

I passed the folder over to my wife.

She didn't say anything. Neither did I.

P. S. We think we'll only go as far as Minnesota on our trip. Nursing homes are expensive.

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The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

TWO ROLES

The roles are different. Once I had
The patience of a doting dad.
I think I did the best I could
To act as every father should.
When squabbles rose, as rise they will,
From childish voices, loud and shrill,
I asked the cause and tried to be
A fair, impartial referee.

But now the grandpa role I play,
And different are the lines I say,
And different every action, too,
From what a dad must say and do.
The conduct which their father rules
I look upon with loving smiles,
And when too heated grows the fray,
I get my hat and walk away.

As grandpa I have lost the poise
And calm required for standing noise.
I find that much that childhood does
I'm not as patient as I was.
When in or out they start a row,
I'm neither judge nor umpire now;
I promptly get my coat and hat
And say: "You parents settle that!"



JOHN WESLEY VON NIEDA

A Pennsylvania German Novelist

By HEINZ KLOSZ

PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS have produced two novel-writers in their mother tongue, Charles C. More and John Wesley von Nieda. Both their writings and the personalities they reflect stand out in sharp contrast. More (1848-1940) wrote serious novels, and he did so with the diligent craftsmanship of the conscious artist. He was not without artistic ambition. His novel "Die Poschtmeeschtern" (c. 1920) he wrote after Judge Landis of Columbus, Ohio, had broached the question, in order to prove that novel-writing could be done in the then despised dialect. (We know from Harry Hess Reichard's Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, 1918, p. 274 that Adam Stump and Judge Grosscup had discussed the same point before.) More was highly cultured, learned in languages, and widely travelled. His plots were carefully elaborated. The dialect-writers of Germany were his models. He avoided English loan-words whenever possible and followed the High German spelling. All of his novels were written after his sixtieth birthday. None of them ever got into print. Some seem to be lost (e. g. "Der Friedensrichter"), but most of them have found a sheltering haven in the archives of Muhlenberg College.

With John Wesley von Nieda everything was different. He wrote in a carefree, almost careless manner, without ambition other than to please the readers of the weeklies he edited and without motive other than to find a temporary outlet for his overflowing fancy. He never tried to follow nor to set a standard of what might be accomplished in and through the dialect. He did not bother much about planning nor did he think in terms of literary developments. He was a self-made man with little formal schooling. He probably did not know the language, and certainly not the authors, standard or dialectal, of Germany. English loan-words he seems to relish and his spelling is English as a matter of course. Although he was More's junior by five years, his novels preceded those of More by a generation. He wrote them not as an elderly hermit, but in the prime of his life and for eager readers. Yet while nearly every line of fiction he wrote seems to have been printed, not a single piece from his pen is safe from destruction and eventual disappearance, for old-time weeklies are no shrine cherished by posterity.

When early in 1931 I wrote to Mr. More of my astonishing discovery of a second novel-writer, he answered in a letter dated Feb. 24, 1931, that he had heard before about J. W. von Nieda through Prof. Marcus Lambert, compiler of a Pennsylvania German Dictionary (1924), who held J. W. von Nieda's writings in high esteem (der seine Schriften sehr hoch schaetzt".) To the public at large J. W. von Nieda was very little known at that time, and no one had mentioned his name to me during my previous research work in the field of dialect-lore.

Looking through some back numbers of the "Boyertown Times" late in 1930 I came across a poem called "En Brenasel Shtick," written by J. W. von Nieda and reprinted from the "Ephrata Review" in the issue of Feb. 13, 1929. The verses struck me at once as being above the average of the rimed output in the dialect. In the following transcription the original English spelling has been changed:

Mir waerre alt, die Hoor sin weiss, die Zeh,
sie falle raus.
Die Bee sin schwach, der Buckel grumm,
es gebt, weescht, alles aus.
Un doch, mit all de Seins vun Elt, sehnscht's
immer weit un breet:
"Der Eltscht vun uns iss immer der, wu
gern do bleiwe deet."

Es geht ebmols, weescht, ordlich hart mit
viel gans alte Leit.
Sie kenne nimmi schaffe un hen schur en
hardi Zeit.
Un doch, deweil ass ihne waerd's nau ordlich oft verleed:
"Der Arremscht iss doch immer der, wu
gern do bleiwe deet."

Grankheit die kummt, weescht, mit de Elt,
bringt Druwwel schwift un schur.
Ken Dokter schur in daere Welt hot fer so
Leit en Kyur.
Un schur, es iss en gschpassich Ding, as
nimmand recht verschteht:
"Der Grenkscht devun iss immer der, wu
gern do bleiwe deet."

Du kannscht gut suche darrich die Welt, in
Schtadt un draus im Land,
Un immer finnscht es seem kwier Ding, bei
Fremme un Bekannt';
Zu alle eens macht's schier nix aus, wie's
als noch harder geht;
Un yeders ischt, weescht, immer sell, wu
gern do bleiwe deet.

The next time I passed through Ephrata I inquired about the author, and was informed that he once had been a prolific author of novels and short stories and that he was now living in retirement in Reading, Pa. In the office of the "Ephrata Review" there were on file many old newspaper volumes containing serials from J. W. von Nieda's pen, and I spent hours looking them over and trying to make myself acquainted, at least superficially, with their contents and with their spirit.

My next step was to call on Mr. Von Nieda in his Reading home and to gather data concerning his life. John Wesley von Nieda, born at Adamstown, Lancaster County, Nov. 15, 1853, was the son of a miller. Because of his father's early death he received no higher education, and worked at several trades, in a hat-factory and in a foundry. In 1873 he learned typesetting which afforded him an opportunity for further education. Up to 1876 he led a roving life that took him to Rutland, Vermont, Petersburg, Virginia, Trenton, New Jersey, and various Pennsylvania towns. In 1878 he and his brother Daniel S. von Nieda, founded the "Ephrata Saturday Review." Later he published the "Ephrata Reporter" in partnership with W. K. Fishburn. For both papers as well as for the "Reading Sunday News" he wrote stories over the pen-name of "Jim Brenasel". His first inspiration came from the dialect letters in E. H. Rauch's (Pit Schweffelbrenner) "Father Abraham," published in Lancaster when J. W. von Nieda was a boy. His first stories were short, but as the years went by he became ambitious and wrote several serials. Since about 1900 or 1901 he had been living in Reading where, up to 1928, he continued to follow his trade as a printer, at first with the "Union Sentinel", later with the "Labor Advocate." Just as in Ephrata he had taken part in the struggle for public ownership of public utilities, so he was in Reading actively engaged in the struggle for improved working conditions. He organized the Reading Typographical Union and succeeded in having working hours cut down by a third.

Even in 1931 many old files of J. W. von Nieda's former papers had disappeared, and the question how to save the remainder of his writings forced itself upon me. By a strange coincidence his writings were discovered by other men almost simultaneously. The "Lancaster Sunday News" of March 15, 1931, carried a long article by H. Clifton Thorbahn with the banner headline proclaiming "Jules Verne of Pennsylvania Dutch Dialect Gets Recognition as Important Fictionist" and the added statement: "Move is planned to have writer's best work bound." In his introductory paragraph, Thorbahn held that "All together the work if published in the usual book form would form a highly satisfactory and entirely new contribution to Pennsylvania Dutch literature." (Henceforth I shall draw largely on Thorbahn's article.)

J. W. von Nieda, as I pointed out in the beginning, had a free and easy manner of working at his novels. Quite often this man, printer by trade, set the continuation of his story without any manuscript whatsoever, occasionally while his friends were looking on and were offering gratuitious advice as to how he was to continue; advice which, he assured me, he did not often follow. Yet with this rapid-fire method he turned out something remarkable, namely, novels marked by an unbridled imagination which justifies us in calling him a Pennsylvania German Jules Verne. Long before the days of aeroplanes or submarines he wrote descriptions of travels under water and through the air, taken by "Jim" and his ventriloquist companion Mawny. In "En Haunted Castle," first printed in the "Reading Sunday Review" in 1876 and later reprinted by various other newspapers with which he was connected, he tells of Jim's and Mawny's visit to an ancient castle in a remote corner of England, where they discover spooks and more spooks because the owner, a crazed inventor, had placed innumerable obstacles, both weird and deadly, in the building to scare away intruders. Mawny's talent as a ventriloquist finally solves the riddle. They return to England on board an airship (in 1876!) with a mechanical propeller and a queer-looking gas-bag.

Another of his stories deals with a trip under water in a metal cylinder, a wonderful invention which looks like a cross between a sky-rocket and a submarine. The title is "Oonser Trip onnich em Seh."

In "Der Mawny koompt zrick" Brenasel gives an account of the return of his old pal after an absence of 30 years. Mawny goes to great lengths to convince Brenasel that he is a changed man who never tells lies or tall stories. Jim believes him until Mawny starts to tell about his experiences. Says he: "I'm a changed man because of a cyclone that hit me out west and picked me up bodily. The wind carried me several thousand feet in the air at the rate of a mile a minute for 300 miles. Like a drowning man I thought of how I used to lie about everything and I resolved right then and there that I would never be that way again. The cyclone suddenly deposited me on top of the roof of a barn, and then promptly took hold again and carried away the roof with me on it. After we had been blown many miles I saw another barn in the distance. It was being built and the workmen had just completed the lower portion. That cyclone dropped the roof of the other barn on top of it and saved the workmen the job of finishing the structure."

To give the reader a taste of J. W. von Nieda's original style and spelling I shall now quote from Mawny's own Dutch, as he tells how the dam was built for Ephrata's new electric plant:

"Du waesht of course, Jim, os der Efridaw borough sei aegha electric light plant un wosser supply hud, un hud aw foon da shaenshta shule heiser in da Shtate. Es hud en karl meer k'sawkt os se broveera weller fer seller electric plant tsu operate fon marrigets bis ovets mit wosser power fer de operating expenshes droona tsu haulda, un fer yoosht coala tsu usa for der plant nochts tsu runna.

"Fer meh wosser tsu greega in da grick, hen sie drei grossy truck loads dynamite gablonst un loas k'shussa dardt naegst on Springville. We sel dynamite loas gongha is don is es wosser im a shtrawn so dick we en barlfoss clear ivver der Efridaw barrig k'shussa un hut finf heiser drivva in Hawnashteddle weg k'shwempt." Whereupon Jim Brenasel remarks:

"Mawny, ich wor nuch nee ned im a Kansas cyclone un fer longy yohra wor ich ned in Efridaw, ovver ich glaub im meim hartz os du now en graesserer un en meh unprincipaled leegner bisht os du worsht dreissich yohr tzrick."

Or to take a few lines from "En Haunted Castle":

"Lite os noch nee ned so en commotion k'heard hen, im a shtilla, lonesoma blotz wide foon onnery heiser weg, un d'no noch grawd midda in da nocht, kenna gor ken idea forma we meer k'feelt hen we meer selly nuisance uff a mohl widder k'haert hen dard im olta castle. Der Mawny is uf ga-joompt un hud hel nous gagrisha. Der Ibbotson un sei tzwaa koomrawda hen der racket ovver gor ned gamind, un hen yoosht ga-laucht ivver em Mawny sei aelend. Yoosht we de nuisance about om schlimshta wor don is uff a mohl de private deer nava oonsera cell uff-k'floagha, un meer hen en spectacle badraucht os farrichterlich wor, un os meer ned fergessa so long os meer laeva."—And what didn't those adventurers from Lancaster County see in that weird castle! Secreted in various corners, halls and closets were sundry ingenious devices—shrouded wax figures, skeletons and apparitions, that appeared suddenly in the most unexpected places, screaming and emitting horrible noises.

But not all of his stories were the children of unrestrained imagination. Quite a few were comedies of conventional plot and pattern. There was the story of preacher Rossem and his wife—"Em Rossem sei Fraw," Jim, Mawny and their friend Shtitz trying in vain to scare Mrs. Rossem so that she wouldn't beat her husband any more. (For brief excerpts see Thorbahn's article, quoted above.) The same wit and humour he displays in a number of rimed stories such as "Der Olt Hinkle Deeb Shreibt Tsu'm Parra" (of which I preserve a manuscript version much longer than the one given by Thorbahn) and "Der gla Sammy un der Grandpap". In the last-named poem we learn about the mishap of Sammy who was an inventive genius like the heroes of J. W. von Nieda's serials: Der gla Sammy wor en genius, oony doubt/ Un foon kindt uff hud er k'shnitzelt un gabaut/ Saucha queer un dael real shae/ Onnery groass un dael yoosht gla/ Saucha os tsu neemond shoonsht hed er gadraut". This farcical ballad would fill a column by itself.

It is however with his brilliant phantastic serials that his claim to future consideration chiefly rests. While enthusiasm for him will hardly go to the length of getting his collected or even his selected writings into book form, an attempt to save at least one typical serial novel of his from permanent destruction seems both justifiable and feasible. It need not even be reprinted—though a volume of this kind might prove to be a good seller—if only the text were reproduced by some photostatic or microfilming process. There is no time to be lost. In September, 1937, when I inquired once more in Ephrata about the old newspaper files I learned from Mr. Jakoby, son-in-law to the late Mr. Fishburn, that many of those still extant in 1931 had since disappeared and that the surviving volumes had been transferred from the newspaper office to the attic of the Fishburn Building. J. W. von Nieda himself had, at that time, left Reading to live with his children. He had always believed fame and foam to be synonyms and had never cared for acknowledgment and future glory. He was most surprised when he was discovered in 1931 and he may even then have taken it for granted that he would slip back into oblivion again. Yet what we know about his novels seems to involve a certain challenge and if all of the original newspaper volumes embracing his prose should by this time be lost, we might—perhaps by means of a public appeal—unearth some dusty files of one of those papers which reprinted his novels decades ago. J. W. von Nieda may, where he is at his worst, be just the average Pennsylvania German story-teller next door whose tales suffer from elephantiasis. But where he is at his best, there he may well turn out to be the very embodiment of the superb Pennsylvania German story-teller whose fancy has taken higher flights, riding like Jim Brenasle on pre-invention airships or, like Mawny, on a cyclone-borne barn-roof with unbelieveable speed.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Dulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies. — Pope

State Boys Camp Success

Fifty Lehigh County boys, the fortunate ones to be selected for the first camp to be conducted at Indiantown Gap according to Governor Duff's program and the State support accorded by the Legislature, have returned home and like the great mass of the 2500 youngsters from all parts of the State report a good time.

It was a great experiment, conceived by the Governor to give a lot of advantages possessed by the Commonwealth to boys who otherwise might not be able to have a special summer outing.

Of course the camp produced a lot of griping initially but it can be believed that just about every boy and man who ever has had camping experience, whether of the purely recreational nature or military in character, expected nothing different.

There always are individuals who are slow to adapt themselves to changes in environment including food and lodging and who are wont to complain even tho the new situation is actually superior to that from which they came and to which they have been accustomed. And there always are those who are irked by the necessity of submitting to disciplines. Yet every person who ever has managed boys and men in large and small groups knows that the happiness and welfare of all can be achieved only by discipline.

The gripers had their initial inning during the first week of the camp when all sorts of petty things were complained about and made newspaper headlines. The satisfied boys had the last inning this week when, on reluctant departure from the camp where they had such a good time for a fortnight, they left behind stacks of letters to the governor and to the camp officials thanking everybody for the good time that they enjoyed.

Second Call to Air Wardens

The many hundreds of persons who, during the war, formed the many groups of air wardens and manned many observation posts in this area, again are being alerted for the formation of a network of observation posts in Eastern Pennsylvania. These are to be the backstop of the radar screen which has been authorized by Congress for the protection of the Atlantic seaboard.

Threat of a third World War has not been averted by anything that has occurred since 1945, altho efforts have been made in many directions and there has been much wishful thinking in this respect. A thir war, it is confidently believed, will be inaugurated like a stroke of lightning, without advance gathering of thunder clouds. An enemy will strike, as the Japs did at Pearl Harbor in 1941 and the shooting will have begun.

Again, in such an event, the Middle Atlantic States will be the nation's great arsenal and undoubtedly will be the object of attack if long-range bombers can get thru the screen of defense which the military is setting up and which such air-raid observation posts will serve as auxiliary ears and eyes.

We have many local veterans of this war-time service. They received excellent training. They will undoubtedly want to be back in the voluntary defense service which may prove to be highly important, perhaps vital, in the event of another national emergency.

Make Provisions for Pets

The most important vacation month of the year is at hand and the largest outflow of vacationers from cities and towns to coast and mountain resorts can be expected this weekend.

Tired, heat-harassed people will be setting forth eagerly in the search for relaxation and anticipated comfort. But it is to be hoped that in the last-minute preparations for departure, attention will be given to the family pets that very often cannot be taken along. While many people take their dogs, from whom they do not wish to be seperated, there ear many who leave them behind because they d not wish the complications that vacationers with pets so often encounter. Inasmuch as the attachment of a dog is to its owners, especial care should be taken as to the placement of dogs which are left behind so that they shall experience a minimun of misery occasioned by separation from those whom he loves. Almost invariably cats are left behind by owners and all too often they are left to fend for themselves, something which most of them can do but something which humane-minded persons will not expect.

So give a thought to the pets before leaving and make satisfactory provision for their care and comfort. It will be a satisfaction while traveling to know that they are in good hands and will be properly happy to greet one upon return.

Gamblers Not Welcome Here

New Jersey's State Police on Thursday swooped upon a fortlike structure near Camden, arrested 187 men who were found in the place in the operation of gambling devices of great variety and in addition to confiscating thousands of dollars worth of paraphernalia swooped up something like $40,000 in cash that the lush business had on hand.

The move, which had no cooperation from the local police authorities and was made very evidently without any knowledge on the part of the local gendarmes, is said to foreshadow a general cleanup in New Jersey of the many gangs that are known to be operating at various places.

This suggests a real danger for this community for it is a known fact that there has been considerable movement on the part of New Jersey gamblers into Allentown and vicinity. Many of them are well known here to the men in the same business Some of them have been arrested here on several occasions. Others are known to have cast longing eyes on an opportunity to open up here and do business.

What more natural move can be expected therefore if the gamblers know that Jersey has become too warm a place than to flee to Allentown or other points in Pennsylvania? Local authorities and the State Police may well keep their eyes and ears wide open for such an invasion and crush it at the very first border raid.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

New York — They put us newspapermen in the jury box. Which was as it should be. Here was one hearing in which the press and the public would be final judges.

Before us, where the prosecutors and defendants oppose each other when Federal Courtroom 1305 is used officially by the Justice department, sat poker-faced Phil Murray, and the men who speak for America's giant steel corporations.

Thus did the critical steel wage parley open—with President Truman's three - man board presiding on the judge's bench, in the brown-paneled high - windowed room.

There were no outsiders The public didn't jam the stone corridors waiting to get in, as they did when a man called Alger Hiss was being tried across the hallway. There seemed to be little drama — only a few insults exchanged—although what happens here will affect the pocket books of millions of workingmen, thousands of companies, and the industrial peace of the nation early this fall.

The disdain of New York curiosity seekers is not reflected elsewhere. In every union headquarters there are those who will sift carefully all reports of what happens—who will hold their strike fire until the hearing's over, and the recommendation on pay increases for steel workers is turned in Sept. 1.

From Walter Reuther's auto union headquarters, for example, word has gone to regional chiefs everywhere — "Take it easy; don't push contract negotiations."

* * *

And down in the hills of W. Va. Tuesday morning the labor lieutenants of an ex-giant used the same strategy.

They had instructions from John L. Lewis to meet with the southern coal operators and ask for a recess until Aug. 10. Then meet and recess until Aug. 20. And then on and on until mid-September.

At the lush White Sulphur Springs, another Lewis aide, meeting with the northern mine owners, fenced with the same technique.

Lewis' men said there was no possibility of coal peace now. Just an uneasy truce. Contrary to Old Eyebrow's tradition, the men were willing to continue work without a contract.

John L's number-two man, the mustachioed, balding John Owens, who went down into the pits as a trapper boy at the age of 10, refused to give any hint of what the weirdly meek Lewis would ask for eventually.

At White Sulphur Springs, the aging number - three man, Tom Kennedy, now working out his final years as John's $40,000 a year vice-president, indicated that now was not "the proper time to negotiate."

Of course not. They were waiting for their bitter opponent, the man they kicked out of the mine workers' vice-presidency, Phil Murray, to set the pace.

* * *

This stalling strategy of John Lewis — who was then driving alone somewhere across country, pre - occupied by illness in his family — is simple.

When Phil Murray wins a pay - raise package of some kind, as he will, Lewis will go to the steel companies, and say you've got to give the miners in your "captive" coal pits the same raise you've just given your steel mill employes. If they don't yield to Lewis' heat, they'll be in a new coal war.

Then he'll go to the companies which own only coal mines, and say, in effect: "The steel companies have just raised the pay of the miners in their coal pits; now you accelerate your pay schedules."

Of course, Lewis will ask for more. He may be an exgiant, but his ego hasn't shrunk. He'll want to outdo his old friend, confidante and advisor, Phil Murray. Ironically, Lewis will force his other bitter enemy, Harry Truman, to support him with full White House pressure. After all, Mr. Truman can't do less for the miners than he did for the steel union.

* * *

And just what did the president do for Phil Murray? No one really knows — but I pass on the following as a highly accurate, first-hand report of what some influential industrialists are saying privately and will soon say publicly.

Business men charge that the White House, probably through presidential aide John Steelman, already has gotten an agreement on a wage increase from the three - man board now sitting in the Federal building here.

The business executives say the administration is ready to turn tremendous pressure on those steel companies (which need federal contracts) which refuse to go along with the board.

All this will be the basis for Big Steel's refusal this September to accept the board's recommendations for a fourth round.

If so, there will then be a steel strike. I've never seen Phil Murray so honestly determined to win something for his men. If there's a steel stoppage, the Ford workers and coal diggers will quit too.

And New Yorkers didn't see any drama in Courtroom 1305.

(Copyright 1949)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington— President Truman decided to ignore two traditions or precedents when he announced the appointment of Attorney General Tom Clark to be associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States.

First, Mr. Truman failed to recognize that the Republicans have only one man on the Supreme court while the Democrats have eight.

Second, Mr. Truman put aside questions of religious affiliation and did not select a Catholic to succeed the late Justice Murphy.

As Mr. Truman intimated at his press conference, there is no moral or political compulsion requiring that Supreme court justices be selected out of any particular religious faith. For reasons best known to the president, he wanted Tom Clark to have the post. On the day after Justice Murphy died, this correspondent wrote:

"The chances are that the president will not act precipitately. If Atty. Gen. Tom Clark wants the appointment, he probably can have it, even though he doesn't fit the above - mentioned requirements on religion or region. But he would make a good judge and it has been customary for recent presidents to name their attorneys general when there is a vacancy on the court. James C. McReynolds, Harlan Fiske Stone, Frank Murphy, Robert H. Jackson all served as attorney general before being appointed to the Supreme court."

The fact that Mr. Truman followed this trend gives substance to the prediction that the next vacancy will go to J. Howard McGrath if he accepts the offer to become attorney general. He happens to be a Catholic, which is assurance in a way that if Mr. Truman has another appointment to make, this will take care of that particular problem.

The question of religious affiliation in this connection is usually discussed as a political necessity. But when, in 1920, President Taft, a Republican, appointed Justice White, a Democrat from Louisiana and a Catholic, this was the first time anyone of that faith had been named as chief justice since the days of President Jackson, who appointed Chief Justice Taney in 1836.

The departure of one justice and the replacement by another always introduces a good deal of speculation as to the effect that the views of a new appointee might have on future decisions. Mr. Clark will be disqualified from sitting on some of the cases he initiated while attorney general but on the bulk of the litigation he will be eligible to write opinions.

While Tom Clark is a modest and unostentatious individual who doesn't make many speeches, his expressions of opinion tend rather to place him as a middle-of-the-road thinker. He is by no stretch of the imagination a radical, but he has positive ideas on the need for enforcement of the anti-trust laws. Even in this, however, he has revealed a tendency to put common sense into the matter of prosecuting cases under criminal provisions of the law. He has made it clear that civil actions are far more constructive.

It would be fair to assume that Tom Clark will find himself alongside Chief Justice Vinson and that he will tend to promote harmony rather than discord in the Supreme court. Tom Clark is not mercurial or temperamental but a serious-minded public servant with a considerable amount of candor and forthrightness. While he could hardly be called a New Dealer, he is not at all indifferent to the lack of social responsibility exhibited by various business men. Tom Clark will not prove an anti-labor or a pro-union exponent or advocate but will tackle his job with a serious purpose and will endeavor to render conscientious service. If the appointment had to go to a Democrat from the president's official family or political group, Tom Clark represents a logical choice.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 10:6-18.

The righteousness which comes by faith is contrasted with the righteousness which comes from the deeds required by the law. Christ fulfilled for us all that the law demands. Our part is to believe that fact, and to accept what He did for us, applying it to ourselves. Therefore we do not have to roam through the heights or depths of the universe to find a possible basis for our salvation. The word of the Gospel is right here, namely: to Christ belongs the doing, to us the believing. The two conditions of our salvation, therefore, as Paul puts it in v. 9, are that we confess Jesus as Lord, believing that God raised Him, our crucified Savious, from the dead. With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation — and whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved and not be ashamed. This salvation is for Jew and Gentile alike, v. 12, and on exactly the same basis. The importance of this matter lies in back of the urgency of preaching the Gospel to all, even though not every one is willing to hear and to accept it, vs. 14-18.

25 Years Ago

(From The Morning Call of July 30, 1924, a Wednesday.)

More than 2,000 miles were covered in an eight-day trip through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, New York, and Canada by Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Wotring, this city, and Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Wotring, East Greenville.

A group of boys left town for YMCA Camp Elvidge at Saylors lake. Included in the group were Samuel Schneck, Urban Heil, James Knauss, Lawrence Holmes, Luther and Sanford Saul, Harold MacDonald, Byron Steele, Harold Muehlberger, John Kavakovitch, LeRoy and Malcolm Litzenberger, Charles and Roy Geary, Wilson Voorhees, Frank Fischl and Leo Reichard.

Rev. Claude M. Severance announced that he would terminate his pastorate at the First Congregational church to enter business in this city. Rev. Severance came to Allentown a year previously as supply pastor.

Horoscope

Favorable vibrations are generated by this aspect. Rapid progress may be expected in the year ahead. Today's child may be endowed with excellent brain power and a fine physique.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Sometimes I wonder whether we folks here in America are as democratic as we claim to be.

The thought came to me last night when we were guests at an informal dinner.

Yet, informal as it was supposed to be — when we enteree the dining room of our hosts we might as well have been in an English manor house.

Being married almost 28 years, I am no longer in the habit of pulling out the chair for my wife to sit down.

But, naturally, when the host did that little thing for his wife, what could I do but join him in the role of the cavalier?

My wife looked at me for a moment as if she thought I was playing a trick on her — probably she thought I pulled out the chair so that she would fall down. (Sometimes I have that kind of sense of humor.) But then I gave her a wink and looked over to where the host was just pushing the chair back under his wife, so she understood.

* * *

Then came the complicated array of spoons and knives and forks that I have never been able to unpuzzle, no matter how often I read the etiquette columns.

Butter knives, fish knives, meat knives, they all look the same to me. And when I started to eat the corn-on-cob I immediately reverted from cavalier to drooling slob, just as I always do no matter how often I am told by my better half that I have no manners.

* * *

This wondering about our democratic way of life strikes me most forcefully when I read the society items in our local paper.

In a small community such as ours we all know pretty well who everybody is. Ordinarily we are just about all the same. You can't very well live in a little town and be a snob.

But then you read the society news.

The women you know are not "Mrs." or "Miss" any longer. They are "Mesdam or "Mademoiselles" the moment they join a committee or assemble for a game of bridge.

* * *

Just look at this item. It is from a story reporting the wedding of a nice little girl who works in one of our nearby factories:

"Her gown of white nylon marquisette and Chantilly lace was fashioned with a fitted bodice having a high round neckline and inserted Bertha collar of lace, full bishop sleeves, and a bouffant skirt trimmed with lace inserts and terminating in a long, full train. A coronet of lilies of the valley held her three-tiered, scalloped veil of French illusion, and she carried a Colonial bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, with a cascade of the same blossoms."

* * *

I read this to my wife (with proper intonations, of course) and asked: "Isn't this utterly foolish and just a lot of snobbery?"

"Of course not," she replied haughtily. "That sort of thing means a whole lot to a bride, and a lovely wedding makes for a happy marriage."

Whereupon I commented: "Has our marriage been any less happy just because you wore a simple street outfit at our two-dollar wedding, instead of a 'scalloped veil of French illusion'?"

She mumbled something I didn't quite get, but it was something about having no romance in my soul.

* * *

Well, perhaps a bit of "French illusion" is part of democracy, after all.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE UNWANTED CHILD

The child they had not wanted grew
To be the greatest joy they knew;
To bring the golden light of fame
To shine upon his father's name.

Time was they feared the constant care
Would be too much for them to bear,
But later, as the years went by,
They prayed: "Lord, do not let him die!"

Had God allowed the right of choice,
They had not heard his cheery voice.
Had they their own careers designed,
They'd lost the splendor of his mind.

With pride and with exultant joy
Today they look upon their boy,
Regretting this remembrance grim,
That once they had not wanted him.

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DER CHARLIE UN DER UX: Yar, der Charlie Rabert fon Neffs un seim boo Paul sei yunger shlocht ux kumma gute aw bei dem warma wedder. Der Charlie is ons Pauls dahame won er net in Siegersville rum g'shpuck'd. Der Paul un sei Irene un boova Franklin un Daryl sin arya flaish esser, un hen sich doh weil tzurick paar glaina sicher grick'd fer uf tziega so os sie 's shpote yohr ebbes tzu shlochta hetta. Endlich is es na ei kumma, si flaish laenich wear net gute, un hen aw noch 'n shlocht ux kauft.

Now 'm Charlie sei pap der Uriah wor immer 'n bauer, un der Charlie is so tzu sawga uf da bauerrei uf gawoxa. Wie die si kumma sin hut er shtarta sie feedra, shtrigla un shtraila, un tzawm mocha. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut die si so tzawm os sie sich aenichie tzeit, aenicha waig onna laiga un shtracka die bae fon sich, wie won sie dote weara. Wie der ux kumma is hut er g'shtart on ihm, un 'n now aw so tzawm os die sawg ons Pauls is, "Woh der ux is, darta is der Charlie."

Sie sawga 's wear gross ordich wie der ux 'm Charlie uf 'm foos noh lawfa dade. M'r wolla wetta won der Charlie ebbes fon ra kutch het fer hinna on sei mashina hanka-ebbes gross ganunk os der ux nei groddla kent, os er aw ols mit nunner noch Siegersville gang'd die "Peerie' sehna. Won er der ux ow'r mit nemma dade, fermuthlich wotta sie si noh aw mit, uns dade ols gucka wie won 'm "Lindsy sei Show," uf 'm waig wear, won er unna nous gaug'd.

Os m'r yusht draw denka, selar ux dut ebbes os die si so weit noch net gabroviert hen-er gebt 'm Charlie 'n bus. Yar bei jups won er net dut, grawd so shae uf derr bocka wie won er 'n mensch wear inshtadts fon ma shtick fee. Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Charlie sel ow'r net hous howwa-wil net howwa os Siegersville 's ous fin'd, un wolla don nix may weiter sawga, so os die socha yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der shule maishder Arthur Klingelman fom unnerra dale fon Quakertown hut 'n neier waig ous g'funna fer fensa shtraima tzu yuse mocha-er hut der gons fensa shtraima nava on seim hofe nous, fol arabierra gablonst.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

An Iowa newspaper recently front-paged this item: "Local police are puzzled over the finding of an automobile parked outside the church containing a full case of Scotch whiskey. So far the owner has not been traced, but Captain Casey is working diligently on the case." And a journal in Tennessee described "the greatest mule parade of the decade, headed by the governor."



AN INTERESTINGY GLANY SHTORY

By JIM BRENASEL

In the ECK of last Saturday we published an account of John Wesley von Nieda, who wrote under the pen-name of Jim Brenasel. He was in a larger sense, the earliest writer of fiction in our dialect. Inspired by the dialect columnist "Pit Schweffelbrenner" (E. H. Rauch, 1820-1902), he followed the same in writing our dialect in terms of English spelling." He wrote the following story expressly for the Reading Sunday Morning Review in the centennial year 1876 (Nov. 19). We publish it just as it appeared.—ED.

"Sammy," sawkt de Mrs. Brenton tsu eeram boo, "es dinkt mich as won ebbas lets waer mit da Clara."

"Yer, mam, sawkt der Sammy, "de Clara is in love mit sellem stranger woo om ——— Hotel boarda doot. Ich wase ned woo er haer kumt, ovver er is ennyhow ned so arrig sha ga-dressed."

Des wor de conversation woo ich so accidentally k'haerd hob we ich da Mrs. Brenton eera hingel-haus ga-repaired hob. De Mrs. Brenton wor en widow, mit tzwa kinner, de Clara un der Sammy. Der Sammy wor sivvettza yohr olt un de Clara wor "sweet twenty." De Clara wor en regular rosebud, un by jinks so en sha un schmart madle os mer yusht finna kon. Se wor aw so good-natured. Ich hob en monichmohl ga-winsht mi nohma waer ned Jim Brenasel, un os ich en Count, odda en Duke, odda en Councilman waer, un daet in em Castle wonna, un Oh! wos date des ovver ned fun gevva. Ich hob shoon meh os a nocht ken wink k'schloafa waeich sellem shana madle. So en olter asel bin inch evva. A nocht hov ich ga-draumt os de Clara Brenton en fairy wor, un os ich se arrig ga-bussed hob, un hob se "darling," etc., k'hasa, un uff a mol bin ich wocker warra, un d'no sawkt de Mrs. Brenasel: (se wor arrig excited), "Jim, wos is lets mit deer? Du husht mich nimmy ga-bussed kot fer about tzwansich yohr, un doh bin ich wocker warra un du husht mich 'darling' k'hasa un husht mich ga-bussed we ollas! Wos mande des?"

"Sel wor an mistake, Ann," hov ich ga-answered. Ovver ich hed sheer gor de Shtory fergessa.

Ich hob ols dard om hingle-hous k'shoft un hob de Mrs. Brenton haerra shwetza waeich da Clara. De widfraw wor arrig excited, un hud declared os de Clara ned so en stranger hovva sed fer en mon.

"Sammy," hud se uff a mohl ga-grisha, "ich daet glicha den karl mohl tsu sana. Wos is si nohma?"

"Hen Meckert," sawkt der Sammy.

"Well, geh un sawg dem Hen Meckert os de Mrs. Brenton een sana will."

By darra tzeit wor ich arrig excited. In fact ich wor so excited os ich mer en gooter smack uff de hond k'shlogga hob mit em hommer.

Well, der Sammy un der Hen Meckert sin gli kumma, un we de Mrs. Brenton der Hen k'sana hud don sawkt se:

"So, bisht du der Henny Meckert?"
"Yer, ich bin."
"Glichst du de wibeslite?"
"O, yer!"
"Doosht du shmoaka?"
"Yer, ebmohls."
"Doosht du aw chawa?"
"Yer."
"Un whisky trinka?"
"Yer."
"Un gambla?"
"Yer."
"Un sthala?"
"Yer."
"Un marta?"

"Yer. In fact, Mrs. Brenton, ich bin en pirate, burglar, gambler, siffer, un ollas kompleet! Haw-haw-haw!" un d'no hud der Hen evva galocht os er sheer gor fersphroongha is.

De Mrs. Brenton wor ga-puzzled mit dem karl. Se hud gor ned ferstha kenna wos der Hen fer en karl is.

Yusht we de Mrs. Brenton der Hen hasa hud wella fer ob tsu marcha don is de Clara datsu kumma.

"Hello Clara!" sawkt der Hen, "di mommy hud mich mohl examined, un se is determined os ich se hira moos—se will hovva os du der Jim Brenasel hiersht—haw—haw—haw!" un d'no hud der Hen evva mohl widder ga-locht.

"Oh, mam!" sawkt de Clara, "is des wohr?"

"Na, Clara—so en shlechter ding we des is! O! O!" Es excitement wor so gross os de Mrs. Brenton k'faint is. De Clara is aw d'no k'faint, grawd im Hen si arrem.

Doh kenna de lite denka os ich arrig excited wor.

Der Hen hud de Clara ned wennicher os about en hunerd mohl ga-bussed we se unconscious wor, un we se widder all-right wor don sawkt se:

"Hen, gel du bisht ken burgler, un aw ken pirate, un du doosht de mam ned hira?"

"Na, of course ned, ich will de mommy yusht a wennich foola. Se is tsu wunnerfitzich, un ich will eere mohl en lesson gevva."

By dara tzeit wor de Mrs. Brenton widder all-right, un d'no sawkt der Hen:

"My dear Mrs. Brenton, ich hed garn de Clara fer my fraw; kon ich se hovva?"

"Na, du konsht ned! Yusht ob mit der!"

Es wor ken use fer tsu disputa, un der Hen is on si hotel gongha. De Clara wor eem refused, un sel hud's k'settled.

* * * * * *

About nine uhr seller ovet wor de Mrs. Brenton in eerem parlor in conversation mit em Esquire Lawkup. De Mrs. Brenton hud arrig blaich ga-guckt un wor arrig excited. Der Squire hud en document galasa, un we er fardig wor don sawkt er:

"Mrs. Brenton, de note is due in tzwa dawg, un won's geld ned ready husht bis selly tzeit don waerd di property ferkaut. De note stahte fer sivva dausend dohler. Good night."

Doh kon mer denka os de Mrs. Brenton gons ferdihenkerd excited wor. Se hut awfonga tsu heila un hud arrig shlecht k'feelt. De Clara is d'no in der parlor kumma, un we se eera mommy sana hud heila don sawkt se:

"Oh, mam, wos is lets?"

"Clara, es bot dich nix won's aw wissa doosht—du konsht nix helfa."

Ovver de Clara wor determined fer des ding tsu wissa, un se hut net uff gevva bis se de gons shtory ga-wist hud. D'no hud se grawd en note tsum Hen Meckert k'schrivva, un des is wos drin wor:

Darling Hen: Kum grawd tsu mer; ich moos di advice hovva; meer missa sivva dousend dohler raisa in tzwa dawg odda unser gons property waerd ferkauft. Clara.

Der Hen hud en cab grickt un is grawd on da Mrs. Brenton eera hous gongha. Des wor ovver en commotion! De Mrs. Brenton wor arrig base we se der Hen widder k'sana hut un hud en obsaloot tsum hous nous kicka welle, ovver we er tsu eera k'sawd hud os er faleicht ebbas doo kent fer se don wor se k'satisfied. Se hud eem es gons ding explained, un hud eem k'sawd os se de sivva dousend dohler gor ned raisa kon. Ovver der Hen wor ned so arrig excited. Er hud about tzwa minutta drivver k'shtudied, un d'no hud er awfongha tsu locha.

"Haw-haw-haw! Yer, my dear Mrs. Brenton—ich bin evva en pirate, un en burglar, un en deeb, un en gambler, un en siffer—haw! haw!—un ich shmoak, un chaw—ovver faleicht kon ich doch ebbes doo fer dich!"

Der Hen is din'o draw gongha un hud da Mrs. Brenton en check k'schriva fer sivva dousend dohler, in eera favor. We er si nohma unna draw gadoo hud kot don sawkt er:

"Doh, Mrs. Brenton, is en check fer sivva dousend dohler. Des helft deer ous deim droovel. Un faleicht daetshdt du garn wissa waer ich bin. Ich bin ned der Herr Meckert, ovver der Count Roik Sloisser! Ich bin in disguise noch Reading kumma, fer der express purpose fer en gooty, shmarty fraw tsu greegha. Ich hob de Clara om Centennial k'sana, un se hud mich grawd exactly k'suit, un ich wor determined fer se tsu hovva. Mrs. Brenton, kon ich de Clara how hoova?"

Des wor ovver en excitement!

IN DER KICH

We are very grateful for the generous responses to our various questions under "in der Kich" in the ECK for July 9. For some of our Pennsylvania German housewives the following may contain little that is new; others may find it useful and entertaining.

Concerning elderberry blossom fritters, Mrs. Emma C. Fuellenbach, Allentown, writes: "I have eaten them numerous times and can say they are a delicious morsel. They are dipped in a thin pancake batter, then fried in deep hot fat, drained and dusted with powdered sugar—and best eaten while hot."

For the same fritters Mrs. Gertrude M. Hillenhand, Allentown, offers the following recipe: "Make a batter of 2 eggs beaten till fluffy, 1 cup of milk, ½ teaspoon of salt and 2 cups of flour. Dip the blossoms, one at a time, in the batter and fry in hot Crisco three minutes. Put powdered sugar in a paper bag and shake blossoms in the bag. They should be eaten while still hot. They are nice and crisp and you can really eat and eat!"

Concerning the nature and use of **Yuddekaersche**, or ground cherries, Mrs. Emma Phillips, Brooklyn, N. Y., who spent sixty years of her life in Lehigh County, writes: "The plants are hardy. They come up every spring without cultivation. You make **Yuddekaersche** pie like any cherry pie, only you don't put as much sugar in it, as the ground cherry is sweet. My grandmother used to put a little cinnamon on top of the cherries before putting the top crust on." In making **Yuddekaersche** Strip Pie Mrs. Hillenhand follows this recipe: 2 cups **Yuddekaersche**; ¼ cup granulated sugar; ½ cup light brown sugar; 1 tablespoon of flour. "I mix this all together in a bowl and pour it in a 9-inch unbaked crust, put strips on top, bake at 400 degrees about 45 minutes, or till filling looks nice and gooey. This was my grandmother's way. Of course you must shell the ground cherries."

Mr. Joseph B. Diehl, New Tripoli, comes to our aid and writes: "I'll try and help you out as much as possible with some old recipes copied from my great-grandmother Frantz's cookbook, which makes these recipes close to 150 years old. For **Yuddekaersche** Pie a little flour in the pastry shell, then add the cherries and sugar, as much as for the sweet cherry (**Siesskaersche**) pie. Add about a teaspoon of lemon juice to bring out the flavor of the ground cherries. And for **Yuddekaersche** Jam, take 1 cup of sugar to 1 cup of fruit. Bring to a rolling boil for a few minutes and then put into glasses." Mrs. Hillenhand's recipe for the jam is as follows: "1 quart of ground cherries; 2 cups of granulated sugar; rind and juice of 2 lemons. Cut lemon rind in small pieces or grind it and mix with the rest. Let it stand 1 hour. Then boil it slowly till it jells when cooled on a saucer. This is delicious!" Mrs. Bertha Brinker, Allentown, offers a recipe for jam similar to Mr. Diehl's but without the lemon.

In the making of **Kaerbse Boi** (and we don't mean pumpkin custard pie, which in the dialect is called **Kaerbse Kuche**) all our correspondents agree that the ordinary round field pumpkin, and not the fine sweet neck pumpkin, must be used. Mr. Diehl points out: "In order to make the old-fashioned pumpkin pie you use the field pumpkin, the kind the Hallowe'en faces are cut into." Mrs. Emma Phillips, who thinks "you cannot beat Pennsylvania German cooking, no matter where you go," also uses field pumpkin. "Slice it on a **Howwel** (cutter in English) as it has to be cut very thin. Put the slices in a bottom crust and fill up to the top. Add table molasses and sprinkle cinnamon on before putting on the top crust." A bit more specific is Mrs. Hillenhand's recipe: "2 cups of uncooked field pumpkin, sliced thin; ½ cup yellow sugar; 3 tablespoons of syrup or the eating molasses (bought in bulk), not the New Orleans; 1 tablespoon of flour. Mix all together and pour into a pie crust of which bottom is dredged with flour; sprinkle cinnamon on top before putting on the top crust. Bake at 400 degrees for ½ hour, then at 375 for 15 or 20 minutes till syrup oozes out on top lid; then you have a delicious old-fashioned pumpkin pie."

We have received only a few replies about the use of coloring matter in butter, etc. Mrs. Phillips writes: "The only thing we used for coloring butter was saffron and that was from plants we grew in the garden. The dried stigmas (of the flowers) yielded a deep yellow dye."

Saffron (a word derived from the Arabic and Persian) German **Safran**, Pennsylvania German **Saffran, Saffrich or Safferich**, is the name for a certain kind of crocus (**Crocus Sativus**) whose dried golden stigmas supply the commercial saffron used in coloring and flavoring foods. It is extensively cultivated throughout southern Europe and at an earlier time generally known and used among our people. Although still extensively used among the plain people (see The Pennsylvania Dutchman for June 9) it is today for most of our people little more than a name, remembered by the older folks in rimes and sayings (**Saffrich macht die Kuche geel**). The late Charles C. More, our foremost dialect writer of fiction, reared in Lehigh County, related to the Editor of the ECK, how, as a child, he gathered the stigmas of the saffron crocus, how small they were and light when dried, and how long it took before he had enough to take and sell at the drugstore. The late Joseph Peter Deibert, of Schnecksville, Lehigh County, wrote in his poem "Der Mutter Ihre Gaarde" (ECK, May 22, 1937):

Grumbiere, Rotriewe,,
Saffran golde geel;
'S iss genung vun yeder Ort,
Un als noch deel far sale.

Raymond E. Hollenbach, Royersford, with his intimate knowledge of our rural life and his far reach into little known sources, thinks if he had been born 25 years earlier he would probably have seen plenty of saffron in Lehigh County. He writes: "Both Lins and Hoffman in their (dialect) word lists mention saffron, so it must have been generally known in the 1880's . . . Nor was the use of saffron confined to the Germans. In an English book "Gleanings in London" 1802, I find the following: 'The flowers are gathered as well before as after they are full blown, and the most proper time for it is early in the morning. They are to be spread upon a table, and the chives picked out with a good part of the style, and the rest of the flower is to be thrown away. This book mentions the medicinal use only and recommends the saffron from Smyrna as being the best.—'The Practical Farmer, Gardener and Housewife,' by Edward J. Cooper, Cincinnati, 1840, says: 'The flowers, which are purple, appear in September, are gathered, carried home, and the stigmas picked out, together with a portion of the style; these are dried in a kiln between layers of paper, and under pressure of a thick board to form the mass into cakes. Two pounds of dried cake is the average crop of an acre of the first planting, and 24 pounds for the next two years. After the third crop, the roots are taken up, divided, and re-planted.' This would make it appear that saffron was cultivated in large quantities at some places. There is nothing in the book that it was cultivated at Cincinnati in such large quantities. A more recent book, 'Herbs, Their Culture and Uses' by Rosetta E. Clarkson (1942) mentions saffron and says 60,000 stigmas make a pound. The uses are medicinal and culinary (for the coloring of sauces, biscuits, cake, etc.)"—

And now—do any of our readers, or any of their relatives or acquaintances, continue or know the custom of eating a combination of seven different "greens" or herbs on Maundy Thursday (unser Grienerdunnerschdaag)? If so, why the number 7?

Who will furnish us the recipe for mead, drunk in harvest time in the olden days?

What is **medidlum?** What is **Seidereil?** Can you furnish recipes?

Are black currants grown in Pennsylvania German gardens? If so, how used?

Did Pennsylvania German gardens have asparagus beds 50 years ago? Why was asparagus called **Mickegraas?**

Kindly send replies to The Editor of the Eck, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

Of course, der Count Sloisser hud de Clara k'helert, un drei woecha noch sellem is de gons family noch Europe gongha.

Seller "pirate" hud en gooter mon gemocht fer de Clara.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

God has so framed us as to make freedom of choice and action the very basis of all moral improvement, and all our faculties, mental and moral, resent and revolt against the idea of coercion. *Matthews*

Congratulations to Fabian

Allentonians, in company with the thousands of people in the many cities in which the Fabian Theaters provide modern entertainment in comfortable playhouses, congratulate this national organization and its personnel, particularly the local management, on the celebration at this time of the big theater chain's 35th anniversary.

As Governor Duff noted in a telegram of congratulations upon the anniversary celebration, wholesome amusement is a necessity for the American people. And, he notes, the Fabian Theaters are among those who provide it.

Allentown has three of the chain's fourteen theaters in Pennsylvania. It is only necessary to mention their names —Colonial, Rialto and State— to remind our people that in these theatres they have been getting the variety of films which they like, that they have been getting them while they are fresh and that they have been getting them in comfortable and attractive environment.

Furthermore the public's relations with management have been of the most satisfactory nature. The latter's efforts consistently seek to provide the highest satisfactions possible for customers. Furthermore, as Governor Duff also pointed out in his telegram, it appears to be the policy of Fabian to have its people identify themselves with the life and the interests of the community.

Certainly, here in Allentown, the men who represent Fabian have been foremost in just about every community enterprise wherein individually, or as theaters, they can be helpful to the people. Just about every worthwhile campaign solicits and receives the support of the Fabian men and their theaters. And those efforts are always invaluable and possible only because they are so sincerely given.

Wanted—Nurses for Polio

Widespread alarm over high incidence of infantile paralysis thruout the country is being heard by the American Red Cross which again, as in other years, is not only standing ready to help but already has gone into wide action in many communities where the situation has gotten out of hand for the local health authorities.

The Red Cross is preparing for even bigger problems for the season in which the disease generally manifests itself is here and will continue until the frosts come.

At any moment calls may come to the Red Cross to "come over and help us." The Red Cross wants to be ready with as many nurses as may be required anywhere in the country. It wants as many volunteers as it can get in Allentown to stand in readiness to be alerted.

It is to be hoped that this community will supply plenty of volunteers for this splendid humanitarian service.

Beauty and Talent's Night

The week of the annual beauty contest in Atlantic City is not the most convenient one for the largest number of Americans who spend their vacations during the months of July and August and are back at their homes and jobs by Labor Day.

But local people, who like the excitement and thrills which go with such contests, have immediate and present opportunity to enjoy such an event for tonight in this city decision will be reached as to who shall bear the title "Miss Pennsylvania" at the big national affair.

The local contest has the sponsorship of the Business and Professional Women's club, just as it sponsored the contest for determination of outstanding local beauties. They have put these contests upon the highest plane, removing whatever there may have been of questionable nature in previous contests but retaining the thrills.

It is a tribute to them and to Allentown's management of such affairs that representative city and county beauties, who are distinguished also for talent, are coming to this corner of the State from all parts of Pennsylvania for the final contest.

Revolt from Moscow

With the expulsion from Yugoslavia of a Russian subject easily that Tito is no longer the world can believe more trucklin gto the Kremlin. If he were, he never would have permitted the arrest and expulsion of one of the Russian boys.

The Western World may have given less importance than deserved to the break sometime ago between Moscow and Belgrade. The whole thing seemed incredible. In this nation there was the suspicion that it was some sort of a diversion tactic or that there was misunderstanding. Expulsion of a Russian citizen for reasons unannounced, gives support to the claim that the break is genuine.

And if this be true, then all can be grateful. For departure of one unit from the Soviet family may well encourage other units to do likewise. It is quite certain that uncoerced public sentiment in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania is against the Russian governmental philosophy. Not all Slavs want to be slaves. That goes for many Russians themselves. Oppression under the czars was bad, so is that under the Politburo.

Tito may be the pioneer in a revolt from Moscow dictation. Certainly he seems to mean business.

Harrisburg Patriot

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A strange disease is rampant in the land.

It is a disease for the cure of which doctors cannot be used.

The cure can be effected only by amateur psychiatrists, such as you and I, and the treatment is Common Sense.

* * *

For want of a better name, I shall call this disease Triplicitis, which, however, applies only to its early stages.

As it progresses, it becomes Quadruplicitis, Quintuplicitis, Sextuplicitis—and I have even seen cases of Duodecimitis.

Triplicitis is originally an importation from Europe, just as Japanese beetles are an importation from Japan.

It is a disease brought on by the Virus Bureaucraticus, and it develops from plain Triplicitis to the more complicated stages as the Virus Bureaucraticus multiplies and needs more nourishment.

* * *

Let me give you an instance of the simple form in which Triplicitis appears.

A young friend of mine is studying at a college under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

For everything connected with this course he has to make out forms in triplicate.

For instance, under the rules and regulations he is entitled to three days off during the course.

For every day he takes off he has to make out an application in triplicate.

If he wants another day off he has to be sick to get it.

But being sick is not as simple as it is for you or me.

He has to go to his doctor who, in turn, has to give the student a certificate, in triplicate, that he is sick enough to stay away from college.

Everything in triplicate. Everything except his allowance check. He gets one copy only, and that one is usually from a week to two months late.

During the last war I was asked to become a dollar-a-year man.

Being patriotic and too old to carry a rifle, I agreed. Then came an enormous batch of forms to be filled in.

And here was that disease in its much more virulent form. There were blue forms and yellow forms, pink forms and white forms and green forms. There were originals, duplicates, triplicates, quadruplicates, quintuplicates.

I read all the directions carefully. I started to fill in the blanks. I began to talk to myself.

And, bingo, just as I had gotten to the pink form, the war was over, and I never got that dollar.

* * *

The only way I know to cure this disease is to make the answers even more foolish than the questions.

That will eventually drive all the bureaucrats crazy. After a while they'll be so nutty, they'll tear the questionnaires into confetti and all wind up in lunatic asylums.

And Triplicitis will be a thing of the past.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The telephone bell on a prominent economist's desk rang insistently. When he answered, a voice informed him "You're all wet about the cost of living reaching a new high! My wife and I live sumptuously — eaing everything we like — on sixty-eight cents a week."

"Sixty-eight cents a week!" echoed the economist. "I can't believe it! Won't you tell me how? And to make sure I get the story straight, please speak louder."

"I can't speak louder," came the answer. "I'm a goldfish."

* * *

A hoity-toity author, hired by Paramount for his first stint in the movies, was not accorded the reception he felt was his due, and took out his disappointment in a vitriolic attack on Hollywood and everything about it. "Even the girls are overrated," he sneered. "I wouldn't give the time of day to a single glamorpuss in the whole town." Nunnally Johnson interrupted by observing mildly, "What a coincidence!"

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington—

You'd never think the refrigerator or the ball-point pen would take the place of John L. Lewis — or Jimmie Petrillo.

Yet, it happened. In Virginia, these past few weeks.

There, the state's labor leaders got themselves up a combine to smash the nation's most powerful political machine—that of the apple-growing king, conservative Sen. Byrd.

This was no local fight. Had the coaldiggers, the paper workers, the textile mill hands, the truck drivers and all the rest succeeded in beating the Byrd machine this past Tuesday, labor would thus have served terse notice to the nation that it already had begun punishing its influential Congressional critics.

And the labor coalition almost did just that in an imaginative primary campaign which is a preview of what's to come in every strategic precinct from now on out.

First of all, there were no labor giants around. As the gimmick - filled union drive wound up, John Lewis was sorrowfully driving across country after an unhappy visit with the ailing mother he loves so much.

Jimmie Petrillo, who was bitterly accused by Byrd's strategists of attempting to invade Virginia politics, was far away, thinking more about his new contract with the movie industry.

Other national labor chiefs were sweating it out in steamy Washington, putting the political torch to Congress. National AFL leader George Meany was in the hospital, nursing an appendectomy. He had been rushed to the operating table shortly after addressing 60 congressman at a private politilcal-labor dinner in the capital.

No, it wasn't the giants in Virginia.

It was a real test of what the rank-and-file can do quietly for candidates it endorses. And labor did help to roll up the biggest vote any challenger of the famous Byrd influence ever received. How was it done?

Well, to get the thousands of union members to vote in last Tuesday's primaries, the AFL and CIO gave away prizes. There were radios, auto tires, fountain pens, savings bonds and wrist watches. These were given to the lucky ones drawn from those who paid their poll tax of $1.50 a year, signed a card attesting they had paid, and mailed it to CIO or AFL headquarters. The AFL put their cards in a keg and drew winners. The CIO used a big bowl.

Result? Happy prize winners—and about 15,000 to 20,000 additional labor voters. A very important bloc, this.

Next, the state was cut into territories and union precinct wardens appointed.

These were coaldiggers in the southwest mining areas, textile workers in the mill districts, etc. Day after day, the wardens and their lieutenants —urged on by letters and special word from their distant national leaders, such as Jimmie Petrillo — canvassed house-to-house. Union men were prompted to vote for a veteran of two wars, Francis Pickens Miller.

Into this campaign the railway conductors, the machinists, the miners, the men's clothing workers, the paper workers and the CIO steel men, poured their energy and manpower.

Many campaigners worked from special lists of voters. The CIO, for example, turned all its membership lists into a central office. The name of each CIOer, frequently along with the names of other adult members of the family, the home address and union affiliation were marked on a card. These were arranged according to ward and precinct, and checked against lists of those people who had paid their poll tax and registered to vote. Members who hadn't done both were contacted by precinct workers.

If union members felt they couldn't meet the literary requirements, they were sent to special classes in union halls.

When primary day rolled around this week, the CIO mobilized 125 to 150 autos, supplied and manned by the unions. The drivers, equipped with union lists, then called on those registered and took them to the polls.

Result—the closest run Sen. Byrd's all powerful machine ever had.

For the first time, a CIO union leader won the Democratic nomination to the Virginia House of Delegates. This means virtual election.

He is Temple Kessinger, president of the CIO Paper Workers Local 675, in the Clifton Forge-Allegheny county area.

In another country, two CIO-endorsed candidates beat the Byrd men.

At this moment, the labor campaigners with some few votes still to be tallied, have beaten the state chairman of the Democratic party and speaker of the house by grabbing the nomination for a local attorney the unions befriended. And down in the southwestern part of the state, down where the mines begin, the coaldiggers carried the district for Miller, hitting Byrd hard.

The labor people are reorganizing. They didn't win this time. But now they're swinging into the November election campaign to defeat several Byrd proposals which would make future voting more expensive and complex.

And as a prize to those who go to the polls next fall the labor people are giving away, free of charge, to the lucky voter one refrigerator or electric stove in each district. That may do it!

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The fiscal year 1949, which ended June 30, resulted in a deficit of $1,811,000,000 for the federal government. Mr. Truman spent that much more than the federal government received.

There is no war. The president says that there is no depression. Yet we spent nearly $2,000,000,000 more than we received and any citizen who honestly pays his taxes knows that the government receives too much by taking too large a share of his earnings. A government can always spend as much as it is minded to, but it can only get money out of the productivity of its people.

The year 1949 shows an expenditure of $6,266,000,000 over 1948, which ought not to be because as this country gets farther away from the last war, expenditures ought to decrease. But that is not the way it is going. If every year that we move away from World War II, expenditures increase, it will not be long before all the earnings of all our people will have to go to the government. If it is not desired that such a millenium be reached, then a halt must be called sometime and somewhere. Mr. Truman is halting nothing. He wants to spend even more.

Actually, with taxes higher than they ought to be, receipts for 1949 were less than 1948 by $3,965,000,000. That is because earnings are lower. In a word, the government gets less in revenue because the people get less for their work. It is interesting to note that withholding taxes, which affects most persons, including all workers, decreased by $1,595,000,000. Secretary Snyder pointed to an increase of $556,000,000 in tax refunds, but that only means that the system of collection is confused and expensive and troublesome. A simpler system would reduce the number of refunded taxes. Why collect taxes that will have to be refunded?

Of course, one reason for the deficit is an expenditure of $4,041,000,000 for ECA, which we obviously cannot afford. If we have a deficit of $6,000,000,000 and we give away $4,000,000,000, we are startlingly like the drunkard who stands drinks for the crowd but fails to pay his family's grocery bill. If we lack the money, why are we giving it away? ECA has already proved to be a failure, as even Winston Churchill and Bernard Baruch have testified, but that does not mean that we shall stop spending. In fact, when a cut was proposed, Paul Hoffman threatened to resign, which would have made no difference one way or the other, as Paul Hoffman well knows.

Also, the Commodity Credit Corp. upped its expenditures $1,789,000,000 for which there could be no necessity whatsoever, and the veterans got an additional $409,000,000, which the entire population, including the veterans, could not afford to pay as the figures show. You never can afford to spend what you haven't got.

So, what does the government do? It does the same thing that you or I would do if we spent more than we got. I nearly said, "earned," but actually none of this is the earnings of the government; it is what the government takes from the earnings of the people. So the government increased its debt. For 16 years, from 1931 to 1946, the government went on piling up its debt from $16,801,485,143, in 1931 to $269,422,099,173 by the end of 1946. That top figure for 1946 was reduced in 1948 to $252,292,246,513 and everybody said that the turn had come, but in 1949, we increased the debt by $478,000,000. And there is no reason to assume that we shall do better in 1950.

The Hoover commission showed how to save $4,000,000,000 on running expense, but Congress is doing little about that and the reorganizations planned by the president indicate no savings. The Hoover commission labored to produce a comprehensive plan, but both the president and Congress are giving lip service but make no savings. For instance, the Department of Welfare is going off on health and educational expenditures, which will mean spending more money. In fact, if Oscar Ewing had his way, there would be no limit to spending. And we now plan to arm our allies to the tune of billions.

Are we drunk or are we prudent?

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HEIT 'N WOCH GAITS OB:

Yar, heit 'n woch is der gross dawg, der dawg fon unserra yairlicha Pennsylfawnish Deitscha exkursion-dessa mohl der Hudson nuf, un um Nei Yarrick rum. Fer yohra hen m'r der blawn hinna im kup shtecka hen kot fer unser aiga boat howwa fer der dawg 'n boat mit niemond druf wie unser aigna leit fon darra gagend. Onnerra yohra won m'r denna waig fert sin hen m'r immer wertschofta missa mit alla hond onnerra leit um uns rum, -alla orta leit wies ewwa hut in Nei Yarrick.

Des yohr hen m'r ow'r 's glick kot fer unser aiga boat griega - der Sandy Hook, 'n boat os uf tzu 2000 leit nemma kon. 'S wor ow'r noch nee mohls unser maining fers boat filla-sel tzu duh het niemond ken blotz fer rum, un is ains fon da uhrsocha ferwos m'r die unferkaufta tickets shtarrick om rei nemma sin, so os die drup so nagshd on 1,200 bleib'd os miglich. M'r gaina fer'n gutie tzeit, un hen 'n trip fer uns os so net so tzu nemma is in Nei Yarrick-die gons trip wor gablawn'd 'n ledshda Yanner.

Sis 'n blessier tzu sehna fon woh die leit ol bei kumma os mit gaina. Dale ous da kole regions, onnerra fon Barricks kounty, so weit aweck wie Fleetwood Reading un Boyershteddle. 'S sin aw 'n lot tickets noch 'm Perkiomen Dahl, un die Quakertown gagend hut sich aw net dahinner finna lossa. Bedlahame, Easton, Nazareth un Bath is aw gute rei kumma, ow'r Allentown un Lechaw kounty hut allas gabutta. Sie sin drubba weiss kumma, dale fers airsht mohl der Hudson nuf gae, un onnerra fers finft odder sex'd mohl.

Die gross mehrtzahl fon da leit gain doh in Allentown uf die train,-un so weit os sel aw gait, m'r hen tzwae train load. Leit os mit mashina rei kumma, besser kumma in tzeit, un parka aryads uf parking lutta inshtadts fon uf da shtrossa. Sis wenich parking blotz om Central station, ow'r net arrick fiel. Die Park un Shop lutta on da Law un Linden shtross, uf da Sex'd shtross g'shwishich da Hamilton un Union, un die tut on da 9d un Wolnis kenna ocht gewwa uf 'n lot mashina. Die gross garage hinnich 'm kourt hous on Finft un Court kon aw ocht gewwa uf ordlich mashina. Ol sellie parking bletz hen fershprocha hilf free hous tzu howwa so os niemond ken druvel hut fer parka-yusht wie g'sawt, brovierra un halta die mashina fon da shtrossa.

'S hut ols noch os wunnerra weich essa-war seins net mit nemma wil kons kaufa uf 'm boat, un so aw mit drinka fon alla orta. M'r hen aw 'n orchestra fer shpiela, un soicha os wolla kenna donsa os der shtawb fleig'd. 'S wert naryads g'shtopt won m'r mohl om gae sin, un gaina nuf so weit wie Cold Springs wenich owwich West Point, un gaina noh tzurick um Nei Yarrick rum. Ferleicht mocha m'r aw die unnersht trip 's airsht, un gaina noh shpaiter im dawg owwa nous. Aenicha waig, m'r fohra boat fon tzaea uhr moryets bis ocht uhr owets, un sin shure os m'r 'n gutie tzeit hen.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die exkursion gait shae odder wies'd,-'s boat is ei garich'd fer fenshterra tzu mocha wons um wedder gewwa sot.

Horoscope

This aspect is generally favorable for deciding important money matters. Reasonable care in all your affairs should give you a pleasant year ahead. The child who is born today should prove a forceful, idealistic character.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 17:1-9

The best book G. Campbell Morgan wrote is entitled 'The Crises of the Christ', a most helpful treatise on the important events in the life of Jesus. Among them is the one of today's lesson, The Transfiguration, recorded also in Mark 9 and in Luke 9, a minature of the glory of the kingdom which shall some day be revealed in all of its wonder and power. Present in the glory is Jesus Himself, together with his three intimate disciples, Peter, James, and John, and two from heaven, namely, Moses and Elijah. The latter were two witnesses (perhaps the same ones in 'shining garments' in luke 24:4, and in white apparel in Acts 1:10, including also those in Rev. 11:3, 6:, representatives of the Old Testament law and the prophets, members of our race, and interested in the progress of our redemption. According to Luke 9:31, they spoke concerning the death Jesus was to endure in Jerusalem to effect our redemption. In contrast with Peter's foolish suggestion that it was good that they were there, so that they could make tents to stay there, they go down the mountain to help relieve the ills of the world, vs. 14-21.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

SECURITY

If we were never forced to choose
From right and wrong, and wrong refuse;
If good so well established were
That none of us could ever err;
Secure were every cliff and brink,
Life would be deadly dull, I think.

If none of us could miss the way
And never take one step astray;
If hopes were sure and year by year
To us came neither doubt nor fear;
If skies were blue from day to day,
For rain we'd soon begin to pray.

Success is mastery of defeat.
'Tis care that makes a pleasure sweet.
The joy of everything in life
Is born of stress and strain and strife.
Pride is the prize for having met
With courage all that made us fret.



UNSER SCHEIERE

Vum PRESTON A. BARBA

WANN fremme Leit darrich unser scheeni Landschaft faahre, darrich Bucks, Northampton, Lecha un Baerricks, dann bewunnere sie immer unser grosse Scheiere. Des misse doch karyose Leit sei, meene sie dann, wu so viel Freed an ihre Scheiere hen. Ya, mer sin net yuscht karyose Leit, mer sin aa maerrickwaerdiche Leit. Mer duhne unser Scheiere net yuscht schee aaschtreiche, mer duhne aa allerlee Sache un Gramansel uff unser Scheiere mole. "Ach," saage die fremme Leit, "des waern wull die Hexefiess sei, wu mer schunn so oft gelese hen devun." No waerd mol gschtoppt un gfrogt, awwer niemand will vun Hexefiess wisse. No saage die fremme Leit: "Des sin schlaue, schlitzohriche Mensche, die sin net so dumm wie sie sich hieschdelle, sie wellen 's yuscht net zugewwe." Awwer die Wohret zu saage, mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche wisse selwert nimmi ferwas die scheene runde Kreis un Schtaerne uff unser Scheiere schtehne. Doyetz hot en Freind zu mir gsaat, er waer uff re Bauerei uffgebrocht warre un hett net emol ge'notice't, ass so Sache uff de Scheiere schtehne, bis er mol aryets en Pikter devun gsehne hett, un so geht's aa vielleicht viel annere vun uns. Paar Yohr zerick waar ich bei me alde Bauer in Weissebaerrick Taunschip in Lecha. Er hot en iwweraussi scheeni Scheier ghatt un ich hab die scheene Schtaerne uff seinre Scheier bewunnert. "Was bedeite die Schtaerne," hawwich gfrogt. "Die Schtaerne" saagt er, "ya, die sin ewwe yuscht fer schee." "Deel Leit welle behaabde, sell waere Hexefiess," hawwich gsaat. "Hexefiess," saagt er erschdaunt, "Ei, wann ich sell wisst, misst ich mich in mei Hinnerdeei nei schemme."

Nau, mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche sin net die eensichschte Leit, wu ishre Sache schee gleiche. Wann die gemolte Bilder (un ich meen nau net so Pikters vun Beechnut Chewing Gum, odder Mail Pouch Duwack, odder Geil un Vieh un Sei—ich meen selli scheene Kreis un Schtaerne) wann des all yuscht fer schee waer, ferwas findt mer sie yuscht do unnich uns Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche?—Nee, mer wisse nau, ass des alde Zeeche sin, alde Zeeche wu unser Voreldre mit gebrocht hen aus der ald Heemet, weil ihre Voreldre hunnerde, ya, dausende vun Yohr zerick, wie sie noch Heide waare, vor Grischtus gebore waar, die Zeeche schunn ghatt hen—die seeme Zeeche, as mer ewwe aa schunscht do bei uns sehne uff Debbiche, uff Kischde, Daaf-scheine un Graewer. Awwer ich heer ebber saage, die erschte Scheiere waere net mit so Zeeche bemolt gewest. Ya sell iss waahr—mer hen ken Beweis, ass die Scheiere viel eb 1850 so bemolt sin warre. Awwer mer misse bedenke, ass die erschte Scheiere aus Bleck gebaut waare. Mer misse aa in Bedracht nemme, ass die Zeite sich sellemols arrick verennert hen. Baut 1850 hen die Leit aafange meh un meh maschin-gemachte Sache zu kaafe. Un die Handwaerricksleit hen immer wennicher Handaerwet geduh: wennicher Gscharr un Heffe gemacht, wennicher Schmitt-un Holsaerwet, wennicher Leine un wollne Sache gewebt. Die Zeeche, as mer frieher iwweraall gsehne hot uff Schissle un uff Buddermoddle, uff Debbich un Handdicher, uff Kischde un Frakdur, sin als wennicher gebraucht warre un waere schier vergesse gange. En neii Zeit waar an der Dier un die yunge Leit sin meh un meh vun de alde Sache wegkumme. Awwer die Bauere sin reicher warre un die Scheiere greesser. Was dutt mer yuscht mit denne grosse rotaagstrichne Scheiereseide? Die alde Schtaerne uff de Mammi ihre Debbiche, uff de alde Sache un uff de Graabschtee hen em ewwe doch noch aagheemeit un mer geht draa un nemmt die aldbekannte Zeeche un abaddich soiche wu sich leicht vergreessere un mit me Zaerkel mache losse un setzt sie vanne un hinner uff die breede Scheiere.

Nau wann so Sache yuscht uff unser Scheiere zu sehne waere, dann breichte mer uns net lang domit bekimmere. Ich will heit yuscht vun denne Scheierezeeche schwetze, awwer es gebt aa annere bekannte Zeeche in der Pennsylvannisch Deitsche Volkskunscht un wammer all die Zeeche immer widder iwwerallich sehnt (net immer gans gleich doch im Grund genumme die seeme) un wammer weess, ass unser Voreldre sie vum alde Land mit riwwer gebrocht hen, weil sie sie so gegliche un eschdemiert hen, dann muss mer ewwe doch glaawe, ass sie ebbes bedeite. Wammer dann ins alde Land geht un sie heit noch darte sehnt, net uff grosse rode Scheiere, weil sie ewwe kenni hen, awwer uff de Heiser selwert un uff de Diereposchte, uff Schtee un Eise un Hols un uff ihre Graewer, un wammer denne Sache dann weiter noochgeht un findt, ass annere Velker in annere Lenner aa soiche ghatt hen, muss mer zugewwe ass selli Zeeche in frieha Zeide fer die Menschheit en diefe Bedeiding ghatt hen, wie Buchschtaawe aus re alde Schproch, wu fer uns schpeetere Mensche schier vergesse gange iss. Ich bin selwer paar mol in der Palz gewest, wu so viel vun unser Voreldre herschtamme un ich vergess mei Lewe net wie ich imme alde Schteebruch gschtanne hab, wu die alde Reemer 1700 Yohr zerick Schtee breche hen losse, un ihr Deitsche Schaffleit die saeme Zeeche in die Schteewand neighackt hen, wie mer sie do in Baerricks Kaunti uff unser Scheiere sehne.

Ya, unser Voreldre hen sie mit iwwer der See gebrocht. Do in de neie Welt waare die Zeeche wie Glaech in re lange Kett, wu sie mit der Vergangeheit verbunne hot. Die Zeeche findt mer net yuscht in der Palz. Mer findt sie ewwe aa schunscht un abaddich in Nard-Deitschland. Dart drowwe im dunkle, kalte Nardland waar die Sunn fer selli friehe Mensche en gettlich Ding. Was waer der Mensch unni Sunn? Unni Sunn gaebt es ken Lewe uff daere Aerd! Hinnich de Sunn waar selli allmechdich Graft, wu alles erschaffe hot, der fer uns Mensche unbegreifiich Haerrgott selwert. Un fer selli friehe Mensche im Heidedum waar die Sunn wull der bescht Beweis vun sellre gettlich Graft. Die Sunn geht maryets uff, sie macht ihr deeglich rundi Rees un geht owets unner. Die Sunn macht aa ihr yaehrlichi Rees. Winders macht sie yuscht en gleener Boge am Himmel, sie schteicht nidderer un nidderer un drowwe im Nardland verschwindt sie gans; dann kumme widder selli heiliche Nechte im Disember un die Sunn schteicht widder heecher am Himmel; sie fangt ihr neier Ring aa; en nei Yohr fangt aa; neie Hoffning im Mensche Haerz; sie schtraahlt runner uff die gans Nadur; es iss widder Friehyohr; die Sunn dreht sich heecher un heecher—alles waerd lewendich—es waerd Summer—die Frucht un 's Obscht waerd zeidich—die Aern iss verbei—es geht em Schpotyohr zu; es waerd widder Winder. Rund iss die Sunn—rund iss ihr Yohrgang.

Un so iss es aa mit unserm menschliche Lewe. Mer kummt als Kind in die Welt, die Yohre vergehe, mer wachst uff, mer heiert, mer grickt Kinner, mer waerd alt, mer waerd ins Grab gelegt—un—unser Kinner un Kinskinner mache der seem Gang vun der Wieg bis ins Graab, en ewicher Ring vun Zeit bis Ewichkeit. Was des alles gemeent hot far unser Voreldre, in selle friehe Zeite kenne mer uns heit wull nimmi vorschtelle. Es waare yuscht Heide awwer do waar Reschpeckt un Ehrfaerricht in ihrm schtumme Haerze. Un wie hett mer des alles besser als Symbol abzeichne kenne als mit me Ring odder Kreis, mit me Schtaern in der Mitt?

Wie schtols muss seller ersche Mensch gewest sei, als er fers erscht Mol mit me Rieme, mit re Rank odder was er ewwe in selle friehe Zeite ghatt hot, en scheener Ring abgezaerkelt hot, wie en Raad, un hot sell Raad noch weider abgedeelt bis er sich der Sechsschtaern erfunne hot. Un wie hett er die Sunn un ihr Yohrgang besser abmole kenne als mit me Raad un vier Schpeech fer 's Friehyohr, der Summer, 's Schpotyohr un der Winder, un wie hett er besser weise kenne wie die Sunn sich darrich die Yohre dreht als mit me Hokegreiz imme Ring?

Ya, so Sunnezeeche waare in selle friehe Zeite hoch geeschdemiert. Mit daere schtumme Schproch hot sich der Mensch langsam uff der lang, lang Weg noch em ewiche Licht gemacht. Wie hen sie sich gfreet wie die Sunn ihne dart im Nardland widder Frucht un Obscht hot wachse losse un zeidich warre. Dankbar waare die Mensche fer der Sege—die Aern waar widder, Gott Lob un Dank, unnich em Dach un dankbaar hen sie en schee Sunnezeeche uff 's Haus odder uff die Fruchtkammer un uff ihr Koch-un Schaffgscharr gegratzt. Sie waare yuscht Heide, awwer die Sunnezeeche hen sie gebraucht wie mir schpeetere Grischte 's heilig Greiz fer Schutz un Sege aa brauche. Un selleweg hen sie ihr Dankbaarkeet un Ehrfaerricht ausgedrickt.

Awwer was in friehere Zeide als Religion aagsehne waar, waerd dann schpeeter oftmols als Awwerglaawe bedracht. Un doch iss en bissel vun alldem noch bis heit bei uns henke bliwwe. Wisst ihr noch wie der Grossdaadi un die Grossmammi immer im Kalenner rumgschtiert hen? Es hen ken annere Leit so viel Gewicht uff der Kalenner gelegt wie mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche. Sell iss alsnoch en Iwwerbleibsel vum grosse Reschpeckt as mir frieher fer die Sunn un der Mond un die Schtaerne ghatt hen. Es iss ken Zufall, denk ich, ass die astronomers Rittenhouse un Ibach Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch waare, un die Kalennermacher Gruber un Koppenhaver. Was hot die Grossmammi als im Kalenner rumgeblettert eb sie ans Gaerdle gange iss; eb die Widderung aa recht waar; eb der Mond im Abnemmede odder im Zunemmede; eb im Unnerschtehende odder im Ewwerschtehende; un eb die Zeeche aa recht schtehne. Un wann die Grossmammi ihre Riewe uff der Hussedaag gsaet hot, waar's net weil der Johann Huss am 6. Tschulei gemaertyrt waare iss, awwer weil mer ewwe darrich Erfaahring gewisst hot, ass die Riewe besser ausgewwe, wammer sie um selli Zeit saet. Heit lacht mer oft iwwer so Sache. Mer blanst sei Sach nimmi im Zeeche, mer blanst's in der Grund. Mer sin gscheiter warre—gscheiter, awwer net besser. Hinnich alldem schteckt, wann's aa ebmols bissel eefeldich laut, der gross Reschpeckt un die Ehrfaerricht fer die Nadurmechte un fer der Weltschepfer. Es schteht gschriwwe: Die Furcht Gottes ist aller Weisheit Anfang.

Iwwerall um uns rum sehne mer viel scheene Scheiere mit Schtaerne. Es gebt Leit wu fer Zeitverdreib die Schtaerne sammle un sie welle sehne wievel unnerschiddliche Sarde sie zammefinne kenne. Sell will awwer nix saage. Un es iss net dewaert ass ihr froge was sie all meene. Ich kennt eich net mol Andwart gewwe, weil sie all uff en paar Grundmuschtere zerickgehn un die iwweriche sin schier all yuscht ausgeaart odder en Versuch gewest die alde zu verscheunere. Rund sin sie all. Dann un wann, mer schnt noch devun in Montgomery County, waare es yuscht Greis odder Ring; dann en 4-schpeehich Sunneraad, odder wann die Schpeech schraegs schtehne un der Reef gebroche, waar's ewwe es weltbekannte Hokegreiz (was mer Swastika nennt) Des Zeeche weist wull am schenschte wie die Sunn sich dreht. Awwer mer verschteht oftmols net wie des Zeeche meh uff die Scheier zu mole. Es setten immer yuscht zwee sei un nie in de seeme Richdung. Sie setten sich gege-nanner drehe, weil es eent dann's zunemmede Yohr bedeit un 's anner 's abnemmede. Awwer es schenscht Zeeche un eens vun de zwee bekanntschte un friehschte iss wull der schtraahlende Sechsschtaern, weil er so leicht abgezaerkelt warre kann.

Heit hot mer wennich Verschtendnis fer so Sache un doch sette mer die alde Zeeche in Ehre halte, weil unser Voreldre sie geehrt hen un mit Reschpeckt aagsehne hen als heiliche Zeeche. Nee, sie waare net yuscht fer schee. Selli Zeeche waare ihne nodwennich aus em Haerz gewachse. Un's daet uns nix schadde wammer selli alde Zeche aa heitnoch aasehne daet fer was sie mol in friehere Zeide waare: Zeeche vun sellre riechdiche Graft wu im Winder schlummert; in Friehyohr widder wacker waerd un nei Lewe in die Nadur bringt; in Summer die Frucht un's Obscht zeidich waare lost; un dann im Winder widder eischloft—imme ewiche Gringel odder Ring; wu selwert widder der schenscht Beweis in der Nadur iss vun unserm Haerrgott. Un wer des so bedracht, muss zugewwe, ass die gemolte Schtaerne uff unser Scheiere lauder Gebede sin—awwer HEXEFIESS?—Nee—Nee—fui, Deiwel! Nee!— Sell losst mer annere un dummere Leit glaawe.

(A paper read at the Berks County Versammling, Reading, Pa., April 2, 1948.)

DER GLIEDICH SUMMER

Wann der gliedich Summer kummt
Un der Gwitter blitzt un brummt,
Un die Sunn 's so heess, bei gum,
As niemand sie aarege kann;
Wann der Hund sei Zung raus henkt
Un die Luft em schier versenkt,
Waer's doch net gaar mechtich schee,
Hett mer yuscht letscht Winders Schnee?

Wann mer kocht in alle Hitz,
Yeders in seim eegne Schwitz,
Unser Unnerhemm will als
Uffwarts graddle an der Hals;
Wann die Wege draus im Land
Schtaawich sin uff allehand,
Waer's net besser darchéweck,
Hett mer yuscht letscht Frieyohrs Dreck?

Wann die Keffer alle Summer
Fresse Grumbiere un Gummer,
Un die Leis un annre Dinger
Schtehle unser Kraut far Dinner;
Wann die Micke un Muschkieters
Saufe unser Blud far "Jiggers,"
Waer's doch net am End viel besser,
Hett mer widder zero Wedder?

Wann der Schwitz benkt an de naas,
Wie der Maryedaa am Graas,
Un der Dreck bappt an de Haut,
Wie en Blaschter, yuscht about,
Wann's uns liewer waer far naus
Mit em Hemm un Hosse aus,
Kennt mer, wie sie duhn am See—
Mit re Windel aa, rum geh?

—DER SOLLY HULSBUCK
(Harvey M. Miller)

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DAY AT HERSHEY PARK

During last winter two classes in Pennsylvania German culture were held in the Evening School at the Hershey High School. Prof. Clyde Stacks taught a class in Pennsylvania German Art. Dr. Pierce E. Swope taught a class in Pennsylvania German Speech and Literature. This latter class is now arranging a Pennsylvania German Day in connection with Pennsylvania Week, to be held at Hershey Park, Hershey, Pa., on Saturday, August 27.

The address of the day will be delivered in the afternoon by State Senator Frank W. Ruth of Bernville, Pa. The Hon. Miles Horst, Secretary of Agriculture of Pennsylvania, a native of Lebanon, will also speak. A number of Pennsylvania Germans, prominent in various walks of life, will deliver short talks. The Governor of the State has been invited to bring greetings.

The Denver Band and the Schwab Band of Elizabethville will give concerts. George Reinert of Pinegrove will be the song leader on this occasion. In the evening there will be old-fashioned square dances in the Sports Arena. A quartet of old-time fiddlers from Perry County will play.

All kinds of amusements have been arranged by a Sports Committee. Various exhibits of quilts, household articles, etc., will be on display.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced that, when the sun is showering light from the sky he is only standing there to be stared at. Johnson

Help for Stricken Ecuador

With thousands dead and more than a hundred thousand made homeless by earthquakes, the Republic of Ecuador is faced with a gigantic problem inasmuch as the nation is poor and its population small, — only about 3½ millions.

In the emergency it has been heartening that help has poured in to the country from many sides. Emulative of the celebrated Berlin Air Lift, just about all the large transport planes that could be mustered for flight out of Panama were dispatched to the stricken cities and towns with supplies of medicines, clothing and food to aid the destitute thousands.

Ecuador is pretty far from the well-beaten tracks of commerce but the dangers of impenetrable jungles and lofty mountains are being dared by angels of mercy who are making their way to the victims. Meanwhile the government of the country is taking such steps as are within in its power to restore and to rebuild the totally destroyed cities and towns.

Motorists' Prayer Answered?

Ever since the arrival of the motor car the problem of improving safety in winter driving has presented itself to motorists. Inventors have racked their brains to make chains that would hold cars safely upon their course and give them traction in heavy snows and upon icy highways.

Fairly satisfactory results have been achieved. But always there has been one serious handicap and that has been the fact that a car has to be raised with a jack in order to apply the chains. While that is a simple job at a garage or service station, it is not a simple one on the road. Moreover it is usually a very dirty job and one that women could not be expected to perform, especially if dressed for shopping or social calls. The crying need has been for a chain that could be placed upon a wheel without jacking up the car and that could be applied by any one without getting badly messed.

Now a Doylestown inventor claims that he has invented a chain of this type which can be applied to a wheel in a minute and is so simple that "even women will be able to put on chains."

Such an invention will be another blessing to humanity, as so many inventions have been. Its inventor, if successful, will deserve every cent of reward that he can get out of it even if it runs into millions of dollars. Certainly the American motorist will be glad to make his personal contribution to the inventor's fortune for such a chain will be what he has been praying for for years and would himself have liked to invent.

Watch for Rats on Move

Action of the commissioners of Montgomery County is to be commended for that group, apparently without any prodding, during this week encouraged the district attorney to clean up gambling in that county by getting any number of "undercover" men to dig up evidence on gambling and bring about prosecutions.

Action followed upon successful raid by the State Police upon one large establishment. That success however was clouded by the fact that advance information apparently was given to other establishments by some one in authority or possessed of knowledge that the raids were to take place.

Now Montgomery's chief law enforcement officer has been given a blank check for the purpose of cleaning the county as to law violators. A job is to be performed and the commissioners in effect are saying, "the people are not concerned with what it is going to cost."

Again, as was the case when there was a flurry of cleanup in New Jersey, this community is threatened with the invasion of outsiders. When gamblers in New Jersey are warned to lie low for a time and when, as in Norristown and its surrounding county, there is threat of wide cleanup of gambling establishments, the gamblers are likely to head for greener pastures.

Allentown and other communities hereabouts have been visited by these New Jersey and Montgomery County mobs repeatedly. They have friends and kindred spirits in these communities. They may not be welcomed as rivals but they may nevertheless seek to establish themselves hereabouts.

It is good to be on the alert constantly as to these undesirable visitors. They may come with the intention of staying. But it can be known from the beginning that they will be highly undesirable citizens. We do not want them.

Speaking for Investors

Life insurance companies put themselves on record as gravely concerned about the financial policies of the Truman Administration. These companies through their organization, the Life Insurance Institute, have issued a protest on Federal plans for excessive spending. Specifically the institute criticizes those proposals recently made in Washington which, if carried out, would transform our national government into a "welfare state." and add billions of dollars to the annual cost of government.

The insurance companies have sound reasons for their stand on the extravagance of the Administration. The combined assets of life insurance companies operating in the United States last year exceeded $56,600,000,000. Of that sum more than 30 per cent was in securities of the United States government. The stability of those assets is of incalculable importance to 78,000,000 owners of policies whose investment in life insurance is estimated at more than $202,000,000,000. Those are long figures, but they make clear the reason for uneasiness among insurance companies over the increasing tendency of our national government to run into more debt year after year, without regard for the financial effects on the families of the country. Through their insurance alone, those families are important investors in the great enterprise directed by the Truman Administration. New York Sun.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

"Pardon me," I said to my wife as I stifled a yawn.

You yawn when you are tired and you yawn when you are bored. Frankly, I was a bit bored.

She had just come home from a wedding.

She was all excited. The bride's lovely dress. The doting father and mother. The pretty bridesmaids. The sweet little flower girls. The black-robed minister. The solemn and sincere "I do."

"It was a wonderful wedding," she said.

But I was bored.

* * *

Here were two young people who were getting married for the first time, and from what I know about them, will stay married to each other for the rest of their lives.

They were married in a church, by a minister, in the same town where they were born, brought up and educated together.

Their fathers and mothers had never been married to anyone but each other.

Even their grandparents had never been divorced.

None of the flower girls were children by a previous marriage.

There were no press agents in attendance, no subpoena servers, nothing that makes for excitement and front-page publicity.

Don't you see why I was bored, and stifled a yawn?

Before me is a several-days-old newspaper.

I brought it in from the porch. It is slightly bedraggled because it was rained on.

But, although few things look as lifeless and prosaic as a wet newspaper, I can yet see the glory of the front-page picture through the swishiness of the sheet.

"Film star JENNIFER JONES and her husband, DAVID O. SELZNICK, producer, as they attended a Bastille Day party at Cannes, France, the day after their wedding aboard a yacht off Portofino, Italy. Today the honeymooning couple left Nice by air for London."

That is the caption.

That is Romance! That is Excitement! That is Fanfare!

* * *

Or take that wedding of Nora Eddington what's - her-name to that singer whose name I forget.

Or Rita Something's recent nuptials to Prince Ali Gaga (have I got it right?).

Everybody married before. Some four or five times. Children by previous marriages strewing flowers for their latest pappy or mammy.

A former husband twice removed kissing one of the bridesmaids who may be his wife-after-next in a couple of years.

"Eloping" to Las Vegas or Egypt or Ubiganda when nobody is pursuing them.

To read that sort of thing is fun—almost as much fun as one of those difficult Sunday crossword puzzles.

And my wife tells me about a simple church wedding of two simple people who may never get a divorce in all their lives!!!

Two people who may be happy but will never make the front page!

It may be nice—but it ain't "wonderful."

(Copyright, 1949)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Believe me, a strike call is a call to war. Pickets are troops. And no shrewd labor leader wants his men battle-fatigued, bored, jittery, hungary, unhappy, worried by installment payments back home, harassed by their wives, or bitter over leaving their kids without some loose change on summer-heated city streets.

So the modern strike strategist whips a labor USO into shape — with movies, actors, song leaders, canteens, dancing hostesses, sports, snack bars, morale units, and, of course, first aid centers, also, counselors to see that pickets' kids are cared for, payments on cars and homes are made regularly, and free legal advice given.

By the intensity of these preparations you may know the seriousness of the strike threat. And Walter Reuther's auto union has been preparing this rescue from boredom, and relief from hardship machinery, for over a month in Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Chicago, Buffalo, and right on out to the West Coast.

It's safe to predict that Reuther absolutely plans to strike Ford before summer is over.

And that Reuther expects a long tough stoppage, before the auto union gets what it wants from young Henry Ford II and his closest advisor, ex-FBI agent John Bugas.

Some weeks ago, the UAW's national headquarters dispatched to every regional director a 15-page mimeographed series of strike instructions, laying out to the finest detail each twist of strike action.

This memo was to be examined, discussed in writing, and then the regional chief's observations were to be flashed back to Detroit. There all new suggestions are melted down into a final printed instructions booklet.

Very little was left to anyone's imagination. Every regional auto union lieutenant was told just what his strike rights were, how to handle law suits, set up picket committees, hand out badges and arm bands, and organize flying squads, made famous in the old 1937 sit-ins and long since glorified in union folklore.

Among the instructions were orders for car-pools — to shift pickets from town to town or from plant gate to plant gate; to transport the singers and hoofers, recreation units and song leaders from factory door to door; to dash up with food and cold drinks.

In the memo, too, the regional men were reminded to prepare a sports program, film entertainment and even classes for the strikers' wives, who traditionally have been the first to press for a settlement — for they must manage the household on empty pay envelopes.

Meanwhile, Leo Perlis' CIO Community Service council, having completed the relief set-up for Phil Murray's steel strike machinery, has done the same for Reuther, with whom Perlis conferred in Cleveland some weeks ago.

Here's how this will work:

A national auto strike relief director will be appointed. He, in turn, will see to it that every Ford local has a relief counselor, operating a "referral center" right in its union hall.

To these trained counselors' desks will come all strikers with problems. If the striker is broke, the counselor will listen, take notes, make a report, lift the phone and contact, probably, the local Public Assistance bureau for a cash grant for food, rent or medical care.

If the striker-applicant has come off the picket lines to report that he is being sued or has a domestic problem requiring a lawyer, the counselor will call on the Legal Aid society for free advice.

Or the expert will communicate with the regional Council of Social Agencies, a coordinating group which swiftly arranges for hospitalization, child welfare or family aid.

Regularly the counselor will re-contact the relief or charity agency, to make certain the striker was cared for. Then the case is closed.

Without this sytem of community relief no union could really come through a major strike war involving over 100,000 men. Even if the auto outfit could raise the $10,000,000 or $12,000,000 it plans to get in the event of a major walkout and add these funds to its $4,000,000 assets, how long could its treasury last in direct relief?

Suppose it gave its people $10 a week, that would mean a million bucks a week. The union would soon bankrupt itself.

So new strikes pivot on the theory that the community is the union brother's keeper — regardless of what creates the hardship, an act of God, or of man in basic battle.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Proverbs 8:1-11

This brief excerpt from the Wisdom Book of Proverbs stresses the importance of listening to the voice of Wisdom, inviting men to harken unto her, as she calls upon them to give heed to 'excellent things,' v. 6, reminding us of Paul's exhortation in Phil. 4:8, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.' And in Christ we find this Wisdom personified. If we have the mind that was in Him, we shall be comfortable and happy as we speak only the truth and the words of righteousness, vs. 7, 8. To be filled with spiritual and heavenly wisdom is much to be preferred to large bank accounts, which consist of but silver and gold, materials which tarnish and easily become 'devaluated.' But Wisdom from on high, much better than rubies, abideth for ever, for which reason all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. It is for this reason that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and without Him we can have no true wisdom and understanding.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The Ford Times ran a cartoon recently by Cal Dunn that made hundreds of male readers weep into their hot toddies. It showed a weary husband who has just dug a 50-yard path from his private garage to the road through a six-foot snowdrift.

As he is about to open the garage door, with an evident air of triumph, his dear little wife calls out from the kitchen, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, I took the car over to mother's yesterday before the storm started."

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Aug. 13, 1924, a Wednesday.

John Steinmetz, Allentown, conductor on the P. and R. railway saved a woman from serious harm. The lady lost her balance as the train pulled into the Reading terminal. Quick work on Steinmetz's part kept her from falling under the wheels of the train.

Elwood L. Marks, this city, won the Nuebling Sporting Goods store prize for catching the largest trout in Lehigh county during the season. The prize - winning catch was a speckled trout 18 and one-half inches long.

Horoscope

It is time to be tolerant and understanding in all your activities and human relationships. Today's child will doubtless be very generous and popular.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—More sensational in some respects than the Washington investigations into the irregularities of the 'five per centers" are the disclosures at the hearings being conducted in New York before a fact-finding board in the steel dispute.

For it is being intimated that the president participated in a conspiracy to disregard the obligations of collective bargaining under the law.

Clarence B. Randall, president of the Inland Steel Co., insists that wage demands were heard for the first time by his company at the hearing before the president's board and that each company is given about 15 minutes to argue for its economic life. He says:

"Bargaining was undertaken by this union that turned out to be bargaining in name only. Take Inland Steel Co., for example. It is now quite clear that at no time did the union actually intend to come to an agreement with us. We were but an insignificant part in the working out of the global strategy by which the establishment of this board was to be forced upon the government.

"The wage demand which was presented to you gentlemen was never brought to our bargaining table. We hear of it first here. It was pensions the union asked of us. We made an offer on pensions. We were confident that our employes liked that offer, but the global strategy of the union required that it be rejected and that no single company be permitted to make an agreement.

"So we find ourselves pleading our cause before strangers, men of standing but men who are strangers to our company and to our employes. You have never seen our plant, and never talked with our men, and it isn't human to expect that, in the few brief moments that we shall be before you, you can understand our problems. Collective bargaining has been destroyed. It has been repealed by the president. And if this union strategy works this time, collective bargaining will never come back. The precedent here attempted, reflecting the similar attempt made in 1946, would commit us to boards and government wage-fixing forever."

Mr. Randall declared that the board would, by its "recommendations," be fixing wages and that, even if the board denied the union's demands, he would hold the same view that the whole plan was wrong.

President Truman was asked at his press conference to comment on Mr. Randall's remarks, but he said that fact-finding boards had been appointed from time to time in industrial disputes for 15 years or more.

What Mr. Truman did not comment on was the charge that the union rigged up with the White House the plan to avoid collective bargaining in good faith and to bring about the setting up of a presidentially appointed board.

Mr. Randall's accusation can well be made against all fact-finding boards if one or the other of the parties in the dispute connives with the government to have them appointed as a means of achieving what could not be gained through a direct negotiation.

In the case of steel, a strike was threatened but, before there could be an exhaustive examination of the issues, the plan for a presidential board was hatched. If, as a consequence, the leaders of the steelworkers' union gain an advantage, what is to prevent them from asking for the same procedure on subsequent occasions and ignore collective bargaining? The answer lies in the attitude of the employers in the industry.

Mr. Randall says that "if management in a particular steel company feels it must take exception to your findings, an attempt will be made to forget the word 'recommendations' and to whip up public opinion to force company acceptance — this I say my company will resist."

It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the fact-finding-board device can gain public confidence, especially if the appointment of this board is proved to have been part of a collusive action by President Truman and the heads of the steelworkers' union.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DANOVET IS DER OWET;
Yar, danovet is der owet woh die Ewwer Lanner Lava kulb ihra yairlichie fendu hut uf 'm Willis Shankweiler seim balla grund, g'shwishich Siegersville un Schnecksville. 'M ledshd yohr hen sie shunna mohl so'n fendu kot, un die klub hut net yusht gute ous gamocht, ow'r aw die leit os fon da fiela socha kauft hen os ferkauft is werra on fendu.

Des yohr gebts widder fendu, un hen finf groyer fer helf graxa. Ol die scoha os ferkauft werra sin gewwa werra bei unnershittlicha leit, un gain ferwos ever os sie hola, un wos fall'd gait in da Lions Club ihra "Community Fund" Un los uns eich fertzaila, os sellie "Community Fund" ebbes gons arbadiches is in North Whitehall township, un die leit hen blenty uhrsoch fer sholtz fiela. So weit hen sie shun drei shpiel grund helfa in der gong griega-un aw net yusht sel, ow'r hen yader'm blotz tzwae hunnerd dahler gewwa fer shpiel grund socha kaufa, so os die kinner sich blessierra kenna.

So weit os die fendu aw gait, is 'n ad heit widder tzu sehna uf 'm fendu blawd doh im Call, os die folla barichda gebt, allas os wie os es secht, wos fer fiela shaina un guta socha os shun da Club ihra waig kumma is fer heit ferkaufa Fiel fon da socha sin funkle nei, un onnerra so gut wie nei, un dabei aw widder dale alta relicks woh ferleicht yuscht socha kenna os wissa wos sellie socha sin. 'S wert evens lavendicher shtock ferkauft so wie si un fedder fee. 'S hut uns even shur gawunnert eb der Jimmy Wenner fon Ledder Eck Poshda net ferleicht sei "Pappy Schneck" special ride goul runner bringa maich'd fer 'n ferkaufa fer der hoch dahler. Sis 'n guter goul, niemond gait letz os 'n kauft. Der Jimmy hut mohl weil druvel kot alla mohl os er garidda is hut er blute bloderra on da wada grich'd der goul wor so dar die ribba hen 'n gapetzt. Now ow'r hut er 'm goul die ribba gableshderd mit gleia un howwer shtrowl un sheind gute arder tzu sei.

Noh mawg ferleicht noch ebbes neias ons dawgs licht kumma, - 'm Roger M. Yorgey fon Schnecksville sei buch woh er yusht rous grick'd hut. Der nahma fom buch is, "What Men Know About Women," un kumt gabunna, imma arya shaina greena deckle, mit 'm nahma farna druf, un aw 'm 'm Roger sei nahma dabei. M'r wissa net wos der price fom buch is-der Roger hut uns ains g'shick'd fernix, ow'r glawwa shure net os sie fiel koshda, un sin 'n lot guta socha g'shwishich da tzwae deckle - socha os niemond ken shawda dut fer in ocht nemma. So weit os sel aw gait, sel is grawd now wos m'r duhna so weit os da Ewwer Lanner Lava kulb ihra grossie tzeit heit aw gait - sin bletzlich ruich.

Glas odder net, ow'r
Die tzeit gait shtarrick, wohrhoft won m'r net morya dies tzeit der Hudson drowwa sin sis ahler tzwelfa Fridawgs.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET. OW'R
Wos die tzeit doch flieg'd, sheind airsht wie geshter, un wor shun im Yanner os m'r der kontrackt grick'd hen os uns heit der Sandy Hook gebt fer die trip der Hudson nuf, un now is der dawg fon da exkursion-woh in da welt kumt die tzeit onna.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

HOMECOMING

These are what life offers men:
Certain taks to fill the day
And at evening home again,
With their children time to play;
Gardens free from weeds to keep,
Nights with calm, unbroken sleep.

Search the records of the years,
These are all that men can know:
Smiles and sorrow's sigh and tears,
Whether post be high or low,
And until the journey ends,
Time for loved ones; time for friends.

Fame and fortune give no more,
Love and peace are of the heart.
Cold the welcome at the door,
Hatred surely soon will start.
Nothing richer men possess
Than the gift of happiness.

This the humble man may gain.
This the greatest man may miss:
Joy of coming home again,
Welcome with a loving kiss.
Little more from start to close
Life on any man bestows.



HIMMELSBRIEFE
or
TALISMANIC LETTERS

In December, 1948, the Editor of the ECK received a communication from Professor Russell W. Gilbert, Susquehanna University, containing the following talismanic letter, a version of the well-known **Himmelsbrief.** Interest in this protective epistle had once more been revived among Pennsylvania Germans whose sons had entered the service during the recent World War. The copy of this letter had been given to Professor Gilbert by a student at Susquehanna University who had a Pennsylvania German background. The student stated that he and some of his friends had carried a copy of this letter with them during the battles of the last war. Although he himself did not believe in it, he said he carried it because his mother had insisted upon the need of his having it with him at all times. The student admitted that no one who carried it was even touched in the war.

It is very apparently a crude English translation from the German. We print it here as it was given us. The parenthetical words and phrases are suggested corrections:

"In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, as Christ stopped at Mount Olive, all guns shall stop. Whoever carries this letter with him shall not be dismayed through the enemy's guns or weapons. God will give him strength that he will not be hurt through the Angel Michael, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, God be with you.

"Whoever carries this letter with him, he shall be protected against all danger, and he who does not believe may copy it and tie it tight to a dog and shoot at him, and he will see that it is true. Whoever has this letter shall not be taken prisoner, nor wounded in any way by the enemy. Amen. True as it is that Jesus died and ascended into heaven and suffered on earth, he shall not be shot, but stand unhurt and adjure all guns and weapons on earth by the living God, the Father and the Holy Ghost. I pray in the name of Christ's blood, no ball shall hit me be it gold or silver. But the God in Heaven may deliver me of all sin in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

"This letter fell from Heaven and was found in Holstions (Holstein?) in 1724. It was written in Golden Letters and moved over the Baptistry of Madaginory (Madgeburg), and when they tried to siege it (seize it?), it disappeared until 1796 that everybody may copy it and communicate it to the world. There was further written in it, whoever works on Sunday shall be condemned. You shall not work on Sunday but go to church and give the poor of your wealth, for you shall not be like the unreasoning animals. I command you, six days you shall listen to the words of God. If you do not do so, I will punish you with hard epidemics and war. I command you that you shall not work too late on Saturday, be rich or poor, you shall pray for your sins that they may be forgiven. Do not swear by his name; do not fear the intrigues of men. Sure as I create you so fast can I crush you. Also be not false of tongue, respect father and mother, do not bear false testimony against your neighbor and I will give you health and peace. But he who does not believe in this, he will be left by me, and he shall not have the hallowness and blessing. If you do not convey yourself, you will certairly be punished at the day of judgment for your sins"—

Thus ran the crude English version of what was very apparently an attempted translation and adaptation of the original once widely circulated German **Himmelsbrief.**

Now it so happened that several months after the Editor of the ECK had received the communication containing the above, a GI student at Muhlenberg College came to him with a folded piece of paper which he had carried through the war, not, as he said, because he wished to do so, but to please some one who had requested him to keep it on his person as a protective measure against the casualties of the war.

We Pennsylvania Germans have often been charged with being superstitious. It would indeed be strange if there were no superstitious people among us, since so many superstitious people can be found anywhere else. Perhaps you yourselves are just a bit wary about walking under a standing ladder, putting your left shoe on first, spilling salt, or sitting down to a table with twelve others. The student smiled as he handed me this stained and pocket-worn paper but without seeming too sure that he had returned safely from the war despite the paper. On it was written in long-hand an old English version of the original German **Himmelsbrief.** This curious eighteenth century document, purportedly written by God himself and dropped from Heaven at Magdeburg in Germany in the year 1783, was printed over and over again throughout the nineteenth century in the form of cheap broadsides as well as in letters of gold. It is one of various talismanic documents to which our Pennsylvania German people attached great importance. In Germany itself the **Himmelsbrief** was circulated during the Franco-Prussian war (1870-71) and as late as 1914 a vender in Saxony was fined for selling copies of this protective letter. It was given an honored place, either framed and hung upon the wall like the old **Haussegen,** or else folded and laid in the family Bible. Many believed in its efficacy aganst fire, pestilence and other evils, and if some of its owners were doubting Thomases, they at least concluded that no harm was done in playing safely. Since this **Himmelsbrief** was also printed and widely circulated in English translation it is to be assumed that some of our Anglo-Saxon neighbors also wanted to get under its benign protective wings. It is the English version that had accompanied the Muhlenberg student through his perilous years in the war. We offer it to our readers as copied from the tattered paper:

"A LETTER WRITTEN BY GOD HIMSELF, AND LEFT DOWN AT MAGDEBURG

"It was written in golden letters and sent by God through an Angel; to him who will copy it, it shall be given; who despiseth it, from him will part

THE LORD;

"Whoever works on Sunday is cursed, therefore, I command you that you do not work on Sunday, but devotedly go to Church but do not adorn your face. You shall not wear strange hair, and not carry on arrogance, you shall give to the poor of your riches, give plenty and believe that this letter is written by my own hand and sent out by Christ himself, and that you will not act like the dumb beast. You have six days in the week, during which you shall carry on your labors. But the seventh day (namely Sunday) you shall keep Holy. If you do not do that, I will send War, Famine, Pest and Death among mine (you) and punish you with many troubles. Also I command you, every one, whoever he may be, young or old, small and great ,that you do not work late on Saturday but you shall regret your sins, that they may be forgiven you. Do not desire silver and gold. Do not carry on sensualities and desires. Do think that I have made you and can destroy you. Do not rejoice when your neighbor is poor, feel moreover sorry with him, then you will fare well.

"You children, honor Father and Mother, then you will fare well on earth. Who that doth not believe these and holds it shall be dammed and lost. I, Jesus, have written this myself with my own hand. He that opposes it and scandalizes, that man shall have to expect no help from me. Whoever hath the letter and does not make it known, he is cursed by the Christian Church and if your sins are as large as they can be, they shall if you have heartily regretted and repented of them be forgiven you. Who does not believe this, he shall die and be punished in hell, and I, myself, will on the last day inquire after your sins when you will have to answer me.

"And that man who carries this Letter with him and keep it in his house, no thunder will do him any harm, and he will be safe from fire and water, and he that publishes it to mankind, will receive his reward and a joyful departure from this world.

"Do keep my command which I have sent through my Angel. I, the true GOD from the Heavenly Throne, Son of God and Mary. Amen.

"This has occurred in Magdeburg. In the year 1783."—

The above deviates only slightly from an old English version of the Himmelsbrief which was published in the ECK for Oct. 4, 1941.

—P.A.B.

FERLANGE
(Sehnsucht)

Ich wott, ich waer so'n Buwli noch,
So sechs bis zehe Yohr;
Waer's yuscht fer'n Daag, ee liewer Daag,
Un alles waer wie's waar.
Ee Daag so fufzich Yohr zerick,
Am alte Kaerschebaam!
Ei! 's iss em for, wie maryets oft
Fum Schlofe haer en siesser Draam.

'S iss ordlich, awwer 's iss mol so,
Die Yugend dobt sich aus;
'S iss alles wie so'n Yunidaag
Mit Blumme rings ums Haus.
'S waar 'n annri Sunn, en annrer Mond,
As gscheint hot selli Zeit;
Die Schdaerne hen so schee geblinkt,
Mer sehnt nix meh so heit.

Die Welt waar zwische Baerge drin,
Un hinnerm Hiwwel drauss
Waar's foll fun ebbes, weess net was—
'S waar nimmand driwwer naus!
Im Graas un an de Heckefens
Hot 's nix wie Schlange ghatt;
Waar'n Schlangehieter um der Weg,
Waar Wunnerfitz schunn satt.

Ee Daag so bei der Mammi dart!
So fufzich Yohr zerick!
Wie oft wann alles lengscht ferbei,
Baut's Haerz en goldni Brick.
Dart hot mer all en Zuflucht ghatt,
Sei Droscht un Zufersicht;
Hot's ebbes gewwe, wie's oft hot,
Waar sie 'n recht Engelslicht.

Wie hot mer sich ferweilt, fergniegt,
Im Haus, im Hof, im Schdall;
Un wann der Owed kumme is,
Waar lengscht die Gschpass net all.
Die Sarye hen ken Zaeh noch ghatt,
Der Schlof waar sanft un siess;
Ach! wammer so noch ruge kennt—
Haerz, Kopp un Hend un Fiess!

Hot ebbes Leib un Seel gekrenkt,
Bis dief ins Leve gschmaerzt;
Sie hot em an die Bruscht gedrickt,
Gedreescht un paarmol ghaerzt;
No iss mehr widder ab un fatt,
Gans freehlich un fergniegt;
Wie'n Fleddermaus as hie un haer
Im Blummegaarde fliegt.

Wie oft geht Haerz un Seel zerick,
So fufzich Yohr, oft meh!
Un wann's aa yuscht en Draambild iss,
'S iss wunners lieb un schee.
Ya! 's iss en Draambild, sell iss so,
Un doch waahrhaftich waahr;
Dief im Gemiet, gans lichterloh,
Dart sin die Yugendjohr.

Ich wott, ich waer so'n Buwli noch,
Fer'n Daag, fer'n Aageblick;
Un 's waer noch alles, graad wie's waar,
So fufzich Yohr zerick.
Ich graecht die Mammi um der Hals
Dat saage: "Hoscht mich lieb?"
Ach Gott! ich weess net wie mer's iss,
Die Aage sin mer drieb!

August 1917 — ARTHUR G. WEICHTER.

WIE DU DICH DRAAGSCHT, FINNSCHT'S LEWE SCHTEH

Schteh ich allee im Schaddeland,
Un nix as ich hot recht an mir?
Leb ich fer mich un yuscht fer mich?
Was bin ich—zu mir? Was zu dir?
Ich frog mei Haerz: "Geb mir en Rot!"
Es schwetzt zerick: "Kann's net verschteh—"
Sin mir dann fremm, un zwee in eem?
O, Seele, saag's mir, wu ich schteh!

Ich seh der Himmel aa un dart
Eile Welter, unzaehlbaar, weit;
Sin die allee un hen ken Zweck?
Geht's so fatt darch die Ewichkeit?
'S muss sei en Kraft, das alles draagt,
Un alles fiehrt eem Ziel druff los;
Wann net, dann denk was kumme meecht;
Wer greift so'n Sach—so dief, so gross!

So briederlich, scheint's, sin sie do;
'S iss yo en Luscht sie sehne geh;
Iss des wie's guckt, saag mir, wann 'd kannscht,
Odder yuscht Schein un nix schunscht meh?
Was halt sie datt? Was gebt 'ne Gwalt,
So aazugeh? Du saagscht, 's iss law!—
Wer gebt die law? Wer fiehrt sie aus?
So'n law hot gwiss en Fiehrer aa.

'S schteht nix allee—'s iss all im Plaan—
For nanner all wie eens sin mir;
Du kannscht net geh en gleener Schritt,
Dass net in Druwwel kummscht mit dir;
Sin annere noch, die aa do sin;
Sie brauche dich un du aa sie;
Lebscht mol fer sie en losscht dich weck,
Dann finnscht dich aa—die Kweel iss hie!

Du bischt, was bischt, weil annere sin;
Waer's net fer sie, waerscht erscht net do,
Un wann du waerscht, waerscht doch aa nix;
Du nemmscht un gebscht—'s muss geh yo so—
Un weil du gebscht, gricksche meh fer dich;
Gebscht Lieb, gricksche Lieb—un immer meh—
So wachst's als meh, weil annere sin—
Wie du dich draagscht, finnscht's Lewe schteh!

By the late Charles A. Butz.

(These verses first appeared in the **Reformed Church Record** for Jan. 14, 1937.)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The Old Scythians

Painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings
To show, her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which if her favorite be not swift to take,
He loses them forever. — *Chapman*

Optimism for Business

President Truman in recent days spoke optimistically as to signs of business improvement and with it improvement in the employment situation, a viewpoint that would appear to be not merely wishful thinking but substantiated by good signs in many quarters.

First of course is the quite natural seasonal improvement which annually comes at the turn of the seasons; when the vacation period and its normal idleness for many has come to an end, when weather is changing and there is almost universal desire and, in fact, need for change in attire, and when the active spirit of man is prompting him to move in many directions and do many things that are conducive to demand for goods and services.

So there is good reason for believing with the President that the recent business slide is not developing anything like the momentum of the slide in the early '30's. Rather it appears that there has been orderly adjustment in many phases of business. Now that adjustments have been effected, the country is ready to go ahead again at increased tempo.

It is true of course that national income and personal consumption expenditures, during the second quarter of this year, were far below the figures for the last quarter of 1948 when an all-time high was established. Industrial production fell off heavily, profits of corporations took a 28 per cent drop from their high point of 1948 and unemployment figures rose to beyond a million at the end of last month.

But price levels have remained close to the post-war peak. Money supply continues near last year's levels and are not far below the all-time figure. Business loans, indicative of purchases of plant equipment and stocks upon shelves, suddenly made an upturn during the last week of July. Consumer credit, mostly of the installment type, has been leveling off and has not increased as might have been anticipated after the removal of controls. Excess of exports over imports continues to be fairly steady.

That barometer of business which generally is right, the stock market, has shown steady rise during two and a half months. Interest rates are low, liquidity of assets in many fields is high and the banking structure of the country is strong.

Most important, the economists note, is the fact that the psychological factor of the American people is more buoyant. The scare over a depression appears to be abating and perhaps is over. It is good to note the appraisal of a British economist of the current American picture which he gave in these words: "The level both of general demand and of economic activity in America is still a long way above any definition of normal that the world has ever known."

Steel Mill for Tito

Yugoslavia, which is at swords points with Soviet Russia because Marshall Tito has not bowed the knee to the Kremlin, is just as deeply dyed with Communism as the Politburo but in its internal struggle with Russia and her satellites of the Cominform finds itself at economic disadvantage.

Russia is ready to take everything and give nothing. In this extremity, Tito has turned to the United States and President Truman in recent days has given permission for the sale in this country of machinery for a steel finishing mill to be set up in the little country in the Balkans.

Naturally any such concessions to Tito, who has been almost as violent in his denunciations of western capitalism as Stalin, are resented by many in the United States. Why shall an enemy state be assisted in any way, particularly in a way that may be important for building up war potential, they ask.

Secretary Acheson however has approved the sale as a "calculated risk," hoping that it will strengthen Yugoslavia in its effort to keep strong enough to keep out of the clutches of Moscow. To do this Tito must have tools.

It is of course realized that Tito may be overthrown. Or he may be put out of the way as men big as he have been gotten rid of by the sinister international gangsters in Moscow. Yugoslavia may be taken over as Czechoslovakia and other countries have been taken over. That would put the steel mill in the Reds' hands.

Secretary Acheson however is ready to take this calculated risk. The President has agreed that it will be better to take a chance on Tito than to chase him or force him into Moscow's arms.

Storage for Surplus Food

Strange as it may seem, storage facilities for American crops have not kept pace with the growing year after year of bumper crops, and the demand upon the Government for storage of the vast amounts of foodstuffs which it receives thru its price support policies.

This gap in the conservation of the food that is grown against the time when it may be demanded in export trade or even by our own people is now being bridged by the Commodity Credit Corporation. It is building huge bins throughout the country, especially in the big grain-growing areas.

The CCC expects it may need space for 500,000,000 bu. of grain and to this end it has already let contracts for 13,790 semi-permanent structures to hold about a fourth of that amount. It expects to order many more such structures which are of wood, steel and aluminum construction, are to be located principally in the corn country and are so built that they can be dismantled and moved to other locations as need may arise. Or they can be converted to other uses if and when they are no longer required by the CCC.

It is expected that the entire program will cost about $150 millions but even that large expenditure should be saved within a few years because losses from exposure to the weather and insect and rodent pests will be tremendously reduced. It would appear that this is one of the wisest and most foresighted policies that CCC has adopted.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

UF IN TZEIT: 'S kon bei golly niemond sawga os der Ralph Eberts un sei Sallie fon East Fogelsville moryets in neshd leia foullansa. Nay bei jupperty net, net so long os sie om drei uhr uf shtain fer breakfasht essa, un gain noh widder tzurick ins bed. Ow'r worta mohl, die wecker uhr kumt aw noch doh nei-die uhr woh die Sallie setza hut wolla fer glabberra om sexa, un is shun ob gonga fer da drei.

Der Ralph hut da Sallie owets ei g'sharaf'd er mist da nagshda morya tzeitlich noch da arwet gae, un sie hut der rattler g'shteld so os sie sich net fershlofa dada. Wie der wecker ob gonga is sin sie iwwer 's bed nous gajump'd wie hoy shracker, un worra imma auga blick drunna in da kich. Die Sallie hut grumbierra gabroda, oyer gabocka un koffie gakoch'd, un wie sie gessa hen kot, is der Ralph hinna nous gucka noch da widdering, un gooda morya sawga tzu da nochberra.

Fon da widdering hut er ow'r net fiel sehna kenna weils noch shticha dunkle wor, un nochberra worra aw noch narydads kennie rum. Endlich is er tzurick nei ins hous un hut da Sallie g'sawt sie sot mohl gucka wos tzeit os es wear. Noh miner sivatzae wons net airsht drei uhr moryets wor. Aina waig odder da onner hut die Sallie der wecker letz g'setzt kot un sin widder tzurick ins bed gagrodd'ld. 'S tzwet mohl hut der Ralph der wecker g'shteld, un hen sich net fershlofa. Eb sie nocha mohl breakfasht gessa hen kenna m'r net sawga.

HUT BEUCKEL WAE: Der John Heimbach fon Greenawalts hut alla weil buckel wae-un ol darrich 'm Russell Reichard sei truck. Der John is on ebbes fon ra shtae mauer baua, un hut 'm Russell sei truck kot fer shtae bei fohra fon Macungie ruf. Aina waig odder da onner hut er noh 'n flatter tire grick'd, un so wohr os allas ken jack kot fer die g'shicht in die hae shnebba. Noh wos hut der John gaduh, os wie er is unna drunner gagrodd'ld un hut der truck fon selwar in die hae k'hova. Is es aenicher wunner os der John buckel wae hut?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis allas so tzimlich nagshd in arder fer die yairlich ebbel schnitzer un lodwarick party on Dorney park, Sundawgs un Mondawgs da 4 un 5 September.

Sel sin widder tzwae grossa dawga-tzwae dawga woh die Pennsylfawnish Deitscha fon weit un braid sich fersommia im alta Dorney Park, fer alt frankishie g'shpass ei nemma.

Horoscope

Think success for yourself and you will win; it's a good day for mental activity. A dependable personality may be expected in the child born on this date.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Now it's planes over pickets: Struck for almost two months by Walter Reuther's auto union, Buffalo's Bell Aircraft Corp. decided to operate its plant anyway. After some furor at its gates, Bell loaded a plane full of non-strikers, flew the men over the chanting, parading pickets and landed them at its private airport right next to the plant. There's always a first time.

* * *

There's a union using the seven seas as a meeing hall: Most of the CIO's American Radio Assn. members are usually thousands of miles from their union headquarters. So, their leaders run long-distance sessions by radio - telegraphy. Every week, the ARA officials broadcast, in Morse code, from Atlantic and Pacific coast stations to members aboard ships sailing the world.

Using three frequencies in the East and two in the West, they cover the globe. The radio operators transcribe the Morse messages and post them prominently around the decks on American and other English-speaking vessels. More than 1,000 ship crews are thus reached. Last week the shipowners were attacked.

* * *

Similar technique is used by the California CIO oil workers to reach members who nurse pipe lines through the far-flung desert areas. These men live around isolated pumping stations or in little towns scattered across the San Joaquin Valley, through which run pipes carrying crude oil from the fields to refineries. Now, several times a month, they're briefed by their union leaders from a Fresno radio station—with labor songs thrown in to keep the lads hep.

Romantic fellows, those airline pilots, but they have their troubles. Recently their AFL union reported some of its members were delayed at the Mexican border when authorities refused to admit a parrot whose language was foul in several tongues.

* * *

Not too long ago, John Lewis agreed to stay awhile and answer questions after he had addressed a women's luncheon. 'Twas all part of his new public relations strategy. There was only one query. A woman arose and John L. listened: "What kind of hair tonic do you use?" she asked.

Lewis ended the forum quickly.

You'd be amazed at what annoys a union fellow. Recently, one of Phil Murray's steel workers' locals in Pittsburgh asked an arbitrator either that a company guard be shifted from his post, or his gun and club removed, because all this constituted "unsafe working conditions."

The union lost that one.

Next time you see one of those Rita Hayworth revivals, just remember that the picture and all other re-issues of old films are now the crux of a movie industry labor controversy. Dick Walsh's stage hands union with jurisdiction over most of Hollywood's technical crafts, wants a pension fund for its people. And it wants the fund to be financed partially by a five per cent tax on all revivals. Then the union members and the studios would be hit for five per cent each to make up the difference.

* * *

Meanwhile, in Detroit, the auto union's bright educational department has advised its regional recreation specialists to rig up a dart game. Instead of using the routine bull's eye for aim, it will have colored circles with such slogans as "Pensions" or "Health Insurance" painted in as the objective to be hit. Smart, huh?

* * *

Tokyo union leaders recently learned some facts of labor life.

Nip outfits are organized along American lines into a CIO and counterpart of the AFL. But with one difference. Until recently the labor officials there were paid by the companies. In some fashion, mostly because of Communist smear charges that American labor leaders are in the employ of the "bosses," Japan got the impression that our unionists were paid by employers and not the unions.

Came the dawn! The Nips were informed it wasn't so. And 150,000 Jap labor officials were told to make a choice, either drop their union posts or get off the payroll of corporations, which innocently had thought all along it was their legal duty to pay union officers' salaries.

* * *

Infuriated followers of two right wing unions in Lima, Peru, chased Communist pickets who were annoying some shop keepers. The Stalinist placard-paraders ran for the Soviet embassy, got in — and were tossed right back out to the angry pursuers.

* * *

The world's smallest union held its convention in Washington. Present were all 36 delegates. They spoke for 55 men, the full membership of the AFL's International Assn. of Siderographers, who turn out the steel plates used in printing money and stamps.

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington— President Truman is 100 per cent right in his request that final judgment be withheld until all the facts are in with reference to the inquiry in which Gen. Vaughan has figured.

That ought to be the rule in every congressional inquiry. But just now there are apparently certain influences working day and night to smother an investigation begun by the House Armed Services committee, on the ground that nothing has been proved and that certain charges concerning Secretary of Air Symington have evaporated.

Nobody who has followed from its beginnings the inquiry begun by the House ever thought that the accusations concerning Mr. Symington were the main reason for the inquiry. As a matter of fact, even if somebody had talked about naming Mr. Symington as head of a merger of aircraft companies — and possibly this was discussed without the matter ever having been broached to the secretary of air—there would not have been the slightest impropriety in such a plan.

Mr. Symington is an able official and excellent business man. If, unfortunately, he ever decided to leave the public service, he would be just the man to head up any big merger of aircraft companies. He is much too upright an individual to allow such a suggestion, if indeed he ever heard of it, to influence anything he did for the government.

The real issues, however, are wholly unrelated to the flimsy references about a possible executive position in a possible merger.

The real issues revolve around the influence that a desire for government contracts can have on national defense policies — on how much lobbying was done to get the contracts and how much money was used in improper ways in an attempt to win governmental influence.

This is a proper subject for inquiry. It goes beyond any particular armed service. The nation was astounded back in the '20's when it was discovered that a lobbyist in Geneva attempted to wreck the disarmament conference there because it might injure steel companies interested in making armor plate for the navy.

If there are today any armor-plate companies interested in propaganda or political activity in connection with contracts for the building of ships for any of the armed services—steel parts are used in airplanes, too—this is something to be investigated.

Private companies have every right to present their claims for contracts and to speak out publicly, for example, in behalf of air power on land or sea, if they like. It is not what they do publicly that offends. It is the money they may have spent clandestinely in propaganda for a separate air force and finally for the concentration of funds in strategic bombing or for an enlarged navy which occasions concern.

There are two major bodies which have been carrying on campaigns to influence policy in the field of national defense tions. One of these is the Havy tions. One of these is the Navy league and the other is the Air Force Assn. To the extent that these organizations are financed by small contributions, they are within their rights. But if either of these two bodies accepts large sums from shipbuilding or aircraft-building interests, then it is a proper subject for inquiry.

It was a matter of general comment in defense circles in Washington after the war that "there are too many aircraft companies." It was often said that the best interests of national defense would be served by selecting a few companies and causing them to merge. It was even reported that the air force was being importuned to get back of the merger.

It is too much to expect that officers of any armed service or any officials of the aircraft companies will march into the House Armed Services committee and testify that political influence was exerted or that they bowed to it. An investigation has to go deeper than that kind of naivete. Furthermore, it is a fact of record in the House of Representatives that persons interested in the aircraft industry contributed heavily to the Truman campaign fund last year and that large sums were raised from among their number. The interest of the country is in learning whether, with billions of dollars worth of contracts at stake, the B-36 was given the right of way properly and if it was a mere coincidence that a company in financial difficulties was saved with B-36 orders, and whether all this was just an innocent set of circumstances.

Such an investigation cannot be a "whitewash" nor can it be terminated by hearing only a part of the testimony. As Mr. Truman says, judgment as to whether any individual inside or outside the government did anything improper has to be suspended till all the evidence is in—but he didn't say that there was no need to take any more testimony after a few witnesses had given their ex parte opinions.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 9:32-38.

'A dumb man possessed with a demon', v. 32, means more to me since I met a missionary last April, recently returned from the interior of India. She had met a case, that of a woman possessed by the power of a dumb demon. She could not, by any device, be made to talk. The missionary was called in, but could do nothing. She was told by the Holy Spirit that much prayer and fasting were necessary in that difficult case (see Mt. 17:21). She went to her own home, prayed much, and returned several days later. Not a word had the possessed woman spoken meanwhile. When the missionary came in, she adjured the demon that he leave the body of the woman. Nothing happened. A second time she charged him in the name of Jesus to leave. Again nothing happened. A third time she ordered the demon to leave. There was no sign of emotion whatever, but instantly the woman began to speak normally, having been delivered from her bondage. In places like Central China, for example, where the power of Christ is now known, there is no form of demon possession mentioned in the New Testament that is not found there. No wonder that the heathen are like sheep without a shepherd, v. 36. And we are not concerned.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Two English motorists were caught late one night in a terrific downpour and sought shelter in a wayside inn. There wasn't a room to be had, but the village parson, who saw them in the lobby, took pity on them and offered to let them spend the night in his church "Lead us to it," said the motorists gratefully.

At 4 in the morning the church bell began ringing wildly. "The church must be on fire," cried the night clerk of the hotel to the bellboy on duty. "Fetch the 'hose and buckets." A minute later he ran back from the church. bellboy. "It' just Pew No. 4 buckets,' Erbert," he told the "Never mind the 'ose and calling for two double whiskies and soda."

25 Years Ago

rom The Morning Call of Aug. 20, 1924, a Wednesday.

Robert J. Heimbach, Allentown, was elected grand sir knight marshal at the opening of the 65th annual convention of the Knights of Friendship at Palmerton. Other area men named to office in the state organization were Guy J. Smoyer of Emaus, grand senior champion; William A. Schmehl, Allentown, grand junior champion; Ellsworth J. Gruver, Allentown, grand recording secretary; David H. Eschbach, Bethlehem, grand trustee.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

When you read this I hope the terrible heat wave under which we have been sweltering will have subsided.

I have to write my column quite a few days ahead of publication because it appears in some 150 newspapers all over this and other countries on the same day.

But right now it is almost 97 degrees.

* * *

We had started out on that trip I was telling you about. It was going to be a wonderful trip — by automobile — through the Berkshires, the Adirondacks, into Canada, and then to Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Suitcases were packed; there was plenty of gas and oil in the car; maps were marked, and gaily we started out for what we had hoped would be a wonderful vacation.

* * *

Our first overnight stop was going to be New York City, where we had been invited to a moonlight sail up the Hudson river.

I had intended this year's vacation trip to be our grand 1949 fling and nothing was to be too good for my wife, who certainly deserves a vacation after a year of housekeeping catering to a pretty cantankerous husband.

So we registered at one of New York's swankiest hotels.

We were shown to our room. I had forgotten to ask for the rate.

It wasn't a bad room, except that it was boiling hot and there wasn't even a fan in it.

It became even hotter when I saw the little card tacked up on the door. It said "This room is $16 a day for two, plus 80 cents New York City tax."

On the way in we struck a terrific thunderstorm and for miles and miles would have been better off if we had been in a boat instead of an automobile.

The moonlight sail wasn't bad, except that the Hudson river contained steaming hot instead of cold water, and we were bathed in sweat when we got off the ship.

I won a door prize—an order for six live lobsters which I would have to get at a fish-market away downtown. But how to get them, where to keep them, what to do with them on an automobile trip, that was another matter.

I still have the order, and the lobsters are still alive.

* * *

We hardly slept a wink that night — the heat was terrific. For $16 you don't get air cooling or a fan in a de luxe hotel.

The next morning was just as hot and got even hotter when they charged us 50 cents each for a little plate of blueberries in the coffee shop. (My wife had paid 29 cents for a whole basket of them the day before.)

But, like two brave soldiers, we started out on our "dream trip."

I stopped at a service station for gas and oil.

I was dressed as lightly as possible — no coat, no tie, a sports shirt, open at the neck.

I got out of the car while the boy filled it up.

The proprietor, who hadn't seen me get out, came up to me and said:

"What are you hanging around here for? We don't allow peddlers in this place."

* * *

That settled it. After I told him where to get off, my wife and I had a little conference.

As a result I am now sitting in my den back home, dressed in nothing but a pair of shorts, two fans wafting a gentle breeze on me; a tall glass of lemonade on a table next to my typewriter.

On my phonograph a record is softly playing, "There's no place like home".

Our vacation trip has been postponed until after Labor Day.

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THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS IN CANADA

The Annual Report for 1933-34 of the Waterloo Historical Society contains a valuable article "The History of Waterloo Township up to 1825" by I. C. Bricker, from which we print the following interesting material.

"OUR picture deals with the coming of the Pennsylvanians to what is now known as the Township of Waterloo (in Waterloo County, Ontario), in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, together with a fleeting outline of the preceding period.

"In very early times, before the feet of white men had left their imprint upon the fertile soil of this fair land, we find that a great highway traversed this district from north to south . . . This was the great passageway of the Algonquin, the Huron and the Neutral Indians. The banks of the Grand River and its tributaries were familiar to countless generations of Indians and here and there one may still find evidence of their sojourn in this district. One of these camping places is still clearly indicated on the east bank of Cedar Creek on the old Bricker homestead at Blair, where the ashes of camp fires can be seen to this day.

"In 1640, four years before the birth of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, two French missionary priests by the name of Brebeuf and Chaumonot not only visited this district but made a sketch of the Grand and its tributaries that is fairly accurate.

"When the American colonies rebelled against Great Britain, the Six Nation Indians, known under the name of Iroquois, remained loyal to the British, and at the close of the war of American Independence came to Canada. It was felt by the Government of Upper Canada at that time that the loyalty of the Indians should be suitably acknowledged, so, accordingly, on October 25th, 1784, Governor Haldimand granted the Six Nations Indians a tract of land six miles wide on either bank of the Grand River....Some years later, finding this land exceeded their requirements, the Indians, on February 5th, 1798, executed a formal power of attorney to Captain Joseph Brant, one of their principal chiefs, by which they authorized him to surrender certain portions of this land to the Government that it might be sold and the proceeds invested for the benefit of the Indians. Under this authority several blocks of land were sold, among them being one to Richard Beasley, James Wilson and John Baptiste Rousseau. This was known as Block No. 2 and contained by estimate 94,012 acres, the price being 8,887 pounds Provincial Currency. This block in its entirety later became Waterloo Township. The entire scene was one of rich and benevolent nature, luxuriant, wild, full of promise and having the charm of the picturesque. Into this vast wild region one day in the Spring of 1800 or possibly in the Fall of 1799, came certain Pennsylvanians seeking a future homesite in Canada. Here in the midsummer of 1800 John Bean and George Bechtel were in the advance guard of that great Pennsylvania migration by being the first to purchase land upon which to carve out their future.

"To these two men must go the honour of being the first to purchase homesites within the confines of the present County of Waterloo. John Bean (originally spelled Biehn) purchased a block of 3,600 acres of land which to this day is known as Bean's Tract, from Richard Beasley on July 18th, 1800. This land was located on the west bank of the Grand River and includes the present villages of Doon and New Aberdeen. On the same day, George Bechtel bought 3,150 acres adjoining Bean's Tract on the north, which is recorded as Bechtel's Tract. (Here follows a complete list of all properties sold within the Tract during the year 1800, as recorded in the original York Registry. The list contains such familiar names as John Bean, George Bechtel, Samuel Betzner, Joseph Sherk, Joseph Wismer, Benjamin Rosenberger and others.—ED.)

"These were our Canadian progenitors, the pioneers of the Grand River Valley settlement and the God-fearing founders of the County of Waterloo, which the purposeful and unerring hand of Divine Providence dropped into this vast wilderness. For twenty and more years they, like the Israelites of old, had been crying unto Him for some Promised Land where that freedom and peace which they had previously enjoyed under the British flag, could again be realized. They have since become a host. The descendants of John Bricker alone are numbered in the many hundreds.

"It was at this point in the history of the settlement that the settlers learned of the mortgage that was registered against the Tract. Beasley had kept the information a secret from those to whom he had previously sold land. Had the Pennsylvanians known that they could not secure a clear title to their property there would have been no settlement at that period within the confines of Block No. 2. Indeed it is certain that Waterloo County as we know it today, would not have existed. Sam Bricker made the discovery of the mortgage. He had gone to York (Ontario) in December 1802, to register the purchase of a farm from George Bechtel. There is little doubt but that while there at the time, he learned of the duplicity of Mr. Beasley. This information not only spread consternation among the settlers, but completely checked immigration, so that for over a year no further settlement was made.

"The year 1803 was a black one in the history of Waterloo Township. The colony that had been founded so hopefully and happily but three short years before, was suddenly sunk into the valley of utmost despair. The cloud of despondency lay heavily upon the people. Their bright hopes for a happy peaceful future were dashed to the ground. The titles they had received for their homesites were worthless and in some cases all their hard earned worldly possessions were irretrievably sunk into the soil of Beasley's Tract. To make matters even worse, negotiations with Beasley failed to bring even a ray of hope into the blackness of their situation. His hands were apparently tied by the iron hands of a crushing debt. One outlet only remained and that was to abandon their homes and start life anew elsewhere. This several families actually undertook to do.

"In the meantime Beasley found himself in a desperate situation. The gaunt spectre of ruin stared him in the face. Already several families were actually forsaking their homesites in his Tract. The balance would no doubt follow. The Trustees for the Indians were pressing him to fulfill the terms of the mortgage which lay upon Block No. 2. Further sales of land were impossible. Something had to be done. It was apparently at this time that some understanding between him and Sam Bricker was arrived at in connection with the purchase of a portion of the Tract and the lifting of the mortgage; for shortly afterwards Sam Bricker and his brother John returned to their old home on the Yellow Breeches Creek, in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, where they hoped to interest their father and others of the Brickers who lived in the same vicinity and who were quite well to do. In this they were doomed to disappointment for Peter Bricker, father of the two boys, veteran of Braddock's Expedition in 1755, the Indian Wars of 1763 and of the American Revolutionary War 1775 and 1781 (Pennsylvania Archives, Fifth Series, Vol. 6) was on his death bed and hence too ill to be interested. With his leadership in the proposed transaction lacking the interest of the others could not be aroused.

"The Bricker brothers next visited Lancaster County, Penn., where their wives had resided and here John Bricker succeeded in interesting his brothers-in-law, John, Jacob and Daniel Erb; for, by the late summer of 1803 we find that John and Sam Bricker and the Erb boys were negotiating with Beasley in connecting with the Tract in Block No. 2. This terminated in a formal agreement being drawn up between R. Beasley and the Pennsylvanians, which agreement was filed with the Executive Council.

"John and Sam Bricker and the Erbs, who returned to Pennsylvania to secure the necessary funds, did not reach Canada until May, and it will be noted that, instead of being in possession of 10,000 pounds they only prepared to make payment of a trifle less than half this amount. The death of Peter Bricker, father of John and Sam, in the early spring of 1804 prevented their early departure from Pennsylvania. This was the cause of their late arrival in Canada.

(Having received some financial assistance from Abraham and Susanna Erb, brother and sister of the Erb boys, they hoped to be able to secure title to the land in their own names. It is believed that they sought an extension of the time limit in the agreement, but the other party remained obdurate. As they had insufficient funds they returned once more to Pennsylvania to solicit funds from their co-religionists in Lancaster County. This assistance was obtained finally within the circle of their immediate families.)

"The conveyance of the balance of the money owing Beasley to Canada was by no means an uneventful undertaking. The initial payment of 4,692 pounds had been conveyed to Canada on horseback in the spring of 1804. The money, which was in the form of American silver dollars, was first sewn into small leather bags. This could not have been entirely satisfactory, for we find that for the second journey, which was in 1805, the money was first packed into an oaken keg which in turn was securely fastened to the light waggon (leicht plaisir weggli) in charge of Sam Bricker the driver. (Two wheels of this vehicle are to be found in the museum of the Waterloo Historical Society.) John Bricker, Daniel, Jacob and John Erb completed the convoy. They were mounted on horseback and were well armed with heavy muzzle-loaders, against any possible marauder. They usually managed to spend their nights in taverns, or in some lonely settler's shack, and, as was their custom, the keg was placed in the centre of the room while four slept forming a square about their treasure. The fifth member of the party acted as guard. His duty was to remain seated on the keg with his gun upon his knee. Fortunate indeed for all concerned that such provision was made for the protection of the money; for one night a couple of desperadoes endeavored to secure the prize by breaking down the door of their room. These bandits had been in the background for the preceding few days so that their visit was not unexpected. Such was their reception, however, that they fled and were seen no more. (I have this story from my father the constant companion of his grandmother, Nancy Erb, wife of John Bricker and sister of the Erb boys.) Eventually the balance of the money owing Beasley, namely 6,102.10 pounds, being balance of principal and accrued interest was paid to the Trustees of the Six Nation Indians, following which the original mortgage was discharged and a clear title to the property given to Daniel Erb and Jacob Erb. It was dated June 29th, 1805.

"The period between the arrival of the first pioneer settler in the Grand River Region, until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, may fittingly be called the period of Pennsylvania settlement. It witnessed the coming and settling of great numbers of Mennonites in these regions, until the present Township of Waterloo was fairly well filled up with pioneers and the smoke of their cabin homesteads curled skyward in every direction, from below Blair on the south to above the present Bloomingdale on the north.

"At first there came some thirty Pennsylvania families up the Susquehanna and across western New York State into Canada. These were rapidly followed, after the dissolution of the German Company in 1805, by new waves of the same emigrants in the same way, until by 1825 there were over 1,600 of these people settled upon the banks and slopes of the winding Grand within what is now the Township of Waterloo.

"In this period was cleared away much of the forest; rude homes were built, the first roads were opened, the oldest churches were erected, grist and saw mills. Where our ancestors found naught but wild uncultivated land and dense virgin forest, well watered by streams of freshest water, and trackless woods covering the undulating hills and valleys, traversed by tribes of Indians and wild beasts, have sprung up prosperous towns and cities and the best and finest of farms and farm buildings. The first rude cabins have given place to substantial and beautiful homes. The first few scattered log meeting houses and schools have been built a second and third time.

"What a heritage is ours! We are the heirs of the people who two centuries ago set out from Europe to cross the Atlantic in cockle-shell sailing-vessels that could scarcely be controlled. They landed in a strange land that was as mysterious to them as the stars are to us, a land where lived savages and foes. Here, from the virgin forest, they carved their future homes. Their descendants, two generations later, leaving the land of their birth, plunged again into the wilderness of a strange land and turned it into a garden."

For a more comprehensive treatment of the subject we refer our readers to Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's "The Pennsylvania Germans in Ontario, Canada" in Volume 11 of the publications of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society (1946). These Mennonite migrations from Pennsylvania to Ontario have also received fine treatment in Miss Mabel Dunham's novel The Trail of the Conestoga (MacMillan, 1924). —ED.

DIE ALT HEEMET

We have at various times called attention to our Canadian Pennsylvania German cousins whose Mennonite ancestors had migrated from Pennsylvania and established new homes among the hills and valleys of Waterloo County, Ontario. The area is watered by the Grand River and its tributaries the Conestoga and the Canagagigue, the latter named by the settlers after streams in their Pennsylvania homeland.. Here they at first lived in log houses, made their own furniture, cleared the primeval forests, broke the virgin soil with their plows, harvested the grain with sickles and threshed with flails. The rude log huts in time yielded to substantial dwellings and barns—in other words, here was repeated the procedure of the first German settlers in Pennsylvania two generations earlier. Although seperated from Pennsylvania nearly one and a half centures, they have retained the characteristics, habits and speech of our people and continue today to think back with love and reverence of those early days. A resident of Kitchener, Ontario, of Pennsylvania German extraction, whose name is not available, wrote a poem in the dialect about those early homes, of which we have only the following four stanzas. We have retained the spelling in the form received.

Wie scheh hen mir dort gelebt
In selem alte Haus;
Wie ruhig g'schloffe manche Nacht
Wans g'reget hot uts alte Dach,
Uns Feier un Licht war aus.
Un es hot em nix so schloffe g'macht
Wie Reege Droppe uf'm Dach.

Es war die ganz Familie noch
Daheem beim alte Heerd;
Die Med hen Woll un Flachs g'schpunne
Un schene Lieder dazu g'sunge,
Die Engel hens gehert.
Der Daade hot beim Offe g'hokt
Sei Welch-korngrutze Pelf g'schmokt.

Was guckt doch alles annerscht nau
Als in der alte Zeit.
Mer sehnt nix meh fum alte Gebaeu,
'S is alles fort, 's alles neu;
M'r sehnt es schon von weit:
En schene Heemet is es jah
Doch heemelts mich gar nimme ah.

Der "Wallo" sitzt ah nimme dort
Im Hof for'm alte Haus;
Er guckt ah nimme dorch die Behm,
Er gautzt mer nimme welcome hehm,
Un's Feier am Heerd is aus.
'S guckt alles sche, sel wees ich woll,
Doch warum is mei Herz so foll?"

From W. V. Uttley's article "Woolwich Township —It's Early Settlement" in the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Annual Reports of the Waterloo Historical Society (1933-34.)

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Laughter is an external expression of joy. It is the most salutary of all bodily movements, for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time, promotes digestion, circulation and perspiration and enlivens the vital power in every organ.—Hukeland.

Curbs on the Killers

The death of the famous authoress, Margaret Mitchell, beneath the wheels of a reckless motorist's car and all too many other accidents, including some of our own community, point up the necessity for more stringent traffic regulations that shall curb reckless, incompetent and drunken drivers.

Some states have recently done considerable to tighten grip upon these types of motorists who, happily, are in the minority but, unhappily are the majority of the motorists who get into the news.

A New York law, passed in May by the legislature, requires the state's motor vehicle bureau to re-examine every licensed automobile driver who becomes involved in three accidents within a period of 18 months. Purpose of the law is to remove from the highways those drivers who are "accident prone."

It is estimated that in an eighteen month period more than 7,000 New York drivers will be subject to re-examination as a result of the law. According to the state's motor vehicle bureau there are now 5,156,503 licensed drivers in the state.

In Tennessee, a motor vehicle financial responsibility law designed to protect the public from financially irresponsible motorists becomes effective July 1. The law, similar to those in effect in at least 38 other states, provides that auto owners or operators who are engaged in major traffic accidents will lose their driving and registration privileges unless they are prepared to pay for the damages. The law does not make liability insurance compulsory.

A driver involved in an accident in which a person is killed or injured or in which property damage exceeds $50 must appear before the Tennessee commissioner of finance to prove that he had adequate financial ability to satisfy any judgment against him up to $11,000. He may deposit cash, file a corporate surety bond guaranteeing the amount, or file evidence that he had an automobile liability insurance in force at the time of the accident. The insurance must provide $5,000 for injury or death to each of two persons, plus $1,000 to cover property damage.

Public opinion, growing out of experience, expresses itself in statute law. The new laws in New York and Tennessee reflect public opinion as it is shaping rapidly thruout the country.

Sabotage in Yugoslavia

The battle between Josef Stalin and Marshall Tito would appear to have begun in real earnest for yesterday the principal oil refinery in the latter's country was set afire and probably will be completely destroyed. The Yugoslavs assert positively that the buildings were set afire at many points simultaneously. They charge that Russian agents did the job and they probably, almost certainly, are correct about it. A situation is being created such as the Russian Soviet government knows how to carry out and for which its converts everywhere are trained.

It can be believed that with almost absolute certainty a wave of sabotage would sweep the United States in the event of trouble with Russia. Communists are trained in such work and probably are already assigned to particular tasks for which they have briefed themselves. They undoubtedly are planted at many strategic spots in this country and are ready for action.

So Tito's country is to be crippled. He very likely will be the target of assassins. Hell can be expected to break loose in Yugoslavia as a result of Tito's defiance of Moscow.

Rivalry in Citizenship

The careless attitude of people who toss their litter about on the streets, dispose of trash upon vacant lots and along the highways seems to presuppose that somebody—probably the mythical "George"—will clean it up.

Too many people "let George do it." A sense of personal responsibility in this matter and the development of a bit of civic pride should prompt people to make George's job a little bit lighter by disposing properly of the litter which they themselves create. Every little bit will help.

Another idea of an educational nature is that provided by a section of New York City in the vicinity of Madison Square where citizens decided that something could be done about this American habit of littering streets, sidewalks, parks, public conveyances and public places of all sorts.

The committee organized groups of boys in the respective blocks in that section. They challenged them to a wonderful race, a race to determine which block could be cleaned best and kept clean. To the winner high honors were to be accorded, plus a real big party of the kind that boys liked.

Every week such a contest is decided on the basis of the absence of litter of all kinds, scrawling upon walls, uncovered garbage cans, etc. Every week some group of boys is acclaimed as much as a championship ball club and is given a big party.

The idea has been employed now for about two months and results have been so satisfactory that it is to be continued. It is an idea which could well be developed in many communities. It is a valuable idea in that it affords training for youth in an element of good citizenship.

The Little Yellow House

A house, as people who own one can attest, can often be a headache, but the woes which have overwhelmed the city's latest home-owners Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Birnbaum, are something prodigious. Mrs. Birnbaum bought a chance for fifty cents. This is something we all do at one time or another, a simple act complete in one operation. We pay our money, pocket the stub and that is the end of it. A worthy cause benefits, we are suffused with the glow of charity, and the dry-cleaner removes the stub before pressing the garment. Nothing could be less complicated.

But a circumstance completely unexpected, almost unprecedented, overtook Mr. and Mrs. Birnbaum. They won. And the prize was not a television set or even a turkey but a house, a little yellow house, a suburbanite's dream, parked in a parking lot on Fifty - second Street. Here the headaches begin. The ticket sale, conducted by the American Women's Voluntary Services, is over. The man who owns the parking lot wants to park autos on it. The house can be moved only by dismantling and then reconstructing it. The owners must have a site to move it to. And the acquisition of a $15,000 house involves income taxes.

All this costs money—far more money than the price of the original ticket. It hardly seems possible, as a matter of fact, that so many complications could be purchased for only fifty cents, and it is not surprising that Mr. and Mrs. Birnbaum have decided to sell out for a mere $1,000. To many of us, the moral of the affair may well be that we have been undeservedly fortunate in never winning a thing in the countless raffles for which we have been shelling out over the years. And to the Birnbaums, wearily climbing the steps to their walkup flat on 117th St. after a hard day at the lawyer's, the comforting thought may occur that there is, after all, no place like home.

—New York Herald Tribune

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

I must be an awful specimen of a human being, and after writing today's column I shall probably have myself psychoanalyzed to see whether I am a man or a beast.

But, would you believe it? I actually chuckled with glee when I read that story about the Aga Khan and his Begum (or Begad or Begee or whatever it is) being robbed of almost a half million dollars' worth of jewelry and six thousand dollars in cash, while on an automobile trip in the Riviera.

* * *

A newspaper friend of mine who has just returned from a trip through India and China told me the most harrowing tales about the horrible poverty among the masses in the Far East.

Millions are next to starvation. They crawl through their miserable lives stricken with disease, clad in filthy, germ-infested rags, without food, without a penny to their names and without that one thing which keeps people alive when everything else is gone—hope.

But here is that fat, smug Aga Khan, and his Begum or Begad or Begee, joy - riding their luxurious and useless way through life, bedecked in jewels, throwing around wads of unearned money, flaunting their riches to a suffering world.

I certainly have no admiration for robbers or criminals of any sort.

And I do most certainly believe that the example set by the Aga and his Begum or Begad or Begee is as much of a felony as burglary or robbery—or any other crime.

Please don't misunderstand me.

What I say about the Aga Khan and his mate isn't sour grapes.

I am strictly for the capitalistic system.

I believe that the fellow who earns a lot of money is entitled to have a good time. Let him have diamonds, fur coats, as many dozen homes as he wants to be bothered with, and 19 67-cylinder automobiles if he chooses.

But that some fellow also has obligations.

That same fellow has no right to get fat on the hunger of others.

Fortunately here in america the great majority of our rich men realize their debt to their fellow men.

Sometimes I wonder whether those Communist idiots here in America realize how many millions of dollars are being given to charity, education and research by our wealthy.

I wonder how many Communists have been treated in free clinics, read books they got in free libraries endowed by the rich and loafed on unemployment money a great part of which came out of taxes paid by the very people when they would like to crucify.

One of these days some of these Communists will undoubtedly enjoy the old-age insurance money that was deducted from your salary and mine.

That is the American kind of capitalism.

But the Aga Khan's kind is different. You have read how he is paid every year according to his weight. The fatter he gets the more money he makes.

Just like a swine. The more that weighs, the more it's worth.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Socialist experiment in Great Britain is a failure. It might be asked why Communism has succeeded in Soviet Russia — if success is measured by the production of goods and the rise in the standard of living — and yet socialism in Great Britain has failed in four years.

Many answers can be offered tentatively. No one is so smart that he can without doubt explain a great historical situation while it is still in the process of developing. Yet I shall try my hand at it, tentatively.

In the first place, Russia, in 1917, was not a capitalist country. Only in a few areas had the Industrial Revolution made any impression on a feudal or even a pre - feudal economy. Even so, Lenin encountered difficulties; for a time he abandoned socialism, establishing the new economic policy which gave him a breathing spell. After Lenin's death, Stalin established not only an economic but a political and social dictatorship which reduced the people to slavery to the state. Any form of socialism requires an elimination of human liberty.

In Great Britain, it has been necessary to recede from capitalism to socialism without limiting human freedom. Therefore, the government cannot enforce its will in a free society. Labor performs as it chooses. No British authority dares to impose such a speed - up as Stakhanovism represents in Russia. And no government in England dares to call a strike a counter - revolution and it cannot kill strikers. Furthermore, the British have no way of exporting goods to such an extent as the Russians did in the 1920's from the Ukraine, permitting millions of human beings to starve to death.

Further, Russia in 1917 had so low a standard of living, in some areas even nomadic, that any rise is phenomenal. Great Britain in 1938 was on a very high standard of living from which it has been steadily receding — during the war because of it, since the war, by Socialist austerity. Therefore, the average Russian is actually better off under Stalin, whereas the average Britisher is worse off under socialism.

Soviet Russia can live on herself. It is false to say that Russia is self - sufficient any more than the United States is self - sufficient. But such countries as the United States and Soviet Russia can manage to care for themselves under the most adverse conditions. For instance, during the war, the United States ran short of raw rubber but was able to produce synthetic rubber because of possession of ample coal and petroleum; in fact, if this country had to use alcohol for the manufacture of synthetic rubber, it would have ample grain for that purpose. Russia can be in a similar situation with similar results if her industry is adequately developed.

Such countries as Great Britain and Japan must always be in difficulties because they have to import food products and raw materials, of which they possess too little. From the time of Queen Elizabeth to World War I, Great Britain solved that problem by a rising economic and political imperialism. This involved a world - wide export - import trade, always in Britain's favor. This made the pound sterling the safest money in the world and Great Britain the richest country. Two wars ended the economic empire and seriously weakened the political empire. The pound sterling lost its preeminence and the American dollar took its place.

The British can only obtain ample dollars to maintain their industries and their standard of living by two means: 1. To get the dollars from the United States for nothing (lend-lease, British loan, Marshall plan); or 2. To export huge quantities of goods competitively priced.

Both involve difficulties. Any give-away program must sooner or later reach an end. Psychologically, it produces antagonisms between giver and taker, the giver feeling that he is being gypped; the taker, feeling that he is not being given enough. The export dumping operation involves a devaluation of currency which may be politically embarrassing in a free country. The British Socialists have resorted to barter which cannot work successfully unless a country has a monopoly of a much wanted commodity.

I would say that these comparisons explain somewhat the essential differences between the Russian and the British problems.

(Copyright 1949)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Aug. 27, 1924, a Wednesday.

The Kichline family held its 16th annual reunion at Menlo park with approximately 200 attending. Officers elected were: Thomas Kichline, president; Dr. John Kichline, Monroe Kichline, and Edgar Kichline, vice presidents; Leidy Kichline, secretary; Warren Kichline, assistant secretary; and Robert Kichline, treasurer.

Claude Laudenslager was the speaker at the weekly Lion's club meeting. Mr. Laudenslager stated that Allentown milk was "the best in the world." Frank Conner and Stanley Mensinger entertained the group with several vocal duets.

Delegates to the Order of Harugari convention were welcomed by Mayor Malcolm Gross and Police Chief M. H. Bernhard. Rudolf Plesser, a native Allentonian, was elected grand president of the order.

Horoscope

Vocational affairs should progress in your next year and good fortune materialize. Today's child should be intellectual and successful.

Biggest Attraction

By HENRY McLEMORE

Kruger National Park, Transvaal, South Africa— On our third day here in the world's largest wild game reserve we were up with the sun and out of the gates for another day of "hunting" in the bushveld.

The animals in the park live in a completely wild state, preying on one another just as they did before the park was established. The only difference now is that human beings are not allowed to shoot them except with a camera, and that must be done from the inside of a car.

Only idiots, or those working toward a degree in idiocy, ever get out of their cars. A visitor is safe only if he follows to the letter the rules of the park, which he pledges to do upon entering. When you see a sign that reads "Elephant Country! Drive Slowly!" you'd darned well better do just that. The elephant warnings — and they dot the park — sternly advise you not to approach within 100 yards of an elephant lest the "results be disastrous."

When frightened, elephants sometimes will charge a car, and there have been cases in the park when an elephant decided to sit down on an automobile, or stamp on it with his big feet and then give it a thrashing with his trunk. Detroit has yet to turn out anything that is completely elephant-proof.

Elephants, especially the young bulls, are very mischievous. Driving along the trails of the park one can see where an elephant has recently passed. There will be uprooted trees, and trees snapped in two and tossed aside. This is their playful exercise. There is always the chance that an elephant will mistake a sedan for a tree, because his eyesight is extremely poor.

Chiefly because of elephants and giraffes the various barricaded rest camps scattered throughout the park are not connected by telephone. Officials have made several attempts to link the camps by phone, but they would no sooner sink poles in the ground than the elephants would either root them up or splinter them. If the elephants happened to leave the poles alone the giraffes would knock down the wires with their necks.

During the hot summer months of November, December, January, February and March, when park is closed, the thousands of signs and guide posts have to be removed and stored. Otherwise the elephants would playfully pull them up and stamp them into matchwood.

Krguer park is fa rand away South Africa's biggest tourist attraction, and would be even bigger if people would believe that such a spot existed. The head of the South African Tourist bureau, Mr. Kuys of Pretoria, told me that while people were ready to believe that more than a million wild animals roamed the park, it was difficult to make them comprehend that they could drive for hundreds of miles through the haunts of the animals, and sleep at night within a few hundred yards of them.

Had I not come to the park, Mr. Kuys would have had a hard time convincing me that it wasn't a publicity man's dream. To a man accustomed to going to sleep to the toot of taxis, the backfire of cars, and the rumble of the subway, it is a weird feeling to be lulled to sleep by the roar of lions. This sort of thing, mind you, less than three days from New York by Pan-Am Clipper.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Paul's epistles are usually divided into two sections, the first a discussion of Christian doctrine, the second, Christian doctrine applied to daily living. The six chapters of Ephesians are thus equally divided, the first three chapters closing with an Amen, the fourth, our lesson for today, beginning with a 'therefore,' as usual, for if the three preceding chapters are true, then we should logically do something about what they tell us. In other words, Paul beseeches us, as Christians, to walk worthy of the calling wherewith we are called, a high, a holy, and a heavenly calling. Lowliness, meekness, longsuffering, forbearance, and love should mark those who constitute the body of Christ, the church, thus maintaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. The church of Christ is one body, acknowledging one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all (Christians), in dwelling each believer by His Holy Spirit, through Whom gifts are imparted to each one for use in His service unto the salvation of souls.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HEN TZU G'SHWIND GABLAUDER'D: M'r wotta m'r weara da onner dawg ruich gawest fon da Ruth Lerch, lecturer fon da Harmony ihr'm "Secret Pal" waisa. Wie n'r ferleicht noch wissa, die Ruth hut ebbes so shaines grick'd, ow'r 's noh k'hoss'd, un die socha net gawissa. Wel, in da Laurys Grange hen m'r aw so'n "Secret Pal" klub, un wos hen m'r da onner owet net aw socha grick'd. Weara m'r ruich gawest fon da Ruth ihr'm waisa, hetta m'r des ferleicht awenich hail halta kenna, ow'r so hen m'r net mainer os wie der ledshd bind'l uf gamocht kot, bis ebber shun gawunnert hut eb m'r now aw schreiva dada fon wos m'r grick'd hetta.

Unnich umshtanda wie sel, kon m'r net gute ous reissa, un kon eich sawga oses aw gabush'ld hut. In da angshda un 'm uf ruhr os wor bis m'r ol die bind'l uf gamocht hen kot, hen m'r wariclich fergessa tzu tzaila wie fiel bind'l os m'r in ol grick'd hen, un hen aw ken lisht gamocht fon allas os drin wor. So fiel kenna m'r ow'r sawga, os aenich ebbes un allas dabei wor fon ferbrochna fonograf reckords un shtrumb band'l, nuf tzu gadara bohna, tzolshtawb, bicher, un alta magazines. Un allas wor so wunnerbore shae ei gawick'ld, net wie selar gross ous g'shtopt hinkle voy woh sie mohl yusht inna larer hunnerd pund tzugar sock g'shteck'd hen fer 'n uns gewwa. Uns wor aw ol gutie goods os m'r grick'd hen—des is, 's wor mohl, ow'r dale dafon shun long tzurick.

Ferleicht uf kours sotta m'r die socha aw net nunner duh ols "Secret Pal" g'shpichta. 'S hut alsa mohl onnerra mit gneb hinnich da ohra un woh froh sin fer alter gadrash lose werra 's same wie mier farm yohr 'm Alvin Hoffman fon Egypt uf galawda hen. Oy duh welt wos wor sel ols so gute, un er hut ol die weil gons unshuldicha gablaim'd. Fersel wolla m'r 's uf niemond laenich soddla, un maich'd ferleicht sei os es so'n nochberschoft waisa wor, 's same wie 'm Alvin sei Alice Cora mohl gamaint hut 's mist 'n gonsie gang bei nonner gawest sei fer 'm Alvin sei socha ei wickla, un hen der chob selwar gaduh kot in ra halb shtub.

Tzu warever os die socha gewwa un ei gawick'ld hut, wolla m'r nocha mohl gross donk sawga. So welt os sel aw gait, m'r hen aw so g'sawt on da Grange fersommling 'm Dunnershdawg owet, un die gons drup hut tzurick gaontwert 's wear garn g'shaina. Die "Secret Pal" klubs sin'n lot g'shpass, yusht 's sot niemond datzu gae mit ma shwocha hartz. Ich sawg eich 's shnart 'n mensch gahairich won m'r 'n bind'l grick'd os guck'd wie won er sei gawicht in gold wert wear, uns sis nix drin wie alta darra bohna un so dreck waisa. Ow'r m'r hen gore ken glawk om kumma, fegel kumma gawainlick hame fer shlofa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Der Professor Clyde Stine fon Millersville is der shwetzer on unserra Dorney Park schnitzer party Sundawgs fer Labor Dawg, un uf Labor dawg on da lodwarick party, shwetzt der Porra Frank Ruth fon Bernville.

Yader dawg gebts aw noch fiel onnerra socha on Dorney Park, socha bei louder laedich guta Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, fer helfa recht shoffenda Pennsylfawnish Deitscha, dawga fartich mocha.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE DOUBTER

"No God" said he. "There is no law
Save that which men for safety make,"
And then one summer night we saw
The moonlight streaming on the lake.

"No God?" said I. "How happens then
Such beauty for mankind to see?
Is that the handiwork of men?
Has human skill such artistry?"

"Blind force," you say.
"For countless years
That moon has shone on lake and sea.
Ages away, when it appears,
As now we view it, it will be.

"Does force exist beyond its hour?
Has any blast such beauty wrought
Or is there not a higher power
Beyond the grasp of human thought?"

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THREE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN VERSIONS OF THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

By HEINZ KLOSZ

SEVERAL attempts have been made, at one time or another, to do short passages from the Bible into the Pennsylvania German dialect. The Parable of the Prodigal Son (Luke XV: 11-32) may however be the only biblical text of which more than one dialect version exists. Three translators have tried their hand on the story, namely: a.—In 1873 L. A. Ash in Vol. I, No. 3 of the magazine "The Pennsylvania Dutchman", Lancaster, Pa., edited by Col. E. H. Rauch; b.—In 1879 E. H. Rauch himself in his Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook, Mauch Chunk, Pa., 1879; c.—In 1903 C. E. Grumbine in "The Lebanon Report," for January 17.

Our first duty is to introduce the authors. Unfortunately nothing is known to me about Miss L. A. Ash, but that she resided at McVeytown, Mifflin County, at the time her translation was published. (Reichard, in his Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, 1918, p.93, gives the place as Myerstown.) To her belongs the distinction of having been the first person to translate from the Bible into the vernacular.

About Edward Henry Rauch (1820-1902) little need be said. Over the pen-name "Pitt Schwefflebrenner" he wrote many humorous P. G. letters, a selection from which might find favor with the reading public even today. He was the most versatile and experiment-minded writer the P. G. language has produced and it is not surprising that attempts with Bible texts were made by him or under his sponsorship.

Charles Ezra Grumbine (1845-1923), physician and co-founder of the Lebanon County Historical Society, has written what was probably the first play in the dialect, "Die Inshurance Business," published a volume of English and P. G. verse with the title "Der Prahlhans," and has, over the name of Wendell Kitzmiller, written numerous dialect letters covering a wide range of topics. Just before his death he had yielded to the demands of friends to make a selection of his letters for publication in book form and one wonders whether he had included his rendition of Luke XV which, together with the other two versions, now follows:

The Ash Version

11 Es hott en mann zwe buwa katt,
12 un der juengste sagt zu seim dade: Geb mer mei dehl von der arbschaft. Un sei dade gebts ihm.
13 Un net lang dernoch sammelt der jung bu alles zamme und geht weit in en anner land un dart verhaust er all sei erbschaft in schlechtes lewe.
14 Un we er alles g'spend hatt katt dan war en grosse hungersnoth in land un er hatt afange nothleide muesse.
15 Un dernoh isch (sic) er gange und hott sich verdingt zum eh mann in sellem land; un der mann hott ihn ins feld g'schickt saeu zu fieddera.
16 Un er hatt gern sei bauch g'filld mit dem bascht des die saeu g'fresse hen. Awer's hott ihm niemand dervon gewa.
17 Un wo er an sich selwer komma isch, hott er gsad, "Wie viel gedingte leid hott mei dade di genunk hen zu esse un ich sterb von hunger.
18 Ich will uf steh und zu meim dade geh un ich will zu ihm saga: "Dade ich hab gega himmel un gega dich g'sindigt,
19 Un bin nimme werth dei bu kesse werra; mach mich wie ene von deina gedingta leit."
20 Un er isch ufgstanna un zu seim dade gange. Awer wo er noch weit ab wor, hott sei dade ihn gsena un hott ihn gedauert un isch gsprunga un uf sei hals gfalla un hott ihn gebossd.
21 Un der bu sagt zu ihm "Dade ich hab gega der himmel und gega dich gsindigt un bin nimme werth dei bu kesse werre."
22 Awer sei dade sagt zu ens von seina knechte: Bring her der best mutze un du ihm ihn ah un du en finger ring an sei finger un schu an sei fuess.
23 Un bring her des vet kalb un schlacht's un los uns essa und harrlich sei.
24 don mei bu war dod un isch widder levig warra, er war verlora und isch widder gfunna. Un sie hen ahgfanga herrlich werra.
25 Now der elscht bu war im feld, un wo er negst ans haus komma isch, hot er musick un dansa kert.
26 Un er ruft ens von der knecht un frogt was die sache mehne.
27 Un er sagt zu him: "Dei bruder isch kumma un dei dade hott's vet kalb gschlacht well er ihn widder safe un sound grickt hott."
28 Un er war bes un geht net nei; dernoh kummt sei dade raus un coaxed ihn.
29 Un er gebt seim dade zu antwort, "Die viel johr hob ich var dich g'schaft un hab niemols gedu du mir g'sad hoscht des ich net soll un doch hoscht du mir nie ein junger gais gewa das ich herrlich sei hab kenna mit meina freund.
30 Awer so gschwind des der son kumma isch wo sei erbschaft alles verhaust hott mit schlechte weibsleut hoscht du des vet kalb gschlacht var ihn."
31 Un er sagt zu ihm: "Son, du bischt alsvard bei mir; un alles was ich hab isch dei.
32 Es war schicklich, herrlich un vro zu sei var dei bruder war dod un isch widder lewig; war velora un isch widder g'funna".

The Rauch Version

11 An g'wisser mon hut tzwae boova g'hot.
12 Un der yungsht fun ena hut g'sawt tzu seim dawdy: "Dawdy, geb mer's dale fun der arbschaft os tzu meer folt." Un ar hut si living unner ena ferdailt.
13 Un net feel dawga nochderhand hut der yingsht sohn olles tzomma g'sommelt un is gonga weit in'n onner lond un dort hut ar si sauch ferschwent mit schiechts lava.
14 Un we ar olles g'shpent hut sin orrick hordy tzeita ivver's lond cooma, un ar war d'no in grossy note.
15 Un ar is gonga un hut sich ferdingt tzu'm a eiwohner fun sellem lond; un seller hut'n nous g'schickt for si tzu feedera in de felder.
16 Un ar hut selwer nix tsu essa g'hot os's fooder wo se de si mit g'feedert hen; un nemond hut'm ebbas gevva.
17 Un we ar tzu sich selwer cooma is hut ar g'sawt: We feel fun mein dawdy si gadingty leit hen brode genunk un noch ivverich, un ich du doh boonger leida.
18 Ich will uff tzu mein dawdy gae un will tzu em sawga, Dawdy, ich hob mich fersindich'd geaga Himmel un fore deer.
19 Un ich bin nimmy waert di sohn tzu sei; mauch mich we anes fon dina gadingty.
20 Un ar is uf, un tzu seim dawdy gonga. Awer we ar noch weit ob war hut si Dawdy een g'sana un hut mitleida mit'm g'hot un is g'shproonga un hut'n um der hols grickt un hut'n gabuss'd.
21 Un der sohn hut g'sawt, Dawdy, ich hob mich fersindich'd geaga Himmel, un fore dina awga, un ich bin 's net waert di sohn tzu sei.
22 Awer der Dawdy hut g'sawt tzu sina gadingty leit, bring der besht ruck un du'n eem awt un du 'n ring on si finger, un shoe uf si fees.
23 Un bring 's fetshd colb, un schlaucht's, un luss uns essa, un looshtich si.
24 For my sohn war dode, un is widder leevich; ar war felora, un is g'foona, un se han aw g'fonga looshtich tzu waerra.
25 Now, der eldsht sohn war im feld; un we ar naigsht ons house cooma is hut ar g'hared os se music hen, un donsa.
26 Un ar hut anes fun de deener g'froked was des olles maned?
27 Un ar hut 'n g'sawt, dei bruder is cooma; un dei Dawdy hut's fet colb g'shlaucht, weil ar safe un sound aw cooma is.
28 Un ar war bais, un hut net ni gae wella, dawrum is si Dawdy nous, un hut 'n gacoaxed.
29 Un in ontwardt hut ar tzu seim Dawdy g'sawt, Doh de feela yohr hob ich der gadeend, un hob nee net di rules gabrucha; un doch husht du mer nee net amohl 'n yung gais'l gevva os ich plesseer maucha kent mit mina freinda.
30 Awer so bol os dar sohn aw cooma is, wo's sauch os du 'm gevva husht ferhous'd hut mit lava unner schlechty weibsleit, d'no husht 's fet colb g'schlaucht for 'n.
31 Un ar hut tzu 'm g'sat, "Sohn, du warsht olsfordt by mer, un olles os ich hob is di.
32 Es war recht os mer looshtich un fro warra sin; for dei bruder war dode, un is widder levvich; un war ferlora un is g'foona."

The Grumbine Version

11 N'sartner mon daer hut tzwae boova ghot.
12 un mul ee dawg is der yingsht tzu sy'm dawdy gonga un hut gsawd "Dawdy, geb mir my dael fon der arrbshofft as tzu mir komma sul." Un der oldt mon daer gaet verhoftlich draw un ferdailt si sach un gebt'n yingshta si sheer.
13 Net long dernoach gaet daer yingsht fun da boova draw un geddert olles tzomma wass aer grickt hut un gaet wide fordt mit in 'n onner londt un dart hut aer gli olles darrich g'yawkt un fersuffa ghot.
14 Un we aer mol olles fershpent hut ghot, note hut'a hardty tzeita un hunger's note gevva in sellem londt; un aer is so awrm worra as aer sheer ferhoongert is.
15 Note is aer gonga un hut sich ferdingt tzum mon un daer hut'n nous gschickt in's feldt wo de si g'fressa hen.
16 Es hut'm neemond nix gevva tzu essa.
17 Un we aer note mul awfonga hut mit sich selwer tzu denka, so secht aer "we feel fun my'm dawdy sina knechta hen g'noonk brod, un Ich mus do ferhoongra.
18 Ich gae draw un gae widder hame tzu my'm dawdy, un Ich sawg tzu him, Dawdy Ich hob mich fersindicht fore dir gaega der himmel.
19 Un Ich bin nimmy shmart g'noonk for di soo tzu si; nem mich aw for di knecht tzu si."
20 Un aer is uf un is ob, un is hame tzu sy'm dawdy. Awwer we aer nuch 'n gross shtick ab wore so hut si dawdy 'n shun g'saena, un aer hut'n gadowrt, un is 'm gaege gshprunga un hut 'n um der holtz grickt, un hut 'n gabusst.
21 Un der soo hut gsawd "Dawdy, Ich hob mich fersindicht dir in's gsicht un Ich bin nimmy waert dass du mich di soo haesht.
22 Awwer der fodder secht tzu sina knechta: "Gae un hoal de besht suit glaeder as der finna kent un doot se 'm aw; un doot 'm a finger ring aw un shoo on si fees.
23 Un gaet un schlacht's fettsht kalb, un mocht 'n goot essa un lusst uns all froh si.
24 For des is my soo, daer wore doat un is widder lavendig; aer wore ferlohra un is widder g'funna." Un se hen awfonga fraelich tzu si.
25 Awwer der ellsht soo daer wore uf'm feldt un we aer hame kumma is on's house so hut aer'n loud gasing g'haert, un moosic, un dontza.
26 Don rooft aer'n knecht awennig naera nous un froagt een was de dinga maena daeta un was awging im house.
27 Un daer hut'm gsawd "Di bruder is hame komma un di dawdy hut 'n kalb shlochta glusst un 'n bankwet gamacht wile aer widder dahame is safe un sound."
28 Note wore der onner base un is net ni in's house. Don is sei dawdy rous komma un hut'm gooty wordta gevva, un hut gsawd aer sut duch ri komma.
29 Awwer aer hut gsawd tzu sy'm dawdy: "Gook a mul do! Dee feela yohra hod Ich dir gadeent un hob di gabutta nee ivverdretta un awver mir husht d'nuch ne net even 'n shofebuck oder'n gaesly gevva dass Ich mit mina freind fraelich si hob kenna.
30 Un awver now, so g'shwindt as daer onner do hame kommt, daer wo si goot alles darrich g'yawkt hut mit schlechty weibsleit, un si soch ferfressa un fersuffa hut, now gaesht du draw un schlachst 'n kolb un husht 'n bankwet g' macht for ihn."
31 Aer hut awver gsawd tzu ihm "My soo, du bisht ollytzeit by mir, un olles was my is des is dy.
32 Du sulsht awver aw froelich un goot's moot's si, for di bruder wore doat un is widder lavendig; der wore ferlora un is widder g'funna."

These versions we may approach from the standpoint of either the philologist or the sociologist.

The philologist will find several aspects he would like to dwell upon. Thus we have the question of interdependence. There is no doubt that Rauch was acquainted with the translation by Miss Ash and it is highly probable that Grumbine who was well read in everything Pennsylvania German knew Rauch's "Handbook."—In addition we might inquire whether the three versions were based upon Luther's or the Authorized Version. It can easily be proved that all of them are much closer to the English than to the German text.

This brings us to the problem of the fidelity of the respective translations to the original. Miss Ash's diction is terse and concise; occasionally it comes near an abridgement of the original. Rauch seems to have been most faithful to his English source. Grumbine's translation stands on the opposite pole, enlarging so much upon the original that at first sight he seems to have written a paraphrase rather than an exact translation. Close scrutiny however reveals that he only seldom has altered the original wording. In most instances his amplification means an adding of phrases not contained in the English text.

Occasionally what looks like a free coinage by Grumbine himself actually is a more faithful rendering of the Authorized Version, as e.g. in v.29, where the "Lo!" of the English text (and Luther's "Siehe!") have been skipped by both Ash and Rauch, while Grumbine renders it by "Gook a mul do!"

And of course no philologist can pass up the undying spelling problem. Our three versions are unduly separated by differences in orthography; their resemblance would be far more evident would all wear the same garb. Miss Ash used German spelling, but quite often she overdoes it, writing for example "freund" for "freind" (v.29). Grumbine on the other hand leans heavily on the English side, while Rauch also uses English sound values but without Grumbine's exaggerations.

The sociologist will, in the first place, try to answer the question whether dialect is at all adaptable to the solemn style and the sacred content of the Bible. But is it still a question after the perusal of our three specimens, particularly of the version by Rauch, or of the story "Wie Grischtus gebore iss" in the ECK of Dec. 2, 1946? And has not the Bible, or have not at least the Gospels been translated into the tongues of countless primitive peoples? Is there any reason why a highly developed dialect such as P. G. should be unfit for what has been successfully accomplished with Creole dialects created by negroes out of the raw material of European tongues? Is P. G. less fit for dignified translation work than e.g. Ningre Tongo or Taki Taki, the Negro speech of Dutch Guayana, originally an English dialect, but full of Dutch loan-words and spelled after the Dutch fashion (from a socio-linguistic point of view strikingly similar to the P. G.?) The Rev. Aster C. Wuchter (1856-1933), during the last years of his life planned to translate part of the New Testament into his mother tongue, but nothing seems to have come of this. He would have been the right man for the task, the breadth of his vocabulary and the flexibility of his diction being unsurpassed.

The whole problem is closely interwoven with that of the use of Pennsylvania German in the pulpit. Whoever tries to go into that matter—which we cannot do here—should know from the outset where first to direct his searchlight. Denominations with a large P. G. constituency fall into three main branches: 1. the "churches"; 2. the "old sects" originated in Europe before the emigrations to Pennsylvania, such as the Mennonites and the Dunkards; 3. the "new sects" that sprang up in North America, whether founded by the P. G. like Albright's "Evangelical Association" and Otterbein's "United Brethren," or founded among Anglo-Americans and gradually encroaching upon P. G. territory such as Bapists and Methodists. It is among the new sects that we must in the first place look for records of preaching done in P. G. They had no denominational classics written in the High German and their preachers, very often laymen, were not brought up in a feeling of awe and reverence for the literary German. Moses Dissinger (1825-1883) who belonged to the Evangelical Association is a fair example, and I myself in 1930 heard P. G. sermons by the Rev. Titus Hottel of Allentown. But today, where High German has practically disappeared outside of the small group of the Amish and the Wisler-Mennonites there is no visible obstacle to a new approach from among other religious groups.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

True, conscious honor, is to feel no sin;
He's armed without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.—Horace.

Safely First in Week End Rush

The final big weekend of the touring season begins today and it can be expected that, with weather favoring, the maximum number of Americans will be moving hither and thither in their motor cars over the nation's highways. It will surprise no one if the volume of traffic be greater than anything that ever has been known in this country.

There are more motor cars registered in this country today than at any time in our history and the number continues to grow. Furthermore those with cars are prompted to use them in the pursuit of pleasure, especially when a two-and-a-half to three-day holiday period comes along.

So the highways promise to be jammed with cars. There will be much bumper-to-bumper driving at various times and at many places. It is something to be expected as almost inevitable and the motorists can do little about it for they themselves create the situation.

Highway police will be located at many places where difficulties in the movement of traffic are likely to occur. They will work hard to keep the cars moving and untangle the traffic snarls. But they will be facing a condition and not a theory and motorists will be foolish if they think they can make fast travel time on the roads during the weekend period.

Above all motorists should be mindful of the conditions which they are themselves helping to create and act according to the rules of safety at all times.

Here is a good rule and admonition to observe: It is not so important "when" you get to your destination as "how," and whether you get there at all.

Our Bison Ambassadors

There are herds of American bison in the Eastern United States other than the one in the Trexler-Lehigh Game Preserve so it is a bit flattering that a big rodeo company has come to Lehigh to engage a goodly part of the herd for exhibition purposes in Madison Square Garden a few weeks hence.

The officials in charge of the Preserve see this as a good business venture. In the first place the animals will yield a rental charge and in the second, they should serve to give our big outdoor attraction up near Schnecksville very good advertisement.

It will be a nice thing to have the many thousands who will visit the show in Madison Square Garden know that the fine and rare animals come from up Allentown way. It should prompt a lot of curiosity as to the size of the herd from which they come and the conditions under which they are maintained by a community. It should likewise prompt tourist interest in a part of the country so easily accessible for New Yorkers and which offers such unusual pleasures.

Schools Will Be Opened

Altho Allentown school officials have had their worst of many headaches in recent days, during which closing of three school buildings was ordered by State authority, the pain may be partly alleviated and the system may struggle along without the maximum of inconvenience that originally seemed certain from the State order closing the schools.

Children enrolled in the three buildings have been directed to report there on next Wednesday according to schedule. Superintendent Seidel has informed the parents of these children that the schools will be open for them and that they will be protected in their attendance at the regular sessions.

Dr. Seidel made the announcement with a calmness that implies confidence in the success of steps by the School Board to keep the buildings open, despite the padlock orders. It will be "back to school, as usual," for the pupils of the Franklin, Stevens and Washington schools.

However, it can be accepted as a surety that the big issues which have been raised will be resolved. The conditions in the three ancient school buildings which have been the basis of complaint will be remedied. They will take time and money but they will be done.

Japan After Four Years

General MacArthur, who was put in charge of Japan after V-J Day, is credited with having done a splendid job in the handling of a disillusioned and defeated people, but in turn he has become an admirer of the Japanese for the manner in which they have accepted defeat and have tried to bring about rehabilitation of their damaged country and its entire political, social and economic system.

In a statement on V-J Day the General said that the Japanese have so faithfully fulfilled their surrender commitments that they have earned a formal peace treaty which should be written without delay.

He said that there has been spiritual regeneration and physical reconstruction in Japan that have given the Japanese people a new concept of freedom and he added that Japan can profitably be viewed as a symbol of hope for "less fortunate peoples who are overwhelmed by the despotic rule of coercive support." As to Communism, he said that its assaults upon the integrity of the newly-found democratic progress have been repulsed effectively and "not by the repressive force of police power, but by the weight of an increasingly informed and active Japanese public opinion, aroused to meet the threat to their free institutions." As a major issue, Communism is dead in Japan, says MacArthur, and "it fell victim to its own excesses."

"The Japanese mind penetrated the hypocrisy supporting its position. This test of strength, while disturbing to orderly progress, served to bring to light for the first time the full latent power of the Japanese devotion to the concepts of freedom and the integrity of their constitutional processes," says the General.

Here are other points touched on by MacArthur in his lengthy report:

Trade unionism — The progress of trade unionism during the past year was somewhat impeded by irresponsible union leadership.

Women — Enfranchised Japanese women are exerting an increasingly beneficial influence upon the country's political, economic and social life.

Economy — Japan is still in transition from an economy of survival to one of health, and the past year has witnessed significant progress with land reforms and the breakup of the feudal system.

Production — The production level, paralyzed by the war, has risen steadily until now it is rapidly approaching the average level for the years 1930 to 1934.

Exports — Japan's exports were $103,000,000 in 1946, $258,000,000 in 1948 and in the first six months of 1949 had exceeded the total for the full year 1948 by a sizeable margin.

Unemployment — There is no mass unemployment despite the fact that since Oct. 1, 1945 9,500,000 people have been added to the Japanese population — five million by repatriation and the rest through natural increase. The unemployment figure for June 1949 was 400,000.

Certainly this is a good report of a people who only four years ago lost all their oversea holdings, saw their merchant and fishing fleets sunk and the machinery of their mills taken away as reparations, not to mention destruction of their cities and great changes in moral and political concepts.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

New York—

For Phil Murray there were jeers. For those who shouted: "Follow the lead of those who are called Communists and leftists . . . we are fighting to make this country free for Communists . . ." there were cheers. Cheers from 1,500 throaty Comrades and their friends.

They had gathered in the catacombed Manhattan Center last Tuesday night to listen to defiant leaders of those pro-Communist CIO unions which had organized the cacophonous "Conference on Autonomy and Democracy in the CIO." This is the national outfit launched some weeks ago in Chicago to champion pro-Communist policies at the national CIO convention early in November.

And on Tuesday night, jammed into a hot seventh floor auditorium, they clearly and painstakingly drew the Communist line inside labor and industry. Murray's name was booed and hissed, derided and laughed at, sneered and jeered at, linked with the Ku Klux Klan, cross burnings, sellouts, "white supremacy" and "desertion of the Negro people."

Not since the wild revolutionary 1919-1935 days of the Communist party have I heard an internationally prominent labor leader so reviled. And most certainly not a CIO chief.

So let's get the record straight:

The big man with the black eye-patch and Red politics was Maurice Travis, secretary-treasurer of the CIO Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, who charged bluntly that Phil Murray's southern people had approved of the kidnaping and beating of a pro-Commie organizer; had burned crosses in front of Negro members homes and encouraged parades of the hoods in the Ku Klux Klan.

But more fascinating than the smear of Murray was another Travis blast at him, whooped up and roaringly approved by the crowd. Travis had just "accused" Murray of cooperating with industry to get production. Then the huge mine and smelter man growled into the mike:

"We (the Autonomy committee) say that any worker who sits down with employers to speed production is merely working himself out of a job. And since when do we care about the employers?"

Among those who cheered right on the speakers platform were leaders of the Farm Equipment workers, the Office and Professional crowd, the Fur workers, the Communications union, the public workers, Food and Tobacco workers, electrical workers (U.E.) and the Marine Cooks and Stewards, just to mention a few.

Then others arose to potshot Phil Murray and National CIO secretary Jim Carey as "chairwarmers." It was he who pounded the table and screamed, let's fight for the Communists. It was he who said Murray had "tied his kite to the industrialists." It was he who argued that Murray had deserted the Negro people and that "the Negro people have repudiated the white supremacy policies of Phil Murray." And the crowd loved it.

And why not?—the only avowed non-Communist in the audience who got up to object was booed down, howled at as he hopped from microphone to microphone in an effort to speak freely at this "Conference for Autonomy and Democracy."

When I tried to get to him for an interview on the floor, the mob yowled and I was told to sit down or get out. Being polite, I sat down — besides, that crowd was seriously ugly.

Again I say, why shouldn't the crowd love it all? The new line is to goad the responsible national CIO leadership into expelling the pro-Communist unions. From as authoritative a source as Bella Dodd, until very recently a member of the Communist party's National committee, I learn that the party line is to split CIO and discredit it.

"The Communist party isn't interested in uniting the labor movement," Mrs. Dodd told me. "It is splitting labor and wants to weaken it and maintain the Communist opposition in CIO at all costs."

And so it went. Meanwhile, ushers littered the seats and floor of the meeting hall with expensively printed, slick literature, charging that the steel workers and KKK worked together, and asking, "Who Runs Our Unions? I do, says Phil Murray . . . We Do, say CIO members."

Then the threat that "At least 11 CIO international Unions have no intention of complying with the board's dictates or getting out of CIO voluntarily."

They want to be kicked out. They want to be martyrs.

Phil Murray will oblige them. No man's stomach can take what they're giving.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Deuteronomy 31:6-8

Moses is about to die at the age of 120 years. Realizing that some one must succeed him in the difficult taks that lay ahead, he chose Joshua, according to the Lord's command in Num. 27:18, a man in whom was the Spirit of the Lord, and who, with Caleb, showed great faith in God's power to bring Israel into the land, in the face of a very discouraging majority report, Num. 13. The name of Joshua has these forms in the Bible: Oshea, Jehoshua, Hoshea, Jeshua, and Jesus, the Greek form (see Acts 7:45 and Hebrews 4:8). Moses in our lesson puts 'heart' into him, that is, he encourages him in the face of Israel's enemies. Be strong, says Moses, and of a good courage; fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God goeth with thee: He will not fail thee, or forsake thee; therefore be not dismayed. The happiest man in the world is he that knows that he is in God's will, and knows by personal experience the presence of God every hour of every day. When Jesus sent His apostles forth, He promised, 'Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age'. This promise still holds good for those who are obedient to His call.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The ways of Hollywood casting directors remain a mystery to us ordinary folk. Take the case of the men who are preparing that great stage hit, Born Yesterday, for the screen. The star role has been played—and played to the hilt—on Broadway ever since opening night by talented Judy Holliday.

Recently a film executive phoned her. "We're having the devil of a time finding somebody to do your part in the picture version," he told her. "Can you think of anybody who'd be right for it?" Judy Holliday told him—in words of one syllable!

An editor of a large New York publishing house has been working with a prominent lady psychoanalyst on the manuscript of a new book explaining psychosomatic medicine. One morning last week he phoned her to say, "I won't be able to work with you today. I have a bad attack of indigestion." "Pish and tush," she scoffed, "I'll bet it's psychosomatic. Come up and talk with me and I'll cure you in short order" "Thank you, no," said the editor. "At your prices I'd rather have indigestion."

Horoscope

Your potentialities include cleverness, observativeness, ability to devote yourself to many details. You probably like sports, long journeys, excitement.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

There is reason for sadness on the tenth anniversary of the opening days of World War II-sadness because the drift toward World War III is so unmistakably like the periods that preceded the other catastrophes.

Today the relations between Russia and the United States are supposed to be friendly in an official sense yet the proprieties which usually are observed in such intercourse are swept aside. The president of the United States recently called Russia an aggressor and recommended the arming of Western Europe by using American funds. Now the president, when asked about the "cold war," says he expects it to end in "surrender" exactly as did the shooting war in 1945.

The word has caused dismay. How could there be a surrender in a cold war? The president declined to amplify or explain, leaving the impression that he wanted the word to stand and that implications derived from it might not be far wrong.

If a cold war is to end in a surrender, it can only mean that Russian opposition to the western world will collapse and that the Soviets are expected to come on bended knee to seek peace from the United States and the western allies.

The mere fact that the president of the United States, who possesses all the information, secret or otherwise, bearing on the international situation, talks so confidently about the eventual collapse of Russian resistance in the cold war is sensational.

Can it be that the Russian troubles with Tito and the inability of the Soviets to command discipline among the satellite states are regarded by the American government as a sign of weakness, if not disintegration?

Whatever the purpose of Mr. Truman's reference to surrender it is obviously a military phrase and is in keeping with the official line that has been used in high quarters recently. It certainly is not a word that is found in the vocabulary of peace or diplomatic relations.

What appears on the surface is an almost complete blackout in the relations between Russia and the United States. Occasionally there is a visit by an ambassador, but usually only on some routine subjects. There is evidently no effort to find a better basis of relationship on over-all questions. The tendency seems to be to wait for Russia to become frightened over the military preparations of the allies and to come meekly into the family of nations and pursue a course of cooperation.

Such an illusion would appear to be out of keeping with that part of the Oriental mind which characterizes Russian behavior—the long, long wait for a favorable turn of events, possibly American economic depression. Certainly it doesn't explain the obstreperous attitude of Russia heretofore. For, clearly, if Russia were unable to make good her threats and had not the slightest intention or keeping up her tactics of harassment, what she has done in Europe and in the Far East thus far would appear to have been wasted.

Unfortunately, in Washington much of the thinking is done on the assumption that the mobilization of military might is the only language the Russians understand. This might have been true of the Czarist Russians and was true of Hitler. But the Soviets have been infiltrating in various countries in Europe and the Far East and the Communist ideology is a far more annoying weapon of attack nowadays than are military weapons. The countervailing influences from the allies are not strong.

If the United States and allies could be sure that the Russians do not intend to permit a shooting war to happen, the cost of military preparations here might be lessened. As it is, Russia holds the whip hand, having discovered how easy it is to scare and bluff America into spending nearly $17,000,000,000 a year on arms for this country and its allies.

One would think that the ingenuity of diplomacy would be invoked to bring an end to such an intolerable situation and that the same mental versatility in the western world which has brought so many fine achievements to mankind would discover a way to persuade the Russians to live in peace with other nations. But to fling the word "surrender" at any proud nation as the price of negotiation doesn't seem to be the tactful way to persuade another government to let bygones be bygones and make a new start toward world peace.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

The lady who told me this story swears by everything that it is true.

We were sitting on the porch of some friends yesterday afternoon, playing Canasta, when this lady came in with her daughter.

* * *

Now, as you probably know, whenever anybody one doesn't know very well drops in to call, one starts to talk about art or literature.

Since the parties of the first and second part usually know equally little about art and or literature these are pretty safe subjects to talk about.

So the conversation turned to art yesterday afternoon.

* * *

This lady knew a lot about art, as you will see in a minute.

She told us about a noted portrait painter whom she knows very well.

And this great portrait painter told her of a recent experience with a very wealthy woman.

She came to him and asked him to paint her portrait.

He agreed but asked a very, very stiff price for his work.

The very wealthy lady agreed to pay it, provided her dog, "a most intelligent and refined animal" approved of the painting when it was finished.

That was all right with the painter.

He knew that he was a very good painter, and he also knew that an intelligent dog might know just as much about good art as some of his patrons.

* * *

So she sat for the artist, and he did what he thought was a very fine job.

He brought the painting to the lady's home and placed it on a low easel, where the dog—setters being quite large—could easily examine it.

The dog was called in.

"Nice boy," said the lady, "look at the picture and tell me what you think of it."

The dog gave the painting a cursory sniff and walked away without even one wag of his tail.

* * *

"Sorry," said the lady, "no deal."

The painter looked at the painting and at the lady.

"Ah, I see," he said, "I must take it back and add a few touches."

Two days later he brought it back.

The dog was called in again.

This time he not only wildly wagged his tail but again and again licked the picture in evident approval.

The lady beamed.

"I can see the improvement," she said, and made out a check.

What the artist did not mention to his wealthy patron, but confidentially told my friend's friend was that the only improvement he had made to the painting was to rub some bacon grease on it.

(Copyright, 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

REASON FOR CARE

Were God to grant, as we beseech,
If every goal were in our reach,
If failure never threatened, then
Triumph would hold no joy for men.

Were banished every doubt and fear,
Love could give little service here.
If happiness were guaranteed,
For courage there would be no need.

Treasures are valued not by cost
But by the fear they may be lost.
Because it must be stained with tears,
Brighter the smiling face appears.

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N FENSHTER SHLUPPER: Wenich leit maiga 's ferleicht wissa, ow'r der Coopersbarrick baryeamaishder Lloyd Smith is net tzu beata wons mohl hais'd fenshterra shluppa-un des noch so gore kaller fenshterra. 'S wor heit tzwae wocha wie er dart drunna on ra fendu wor, un sei fraw die Hannah wor all'm noh fert on ra picknick, os die socha g'shaina sin. Eb er der shlissel tzum hous fergessa hut kot, odder eb er 'n aryads fertzott'ld hut kot kenna m'r net sawga Aenicha waig, aina waig odder da onner wie er hame is fon da fendu net weit ob, hut er net ins hous gakent, un die g'shpass hut g'shtart.

'S aller airsht hut er mohl ol die unnerra fenshterra gabroviert, ow'r sie worra ol g'shlossa. Endlich hut er ow'r 'n-uffa kaller fenshter g'funna, un wohs 'n kunsht gawest wear fer nei shluppa wons fenshter wenich graiser gawest wear, odder er awenich glanner. Ow'r sie sawga ols woh 'n willa wear, wear aw 'n waig, un so is es 'm Lloyd gonga wie er ins hous gawolt hut, un hut ken shlissel kot. 'S airsht hut er shure gamocht os 'n neimond sehna dade, un noh is er mit hand un fees nunner uf der budda, un hinnershich mit da fees tzum kaller fenshter nei gaback'd. Er hut sich ordlich ferbeaga un fershrawwa missa, ow'r hut sich endlich nei g'shoft, 's airsht die fees un bae, noh der karper, uns aller ledshd der kup. Eb er folshter tzum kaller nei is, hut er nocha mohl so shy rum har gaguck'd fer shure mocha os 'n neimond sehna dade, un hut tzu all'm glick ains fon unserra Fegelcher net g'sehna woh owwich 'm imma baum k'huck'd hut, un hut die socha ol shae ei ganumma.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Lloyd aw net howwa os sei Hannah ous fim'd wie er sich ins hous shoft won er ken shlissel hut, un wolla nix may weiter fertzaila so os er net sawga kon mier hetta die socha ferblotch'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Wie m'r onnerra yohra aw ols den dawg shun g'sawt hen, sawga m'r heit widder- m'r hoffa eich ol morya un iwwer morya tzu sehna on da Schnitzer un Lodwarick parties, on Dorney Park.

Pit Schweffelbrenner and the State Fair

Pit Schweffelbrenner (E. H. Rauch, 1820-1902) was the earliest of our dialect columnists. His style of humor, which few subsequent columnists, from "Bohnastiel" to "Kasper Hufnagel" have been able to escape, is well illustrated in the following letter which we found in the Reading Sunday News for Sept. 26, 1875, and which is apropos at this time of autumn fairs. The letter is entertaining enough for the general reader, but it is also useful to the student of our dialect. It calls to our attention the dialect terms for many nearly forgotten objects. On the other hand to those who think our dialect is dying out it must be evident even from this letter that modern columnists like our own Pumpernickle Bill and the late Lloyd Moll show greater range of vocabulary and ease and facility of expression than did Pit Schweffelbrenner nearly three-quarters of a century ago. The letter has been abbreviated somewhat for our purposes, but otherwise it appears here as we found it.—ED.

Schliffeltown, Sept. der 24, 1875.

Mister Drucker:

Ich un de Beevy sin bissy alleweil om ready maucha for de Shtate Fair tenda de neagsht woch in Lenkeshter. According tzu de adferdisements gebts an orrig grossy tzeit in seller alt shtadt wo's so feel eashteckiche heiser hut.

Se hen yusht about an gooty un interesting premium li.ht un doh sin a dale fun de items. (Here the editor of the ECK has omitted a list enumerated under Miscellaneous and continues as follows:)

De fine art department is especially in miner line un doh sin aw a pawr items derfu:

For's besht shtick rinds-ledder; der greasht un besht assortment fun carpet lumpa; de besht specimen fun shtrimpshtuppa; der scientifficksht job fun hussa flicka uf 'm hinnera sitz; der besht scented shtink-kase un der besht shu-wish g'maucht fun welshkorn basht, an holwer dawler's shtick.

Minerals, scientific un mechanic Arts departments: For der eltscht copy fum hunnert yearich Kallender; de besht collection fun Pennsylvania Deitsche shticker poetry; for de besht peffer box; for der greasht shuckle shtool; for de lengsht g'shmoked brodwarsht, for's besht g'finished hoof-elsa un for's greasht un besht shpinrawd, ea dawler's shtick.

Ornamental Department: For der besht si-troke; for's besht butter-fass; de besht holb dutzend flaesh hoka; de besht bushel parshing hutzella; der shensht dote Insh for's duwack sign; de besht lot karbsa un wassermellona un's greasht bushel ebble shnitz, dri dawler for de lot.

Family Domestic Luxuries—tzwea dawler for yeader item:

De besht buttle alt monnygahela whiskey; de greasht pint J. B. whiskey; der shtorricksht jigger whiskey plain; de greasht lot lager beer; de wulfalesht hunnert cigars; der besht dimmijohn ful brandy; de besht dutzend oyer; der greasht fuftzea punt g'shmokeder shunka un de besht quart Holland gin g'manufactured in Reamstown.

Glass un Queensware—ea dawler 's shtick:

De besht krupp-hock; der shensht koch-uffa; de besht brod-pon ona handle; de besht job printing press; de besht patent coffee-con; de shensht lot bocka-shtae; de besht latest style wehs-machine; de besht lot shmeersafe un de greasht assortment fun eight by ten fenshter shiva.

Produce fun der Bauerei—for en yeader item ea dawler un a bronze medal g'maucht fum feinshta Monroe County sole-leder: For de besht holb dutzend ess-leffle; sex parlor shteal os mer aw usa con in der kich; de besht bushel keshta; de shensht lot messra un gawwella; de besht shmut machine; der greasht wesh-tzuvver de shensht fancy baby carriage; der shensht American flag mit pole attached; de besht bushel shtae-coala un de besht invention for windla un onnery bobbelly klader drickla hinner 'm koch-uffa in der kich.

Grains, seed, flour, meal, un so weiter—ea dawler 's shtick:

For de besht bushel krumbeera; de besht lot bona; de shensht lot shmoke-house epple; de besht lot photograph picters; der greasht dribushel sock ful boshk'nawda; der besht plan for saur kraut ei maucha un de letsht un besht contrivance for de bet-wansa fertriva. (Here in similar vein follow sections on fruits and vegetables, domestic cookery, fancy needle work, etc. after which the following:)

Wass mich awer particularly aw gate is de premiums for allelee essays, reports un onner sorta literary productions for shriva. For sell is exactly in meiner line. For der besht report fun der fair gevva se $20, un dar very report wo ich alleweil uf forna nous shreib, grickt aw der premium—now mind eb er net dut. For de besht essay uf der subject fun potato bugs gevva se'n premium fun $25. Un sell is aw gor kea difficulty. De potato bugs sin new comers—narsht for a pawr yohr uf de Welt kumma, un era hawpt characteristics is fruitfulness un multiplication. Fun era pedigree is gor kea mention un de bucher fun Shakespeare un onnery ancient historians. Se sin, according tzu meiner opinion, an cross breed tzwisha de muskitters un selly shwartzy keffer wo als so klany dreck balla in der shtrose rumm rulla for tzeit fertreib. Se travella for common tzu foos, un shneeka rum in de krumbeera shticker un fressa sich full.

IN DER KICH

Our request in the ECK for July 30 for the making of mead, that favorite home-brew harvest drink of our rural forefathers, brought forth the following varied recipes:

From Mrs. Maggie Mertz Sipple, Coplay: "I enclose the recipe my grandmother Mrs. Tilghman Doll of Trexlertown used more than sixty years ago. Take:

3 pounds of white sugar
3 gallons of cold water
1 pint of yeast
2 teaspoons of cinnamon
2 teaspoons of cream of tartar
½ of a nutmeg grated

Set the mixture of the above in the hot sun for a day, then bottle securely, and after a few days it is ready to drink.—

Mrs. Barbara E. Smith, Allentown, sent the following, which had been used in her family for generations:

5 quarts of water
1 pound of sugar
1 lemon squeezed and cut fine
1 handful of hops
1 tablespoon of allspice

Boil the above ingredients in one-half the water. Then add the rest of the water and one cake of yeast dissolved in a little water. Let it stand in the sun or warm place for 24 hours. Strain, then bottle tightly. If desired, wintergreen can be used to flavor.—

A recipte for mead from Joseph B. Diehl, New Tripoli, calls for honey, which would indicate that it is an old recipe, for honey was already in ancient times used in the making of fermented drinks. The recipe runs as follows:

8 quarts of water
4 pounds of A sugar
1 cup of honey
4 tablespoons of cream of tartar
1 tablespoon of cinnamon
1 pint of home-made yeast
1 pint of hops

Take 2 of the 8 quarts of water, bring to a boil and pour over the hops to scald them; let stand until cool, then drain the water off and pour into the crock with the other ingredients. Let stand 24 hours, then strain and bottle.—

Concerning the culture and use of asparagus among the Pennsylvania Germans a letter from Mrs. Stanley Arthur, East Mauch Chunk, contains the following interesting information: "You ask whether asparagus was grown in gardens 50 years ago.—Yes indeed it was, in the garden of the Best farm, South Walnutport, where Jacob Best, my grandfather, reared his famoly, it was plentiful every spring. It grew in a corner all its own and picked before the sun could shine on it. Grandmother said it did not taste good after the sun shone on the sprouts. This is how they raised it. What was left over in spring was grown to full height and used for **Mickegraas.** The asparagus shoots were cooked with meat. Plenty of the asparagus was put in the pot and served as a vegetable. Grandmother also made a milk soup of it, but never ate it in any other way.—We used **Mickegraas,** two or three branches, to make a fly chaser, for such flies as gather around drying apples or pears, or drying vegetables. In those days they were dried in the sun.—In winter cut fire wood was piled over the asparagus bed in the garden corner, in such a way that air could pass through it, with little open places all through the pile. The pieces of fire wood were piled up that way to about the height of two feet. In early spring, up through the holes of the wood came the creamy white sprouts. As the sprouts peeped up w would reach in and break them off. This was done every day; then the sprouts were wrapped up in a wet cloth and put into the dark cellar until ready to use. I do not know where they got the plants, nor how long they raised it before my day. I enjoy the ECK and often send it to my cousins in Indiana and Salt Lake City, Utah."

Returning once more to the use of saffron (**Saffrich**) in Pennsylvania German cookery we share with our readers the following very interesting information from J. Y. Schultz, Trexlertown: "While reading in your German ECK I saw the name of a plant (saffron) which reminded me of my boyhood 75 to 80 years ago. We had a plot of it in our garden and when Easter came around I often found my colored eggs hid in the saffrons. When mother had chicken and potatoes she always put in some saffron. Also to color the butter and some other things. The plant starts from a little white bulb and gets to be a bushy plant with flowers somewhat like a tulip. When I was clerking in a store we bought it from people that raised it. We had a little balance scale for weighing it and when we sold it a silver dime was put in a little cup and the saffron in the other end. It sold for 10 cents. We bought some wholesale from drug stores at 90 cents a pound."—

In the same letter Mr. Schultz refers to a drink of earlier days: "My mother made what she called "Wein Schling," a little water, sugar and grated nutmeg added to the wine, then put into spring house to cool. It tasted good in haying and harvest time."—

In the same letter also: "We had some wild asparagus, but we never knew that you could eat it. A few branches were cut for chasing flies, while we were eating."—

Today we come to our readers with requests for information about the following:

You have noticed that the use of yeast was common to all the above recipes for mead. Who will send us a good recipe for the making of potato yeast?—Are hops necessary in the making of yeast? If so, why?—Can any of our readers make yeast without a "starter"?—Kindly supply us with any recipes that require the use of yeast besides those for bread and doughnuts.

How many different kinds of cheeses were made among our Pennsylvania German people in former days? Can you supply us with recipes for the making of **Schtink Kaes, Haffe Kaes and Balle Kaes?**—We should also be grateful for recipes of dishes in which cheese was used in baking or cooking.

Please send your replies to The Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.

According tzo der notion fum President fun der Society, wella se de krumbeera keffer dote maucha, awer se wissa net exactly we sell tzu du is. An first rater plan is wannn mer rechty grossy shtiffle aw dut un dopt yusht uf se un dut se fermasha.

For der besht plan for de liquid fum misht howfa tzu safa wella se $50 premium gevva, un selly fuftsich dawler sin aw easy ferdeent. Der liquid is in Deitsh de misht-bree, un se behawpta os se useful is for's lond. A dale bawra era misht bree laft all nous ous 'm misht-hofe in de shtrose. Now, my plan is for'n longer hulsicher troke yusht auswendich on der fence, so os de bree fun sich selwer nj lawft, un wann's ols full waerd dipt mers evva yusht rous mit 'm wasser-kivvel un trawgt's nous ins feld un lared's ous so os 's lond uns welsh korn der benefit derfu grickt.

E. H. Rauch first gained renown through his "Pit Schweffelbrenner" letters, which appeared in his Republican campaign paper "Father Abraham," which as he said was "de eantsich Tseitung in der United States wu olly woch rous kummt mit breefa un onnery shticker in real genuine Pennsylvania Deitsch." In 1873 Rauch began to publish "The Pennsylvania Dutchman" a monthly magazine which did not survive the first three issues. In 1879 he published A PENNSYLANIA DUTCH HAND-BOOK, containing his famous Shapespeare translations into the dialect. This little book is now a rare item. "Pit Schweffelbrenner" appears as a character in Elsie Singmaster's fine narrative I SPEAK FOR THADDEUS STEVENS.—ED.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss.—Thomson

Unrealized Driving Hazards

The number of cases where intoxicated men drive their cars along the highways at great risk to their own and public safety is suggested by the number of persons charged with such misbehavior who pleaded guilty in court on Thursday, namely nine.

For every one who was caught because of accidents in which he was involved there probably were at least five who managed to get thru traffic without sidewiping parked cars or colliding with cars in motion or ended up without hitting a pole or tree or landing in a ditch or field. Not all defendants in such cases elect to plead guilty and make things easier for themselves and the Court. Furthermore there undoubtedly have been cases which were arrant violations of the motor laws but which were hushed up and squashed by rather familiar but devious means.

So it can be realized that automobilists drive along in the night especially more often than they can realize they are driving in proximity to incapable irresponsible besotted drivers. In blind ignorance, however, we go our way little knowing the hazards that surround us.

But the Court is taking determined stand in this matter. Fines and jail sentences, all but one of a suspended nature, have been imposed together with requirement that damages be recompensed. That one sentence to jail, which was not suspended, should be the most powerful deterrent to drunken driving. When motorists realize that something far worse than comparatively small monetary loss can be the outcome of their carelessness and bad habits, there should be ending to or at least considerable reduction in the number of drunken drivers on the highways.

Good Wishes to Dr. Greiss

Thruout this community, in which Rev. Dr. George A. Greiss has been a beloved member for almost half a century, congratulations are going out to him at this time, the observance of his golden anniversary in the ministry.

Forty-nine of those years have been spent in the service of the congregation of St. Paul's Lutheran church. Every one of those years has been golden in the richness and the purity of Dr. Greiss' service not alone to the people of his parish but to the community.

His tenure of service as shepherd of one of the largest flocks in the city in itself bespeaks the character of the man and the love that his people have borne him.

All best wishes go out to him that he may be able to continue that service to parish and community and spread that friendliness and cheer which he has given so richly thruout well nigh half a century.

Decision on Milk Pleasing

People in every household in this community are happy first, by reason of the agreement of the 36 milk distributors in the Lehigh Valley area—and that means all of them—to recommend that no increase be made in the price of milk on October 1, and secondly, because the Pennsylvania Milk Control Commission, at its hearings in this city early in the week on the matter, agreed with the milk distributors' position.

Originally, according to schedules which had been worked out, a rise of 2 cents per quart had been planned. That planning was based upon conditions in milk production which were expected to arise but have not.

The businessmen themselves best knew these conditions in their area of trade. They presented their argument to government which is in control of this matter of pricing and were sustained.

At a time of reduced hours of employment for many and no work for many others, and at a time when there has been a halt to price rise in most lines it would have been a hardship for many to have had the proposed schedule put into effect.

More U. S. Help for Tito

Marshall Tito, who as the head of the Yugoslavian government is having plenty of trouble with the plotting cloak-and-dagger men of Russia and her satellites, has turned to the West for help in his emergency and is going to get it just as quickly as possible.

In the first place, sale of a steel finishing mill to Yugoslavia was approved by our Department of State some time ago and now a loan of $20 million for the purchase of American mining and refining machinery has been approved by the United States.

Politically and as a matter of business the moves are as Secretary Acheson termed them "calculated risks." Over night Russia may move in and take whatever the Yugoslavs have amassed as well as their liberty.

But the United States can use a considerable amount of the metals which are dug out of the Yugoslavian hills. Stockpiles are being built up here against a war during which supply from Yugoslavia might and almost certainly would be cut off.

And then there is the other not inconsiderable matter of strengthening Tito and enabling him to maintain the barrier that alone stands between Communism and Italy, western Germany and France.

Our Journalistic Guests

The two-week flying visit to the United States by fifty leading publishers, editors and writers from fourteen countries will give our European colleagues an opportunity to freshen and strengthen their understanding of our country and its people. As they stop in several American cities and talk with government officials, business men and our newspaper men they will also be bearers of better understanding of the problems in their own countries. When a delegate from Finland arrived with a baseball bat to be presented to our hero Joe DiMaggio, it quickly developed that there are almost irreconcilable differences between the Finnish and the American games. This will not raise any insurmountable obstacle to the continued good friendship of our countries. It is enough that Finland's home-run king is an admirer of our Joe.

Having interviewed the newly arrived to their own countries, who were quick with pat conclusions, the visiting newspaper men on setting foot at New York International Airport, where sagely reticent when interviewed by our reporters. They merely ate a hearty breakfast and set off for the West Coast. When they return they will have had a taste of San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Fort Worth, Detroit and Washington. We extend to them a hearty welcome to our country and wish them a pleasant and informative trip.—New York Times.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N UF RUHR IN BEERSVILLE: Da onner dawg wor 'n hefticher uf ruhr in da grossa shtadt Beersville. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 'n lot fon da leit sin ols noch so arrick ferkullabiert os sie bong sin fer ous da heiser gae. Un die socha sin ol kumma darrich der "Gem" Leisenring woh ous gamocht hut 's weat wel fler un handicher fer gae sich shaira lossa os wie fer rum lawfa 'n geik noh drawga.

Der "Gem" wor beim hoarschnidder Clint Shover uf 'm shtuhl, wie sie ebbes fon ma shtrawla sehna hen om fenshter ferbei gae, ow'r hen net denka kenna wos es sei maich'd. 'S wor net bis sie die leit sehna hen shrpinga alla waiga bei, uns weiter drunna hoerra hen dunnerra un glabberra, os sie ous 'm barber shop nous in die shtross sin, fer sehna wos om aw gae wear. Noh ferhoftich sei won net die shpar uf gonga wor om "Gem" seinra mashine, un sie is der hivel nunner wedder tzwae hickory bame g'shprunga-bame ufs wenich 'n hunnerd yohr alt.

Die mashine hut 's airsht ae baum sarwer ous da wartzla rous garissa, un is noh niver wedder der nagshd baum, un hut selar aw noch k'heis'd. Fon darta is sie om wertshous ferbei nunner im wert Joe Steiner sei hofe, un hut gabroviert fer sich fershlupps im blumma lond. Un fer die wohret tzu sawga, die mashine hut sich aw fershlupt-fer 'n weil hen sie gamaint sie wear fershwunda, uns graich's sie sei lebdawg niemond may tzu sehna.

Der John Heimbach tzu all'm glick wor aw dabei, un is hame tzu seinra Florence, un woh sich fershlupt hut kot unnich 'm bed weil sie gamaint hut die welt kaimt tzu ma end. Der John hut ra g'sawt sie sot unnich 'm bed rous kumma, 'm "Gem" sei mashine wear yusht fert g'shprunga, un wot sei kumbos howwa woh er yus'd fer harsh yawga, fer gae die mashine sucha. Die mashine hut sich so hard unnich 'm Joe seina morning glories nei gagrawwa kot os es bol 'n shtun ganumma hut fer sie finna, un siva tracktors fer sie nous uf die shtross shlaifa.

So arrick os es har gonga is, huts da mashine weiters net fiel aw gabrocht, ow'r 's gons shteidle hut gaguck'd wie won 'n Florida cyclone bartzelbaum shloga het wolla un net recht rum gakent. 'S worra gons dicht 5000 leit darta in tzeit fon tzaea minuta, un der hoarschnidder Shover wor so uf g'shoft os er der "Gem" shier net fartich shaira hut kenna. Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der "Gem" 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 Da 17d September sin m'r imma liegner kontest in Reinhold, un die weil os m'r immer brovierra fer bei da wohrhate bleiva, won aenich ebber 'n gutie, g'sundie, groftichie lieg wase, dada m'r gleicha tzu hoerra dafon.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Regularly, a small group of men gather in a high-ceilinged room on the third floor of a building overlooking the Washington Monument mall—and worry. They even worry if they find they have nothing to worry about. They're the men the White House counts on to spot a strike long before it's a gleam in a picket captain's eye—and they're the all-knowing crowd who right now believe that the labor front is on such a time bomb that the next week may well shake the world.

Oddly enough, their first worry is not the steel crisis, but the almost unnoticed wrangling over wages between eastern ship owners and the tough union of 60,000 men who load the ships which keep Europe alive today.

My friends, the professional worriers, are the giant Cy Ching and his aides in the Federal Conciliation Service—and it's a safe bet to predict that they have been alerted by the White House to keep their eye on the rough Atlantic docks more closely than on the finessed feuding on the smooth steel front.

Point is that Mr. Truman is personally taking over steel. He's in touch with Philip Murray and some of the big steel companies. He wants to get the industry and the CIO together in the White House for a settlement.

But the president is really worried by that waterfront. If 65,000 dockwallopers in that hyper-thyroid International Longshoremen's Assn. (AFL), filled with hopped-up political factions ranging from Tammany Hall to howling tovarischi, hit the "beach" with picket lines, they'll shut down the entire Atlantic seaboard.

If Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk piers are filled with strikers—munching sandwiches instead of crunching cargo all day long—all Europe will suffer.

But more than that: Mr. Truman's entire foreign policy will be negated, and not by a political union, but by the pork-and-beans kind of unionists without an ideology in their becapped heads. They just want more pay.

Their leader, the uninitiated should know, is husky Joe Ryan, called by his enemies "King" Ryan, because his is the only union presidency unaffected by mere mortals. He's in for life.

Now, there's a sort of rhumba tempo to the union's negotiations: Joe goes in to bargain with the shipowners, he comes out with a proposal, he goes in to his executive board, they approve—and the rank-and-file stevedore, a very tough lad, goes out on strike in protest against everybody. So Joe goes back in to the shipowners and starts all over again. It happens every time.

This yea the deadline is midnight, Sept. 30. The union wants a 22 cent-an-hour increase—the ship owners want to cut back wages. So Joe Ryan and Harry Truman soon will be sweating that one out.

But first things first. I have some other crises for you. This idea of the labor front being on a time bomb is no mere figure of frenzied speech. We're crystallizing either labor war or peace minute by minute. For example:

In Buffalo, one of Walter Reuther's much trusted and devoted lieutenants, the huge Martin Gerber, got his collar bone broken and a slight concussion the other morning. He was leading 3,000 auto workers and friends from plant gate to another outside Bell Aircraft to keep non-strikers from returning to work. The pickets got in the way of three buses loaded with men wanting to get into the plant. Stones were thrown. There was blood. Why?

It was the test that seemed inevitable somewhere in the nation. Larry Ball, head of the aircraft company, has for a month been urging strikers to return to work. Letters have gone out. Supervisors have talked to machinists. A pattern was being set. And some 200 men, out of the 1,700 in the United Automobile Workers unit there, did go back. Then over the Labor Day weekend, a mass picket line was organized. Why?

Because there was a threat to union morale. Because every day a few more men were deserting the line and going back in. Because, for the union, the danger point had been reached. For the first time, a big plant might begin operations in the face of a major union picket line. The clash came. And it will come again unless federal agencies bring both sides together.

It will come again.

So the worrying crowd worries about the possibility that we've now reached the point where strikes may be settled with table legs instead of across table tops. Thingsare tense.

And it doesn't help to know that with the steel crisis strike deadline set for midnight, Wednesday, John Lewis meets with the soft coal operators Thursday and Friday.

There's Ford, Chrysler, the rubber industry, Hawaiian shipping, glass works, farm implement factories, railroads—and on and on.

It's a slow fuse, brother, but burning.

(Copyright 1949)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington— It is an ill wind that blows no good—and the issue raised by Senator Elmer Thomas, Democrat, of Oklahoma, about the way military planes are being used by civilians and others will result in some reform.

It's too bad that Secretary of Defense Johnson, who had such a good idea in seeking to limit the use of military planes by congressional junkets, didn't meet Sen. Thomas's challenge by making public the actual records concerning all civilian travel in military airplanes. Instead, Mr. Johnson made peace with the Oklahoma senator by issuing a new directive on the use of military aircraft by government officials that puts them on their honor not to abuse their privilege of using planes "for trips that are in the national interest and necessary to the conduct of government business." The idea of an inquiry was promptly abandoned by Mr. Thomas.

The public, of course, is entitled to know all the facts. Certainly the 135,000 civilians who are losing their jobs in the military establishment are not going to be consoled when they learn that public money is being wasted on the upkeep of military planes and their crews to provide free transportation for those on whom the military services want to bestow their favors.

It is not generally known that these planes from time to time carry not only civilians designated by the military but often their families as well. It is not known also that various high officials use military planes for personal errands and sometimes take members of their families with them, especially on trips abroad.

Many of these things need explanation. Thus the public might easily have misunderstood why, when the joint chiefs of staff recently went to Europe for very important conferences on defense, their wives went along on the plane and toured Europe with them. On its face, this looks like an abuse of privilege, but everyone knows that the Europeans are strong on the social side. Doubtless there were dinners and teas at which the wives of the generals of the military services of our allies were present, so all of it presumably was a necessary courtesy in the interest of national defense.

Then there's the tale about the high official who, with fair regularity, has a weekend golf engagement in another city and uses a large military plane for the trips. But this, if it be true, is understandable. After all, these officials do not work a 40-hour week. They stay late at their offices on many nights and when the weekend comes, who is there to say that it isn't in "the national interest" that the official should have his share of recreation on his golf course?

There's a special service for "VIP's"—very important people. Some of this is doubtless necessary "for the conduct of government business." But too many planes are set aside for the special use of government officials and military officers themselves. Commercial airlines could just as well be used—and at much less cost. The temptation to use a privately assigned plane today is too great, and the trip is often hard to justify on the grounds of "the national interest" or "government business."

Political speechmaking by high officials is made easier because more territory can be covered by planes—and at no expense to the Democratic party.

There are many reasons why travel on military planes should be thoroughly studied, as no doubt Sec. Johnson fully intends to do. It is too bad that the past records and logs of the airplanes and the facts concerning authorizations for the use of military planes were not fully disclosed, as was promised when Sen. Thomas first took up the matter. In the long run, it certainly would have relieved Sec. Johnson of criticism and would have assisted him in cleaning up a situation with respect to the wrong use of public money that very much needs to be cleaned up. Sec. Johnson is on the right track in his economy drive.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

1 Kings 19:1-18

A time of extreme emotional exaltation may at times be followed by a period of mental depression. The phrase, "Elijah under the juniper tree," has become a proverbial expression, meaning such a depressed state, and is derived from today's passage of Scripture. Elijah had every reason to feel elated at the victory of his God over the heathen Baalim. But Jezebel, their patron, was on his track with fiendish vengeance, so that he left the territory of Mt. Carmel in the north for Beersheba in the extreme south. He went still further into the wilderness, where, under the juniper tree, he prayed that he might die. Later, while in a cave, the Lord appeared. Elijah complained to Him that he was the only worshipper of Jehovah left, but God told him that there were still 7,000 who had not bowed the knee to Baal. By a 'still small voice' God comforts Elijah and reveals to him his future tasks which he was to perform, vs. 15, 16. Had Elijah's prayer been answered, he would have missed his glorious ascension as described in 2 Kings 2.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Most American plays imported to the London stage in the past year have been rousing hits. Tickets for Oklahoma and Annie Get Your Gun, for instance, have been fetching a couple of pounds apiece from pleasure-starved Britishers. One American comedy hit, however, failed to impress the London public. The critics were particularly cool. One confined his review to a single sentence. "Last night's play simply didn't come off," he stated, then added grimly, "but it will!"

Horoscope

Born on this day, you should have originality, creativeness, enjoy solving problems. You are known to act impulsively, but rashness is unlikely.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Sometimes I wonder whether a lot of our problems that seem so difficult to tackle could not be solved much more easily by using the short cuts of common sense and simple thinking.

For instance, take the problem of juvenile delinquency.

At times it seems insurmountable, particularly in the large cities with their poverty, their slums, their ever increasing populations, and their many parents forced by economic circumstances to neglect their children.

Then you take a little journey to a most wonderful institution right in the center of populous New York State, and there, before your very eyes is a simple yet intensely practical solution of that seemingly unsolvable problem.

There, in Freeville, is a republic within the Republic.

It is called George "Junior Republic," so named after its founder and benefactor, and now supported by the cooperation of a number of civic clubs and organizations such as can be found in almost every American city.

* * *

There are two principles on which this Republic operates: "A Stitch in Time" and "Nothing Without Work".

On 550 acres of land, 125 boys and girls, who have been taken out of the slums of New York City and others of the country's large population centers, are being made into useful, responsible, decent citizens of America.

All the "citizens" of the George "Junior Republic" had been in danger of becoming delinquents from lack of home care and proper discipline.

But none of them is "committed". Each "citizen" reaches the Republic through parents, welfare agencies, or by suggestion of the courts.

I wish you could visit that little America within our big America.

And do visit it, by all means, if you are ever in the vicinity of the Finger Lakes region. It will open your eyes, and it may be the inspiration for a similar undertaking in your own section.

Everything the kids do is paid for, because everything they do is considered work.

Going to school is work. High marks bring high pay.

There are 75 dairy cows to milk each day. There is a print shop and a machine shop. There is plumbing to do and carpentering, welding, electrical work and arts and crafts.

For the girls there is sewing, canning, preparing meals and serving them. There is cleaning, washing, ironing, work in the bank, (yes, they have a bank of their own) and clerical work in the offices.

Each citizen is paid in the special currency of the Republic.

All transactions within its confines are done with this money. When a "citizen" wants to leave and go to town—a privilege which has to be earned — he exchanges it for U. S. currency.

The "citizens" of George "Junior Republic" elect their own president, their officers, their judges and other functionaries, on a basis similar to that of federal, state and municipal governments in the United States.

Thus, these "citizens" are prepared for every phase of useful citizenship when they are ready to face the world.

I wish there were 150 million of us like those kids I saw at the George "Junior Republic."

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

MY DOG AND I

My dog goes running here and there
And finds this world a wondrous place,
With odors delicate and rare.
Of which I miss the faintest trace.
Unto his talent are revealed
Secrets from mortal minds concealed.

I walk the sure and solid way.
My dog, with keener scent and eye,
Roams through the field and
and points to say:
"Look! and a pheasant you will spy!"
Racing the meadow, far and wide,
He finds rare joys to men denied.

'Tis not in envy that I write,
But just an obvious fact to pen.
Dogs have rich sources of delight
Which God has not allowed to men.
Their world is filled with marvels rare
Mankind was not designed to share.



THE COUNTY SEAT

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

This story about Allentown, the county seat of Lehigh, was published in The Atlantic Monthly for May, 1908, and appears here with the gracious permission of the author and the publisher.—ED.

"I and Ollie and the children are going to—" Susannah Kuhns bent over the salad dressing which she was stirring on the stove as though it, for the moment, took all her attention. Meanwhile, she watched her guest, stout, placid Sarah Ann Mohr, from the corner of her eye. Then she brought out the rest of the sentence with a jerk, "are going to move."

"T-to m-move!" exclaimed Sarah Ann. "When, Susannah? Where will you move? Why?"

Susannah straightened her back, so that it reached the perpendicular and passed it.

"We are going to move to Allentown. I am sick of Millerstown. Millerstown is too slow and too dumb and too Dutch."

"But you will get homesick."

"Homesick! For why should I get homesick? I have my man and my children by me. It is no one in Millerstown I care for."

"Ach, Susannah!" Sara Ann's eyes filled with tears. She was accustomed to Susannah's tempers, but she had never seen her in such a mood as this.

Susannah poured the dressing over a bowl of crisp endive and set the empty pan in the sink with a slam.

"Oliver is sick of working at the furnace. He will go back to his carpenter trade, and in Allentown he will get two dollars a day. Any my children will talk English, and when they are through with the school, they can work in the factory."

"But your things will get broken when you move."

"Pooh, that is nothing. I will just get new ones."

"But who will lead the singing in the church?"

"I don't care."

"Won't you never come back?"

"Never to live."

"But why do you go?" Not even a plague could have driven Sarah Ann from Millerstown. "You have here your nice house, and it is where you have always lived, and—"

"I hate it," said Susannah. Then she went to the screen door. "Dinner!" she called.

Sarah Ann rose as the two children, Oliver and Louisa, came in.

"But you won't be here for the Sunday school picnic or the Christmas entertainment."

Little Louisa answered, her fat cheeks almost cracking with scornful laughter.

"We can go every day to a Sunday school picnic or a Christmas entertainment in Allentown."

"Don't you sass Sarah Ann," said their mother sharply. "This afternoon you are both to help me."

For the next few days Sarah Ann went back and forth from her own house to the Kuhnses, with tears in her eyes. Susannah gracefully declined her help. She scrubbed the floors, she whitewashed, she washed and ironed and packed. Her husband helped her with the heavy things, and in the intervals of work wandered miserably about.

"Do you want to move to Allentown, Oliver?" Sarah Ann asked him.

"Yes," answered Susannah. "He does."

Susannah sang while she worked. She had led the singing in the Evangelical church since she was a girl, but she would sing there no more. There were great churches in the county seat, churches with stained-glass windows and crowds of people, where they would want her to sing. Then cross, unwilling Oliver would be glad they had moved.

Nearly all Millerstown came to the station to say good-by. Susannah told them again and again how glad she was to leave, and they listened to her silently. She seemed already like an alien.

"I should not be surprised if it is by and by no one at all in Millerstown," she said laughingly. "Millerstown is too slow."

The eyes of the other women met. They thought Susannah Kuhns had lost her mind. Sarah Knerr joined them just before the train pulled out.

"You forgot your soap kettle, Susannah," she said breathlessly. "I ran all the way to tell you. It hangs yet in the back yard."

"I am not going to take it," answered Susannah.

"How then will you boil your soap?"

"I ain't going to boil soap. I buy my soap."

"And won't you make apple butter, and won't you butcher?" gasped someone.

Susannah did not deign to answer. She looked back as the train started. It would have been a relief to jump up and down in her seat as the children were doing. Oliver told them sternly to "shut up and sit still," but they were too excited to obey.

The crowd at the station in Allentown seemed to their unaccustomed eyes great enough for a holiday or fair week. Susannah could hardly follow Oliver, with Louisa hanging from one hand, and Ollie trying to escape from the other.

"Mom!" he shrieked every few minutes. "Look once here!"

At the big skeleton of the Powers building, Oliver stopped them.

"There is where I shall work at two dollars a day," he said.

In spite of himself there was pride and excitement in his voice. A little farther on he stopped at the opening of a narrow street.

"It is here where we shall live."

"I see where," screamed little Ollie.

Their goods were being unloaded before the door of a tiny frame house.

"I too," echoed Louisa.

Oliver unlocked the door and let them in.

"It is not a nice house," said Louisa.

"It is a nice house," reproved her mother sharply. It is while it is not fixed up that it don't look so fine." Then she waved back her husband, who came into the room with a roll of carpet in his arms. "Don't bring it in yet. Did you think I should put down carpet when the house is not yet cleaned?"

"But I must go Mondays to work, and Sundays it is no working, and I can only help today and tomorrow."

Susannah looked at him.

"Do you mean I should put down the carpets before it is everything washed up?" she asked.

"No," he answered, meekly. "But you shall wash this room first, and then I can move the things right aways in."

"Begin at the bottom to wash the house!" gasped Susannah. "And go up! I guess not. I begin at the top, like always."

She went upstairs and looked about her. She could not suppress an exclamation of horror. Then she went to the head of the stairway.

"You shall just come up once and see how dirty it is here," she called. "It will be dinner till I make the garret done."

"But the things? Shall they stand all the time out?"

"You can watch them so it don't anybody carry anything off," she replied. "I—" The rest of her sentence was lost in the sound of a stiff scrubbing brush, pushed swiftly across rough boards.

In an hour Ollie tiptoed softly to the bottom of the garret stairs.

"Mom," he called, in a wild whisper.

"Come down, come down!"

"What is the matter?" asked Susannah in fright.

"The police have got Pop."

Susannah sprang to her feet, upsetting the pail of water. Little Ollie got nimbly out of her way as she flew.

"They'll take him to jail," he cried.

"Oliver!" called Susannah. "I am coming."

When she reached the front door she saw Oliver nervously moving the boxes. A policeman had paused in the middle of the street for a last word.

"They must be off in half an hour," he said.

Husband and wife scarcely spoke until the things were safely inside.

"This awful thing shall not come to Millerstown," said Susannah. Then she thrust a broom into Oliver's hands. "Go out and sweep a little off."

Susannah clattered back into the garret. Brisk worker as she was, it was dinner time before she finished.

"I tell you it is clean for once," she said proudly, as they sat on boxes, eating the lunch which Sarah Ann had put up for them. The children had begged to take theirs out on the back step, but she would not let them. "And have all the neighbors know what we are eating! I guess not."

"But at home they know always what we have for dinner," said Louisa.

"This is home," corrected their mother sternly.

After dark they put up two beds by the faint light which came in from the arc light outside. They had no oil for their lamps and they were afraid to light the gas. The children were already asleep on a pile of carpet, and did not wake when they were put to bed.

An hour later Susannah lay down beside her sleeping husband. There had been one rug which she had not been able to clean before she left Millerstown, and she had taken it down into the yard and had beaten it there. She closed her eyes with a great sigh of relief. Then, she sat up. What was that noise? She was conscious for the first time of the rush of trolley cars, the roll of carriages, the tramp of feet. Somewhere in the neighborhood a band was practicing. She jumped with fright at the sound of the church clock striking eleven.

"We must get used to it," she said to herself. "It cannot be so quiet here like in Millerstown."

She was not to get used to it that night, however. She tossed and rolled, determining that she would not hear the clock strike again, then listening and waiting for it. She grasped her husband's arm in terror, when, toward morning, half a dozen men sat down on the doorstep to finish a noisy argument.

It was dawn when she fell asleep. The milk carts and market wagons had begun to come in from the country, and rattled noisily by, and for a while she was conscious of them in the midst of her drowsiness. Then, slowly, they faded away.

She woke to wonder uneasily where she was. The first stroke of the church clock recalled her to herself. It was five o'clock, and she must get up. No, it was six. How had she happened to sleep so long? And Oliver was asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder. As she touched him, the clock struck again. Seven! It could not be.

"Oliver!" she called.

"Yes, yes," he answered crossly.

Then, deliberately, the clock struck eight.

She lay staring until the stroke had died away. To sleep until eight o'clock on a day like this, when on ordinary days she got up at five!

All morning she worked feverishly, only stopping to comfort Ollie, who came in crying because some boys had struck him.

"Nobody would hit me in Millerstown," he wailed. "I don't like it here. We don't get nothing good to eat."

"You just wait once till tomorrow," his mother consoled him. "Then we go to the church and the Sunday school, and I make a good dinner."

Susannah was growing impatient. She could not find places for her furniture. The kitchen was so narrow that the old-fashioned settee which her mother and grandmother had owned could not go there at all. Where would Oliver rest when he came home tired? And where would the children play? Besides, her fire would not burn.

She grew more and more surprised as the hours passed, that no one came in to help. When people moved in Millerstown, everybody helped. She thought with a proud catch in her throat of the morrow. Then her neighbors would be glad enough to know her. Then they would get to church, and she would be invited to sing in the choir. She hummed the first line of "Ein feste Burg," then burst into song, her high, shrill soprano swelling out in notes as long as she could hold them. By the time that she reached the second stanza, there was a rap at the door. She answered it quickly. A little girl stood on the step.

"My mother says you shall please stop singing. She wants to sleep. She takes a nap in the afternoon."

"Takes a nap!" repeated Susannah, her astonishment for the moment holding her wrath in check. "Is she sick?"

"No, but she takes a nap. And you shan't holler."

She looked up impertinently as she went off the steps.

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," began Susannah as loudly as she could, before the door closed. Then she saw across the street the blue coat of the policeman, and thought better of it. They would see. Hollering indeed!

She looked with proud satisfaction upon her family when they were ready for church the next morning. The house, too, was in fairly good order, although there were many things yet to be done. It did not occur to her to touch any of them today. Her eyes widened at the astonishment in the unbroken strokes of a hammer in the next house. She had never heard of any one working on Sunday.

When the Millerstonians visited the county seat, they went invariably to St. Peter's church. There the morning service was still held in German, there was a German prayer meeting and a German Bible class. Susannah would have preferred to go to an English church, but Oliver would not hear of it.

The usher showed them to seats well toward the front. The children stared round the great church. Once when a purple gleam from the rose-window fell on little Louisa's dress, she gasped with delight. Her mother had no eyes for anything but the organ and the choir. The organ seemed large enough to be a church itself. She saw with astonishment that there were only four singers in the choir. Surely they would be glad to have her.

She joined in the singing with a heartiness which made those near her turn their heads. She was pleasantly conscious of their attention.

Afterwards the preacher spoke to them in the vestibule. He hoped they would come regularly to church. They would be glad to have the children in the Sunday school and their father and mother also.

"She will sing in the choir," said Oliver proudly. "She sang always in the choir at home."

The preacher hesitated for a second. Susannah's singing had reached even to him.

"It is very kind," he said. "But we have a quartette. We pay them."

"I don't ask any pay," said Susannah quickly.

"But you see these people are engaged for the year," explained the preacher. "Their voices are trained. They—"

"But she would be willing to sing along with them," persisted Oliver. "Wouldn't you, Susannah?"

Susannah's face had grown very red, and her black eyes snapped. She had always been quick to take offense.

"No," she said sharply. Then she seized Oliver by the arm. "Come on home." There were tears of vexation in her eyes. "He might 'a said right aways he didn't want me," she said.

She would not go with Oliver and the children to Sunday school in the afternoon, but she went with them afterwards for a walk. She did not enjoy it. There was no place to go. In Millerstown they went to see either her parents or Oliver's parents, and always stayed for supper.

The children were restless and weary all the evening. There was no place to sit outside but the doorstep, and Susannah would not let them sit there for an instant. It was too close to the woman who said that she "hollered," and to the woman who put down her carpets on Sunday. In the morning she would take them to school, then they would have more to interest them.

Oliver started away at six o'clock. The county seat had not yet grown so English that it had forgotten its habit of early rising. Then Susannah called the children and fed them their breakfast. At eight o'clock she took them to school. Little Louisa cried as she came away. She had heard the whispered "Dutchy" from the girl in the next seat, and she did not dare to pinch her as she would have pinched Sarah Knerr.

Nor did Ollie like his seat-mate any better. He hailed him, also, as "Dutchy," and when Ollie, who was braver than Louisa, kicked him, told the teacher, and Ollie spent the rest of the morning on the platform.

His mother declined to listen to their complaints. She had spent all her patience on the stove. What would Millerstown say if it knew that she had burned her pies on the bottom and that they were raw on top? She had swept the pavement three times, and still it was dusty.

Worse than all, however, had been the insult she had received from the girl in the next house. She had met her at the door, and in an imperious tone, evident of the county seat, she had demanded the privilege of keeping in the house, as they would have no place to keep one of her treasures, a large feather bed. She was trying to decide what to do with it when the girl's father, a big, burly man, to whom she opened it, told her that he had come to buy old clothes, old furniture, old anything.

"It is here a bed," she answered slowly. It would be hard to part with it, but it would doubtless yield the price of a few lounge for the parlor.

The young man stared at it. He had never seen a feather bed.

"I might carry it somewhere on a vacant lot," he said. "I'll carry it away for a quarter."

For an instant Susannah could not speak. Then—

"A vacant lot!" she repeated. "Had you never no grandmother what had such a bed? My grandmother she made it herself out of her own feathers. What for a bed did your grandmother have then?"

The young man put his head on one side. Whether he resented the implication cast upon his grandmother, or whether he merely desired to be sarcastic, it was hard to tell.

"How would you like to sleep on somebody else's grandmother's dirty old bed?" he asked, and was gone.

"You lie!" cried Susannah after him. It was not exactly a logical response to anything the young man had said, but Susannah did not care. It showed her wrath and defiance.

It was small wonder that she had little patience for the children's complaints.

"You will just have to get used to it," she said to little Louisa. "I cannot be always fighting."

Little Louisa burst into tears.

"I want to go back," she wailed.

"Louisa!" began her mother, then she stopped, staring at the doorway. Her husband, whose lunch pail she had packed that morning and whom she had not expected to see before night, stood before her. He looked pale and sick.

"What is the matter," she faltered. "Have you got it somewheres, Oliver?"

He sat down on the nearest chair.

"He wants I should work on such a scaffold what hangs out of the window. I fall and break my neck. I won't break my neck for nobody. He said I could go."

Susannah looked at him helplessly.

"But if you don't work, how shall we get along?"

He shook his head but did not answer.

"What shall we do, Oliver?" she repeated.

Little Louisa looked up at her, her fat face swollen with crying.

"Mom—" she began.

"Be quiet," said her mother.

Oliver lifted his head.

"Perhaps, Susannah, if we—"

"Be quiet," said Susannah to him, also. "I am thinking."

"Listen, Mom!" Ollie began to dance up and down. "Let us go—"

"You hold your mouth, or I send you to bed," said Susannah. She stood in the middle of the little kitchen, her arms akimbo, a frown above her black eyes. No one would ever have thought that she was really in the choir-loft of the Millerstown Evangelical church, looking down in the admiring eyes of Millerstown, which, gasping, let her take all the high notes alone.

"Louisa," she said sternly, "if you are quiet and Ollie is quiet and your Pop is quiet, we will go back."

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Editorials

Strike Threats Menace

The air continues to be filled with rumors of strikes that if called will be highly serious not alone for the people of this community but of the entire nation.

Locally, the deadline is nearing as to matters at issue between management and labor of the big Mack Mfg. Co. plant. Nationally there is threatening gesture as to coal production from John L. Lewis who may already have called a strike, while thruout the steel industry there is complete uncertainty as to what will happen in the return to collective bargaining between individual steel companies and their men, following the recommendations of President Truman's fact-finding board.

The seriousness in the steel situation has developed, it would appear, out of the demand by labor that the steel companies accept the fact-finding board's proposals. The steel companies take the position that those proposals are matters for bargaining.

Danger in the situation, which can break next week, are realized by the Government which has asked all parties concerned in steel to meet in government - sponsored negotiations.

A lot will have to be done speedily for time is running out for settlement of the issues in all the industries named before.

The nation's economy can be crippled almost over night unless the issues are resolved and production of coal and steel can be assured. The economy of this entire community can be very seriously affected, not only by the strikes on nation-wide basis but by one in the local field

Chicago Printers Go Back

Strike by 1500 printers in the Chicago area which began 22 months ago and forced the big newspapers in that city to adopt the photo-engraving process, has been settled. Chicago papers will return to their oldtime method of production and the men will return to their former jobs, at least as many as have remained jobless in the area.

The strike cost the men some $12 million in wages which would have been received from the publishers. They received strike benefits in the amount of $40 a week for single and $60 a week for married men in the course of the strike for a total cost to the union of about $8 million.

Settlement was made upon the basis of a $10 per week increase, while an increase of $6 per week could have been secured before the strike was called and $9 had been offered in settlement early in the days of the walkout.

The principal issue, however, that of working subject to "conditions of employment" rather than a contract, has been resolved by the men's agreeing to work under a contract in conformity with the Taft - Hartley law which continues to be the law of the land, no matter how violently it is railed against.

Something for Nothing

Thus ends a strike in which everybody lost heavily. The men lost heavily as to wages. The union's funds were depleted. The publishers were put to great expense to keep their plants operating and supply papers daily to the people.

It was the largest and most important of the strikes in the industry that had and continues to have a strike in this city. The Chicago strike undoubtedly served to steel the workers in other cities where strikes had been called.

Too late however for benefit to the workers in most other communities is the Chicago settlement. As in Allentown, other strike-bound newspapers turned to new production methods that have come to stay until further improved upon. But they are methods in which many of the men in the craft that walked out of newspaper shops thruout the country almost two years ago unfortunately never again will be able to find a place.

A great craft that had established a union of workers that was considered ideal in its program has eliminated itself to large degree. It provoked and stimulated the initiative to find ways to get along without its services.

"The concept of providing social insurance and pensions for workers in industry has become an accepted part of modern American thinking."

That observation, in the report of President Truman's steel fact-fidning board, is true.

And the start recommended for steel industry insurance and pension systems is comparatively small.

But Philip Murray, president of the steelworkers union and the CIO, who calls this recommendation "the most constructive thing in the history of our union," obviously considers it only a start.

Whatever the steelworkers may get now, other unions will want at least that much. And, year by year, the steelworkers and others will want more—especially if they are encouraged to believe that the insurance and pension systems give them something for nothing.

The fact-finding board held, despite vigorous opposition by the steel companies, that these systems should be financed entirely by employers. We fear that may prove to have been a serious mistake. It seems certain to promote the dangerous delusion that such systems do give union members something for nothing.

The principle of sharing by employers and employees in the costs is embodied in the government's social security program, in the federal workers' retirement plans and in the railroad retirement law. We think it's a sounder, safer principle than the one advocated by the steel fact-finders.

For private employers must pay their business costs with money they get from their customers. They will pass along to their customers—including union members—whatever is added to their business costs by insurance and pension plans.

If insurance - pension costs are forced too high by the bargaining power of unions, prices can get too high for many customers — including union members. And, if the employers can't pay their business costs, they'll go broke and union members will lose jobs and insurance and pensions.—New York World—Telegram.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KON AW KLAMS POPPA: Pop korn poppa mawg g'shpass sei, ow'r 'm Ralph Wenner sei fraw die Irene fon nagshd on Walberts hut da onner dawg ous g'funna os m'r aw klams poppa kon. Die sawg is, die Irene un boo David hetta 'n wunnerboroe gutie tzeit kot da klams noh shpringa in da kich un sie fonga won sie na ols ous da pon gajump'd sin.

Die socha worra so denna waig. Die Irene un der David worra Sundawgs omma klambake wohs auga mose graiser wor wie die maiga, uns sin 'n lot g'shteamda klams iwwerich gabliva. Owets hen sie 'n lot fon da klams mit hame, mit ra maining fer sie da nagshda dawg broda in budder, un sie hetta 'n tzweter klambake. Der Ralph sheinds wor fert, un denk sie hen gamaint fer 'n gutie tzeit howwa klams essa.

Da nagshda dawg hut die Irene budder inna pon, un die pon uf der offa. Glei hut der budder awfonga shpritza os es bol note gaduh het sie hetta 'n ombarel uf g'shpont fer lavessicher sei in da kich. Der budder is nuf on die ceiling g'shpritt, wedder die wend, un ol iwwer uf 'm budda rum -ow'r 's shlimsh'd wor ols noch tzu kumma. Wie die Irene die klams in die pon galairt hut, is es net yusht gabliva beim budder, ow'r noh sin aw noch die klams gajump'd.

Oy duh wel wos hen sie net 'n wertschoft unna waisa kot mit ihra klams? Pop korn is shlim ganunk wons ous da pon jump'd iwwer 'm poppa, ow'r die klams mit ihra buddericha fees worra noch fiela shlimmer. Der budder uf 'm budda wor shlim ganunk; ow'r fer noch klams dabei leia howwa fer driwwer nous shtolberra, sel wor ous da weiss.

Die Irene huts airsht net gawist wie ew tzu gae, un sie un der David hen gabroviert fer die klams fonga mit da hand won sie ous da pon gajump'd sin. Glei hen sie ow'r g'shpiert os sie die finger gahairich ferbrenna dada sella waig, un hen yaders 'n grossie shissel ganumma, un sin da klams noh g'shprunga won sie gajump'd sin, un hen sie g'fonga eb sie uf der budda g'falla sin.

Arya socha os die Irene un der David duhna won der Ralph fon hame is-net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R: 'N mensch maint wohrhoft 's kent net sei, ow'r die gross Allentown Fair is widder fer da dier, un sel is der blotz woh m'r tzaila die gons woch tzu sei.

Public Opinion

High Approval for Introduction To All Candidates

Thank you for the sketches of the candidates in the recent primary election. These sketches are of inestimable help to those of us who are just plain citizens, not deep in politics. So often people exclaim, "No, I am not going to vote, I do not know the candidates nor anything about them."

Some people have confessed they vote sometimes for names. I suppose an Irishman would like Kelly and a German Kratz.

These sketches presented a nice brief introduction and proved interesting as well as informative.

I hope that it might be found possible to make this a regular election feature, even if the number of candidates would necessitate a separate election section.

William A. Eichert
2407 Tilghman St.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The British are doing the best they can to meet the consequences of two fatal wars, the loss of an empire, the destruction of the value and the fluidity of the pound sterling and a fruitless experiment in socialism which is depressing further an already falling standard of living. Their situation would have been altogether hopeless, were it not for a free gift of about $50,000,000,000 from the American people over a period of 10 years and a continued willingness to do more. The danger to Great Britain is that the British people will come to rely upon this gift; the danger is aggravated by the possibility that Americans will come to feel that they are being taxed about $5,000,000,000 for a country not their own.

In a word, the United States is providing a cushion against a great historic failure. Thus far, no plan has proved of real value. Bretton Woods, the British loan, the Marshall plan have been palliatives without lasting results. And the British have again come forth with a complex plan that avoids an outright "loan" or even an additional gift, but does provide for numerous and unsound concessions by the United States to the British producer and exporter of goods.

In the Washington conference the British expressed desire to dump goods into the United States and to that, this country gave its consent. We are to provide a "minimum of difficulties," to the British exporters; we are to revise our tariff in their favor; we are to change our customs procedures in their interest; we are to agree to "incentives" for them to engage in this trade; we are even to enter upon joint-account transactions with them in undeveloped areas in such a manner that they are to have "incentives" to do this sort of thing, while we put up the money and underwrite the economic and political risk.

In a word, the arrangements are all in their favor and if we can save them from bankruptcy, maybe it is all to the good. But it would seem that they are taking no steps to save themselves from the consequences of their costly development of a welfare state and their huge increase in the cost of operating a bureaucratic government. We are asked not only to underwrite the stabilization of the pound, the equilibrium, as they call it, in world trade, but also the wildest, most unreasonable and least justifiable experiments in Fabian socialism. And we have agreed to do it.

We have agreed to even more than that. We have agreed to curtail our synthetic rubber industry and to open more widely the market for raw rubber which the British control. This may involve a secret agreement or a tacit understanding with regard to price. After World War I, the British set up a price for raw rubber which ran as high as $1.25 a pound for rubber that should have sold at 12 cents a pound and did eventually. The Stevenson act, which did this, was a tax on the American automobile industry and was so regarded at the time. The United States broke that by what looked like a threatened boycott and the price of rubber fell to its natural level. Is something like that in the offing?

We have had such disastrous experience with the agreements and contracts that our younger statesmen have made, beginning at Teheran and Yalta, and continuing right through San Francisco and Potsdam, that one is naturally suspicious of the oblique wording, the elongated sentences, the use of diplomatic jargon, which often makes a thing read differently in the public communique from what was actually agreed upon in the conference chamber. Therefore, this ruboer business should be examined carefully and publicly to avoid ugliness later on. It may be as innocent as it looks; it may be an agreement to permit the British to levy a tax on American rubber tires.

Similarly, the question often needs to be examined particularly to discover whether there is a price deal. The British will control Asiatic tin only as long as the Malay states are under British control. How long is that to be?

(Copyright 1949)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Gene Tierney is an actress. Her name is known in Hollywood, in New York, in Chicago, in London, in Shanghai.

Newspapers all over the country are reporting the fact that General Jonathan Wainright, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans, has appointed her honorary chairman of the 1949 D. A. V. Forget-Me-Not campaign.

The appointment was made in recognition of her outstanding interest in the cause of wartime disabled veterans.

* * *

Wherever there are members of the organization, Gene Tierney will get well-merited publicity.

But in the Westporter Herald the item was reported differently from the way it will be recorded in every other newspaper.

In the Westporter Herald the item read:

"Actress Gene Tierney, OF GREENS FARMS, has been named — etc., etc."

Gene Tierney, to Westport, Conn., is not just a famous actress.

She is a home-town girl who has made good, Greens Farms being a section of Westport.

* * *

Some time ago General Wainright visited Brookfield Center, another little town in Connecticut.

It was a great occasion.

There were speeches by the First Selectman, a band concert, flowers presented by the 4-H youngsters and a fine luncheon in the church hall.

General Wainright had received similar ovations in many other towns and cities.

He was a national hero. In the other cities and towns he was honored as such

But in Brookfield Center it was different.

General Wainright came to Brookfield Center not as a national hero but as the brother-in-law of a local resident.

Brookfield Center considered him more or less as a local boy who had made good—at least for that one day he was one of their own.

* * *

Everybody knows Phineas Barnum — the originator of the "Egress," the founder of a great circus, the king of hokum.

But not so long ago the city of Bridgeport held an enormous celebration for Barnum. That celebration was not for Barnum the circus man. Barnum the great celebrity Barnum the national character.

It was for Barnum, the home-town boy who had made good; Barnum after whom one of the city's main streets, one of its big hotels and many other things in Bridgeport have been named.

* * *

No matter how far you go in life; no matter how much money, how much fame you acquire, the acclaim of your own home town is that final bit of seasoning that makes Success such a delectable dish.

And nowhere else can that seasoning be so deliciously prepared as in the Home Town, when Love and Pride are the ingredients.

(Copyright, 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Nehemiah 6:1-14

The books of Ezra and Nehemiah tell the story of the return of the Jews to Jerusalem from their 'Babylonian captivity'. Zerubbabel brought the first group back to rebuild the Temple; Ezra, the Scribe, the second group, with a view to restoring the observance of the Law; and, finally, Nehemiah left his post as cupbearer of the King of Persia to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. In today's lesson we read of the hindrances he had to overcome,by way of opposition on the part of the Samaritans, the traditonal enemy of the Jews (John 4:9). But in back of them was Satan, who has always hated the Jews and Jerusalem, because of God's purpose for them and through them, for the Gentiles. Sanballat led the opposition against Nehemiah, in v. 2 inviting him to come down to a place called Ono (is this the origin of the name Ono, a town on the Hamburg highway to Harrisburg?), no doubt with a view to assassinate him. But Nehemiah said, Oh, No, stating that he was too busy to come. Four times he was asked to come, but he refused every time. False charges were then brought against him, vs. 6,7, which he refuted. Nehemiah prays continually for God's help against these men, who try unsuccessfully another ruse in v. 10.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Clark Gable once starred in an aviation "epic" although he was openly disdainful of the quality of the scenario. The picture was being shot on "location"—at an old Army flying field in Texas. Gable arrived one morning as the director was planning a scene involving a test flight by a couple of secondary actors in the story. Gable glanced at the dialogue for the scene and scoffed. "Do you mean to say you're going to send those boys up in this script?"

* * *

Lucille Ball, who has developed into one of the most adroit and knowing comediennes in Hollywood, began her career in that familiar old school of hard knocks. She has been a chorus girl, a dress model, and a general handy-maid in the slapstick comedy acts of the Three Stooges. "The Stooges finally had to fire me," she recalls, "because there was nothing left for them to hit me with."

(Copyright 1949)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Sept. 17, 1924, a Wednesday

Harry Redding, business agent, and Charles Weaver, past president of Local No. 670, Plumbers and Steam Fitters, were attending the 21st national convention of the United Assn. of Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters at Atlantic City.

Officers of the Young Men's Bible class of Bethany U. E. church were installed at a meeting at the home of Robert Keeling, newly elected president.

Helen Maude Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Miller, this city, left to join the Swarthmore Chatauqua on its tour of the southern states.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H. Bickert and Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Huber returned from a ten-day trip to Bufalo, Niagra Falls, Cleveland, Lorraine, Pittsburgh and McKeesport.

Trinity Reformed church's Women's Missionary society heard Eleanor Ebert's report on the Collegeville conference. Officers elected at the gathering were: Mrs. W. C. Ungerer, president; Mrs. Warren Peters and Eleanor Ebert, vice presidents; Mrs. Clinton Blose and Mrs. George M. Hoffman, recording secretary and assistant, and Mrs. J. J. Schaefer, treasurer.

Yes, there is an imperialism in the world today but it is not American imperialism. It comes from the East. It is a most subtle type of imperialism, using all the Communist tactics of infiltration to permit a vicious minority to dominate and thwart the will of the majority. — Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.

Snapshot Henry

By HENRY McLEMORE

Rome—

The old axiom to the contrary, practice does not make perfect.

Not with a camera, anyway.

Before I left on this trip I bought a camera which has the reputation of being a fine yet almost foolproof picture-taking device.

I worked it at home for weeks, and the results dumbfounded me. I got fine, clear pictures of everything I aimed at. The folks around the house got so sick of Snapshot Henry that they hid when they saw me coming, so I started taking pictures of things which couldn't complain, such as the ocean, the house, the garage, the wash on the line, the garbage pails and the lawn sprinkler.

I could hardly wait to get to South Africa and Kruger park and start snapping the wild animals. I had visions of making my spending money for the year by selling my pictures of wild lions and elephants and giraffes to National Geographic, Life, Look, and all the other magazines which specialize in extraordinary photography.

Well, I got my Kruger park pictures from a Rome camera shop today and if it hadn't been for fear of being conspicuous I would have sat right down on the Spanish staircase and cried my little eyes out.

I know the mistake I made. Instead of practicing on clothes lines and garages, which have never been known to snarl or glare at a cameraman, or to pounce on him, I should have driven about in an automobile, which you have to do at Kruger, and snapped galloping animals, the wilder the better.

The firm hand and steady eye which had served me so well in taking pictures of nonviolent petunia beds and pacifistic dog kennels failed me completely when I ran up against lions, leopards, and rhinos.

The first lion I saw was in front of the car, walking across the road, and I was in the back seat. I shot six pictures of that lion and here is what I got:

1. A sweeping view of the back of the driver's head, revealing in color how badly he needed a haircut.

2. The inside of the top of the car, with special emphasis on the dome light. Margaret Bourke White never took a better picture of a lighting fixture, but it has nothing whatever to do with a lion.

3. The dashboard of the car, showing in clear detail the reading of the fuel, oil, and temperature gauges.

4. The left front headlight of the car with what I like to believe are lion whiskers sticking out from the side of it like a moustache.

5. The right front headlight with what I like to believe is the tip of the lion's tail sticking out from it.

6. A lot of blue sky. I must have taken this when I got brave enough to lower the window and poke the camera outside.

In my excitement at being in the midst of wild animals I seldom remembered to turn the film. As a result, I have pictures of some cross-breed animals that would startle any naturalist. I have a zebra's stripes on a giraffe, and a lovely little impala deer wearing a warthog's ugly head.

Looks as if I'll have to keep on with my paper route in order to have any spending money.

Horoscope

You realize that success comes from self-discipline, sacrifice. Because of this you are a hard worker when need be. You take pains with details, are willing to stick to a task for many hours.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

CRAZ YBOY

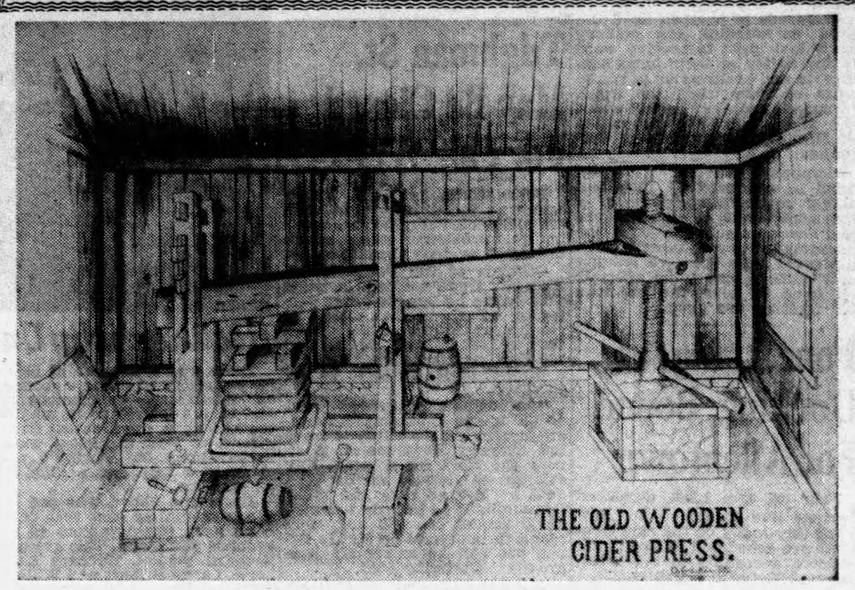
There was a youngster with a dream,
At first a trifle hazy,
So mad and fanciful a scheme
That wise men called it crazy.

Professors said: "A stubborn fool!
Small wonder no one backs him!
Forgetting what he learned in school,
He's breaking every maxim.

"So wild a method can't succeed.
The printed text books show it,
And if the latest word he'd read,
The silly boy would know it."

But on he went his stubborn way
And left the books unheeded,
And won with methods wise men say
Should never have succeeded.





From a sketch by D. Geo. Knecht

DIE ALT SEIDER MIEHL

Do schdeht die alt, alt Seider Miehl,
Als hett sie noch en yunges Gfiehl.
Der Grossvadder in alder Zeit
Hot sie far ihren Zweck bereit.
Die Ebbelschaale
Hot er vermaahle,
Un Dreschder gmacht
Bis es gegracht.
Vergange die Zeit un all die Leit!

Sieht yetz die Lecher do im Dach.
Dreh mol die Redder. 'S iss en Sach!
Do iss ken Zweck, do iss ken Ort;
Die Warrem hen den Karb verbohrt.
Der Karb vergosse!
Die Saft verflosse!
Die siesse Brieh!
Wu sin die Leit? Die Zeit verfohrt.

Holt den Schimmel an des Gschpiel;
Schitt die Ebbel in die Miehl.
Eens iss gscheit, des anner dumm,
Dreht die Redder rum un rum.
Rot wie Farwe,
Aus dem Karwe,
Fliesst do die Brieh.
Die Blecher hie!
Es schdromt wie Blut im Schaum herum.

Fangt den Seider in des Fass;
Den Dreschder warft mer uff des Graas.
Yetz schallt des scheene Middaagsharn!
Die Lieb bleibt do, vergeht der Zarn.
Dann eemol gmesse,
Un dreimol gesse!
Ins Bett dart nuff!
Dann widder uff!
Die Rose heit, un nie die Darn!

Die Ebbel graunse in der Wals;
Dart schpridzt vum Schdrom des griene Mals.
Bedeckt den Karb, un ziegt die Schraub;
Es fliegt die Zeit graad wie die Daub.
Die Buwe lache,
Die Kamme grache;
Die Maed sin do
Un sin so froh.
Wer denkt aa yetz ans kiehle Graab?

Do schdeht sie wie en grosser T—,
Die Seider Miehl im Mond, o ye!
Der Baum iss, wie der Schimmel, fort,
Die Blank un Schindle sin verdorrt;
Die Bleck versunke,
Der Daag verschwunde!
Es dutt em weh,
Mer muss vergeh!
Der Mond guckt draurich uff den Ort.

Die alde Miehl schdeht schdill un schdumm
Es geht nix meh im Gringel rum.
En Amschel, wie en yungi Braut,
Hot in dem Karb ihr Nescht gebaut.
Dart singt sie lieblich
Un weess nix drieblich;
"Mei Heem iss do,
Ich bin so froh!
Dem Herr iss alles zuverdraut!"

Adye, du aldi, liewi Miehl,
Du gebscht mir yetz en wehes Gfiehl.
Die Luscht der Kindheit wie des Laab
Geht mit dir zu Esch un Schdaab.
Gans vermaahle,
Bis an die Schaale,
Zehrt uns die Welt
In unsrer Zeit,
Un dreibt des Lewe in des Graab.

—ADAM STUMP.

THE OLD WOODEN CIDER PRESS

By D. GEO. KNECHT, D. D. S.

The old wooden cider press was made entirely of wood, as the name indicates. Nothing but oak wood was used in the construction. It was built very strong and was housed in a building which was made especially for it. The building had no wooden floor and the press was set down on a strong stone foundation.

The press from which I took my measurements is in the upper send of Lehigh county, about one mile from New Tripoli, the place where Calvin Kunkle now lives. The long overhead piece of timber called "beam" was a log 20 inches square at the one end and 26 feet long with a fork at the other end. The beam was supported with two upright pieces that reached nearly up to the roof. They were 12 inches square and were resting on two horizontal cross pieces, that were 14 inches square. This made it very strong.

The table on which the pressing was done was 84 inches square and was made of planks four inches thick. A groove three inches wide and an inch deep was cut in the table about six inches from the edge around the whole table for the cider to run off into a barrel or into a vat. The vat was made by cutting a wooden hogshead into two halves and using one of the ends.

The Middle Section

The cross section piece was resting on a stone foundation, was 14 inches square. The two logs on which the table rests are 12 by 14 inches thick. This sits on the ends of the cross pieces in the middle and end sections. The two upright pieces were six inches square and were braced by 6 by 4 inch pieces. They were a guide for the overhead beam.

The Far End

The big screw going through the fork at the far end was 12 inches in diameter and the nut resting on top of the fork was 12 inches thick.

The framework at the bottom to which the screw was attached, was 42 inches square and 30 inches deep. This was loaded with stones as heavy as a man could lift and smaller ones to fill the crevices to add weight, about a ton or more, I judge.

MAKING THE CIDER

To get ready to make cider the farmer picked up all the fallen apples, usually a wagon body full, and took one or two empty barrels, a bucket, a grain shovel and a bundle of rye straw. In those days they used no canvas for filtering, but rye straw was used. They always used rye straw because it is long and tough; wheat straw is short and brittle. Rye straw was always prepared by threshing with a flail. Not all farmers had cider presses so the farmer had to rent a press from somebody who had one, and paid for the use of it.

The apples had to be ground in some sort of a machine which had two hard wooden rollers, 12 inches long and 12 inches in diameter mounted in a wooden frame set right below the hopper into which the apples were fed. This was driven by horse power. The wooden rollers were made (indented) like gear wheels, between which the apples were crushed into a pulpy state, called pomace, which fell down into a trough directly under. (This is not shown in the drawing.)

The square frame was now put on the table for a form, and a thin layer of rye straw was put on overhanging the edge of the form by about two feet around the whole frame. The mash was then put into this square form, and when it was full the overhanging ends of straw were turned over toward the middle of the pomace. The frame was then pulled up on top of the mash and the second layer started, and so on for every layer until it was all on the table. A heavy plank was put on the top of it all and then blocked up to the overhead beam. To put the pressure on, the beam was let down by turning the screw until the framework with the stones was about 12 to 15 inches off the ground. This put weight on the pomace giving many tons of pressure. This weight was kept on for about three days. The first day the cider flowed freely; the second like a straw and the third day it dropped very slowly. They saved every drop.

They then put the barrels in the barn or the cellar where it turned to vinegar.

If they wanted to make applebutter they did it the following day before the cider started to ferment.

CIDER MAKING

There stood the rude old cider press
With mammoth screw and pond'rous beam,
Whose mighty weight upon the cheese
Forced from the pomace, thronged with bees,
The nut-brown, luscious, foaming stream;
There stood the rude old apple mill—
In ruins now, though charming still.

Huge heaps of apples on the green,
Or on the country wagon, there;
Their mellow hues, their crimson cheeks,
How delicate their tints and streaks—
Their grateful fragrance filled the air
With spicy odors, and the breeze
Came laden with them, from the trees.

Who loved not cider-making day,
In days when we were very young—
To linger 'round the press and mill
And help the bulky barrels fill,
Or on the springy wagon tongue,
With rustic girl, that tongue astride,
Enjoy the mimic tomboy ride?

A respite from severer toils—
To children, always sweet and new;
To older folks it was a day
Of—neither work, nor yet of play—
A something rather 'twixt the two;
And e'en the horses seemed to know
That lazily they too might go.

The merrier sounds from harvest fields
Were heard around and hailed no more;
The plaintive notes of going birds,
The lowing of the distant herds,
And of the loud, prophetic roar
Of milldam, or of waterfall
E'en now the peaceful scene recall.

All nature seemed in sympathy—
The birds, the flowers, the fields, the trees;
The sun, the air, the droway rills,
The quiet vale, the hazy hills;
The low hum of the honey bees—
Like melodies, subdued and deep
When mothers lull their babes to sleep.

—From H. L. Fisher's OLDEN TIMES: or, Pennsylvania Rural Life, etc.—York, Pa., 1888.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Faith in the ability of a leader is of slight service unless it be united with faith in his justice.—Goethals.

Break in Coal Strike

Miners in the anthracite field and in some western bituminous coal districts have been directed to go back to work on Monday and accordingly there will be a lot of relief in this community among those who continue to use hard coal and are dependent upon supplies of it for winter comfort and, in the case of industry, for operation of plants.

One report out of Scranton is that the miners were overjoyed upon receipt of the news. This would suggest that the men were not happy about going out in the first place. It also suggests that failure of half a million men to go back to work a few weeks ago upon the very same day was not quite the spontaneous and independent action it was said to be. The public orders which they have received to return to work on Monday suggest that private orders of equal authority went out two weeks ago directing what amounted to a strike.

Nothing of course will be done about it and it will be generally forgotten in the satisfaction that fuel supplies will be available again. And it may be pertinent to suggest to any and all who depend upon anthracite to lay in a stock of coal for the winter as soon as possible.

Who knows when production will cease again and as unexpectedly as it did on September 19? Strange and unpredictable things happen in the vast domain over which John L. Lewis presides. He can throw scare into more people than any other man and periodically he contrives to do it by some new wrinkle in labor boss technique.

Complete Plan for Golf

The committee named by Mayor Hock to provide plans for a municipal golf course in Allentown has come thru with the smartest and most comprehensive ideas that have come to the public since the matter was originally broached quite a good many years ago. Most important of all in the activities and report of the committee is presentation of a plan for the financing of the program without having the City government incur a dollar of debt and without taking a cent of tax money out of the public treasury now or in the future.

Even if most of the country appears to have grown callous about increasing public debt for everything under the sun, there remains in this community plenty of caution about issuance of bonds every time that some improvement or other becomes desirable.

So here is a report which suggests that a public improvement, long desired and really much needed in this community, should be made at once and that it can be and should be financed without draining a cent out of the public purse either now or in years to come. This the committee proposes can be done by employing income from the Trexler Estates for the project and thereby carry out the will of the late General Harry Clay Trexler which provides for the "improvement, extension and maintenance" of Allentown's parks.

There is no question as to popular desire for a municipal golf course. It is this desire which prompted earlier efforts along this same line and encouraged Mayor Hock to make another attempt to achieve a long-desired public convenience.

There is little question that a public course will carry itself and probably will yield the City income. That is the general experience with municipal courses and there is no good reason why it should not be Allentown's experience.

Hitherto good ideas have been brought to the fore in this matter but impasse was reached in the matter of finances. Now a sound financial plan is proposed and will be placed in the hands of City Council next week for consideration and action.

This Is Newspaper Week

The American newspapers, which enthusiastically publicize scores of useful activities and ideals as promulgated by many national organizations during virtually every week of the year, can be excused for taking a little time out once a year to talk about themselves.

So, beginning today, American newspapers will be calling the attention of their readers to American Newspaper Week, the first week in October. They will blow their own horn a bit and remind the American people that in the American press they have an important public servant who seeks to be worthy of his hire.

No institution can be much closer to the people than the daily newspaper. It is not only "for" but "of" the people. It is the daily chronicle of their events as recorded by their own representatives. And in general it is a friendly chronicle. Newspapers strive to be an integral part of and a faithfull representative of the people.

The American newspaper is a public servant with a realization of the responsibilities of the job and a deepfelt desire to measure up to them. American newspapermen know that only as their job for the public is performed will their publications continue to live.

In other years during Newspaper Week emphasis has been placed upon the small boy who with a fidelity equal to that of Uncle Sam's postal men brings people their daily papers and "neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." At other times emphasis has been placed upon community service that is afforded by the press.

The fact of the matter is that the work of the American press is too large and too wide to be comprehended within a single legend or a slogan for the week. It takes a lot of Newspaper Weeks scattered over a lot of years to tell the story.

It is much like the American newspaper itself. Some time ago some fifty European newspaper publishers and editors made a tour of the United States. One of their remarks was that American newspapers are too big, that the average reader does not have the time to read them and that there is a lot of waste of newsprint.

That was snap judgment on the part of publisners who have little or no interesting advertising matter to present to their readers and in addition are limited in news coverage by rationing of newsprint. More considered judgment on this matter is possible for Americans who have the advantage of a Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading. This shows that big as our newspapers are, the people read them. While the average person does not read a paper from cover to cover, it is amazing what high percentage of readers cover most of the daily issue. Furthermore what the Europeans failed to grasp was that the American newspaper is diversified, that it contains something of high interest for almost every one and that nobody expects anybody else to read everything that is in a huge paper. Certainly newspapermen do not expect it of their readers.

So thruout this week American newspapers will preen themselves a bit and talk about themselves a bit and tell you, if you do not already know it or believe it, that nowhere in the world will you find service comparable to that which is provided for our people by the American newspaper.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Russia has the world guessing now not merely on the A-bomb but on what she intends to do about Tito in Yugoslavia.

Plainly a series of significant moves are in process. First, Tito defies the Kremlin. Next, the western allies give Tito a loan. Then Russia mobilizes troops on the border of Yugoslavia. Then Russia explodes an A-bomb, which news the United States promptly announces.

Now the Russians formally scrap their treaty of alliance with Yugoslavia.

The next step, which in older times would be inevitable, is a military attack on Yugoslavia.

Russia must in some way regain the prestige she has lost by allowing Tito to go unpunished for his defiance. Can she do this by propaganda and by speech-making and denunciation of treaties? Or will she feel it necessary to use military coercion, too?

A couple of weeks ago Tito might not have been easily intimidated. For the western nations might have come to his rescue or at least threatened to intervene if the territorial integrity of a member of the United Nations were invaded. Now, however, with the knowledge that Russia has exploded an A-bomb, will the same policy be pursued? It is doubtful.

Whether or not Russia has A-bombs in sufficient number to do her any good in a local war with Yugoslavia, the big fact remains that what happens inside Tito's country might give concern to the other nations of Europe and thus bring an unlooked-for climax.

It may be that the threat of the use of the A-bomb is part of the Russian propaganda strategy and that no military action is really intended at this time. If, on the other hand, Russia were to select this autumn as the time to slap Tito down and occupy his country, would the western nations intervene with military force and become involved in a war or would they regard it as just an isolated affair behind the Iron Curtain between Russia and her satellite states?

The answers to these questions are related to the unfortune fact tht the western allies do not have any appreciable number of divisions in being as yet. Russia could sweep Yugoslavia and encounter hardly any resistance. The western nations could not bring to Europe quickly a sufficient number of divisions to deter Russia. The whole European aid program contemplates the deploying of a substantial number of divisions in the next few years—not immediately.

The Soviet regime is face to face, however, with a crisis that cannot very well be avoided without revealing serious weakness. In Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, the Communist domination would be gradually reduced to the vanishing point if Tito gained the upper hand or could count on the moral and military support of the western democracies.

Big events may be in the offing. The chances of a full-scale war are negligible but the measures that Russia uses to regain control of Yugoslavia could be the turning point in the cold war.

The general feeling here is that Russia will try infiltration tactics and will stir up a revolution inside Yugoslavia and thus operate through the guerrilla system rather than through a direct attack. With Yugoslavian "rebels" being supported by the supply lines of the Russian Army, quite a debate might ensue inside the United Nations, like that which developed in connection with the Greek situation. Russia would disclaim any part in the internal revolution and the western allies would have the same proolem on their hands they have had in other Balkan countries.

Will the western allies now give the Tito government military help and supplies? Will Yugoslavia become another Spain and furnish a testing ground for another world war? To ask the questions is to indicate the nature of the trouble clouds that hang over Europe today.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

You have all read or heard that bewhiskered old wheeze about ship news reporters interviewing celebrities arriving in the United States for the first time, and asking When, before they have even set foot on land: "How do you like America?"

If the celebrity happens to be an author, he rushes madly through our 48 states in two weeks, with, perhaps, a quick airplane trip to Honolulu, and then writes a book entitled "America As I Know Her."

* * *

I have spent just four days in Eastern Canada so far, yet I am not going to write a book about the country.

But I shall tell you a few things about Canada with the same authority as my colleagues of the writing game who write those books about America after a fortnight's sojourn.

* * *

First of all I promise you that you will enjoy Canada.

It is chockful of interesting sights. It is truly foreign in character, yet you don't feel strange in it.

The thing that impressed me particularly was the courtesy of almost everybody with whom we came in contact.

Waiters and waitresses actually thank you as if they mean it when you give them even a modest tip.

The people in the stores are polite and anxious to please.

I had always dreamed of some day owning a cashmere top coat, but they were too expensive for my pocketbook. I knew Canada was the place to get one reasonably.

I went into at least a half dozen stores in Montreal and to as many in Quebec, without finding just what I wanted.

None of the clerks seemed to mind it when I went out without buying. As a matter of fact most of them suggested "Why don't you try the Soandso store? They may have just what you want.

It reminded me of that movie "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street" where "Macy's actually does tell Gimbel's."

I finally found that coat—at about half of what it would have cost me in the United States.

But don't think that you can rush to Canada and find a lot of bargains—except in woolens and tweeds.

Wherever we went there were signs in the better stores "Import from New York."

This noon we drove out to famous Montmorency falls.

We went into one of the many gift shops that feature Canadian handicraft.

There was a lovely woodcarved piece named "Habitant Peasant."

The wife loved it. Just the thing for our mantlepiece. So quaint. So typically French-Canadian!

I was about to buy it, when something told me to turn it over and look at the bottom.

There, sure enough, was a little label "Made in New London, Conn."

* * *

We enjoyed Canada and I hope you will visit it. You will enjoy it too, and if you have been there you will want to go again.

But remember this: We kick about our sales tax. In Canada you pay a five per cent "hospital tax" on every meal you eat. On clothes you pay a four per cent tax. Cigarettes are .40 a package. Scotch whiskey, if you are interested, costs much more than in the States. So do wines and other beverages.

Have you heard the howls because our government wants to raise the price of postal cards from one to two cents? In Canada the postage on cards is three cents, on letters four cents.

By the way, I was told that a girl here is not allowed to go to a movie until she is 16, but she may get married at 14. Thus she can celebrate her second wedding anniversary by going to a movie for the first time.

* * *

Yes, Canada is a great country — and thank God for the United States!

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Daniel 2:19-23

This chapter is the account of a dream which Nebuchadnezzar had, one which caused him great concern. His spirit was troubled, we read, so that he could not sleep. He even summoned the astrologers and the soothsayers, men at Court who were supposed to be able to give the King good advice in determining state policy. He had forgotten the details of the dream, and therefore even demanded that the astrologers tell him what the dream was. Should they not be able to do this they were to be cut to pieces, v. 5. Of course they could not do so, which made the King furious. Daniel, hearing of this sought to prevent their death, and perhaps that of himself and of his companions, v. 17. Daniel asked the King for an extension of time which was granted. They held a prayer-meeting to which God responded by a vision granted to Daniel, showing the dream and the interpretation thereof. Our lesson today is Daniel's thanksgiving to God for revealing to him His purposes, acknowledging God as the source of all wisdom and power, removing kings and setting up kings. God always honored Daniel, "because he believed in his God," 6:23.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Adolf Henneke is a miner in the Soviet Zone of occupied Germany who has won the hatred of his fellow-workers by exceeding his daily quota so frequently that Soviet overlords not only have singled him out for special honors, but are seriously thinking of upping the quota for all other miners. Resentful associates laud him in public but ridicule him in private.

A favorite story is that he went to a dentist to have a tooth pulled. When the anaesthetic wore off there was a huge gap in the front of his mouth. "You idiot," he roared to the dentist. "You've pulled eight teeth instead of one." The dentist answered pointedly, "I too can exceed my quota, Herr Henneke!"

Of Corn, Watermelons

By HENRY McLEMORE

Paris—

The limits to which the French have gone to put the half-nelson with hammerlock on any dollars inhabiting the pockets of American tourists is illustrated by an item now appearing on the menus of even the best restaurants in Paris.

It is corn on the cob.

There was a time, back in the days when the franc was a franc, that a Parisian restaurateur would have been much more likely to list mothball cutlets with sauce cyanide on his culinary form than corn on the cob. Corn on the cob was (and still is, for that matter) considered fare for pigs and horses only, and it is said that many farmers apologized to their livestock for asking them to eat it.

But word reached La Belle France that Americans loved the stuff and were willing to spend money for it, so it began to be smuggled into kitchens. While the chef and all his assistants turned their faces to the wall to avoid the horrible sight, some broken-down outcast whose pride was gone cooked it.

For an American to order corn on the cob here affords him a two-way adventure. The adventure begins when he gives his order. Despite the fact that waiters have been briefed on how to behave when an American orders this barnyard delicacy, very few of them can keep their faces from registering horror, and some have been known to cry out a warning to the customer.

The adventure continues when the corn on the cob is served. All the Frenchmen in the restaurants to whom the American is visible stop eating to stare at the man who would dare order such a dish. When the eater raises the corn to his mouth, all eyes are fastened on him as if he were about to split a giant diamond, and he continues to be the cynosure of all eyes as he goes to work on the corn.

The second, and highest phase of the adventure, begins when an American bites into the corn. French corn on the cob has all the tenderness of a section of railroad tie, without the sweetness of a well-seasoned tie. It shouldn't be served with butter, but with some agent like sulphuric acid to soften it.

No wonder the French never have liked corn on the cob. They have never tasted a fresh-picked ear of Golden Bantam or Country Gentleman. The corn they are serving Americans now was lifted right out of the crib and boiled for an hour or so to bring out every bit of its toughness.

I worked on an ear for the better part of one afternoon without damaging it to such an extent that is could not be served to the next unsuspecting American who came along, which I am sure it was. A dozen ears like the one I got would be all a restaurant would need for an entire tourist season.

While the top Parisian restaurants have yielded their pride and serve corn, the better restaurants in Rome and Florence, eager as they are for dollars, too, will not serve watermelon. When we were in Rome the markets were filled with the best looking watermelons I ever saw, and being a Georgia Cracker I ached for some. But everytime I ordered it the captain patiently explained that he couldn't do it — against the house rules. Seems that watermelons are so abundant that they are considered low-low-low-brow food, and their presence on a menu would offend.

So I had to eat 'em at the markets, which was all right by me.

Horoscope

Tack used by you on this anniversary should bring the results you desire. With care, your next year should be a pleasant one. Born on this date, a child probably will lead an average pleasant and successful life.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS

RESPECT

This is the truth: Who does the best he can,
Though right or wrong may walk the world erect.
He may not triumph, but he'll be a man
Tha' even those who fight him will respect.

* * *

SUCCESS

Success? Oh, youngster, let me tell.
'Tis seldom swiftly won.
But surely gained by doing well
Whatever must be done.

GOLF LESSON

When you can take three putts and laugh them off;
When you can shank an iron shot and grin,
You will have learned to have the joy of golf
That every game you do not have to win.

* * *

MONEY AND FUN

When money is the chiefest stake,
The game I'd rather shun.
I'll work to earn what I can make,
And play my games for fun.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N NEIE ORT OYES: Der Jim Kromer fon da Rigelwaigs shtross, Slatington, is alla weil on ra neia ort over raisa. Die hinkel mit ous fliegel maiga ol recht sei maint er, ow'r 's sin ols noch die over wohs manshd tzaila won m'r shwetzt fon hinkle. Hinkle kumma net yusht fon da oyer, ow'r 's sin aw wenich socha os mainer dafon gessa werra wie hinkle over. Doch so fiel oyer os gavus'd werra fer hinkle raisa un essa, sin over arrick ferbrachlich wie 'n yaders wase os shun oyer k'hand'ld hen.

Alsa mohl hoert m'r woh hinkle fressa ferkauft wert os bardich gute sei sol fer oyer shawla hard mocha, doch alla gabut un glei widder, gebts "kracks" datzu, oddei ewwa oyer os ferbrocha sin. So long os die over wolfel wörra, ungfare ferkauft hen fer paar cent 's duc'end, huts net fiel ous gamocht won aw dale ferbrocha gonga sin-ow'r nimmy so heit tzu dawg. Won oyer finf odder sex cent odder noch mainer 's shtick wert sin, noh is es tzeit fer sie ferwohra os sie net ol ferbrocha gain won m'r sie uf der marrick shoft. Un sel is grawd wos der Jim alla weil om duh is.

Wos fer hinkle os es Jims' hen kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r sie laiga net yusht shtavensa grossa over, ow'r er hut die hinkle now so weit, os sie tzwae oyer uf ae mohl laigadrin. Der Jim hut die socha shae ous garach'ld- die shawla secht er, kaimta louder laedich fon sond un gravel os die hinkle tzu sich shoffa, 's aller welfsh'd fom hinkle fressa. Wie ers dut sel wissa m'r net, ow'r die oyer woh fon seina hinkle laiga messa ocht tzol da kartza waig drum rum, un nine unna halb tzol da longa waig rum.

So weit hut er sex fon da over kotta, un woh' sie drei dafon gavus'd hen, ains grawd wies onner. Wie sie die airsht shawl ferbrocha hen wor 'n dudder un weisses inside drin, un dabei aw noch 'n recht shoffen'd oy mit shawl un allas. Wie sies tzwet inside oyer ferbrocha hen, wor sel nadierlich wie 'n oy sei sot mit dudder un allas. Un so weit os der g'shmock fon da "oyer" aw gong' is, maint er net os er in ol seim lebdawg besserra oyer gessa het.

'M Jim sei maining is net yusht fer die hinkle iwwer tzeit shoffa mocha doubida oyer laiga, ow'r wons oitside oy aw ferbracht is yusht die helft fom oy fert,-inside drin is ols noch 'n onner oy. Now won sel net ebbes is in da oyer welt, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear. Wos noch mainer is, aenich ebber os die oyer sehna wil is wilkum fer ob shtoppa ons Jims' un die drei iwwerich oyer wos er hut sehna. Der George Mertz fon Northampton wor darta un kon sich net arrick ganunk ershtouna wie wunnerbora hinkle os es Jims' hetta.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Die nagshd fersommling fon da Pennsylvania German society wert k'halta da 22d October in Gettysbarrick, un won aenicha sin os gleicha dada fer die Society awnemma, lossa uns hoerra dafon.

'S nagshd buch os rous kumt is 'n buck beim Henry Borneman, bresident fon da Society, fon bicher bilder, odder ewwa "Book Plates," un kumt ol in nadierlicha farva.

War net wil brouch die fersommling, net ei nemma, ow'r 'n yaders os tzu da Society kairt, grick'd 'n buch.

RURAL RHYMES

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

DIE DRUCKNING

Der Knecht sagt:

Die Brunne sin schier drucke,
Die Felder nix wie Schtaab;
Un all die Wolke gucke
So glaar als Welschkarnlaab.

Die Schpinne wewe Neschter,
Der Reggevoggel greckst;
Ich schpier mei Graehaagbleschter—
Des Wetter iss verhext!

Mer kann yo gaar net bluge,
Die Soot waerd gans zu schpot;
Ich bin so ledich ruhe—
Mir kumme in die Not!

Der Bauer andwart:

Wann all die Zeeche fehle
In Schpotyaahr Druckningzeit,
Un all die Nochbere gwaele
In Gegend breet un weit—
Dann denk ich an der Parre,
Der grischtlich, gelich Mann,
Wie er als saagt, "Die Narre,
Es iss ne immer bang!

Der Haerrgott dutt des richte,
Er sarrickt fer uns all;
Un es iss uns beflichte,
Des nemme sammt mit Gall."

OLD KING COLE

Der alt King Cole,
Dem waar alles wohl,
Un alles geht leidlich dohin;
Er frogt fer sei Pack,
Mit Peif un Duwack,
Un se' Musikante,
Die waarn gut Bekannte—
Sie schpiele so luschdich fer ihn.

No geht er mol schkeete,
Glei dut s ihm verleete—
Sei Bee waarn zu alt un zu schdeif;
Es waar ihm zu kiehl,
Er gleicht net des Schpiel,
Schmokt liewer die alt Grutze Peif.

Als owets geht er frieh ins Bett,
Dutt maryets frieh raus tschumpe,
Er dutt sei alte Schtiwwel aa
Un wehrt sei alte Lumpe.

Geht r o hie wu Musick iss,
Iss er glei in me Dans;
En weissi Fedder uff seim Hut,
En Fedder vun re Gans.

Sei Mantel waar mit Gold begleed,
Er hocher Hut hot uff;
Fer zaahme aa die scheene Maed,
Do muss der Hochmut druff.

Un doch die geele Gnepp am Rock
Sell waar in seiner Class;
So geel as wie en Schdinkros iss,
Doch waar—sie nix as Brass.

Un nau im Schluss, O ya gewiss,
Loss mir der Keenich, wie er iss;
Iss in seim Schtuhl un dient sei Leit,
Un weist ne all en scheeni Zeit.

—D. GEO. KNECHT

THE MILLERSTOWN YELLOW JOURNAL

By ELSIE SINGMASTER



The scene of this story is the borough of Macungie, Lehigh County, formerly knowr as Millerstown or "Millerschdedtel." The story first appeared in The Atlantic Monthly for May, 1906, and is reprinted here with the kind permission of both author and publisher.—ED.

CONCLUSION

SUMMARY: Alfie Bittenbender, the Millerstown school teacher, had long entertained the plan of starting a village newspaper to be called The Star, and to that end had established a print shop in the small barn on the back of his lot. But his Star had never risen, for just as he was about to make his project known to his fellow townsmen an outsider appeared and established a weekly, The Millerstown Journal. The stranger's urban ways, his jaunty sentences and his easy way of dealing with truth and fiction alike, captivated the credulous villagers. Alfie, however, was less credulous and bided his time. Fate now appears and moves in a circuitous way to bring this yellow journal to destruction. Old Dutch John who came around annually to trim grapevines was murdered by Josie Knapp. All summer the editor had made lurid copy of this murder. Alfie had long ago suspected the integrity of the editor. The murdered was to be hanged in the county seat. The date of the hanging had been set for the first Thursday in January, long remembered by the villagers as the day of the "great snow." Now the Journal was always printed on a Wednesday and distributed with the eleven o'clock mail on Thursday. But the printing could not be postponed until the Thursday following the hanging, because the editor planned to be married on the afternoon of the same Thursday and then go away for a week. The ingenious editor therefore set up the story of the hanging in all its details before the fait accompli, so to speak. Now all might have gone well with the Journal if it had not been for the snow storm and if there had been a hanging! But from here we shall let the reader take over with the conclusion of the story.—ED.

For the first hour, he had little to do. He studied the weather report, he sharpened Henny's lead pencils, then he fell to trying them one after the other, on the backs of telegraph blanks. Presently, when his scribblings were taking shape in an account of the hanging as he imagined it to be, the telegraph keys clicked with a new sound. He answered the call for Millerstown, and took the message. It read, "Number Seven stalled at Blandon." Then he fell to writing again, wondering, meanwhile, why Henny did not return. Jennie would be anxious if he did not get home in time for dinner.

The wind seemed to grow each moment stronger and more irresponsible. The track, except for a few feet, was shut off by the thick whirl of snow, on which the sun now gleamed dazzlingly. Down at the end of the platform the drifts were even with the floor.

Presently, the key called again for Millerstown. It was the operator at the county seat, who wished to exchange a few remarks about the storm.

"The wires are down up the valley," he said. "And there have been no trains for two hours."

Suddenly Alfie's eyes brightened, and he leaned down over the table as though afraid of losing one low sound. His own hand moved swiftly, and again he listened. His hand tapped the keys again. Once he smiled grimly, then his face stiffened into its eager lines. Outside, the whirl of snow drove back and forth under the bright sunshine; within, in the smothering heat, his whole being strained itself to listen to the click, click, click, which cut into the silence.

Then the rapid crepitations were no more. Alfie touched the key, he struck it heavily. Its life had departed. It responded only with a dull, mechanical sound, a little like the animation of the moment before as death is like life. For a moment Alfie did not move.

Then—"The wires are down. I must go," he said impatiently. "Where is Henny that he does not come? But it won't be any trains; I can go anyhow."

Seizing his hat and coat, he dashed out across the platform. The wind pounced upon him as he reached the end, and whirled him off into the deepest part of the great drift. He struggled out, to find himself face to face with the station agent.

"The wires are down," he gasped. "And it won't be no eleven o'clock train. And they say"—

"All right," Henny shouted back. "Much obliged."

"But they say"—

"Yes, I understand. It won't be any trains. The Journal has everything in it from the hanging." Henny had turned his back to the wind, and his voice came clear and distinct.

"But they say"—Alfie's words were whirled away before the agent realized they had been spoken.

"Good-by," he shouted; then the door of the office closed upon him. He watched Alfie from the window, wondering whether he had lost his mind. He stood knee-deep in the snow, his open coat flying in the wind.

"How does Henny think he could get the news?" Alfie was saying to himself. "The other folks could think it came by telegraph, but Henny knows it couldn't come by telegraph. Does he think perhaps one could ride out? It says, 'Gelt regiert die Welt, und Dummheit Berks County,'" (Money rules the world, and stupidity Berks County), "only this time it is Millerstown what 'Dummheit rules.' Just wait till I tell them!"

Thereupon, Alfie, with his gloves still in his hand, and with flying coat-tails, started up the street. For a few yards he plunged along, then he stopped again.

"They cannot find it out!" he exclaimed aloud. Then—"But it will mean powerful work!"

A moment later, his broad shoulders darkened the little window at the post-office. He almost snatched the paper from Dave Wimmer's hand, then dashed out. A few of the pavements had been cleared, and he made rapid progress. The low gate at his own house was snowed under, and he stepped over it, almost forgetting that it was there. He sped on down the yard without a glance at the kitchen window, where Jennie usually watched for him, and opened the barn door.

There he gathered an armful of paper and another of wood, and thrust them into the stove, where they soon cracked merrily. Sitting down at his desk, and seizing all the blank paper he could find, he went to work. An hour later he was conscious of some discomfort. At first he could not make out what it was, then he realized that he was hungry. And where was Jennie?

He ran across the yard to the kitchen. There on the table he found his dinner and a note.

"Pop came over that I should go along to Sally. She is sick. I will come till supper home."

He did not sit down, but, taking a pie in one hand, and a plate of doughnuts in the other, went back to the barn. There, for fifteen minutes, he wrote with one hand, while he fed himself with the other. Then, gathering up the loose sheets, he went across to the type case. The fire had gone out, and the wind had forced itself in through a hundred crannies. When his hands grew so stiff that he could not work, he built up the fire, frowning, meanwhile, at the interruption.

"The ink will not be dry," he said aloud. "But I guess it will not make anything out this time. If,"—he added somewhat dubiously,—"if it is any next time."

No one who had not worked steadily while the light faded could have seen to gather and fold the scattered sheets, which, damp from the press, lay all about the floor when he had finished. With shaking hands, he packed them into a half-bushel basket, and, putting it on his arm, started down the street. He planned, as he strode along, how he would announce his debut as an editor.

"I would rather give them away than sell them," he thought. "But I guess it is better that I sell them. I wonder if ever before a paper was started with an extra."

He awoke suddenly to the fact that the storm had entirely ceased. The sky was still a faint gold, while the great billows of snow gleamed coldly blue in the clear light. Here and there windows were lit up, and he heard men laughing in the tavern. A ball of soft snow caught him behind the ear as he passed Oliver Kuhns's, and he called back a cheerful, "Just you wait once till I catch you!"

Before he reached the post-office, he heard the sound of many voices. Within, Old Man Fackenthal, Elias Bittner, and Pit Gaumer tilted their chairs against the wall; and on the counters—relics of the days when the post-office had been a store—perched the younger generation, Billy Knerr, the two young Fackenthals, Jakily Kemerer, Jimmie Weygandt, and half a dozen others; and all the boys in the village seemed to have gathered in the space between. Dave Wimmer, the postmaster, who leaned half way out over the gate which divided his quarters from the main office, read aloud from the Millerstown Journal. The reading progressed slowly, for there were frequent interruptions, and demands for elucidation.

"Didn't he say no word when he was hung?" old Elias Bittner demanded, as Alfie entered.

"No, not a word," answered Wimmer solemnly. "It says, 'silent as the grave what was soon to receive him.'"

"Didn't they have no praying, or nothing?" some one queried.

"Yes," answered Dave. "Here is a grand prayer what the chaplain made. It says"—

"How does the editor know what it says?" a slightly scornful voice demanded. They turned to regard Alfie, who stood, with his basket on his arm, just within the door.

"By the telegraph, of course," old Elias answered impatiently. "How else should he know? Dave, go on with the praying."

Old Man Fackenthal let his chair slam to the floor. "I say so, too. How does he know it?" he said. "This editor was me too much all summer for making something out of nothing. Alfie, what have you there?"

Alfie had set down his basket, and was nervously unfolding one of the damp sheets.

"I have here,"—he began, his confidence suddenly deserting him,—"I have here a new paper what will tell about the hanging."

"A new paper! What for a new paper?" demanded Elias. "It can't be any paper but the Journal. It was today no train."

Old Man Fackenthal motioned him to be silent.

"You had better shut a while up, and let Alfie tell from this new paper. Now, Alfie."

Alfie's eyes burned brightly.

"It is a new paper, just today begun. The name shall be the Millerstown Star. It will tell all the news, and it will be published every week from now on, at a dollar a year. It has this time nothing in it but from the hanging."

"We all know about the hanging," said old Elias impatiently. "We"—

"You do not know about the hanging," said Alfie firmly. "Perhaps Dave will read us what it says in this paper from the hanging."

Willing hands passed it across to Dave, from whose grasp the Millerstown Journal had slipped unnoticed to the floor. The room was silent enough now to suit even Old Man Fackenthal. Dave adjusted his spectacles with a loud, "Well, now, we will see what all this means." His eyes grew wider as he glanced along the head-lines, then his mouth opened, and the paper shook in his hands.

"Boys!" he said faintly.

"Well, hurry, yourself," some one called.

"Boys!" he ejaculated again.

"Well, what!" This time there was a chorus of exclamations. "Ain't he dead?"

"Yes, but, boys! It says here it wasn't today no hanging. He made himself dead with poison in the jail!"

"Bei meiner Sex, I don't believe it!" said Elias Bittner. They silenced him in a moment, and there was a loud demand for further explanation. How had Alfie heard? Who was publishing the new paper? Where had the editor of the Journal got his news?

"He got it somehow, and it must be true," insisted Elias.

"He made it up out of his own head," said Old Man Fackenthal. "Say, boys, what for fools does he think we are in Millerstown? Alfie, from now on I take the Star."

Thus was the first subscriber enrolled.

Fifteen minutes later, Alfie started out in the street, his basket empty, save for one paper which he was taking home to Jennie.

The sunset glow had vanished, and the stars were shining. Out across the Weygandt meadows, the bleeder at the furnace blazed like a beacon. Then another light, less bright, but more alluring, caught his glance. Jennie had come home. As he reached the gate, a long shaft of light from the opening door shot across the snow.

"Well, Alfie, where have you been? I was getting scared."

For answer he handed her the little sheet, damp and crumpled, blank on three sides, and sadly blurred on the fourth. It was a newspaper of one item, which began:—

"In spite of the lengthy account of the hanging of Josie Knapp, published by our esteemed contemporary, the Millerstown Journal, we would say that he was not this morning hung, but yesterday evening already took poison in the county jail."

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves; and He loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

All Polio Records Broken

Living as we do in this Lehigh Valley it is not necessary for any one to tell any one else that the current year has been an especially serious one as to infantile paralysis. And so it is easier for us to understand and sense the effect which similar conditions have produced thruout the country at large and the effect which it has had upon the funds of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

It comes as a matter of no surprise to people like those in Easton and Allentown whose isolation hospital wards and beds have been constantly filled with polio victims for months that the March of Dimes is in dire need of cash.

In 1948 all polio records were broken with almost 30,000 cases. That figure had been approached only in 1916. Now comes 1949 which is expected to break the 1948 record. In other words, two record years in succession and no opportunity for the National Foundation and its fund-raising machinery of the March of Dimes to catch its breath and build up its resources.

There need be no wonder that in many communities of the country there are supplementary, out-of-season campaigns to meet the current emergencies and that there is general appeal to the philanthropic to assist the great work without the medium of organized campaigns.

The American Newsboy

The annual observance of National Newspaper Week attains its climax upon this day when those who produce the newspaper strive to honor those who distribute it and hope that subscribers will be thinking about and appreciating the service accorded to them by the distributor—The American Newsboy.

In other words, this is the day given over to pinning figurative orchids upon the many thousands of boys and some girls who thruout the early hours of this morning and later in the day will be hurrying from house to house and shop to shop to deliver the latest daily paper, and equal honor goes out to the boys and occasional girl who hover about the busiest sections of cities and towns to offer a variety of papers to casual and fairly regular customers.

On this Newspaper Boy's especial day there is appreciation not alone for a current generation of distributors but for the many generations which have gone on but have given an almost epic literature and tradition to the American people.

It has not been merely the imagination of American writers but it has been one of the facts of American life that early occupation as a newsboy has done something highly beneficial for thousands and thousands of Americans who became leaders in just about every walk of life. Selling papers can be seen to have developed initiative and a sense of a dollar's value. It has brought boys into contact with people in a business and a social way and has given them the invaluable experience of adaptability to all sorts and conditions of men.

American biography is full of the stories of great personalities whose earliest experiences in business and social relations included newspaper salesmanship.

American biography promises to have many more such stories in the future for it is the studied purpose of American newspaper publishers in our day to make the newsboy's job a character-building job and not a mere chore which will provide some pin-money.

Boys are being trained to be efficient men. They are being provided with an aim that goes far beyond the ending of today's newspaper route. They are given training for wider and more useful lives. They are being afforded a vision of the huge vistas of American opportunities that continue for earnest and ambitious men despite anything that the traducers of the American system can say.

A Timely Experiment

Allentonians will be tremendously interested in the experiment which the local magazine, "Organic Gardening," is putting on as to conversion of the city's garbage into a fertilizer with commercial value that is expected to be greater than the cost of reduction.

The experiment is costing the City nothing. If it proves successful it may bring the City revenue which is the expectation of J. I. Rodale, editor of the magazine, and his engineer in charge of the experimental work.

Certainly the experiment comes at a favorable time, namely when the City is faced with heavy expenditure for additional crematory equipment in the near future. If garbage can be turned into fertilizer economically instead of being burned, a lot of money can be saved the City as to capital investment and also as operating expenses.

Conversion of garbage into fertilizer is not a matter of theory. Garbage is the offal of foods that came from the soil. So garbage is simply on its way back to the elements from which it was derived when it is thrown into the pail for burning at the incineration plant.

Everybody will agree that it is far more desirable to save fertility for our soils than to burn it up and send it out thru the chimneys of the incinerating plant. It will be a splendid thing for Allentown if the practical and economical way to do it can be developed here.

It will be a good thing for the country if the idea can be shown to be practical for fully a hundred million people in this country daily produce food wastes whose elements ought to be returned to the soil from which they came instead of being virtually destroyed, or rather lost and destroyed, or for a long time to come.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Something deep and soul-stirring must account for the fact that men in naval uniform, trained to obey instantly orders that might send them to their deaths, should now risk the loss of their careers in order to bring to the attention of the public what they regard as a serious blow to our national defense.

Capt. John Crommelin is now under house arrest by orders of President Truman, commander in chief of the armed services, who admitted to a press conference that he had a hand in suspending the naval heroa—t least he failed to stop a disgraceful procedure.

The same John Crommelin isn't squawking about his fate any more than he did that tragic day — Nov. 30, 1943 — when his aircraft carrier, the Liscombe Day, was blown up by a Japanese torpedo and set ablaze, and he found himself burning. Here is how a survivor describes that episode:

"Capt. Crommelin, chief of staff, although wrapped in flame by the blast, was one of the few survivors of the flag organization. The admiral was killed. Stick your finger in a match flame some time. The captain can tell you how that feels, spread all over your hide. He jumped over the side, swam to a raft, and for some time calmly discussed with the others on the raft the proposition of whether or not he was roasted to the point where it wouldn't be worth while for him to hang on.

"Later, however, lying in the sickbay of the Leonard Wood, wrapped up liked a cocoon, he had the same old grin for anybody who dropped down to see how he was taking it. 'Glad to see you made it, too,' was the word. Odds were about 10 to 1 among the crew that he'd never pull out, but it seems he did."

Just what did Capt. Crommelin do this week that should invite such ignominious punishment as house arrest? He gave the press letters that discussed America's naval future in an abstract way, with not a single mention of anything secret or classified therein. Since when is it a crime or must a naval officer be punished for being interviewed by the press or for giving information to the press that is not secret or classified? At the worst, he might deserve a court of inquiry and a chance to be heard on his constitutional right to speak his views and give the public information in his possession on national policy. He does not deserve enforced confinement to his home.

Why, it must be asked, did Capt. Crommelin take the step he did? Why are so many naval officers so deeply aroused? President Truman, who ought to be more respectful since he is commander in chief, treats it all flippantly —as if it were just a squabble between children. Secretary of Defense Johnson treats it likewise and talks about knocking heads together. Secretary of the Navy Matthews take the position that a naval officer loses his rights as an American citizen and dare not criticize the laws of his country.

The American people should be seriously concerned—not because there is a controversy over a national policy but because militaristic methods are being used to squelch public discussion and because the prerogatives of the Congress are being impaired.

If officers in the armed services are to be intimidated by threats of punishment when they seek to discuss the very subject on which they are qualified to speak, it can only mean that Prussian militarism has taken hold in the United States and that the ways and methods of the Nazi general staff—which brooked no opposition from the Reichstag—are being duplicated in supposedly free America.

Talk of tapped wires and threats of punishment if members of the armed services even speak to members of Congress are emerging as collateral phases of a controversy as to whether America is preparing the right offense and defense against a potential enemy.

But why are the officers of the navy so apprehensive? Why are they so eager to get their story to the public? Why did Secretary of Defense Johnson and Secretary of the Navy Matthews try to squelch all testimony? Why did the House Armed Services committee at first decide to hear Admr. Radford, commander in chief of the Pacific fleet, in open session and then order his testimony to be given in secret session and then reverse itself and order open sessions? What kind of pressure is being exerted on the vacillating House Armed Services committee, and by whom?

President Truman frankly confesses that he uses lobby methods and puts pressure on members of the Senate in dealing with appointments. How much assurance can anybody, inside or outside the armed services, have that the American people will get all the facts if the unification law now is being construed as a "gag" law? The issue transcends all questions of defense planning and goes directly to the right of the American people to freedom of information about what is government.

War Doesn't Pay

By HENRY McLEMORE

London,—

War doesn't pay.

I can swear to that.

I am confident in swearing to that because I am in England.

England won a war. Take a look at her now. Take a look at her right after you fly in from Paris.

France was conquered. France, against Germany's might, rolled over and played dead, but look at Paris today and London today. On the surface France must have won the war and England must have lost it. You can eat your head off in Paris. There's no end of meat, butter, cream and one thousand and ten fancy things. Night clubs run all night, bands play night and day, the boulevards are crowded with well-heeled men and well-dressed women.

What does London look like? London, the victor. Dead broke. Not enough beer to keep a pub open longer than two hours. Not enough food to make eating anything but a chore. I'll have to be honest and tell you that I don't believe any other people on earth could have endured for ten years what the English have endured, and I say that with the full knowledge that I have never been especially fond of England.

England has never gone out of its way to endear itself to America. I first went to England in 1932 and the English, insofar as Americans are concerned, have always been kind of snooty, let us say. They always acted as if they knew all the gentle, gracious answers and Americans were just noisy chaps in store-boughten clothes. I have spent half of my time when in England trying not to make a scene because of the treatment they have given me as an American.

There are a thousand things today that still make me mad in London. For example, pick up a paper, which because of the country's poorness consists of only four pages, and see half a column devoted to the court circular, with announcements like these: "Lady Smithstone - Smithfield attended the Duchess of Gloucester today at the West Tottenham riding show. Lord Helpus is the new privy purse to His Majesty George VI . . . The King's party at Balmoral bagged 116 pheasants in yesterday's shoot over the royal grounds."

This sort of thing. A pity.

But that's not the English people.

You can yell at Attlee, Cripps, Bevin, and yet at the same time you know that doesn't have anything to do with the grief that the little people of England are undergoing each and every day. Cripps crosses on the Queen Elizabeth, but the little man in Liverpool has no bacon. Attlee and Dalton enjoy fame and world prominence, but the women of Manchester spend weary hours queueing up for things that housewives in Italy can buy across the counter.

Speaking of Italy, if you think war pays, go to Italy and then come to England. Italy chose to go with Hitler. Italy rode high, wide and handsome for several years and her armies killed many Englishmen and many Americans. But Italy has roast beef and England has none. Italy has all the wine and night clubs you can ever ask for, and Italians today live a hundred times better than Englishmen. That's not right. When the going got really tough, the Italians threw their hands in the air in high surrender.

What did the English do when the going got tough? They got tougher. They never thought of quitting. And today in England well, pick up any English newspaper and read the In Memoriam notices. It'll tear your heart out to read them. "To Sergeants John, Philip and Joseph Williams, who laid down their lives for their country in North Africa, in 1942. Mother and Dad." . . . "To Flight Squadron Leader Herbert MacPherson, killed in action in the Battle of Britain. He will never be forgotten by his devoted wife."

To wind up this column, just let me say one thing — it's a shame that such worthy people have such unworthy leaders. I can't prove that statement, but I feel it with all my heart.

(Distributed by McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Some time ago I wrote a column that started "What do you want to be when you grow up."

I made the rash assertion that "boys nowadays all want to be aviators, parachute jumpers, television stars or leaders of bebop bands."

* * *

Our local newspaper apparently didn't agree with my opinion about modern boys.

So they interviewed six typical American boys — five in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades and one in the fourth grade.

Not one of them expressed a desire for any of the vocations I had named.

But their choices convinced me again that we have nothing to worry about as far as modern youth is concerned; that boys are boys, no matter in what century they live; and that the future of America is quite safe, provided we leave our country to the common sense of the new generation instead of messing around with it ourselves.

* * *

The first boy wants to be a cartoonist.

"I draw pictures on paper when I should be studying. I think I might get together with somebody who can write stories to fit around the characters I draw."

That's what he told the interviewer — and from the incomes some of your favorite cartoonists enjoy, I think the kid is making a wise choice.

* * *

Boy No. 2 wants to be an aeronautical engineer and design airplanes.

"I have made lots of models and become more and more interested in the maintenance as well as the design," he said.

His father could not have chosen better for the boy.

* * *

The third boy wants to own his own garage.

"I like to work on cars and motors and things mechanical," he said.

And with the usual disdain of a ninth-grader for women, he added "I suppose repairing some lady's fender would be part of the day's work."

* * *

The fourth lad shows a lot of good common sense even at his early age.

"I used to want to be a baseball player, but I gave that up because baseball players can only play for a few years."

So, like boy No. 2, he, too, has decided to be a designer of airplanes — airplanes, in his opinion, being the transportation of the future.

* * *

The fifth youngster, age 13, intends to be a structural engineer.

"My father is an architect, and the work that he does looks very interesting. I'd like to study engineering at Yale."

* * *

Now for No. 6, the nine-year-old fourth grader.

"I would like to be a taxi driver. You could drive around in your very own car and meet all sorts of people. Maybe I could work up to having five cabs of my own."

* * *

None of the six wants to be a columnist.

They have too much sense for that.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Luke 13:1-10

Concerning the incidents mentioned in verses 1 and 4 we know nothing at all apart from speculation. Jesus refers to them, probably at that time the subject of much talk as any serious tragedy would be discussed today, in order to raise the question as to whether the victims had been punished by such sudden and cruel deaths because they had been particularly flagrant sinners. The implication is that they were not, but Jesus takes advantage of the situation to ask His hearers to consider themselves, should a similar calamity befall them, exhorting them to repent and to be ready for any experience by which they might suddenly be called upon to stand before God as their Judge. Verses 6-10 are a call to the nation of Israel, planted like a fig-tree in a vineyard, to bring forth fruit unto its owner. Leaves are not enough; mere rites and ceremonies can mean exactly nothing, if the heart is not right with God. The same parable applies to the church today with all its Gospel privileges. May we not fall into the condemnation described in Revelation 3:14-19.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

M'R SIN FERHUDD'LD:

Yar m'r sin ferhudd'ld, ferdray'd, fertzawg'd, un fiela gons iwwer tzwarich. Unser gadonka fliega im gringle rum, m'r fiela fer jumpa, greisha, un yohla os die leit om onnerra end fon da ard maina maiga m'r weara nimmy bei unser'm folla fershtond. Nay, m'r sin net barich'd werra os m'r 'n million dahler gaarab'd hetta, uns but uns aw niemond fershprocha fer 'n wogga load gelt shicka so g'shwind os die widdering sich anner'd un die raya g'fohr feriwwer is. Rava uf 'm wogga load gelt dade mohl gawiss ken gute, der dinda dade ferlawfa, un m'r wist net eb m'r 'n hunnerd, 'n dousand odder 'n million dahler het.

'S hut 'n lot socha in darra welt os ow'r 'n lot mainer maina tzu ma mensch os wie gelt-un sel is die uhrsoch ferwos m'r heit net nadierlich fiela-maina allas os m'r aw gucka dada gang'd im gringle rum. Die gons welt guck'd wie 'n raya boga, un alla blons, gabei un baum os m'r aw gucka maina m'r dade bartzellaum shloga. Die gons ard sheinds hut sich letz gamocht, m'r kenna uns yusht may so weit leftich erinnerra on die dreva shtrike wolka, un os iwwer dem 's Nei Yohr widder doh is mit ra folla rounds toxa fon alla orta. Unser gadonka gaina heit 'n onnerer waig nous, shtrikes, toxa, shuida, druvel un kimmer fon ra dousand onnerra orta maint gore nix- 's sin onnerra socha im wind.

M'r hen shun 'n lot socha darrich gamocht in unserra tzeit os m'r net uf, gaibta fer die welt-ungfare wie m'r laenich uf ra hunnerd foos eckicha stage g'shtonna hen in Madison Shquare Garden, shwetza tzu 25,000 leit; wie m'r nommy dawg un owets programs helfa hen gewwa on da Welts Fair in Nei Yarrick; helfa hen die Folks Feshter halta on Bucknell University un Beaver Kollege; die g'shpass os m'r kotta hen fier yohr rum gae picknick shpiela; oi die blessier os m'r shun kotta hen on da Grundsow Lodges, fersommlinga un lodwarick parties; yar evens die trip noch Kalifornia, un shpaiter nunner noch Florida, hut uns net ferkullabiert wie m'r alla weil sin, darrich wos morya im wind is won die widdering halt.

Yar, morya is 'n aryer dawg fer uns, 'n grosser dawg so tzu sawga, un missa uns fermuthlich alsa mohl petza fer sehna eb m'r noch bei lava sin - odder in da luft rum shwava wie 'n fedder in wind. Ow'r m'r hen yoh aw noch net g'sawt ferwos m'r so uf g'shoft sin-odder hen m'r die socha shun ous 'm sock galust? Wel, won net, morya is gatzailt fer uns mit 'm Dave Delong fom Kronickle noch Brooklyn gae die Yanks un Dodgers sehna balla shpiela. Sie sawga 's gaibt ols 'n ordlichie drup menscha tzomma, un 'n yaders het 'n gutie tzeit.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R.

'S aller arrickshd fon unserra trip is, os m'r ken English shwetza solla-missa uns bahelfa in ra fremma gagend da beshda waig os m'r kenna, mit yusht unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha mutter shproch.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Oct. 8, 1924, a Wednesday.

The opening meeting of the winter season of the Fine Arts club was held in the Wollworth building. Mrs. Mae D. Miller, president, was in charge and spoke on the aims and purposes of the club and described plans for the second annual exhibition. The entertainment committee, consisting of Mrs. C. W. Ettinger, Ruth Semmel and Pauline Laros, poured tea and provided a luncheon.

A Young Men's department, for boys from 16 to 20 years was opened at the Y.M.C.A. John Durno, boy's work secretary, was put in charge, assisted by William R. Seaman of Muhlenberg college. Norman Wolf of AHS and Edwin Meyers were appointed assistants to Mr. Seaman.

Horoscope

Try out some of your original ideas at this time. You may be surprised at your success. Your next year should progress on an even, upward grade. The child born today may prove to be extremely ambitious.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

King Peter of Jugoslavia made a personal appearance on a "We the People" radio and television program recently. Aubrey Williams, the director, was rehearsing him at the old Maxine Elliot theatre when His Majesty suddenly noticed the time and pleaded. "Please let me go for a while. If I'm any later, my wife will kill me."

Jack Benny explains his shift from NBC to the Columbia Broadcasting network as "a matter of capital gain." He adds, "and as usual, the Capitol will get all the gains." Benny says he'll make a perfunctory fight to keep 75 per cent of the take, but is not really concerned about the outcome. "If I get it, all right, I get it. If I don't—I can always kill myself."

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE CARRIER BOY

Rain or shine, or bitter cold,
Through the dawn's unbroken snow
Comes a youngster to the old
With the news they wait to know.

Surgeon, lawyer, holy man,
Filled with wisdom of the years.
Ask them all how they began
Their illustrious careers.

Many of them will reply:
"The esteem I now enjoy
Started years ago, when I
Was a paper carrier-boy."

Times flies swiftly. At the door.
He who drops your paper down
May in just a few years more
Be a man of great renown.

(Copyright 1949)



A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHILDHOOD

by A. G. B.

THE FARM HOUSE

**THE POETS PRAISE, IN TOUCHING RHYME,
THE HEARTH-FIRE OF THE OLDEN TIME;
I READ THEIR VERSES WITH MANY A SIGH,
AND THINK OF TIMES AND JOYS GONE BY,
THUS DREAMING O'ER THE PAST, I'M FAIN
TO THINK I SEE IT ALL AGAIN.**

From Harbaugh's HARFE

THE little girl, whose childhood is here recorded, was born on a farm among the Allegheny Mountains, in southwestern Pennsylvania. The year was 1864. That year the name of Maggie was in high favor for girl babies, and there was considerable pressure brought to bear on the parents of the new baby that she be named Maggie. But as the mother's saddle horse was named Mag that suggestion was promptly ruled out. A name frequent in the traditions of the family was finally chosen, and she was christened Ann.

HER EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

About the first thing that Ann remembers with any distinctness is housecleaning, an exciting and important ritual in the Pennsylvania German homes of that day. She remembers romping joyously on the best carpet which was smoothly spread on the grass "to sun." It was a beautiful carpet; no purple, no solfarino, no gaudy green; only shades of soft pinks and greens, with background of rich reds and browns. Little Ann's mother had done the dyeing of yarns, and planned the arrangement of the weaving in artistically-matched stripes. A professional weaver was engaged to do the weaving under her direction. The fine-spun yarns were used as the warp and these wool threads were so close together that they entirely covered the quite thick rag roof.

Ann possesses a remnant of that carpet, and it may easily be imagined that it is a precious keepsake. Though it is some the worse for wear, its final service having been as a mat on the porch of the old home on which to clean muddy boots, but after a thorough washing it still shows a rare beauty, like the shattered vase to which the scent of the roses clings.

Now in these maturer years, Ann's heart feels hurt that the characteristic Pennsylvania German thrift so sacrificed beauty to utility, that the lovely carpet eventually was cut into pieces and subjected to such desecration.

THE WEAVER

This best carpet had been woven in the weave-shop, so was entirely a home production. The weave-shop stood at the back of the garden, and it was one of Ann's delights to be sent with two or three cookies to the weaver, and then to be allowed to stay and watch him at his work. The shop was a commodious log structure, and was equipped with looms for weaving linen, carpets, and wool piece-goods. The itinerant weaver went about to his various appointments just as the seamstress did, from farm to farm, from house to house. His wages consisted largely in farm produce. During the early part of the 1800 decade, and before sewing machines were used in rural communities, a seamstress's wages were one dollar per week.

ITINERANTS

In those times there was another circuit traveler who went about, from farm house to farm house, but he was quite a different person from the itinerant weaver, for he went and came entirely as his fancy dictated. This now obsolete personage occupied a unique place in the social life of rural communities. Today he might be called a social tramp. He was always some homeless bachelor or widower, and his itinerary embraced about twenty miles in all directions. He sojourned at each farm house he visited about two week, and was entirely welcome, for he brought news from twenty miles distant, and all the intervening countryside. In that time and place communications with the world beyond the homestead was neither frequent nor rapid, so it is little wonder that this species of tramp—this traveling newspaper—was so welcome. He filled, as it were, a long-felt want—for news.

He was, certainly, a very different person from the vagabond of later times, for he worked wherever he sojourned, doing all sorts of odd jobs about the farm, or helping with the regular work in the fields. In this way he earned his board, and enough to keep himself clothed. The country housewives kindly kept his clothing washed and mended.

Two of these fellows were sure to put in an appearance twice a year when Ann was a little girl. They were Fritz Skenkenberger and Casper Driller. Fritz was a sober spirit; Casper was jolly, so Ann was gladder to see Casper then Fritz. Casper always challenged her with the accusation "Du bist ein Grumbeeresack!" That is to say, "You are a potato sack!" And she always sparred, in return, "Du bist ein Hawwersack!" That is to say, "You are an oats sack!

CATTLE DROVERS

Cattle drovers, too, were itinerants in those days. Their coming brought an unwonted liveliness to house and barn. They went through the country buying up the cattle that the farmers had fattened for market. For the small children of the household the arrival of the drovers was an event almost equal to the circus parade of later times. The drove of cattle, added to at frequent points along the route, was driven, by slow stages, to the "down East" markets.

Where the itinerant herd happened to be when night came, it was turned into a meadow or pasture, and the drovers were entertained for the night by the master and mistress of the farm house. These drovers were astute fellows beyond the mere buying of the farmer's cattle. Each carried a satchel filled with small gifts, from which store one gift was selected for the oldest child of each family visited. On one such occasion Ann was given a delicate cup and saucer, and another time was presented with material for a dress—beautiful red merino with small black dots.

MERCHANDISE HAULED BY WAGONS

Previous to the building of the railroad through western Pennsylvania, all merchandise, except that carried by peddlers, was hauled in wagons from Cumberland, Harrisburg and Baltimore. On one such an overland expedition an accident occurred which was well-nigh a tragedy to one housewife—though it was only a mirror that was broken. She had long wanted a mirror to hang in state on her parlor wall, and her husband went with the merchant to buy the mirror. For fear it would be broken he carried it all the way home, in the wagon, a distance of forty miles, stopping at night at a half-way tavern. The long overland journey successfully covered, the bearer of the much-desired mirror stumbled at his own doorstep and fell. The mirror crashed to pieces. As she swept up the fragments the poor woman wept softly.

"PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN"

Until Ann was four years old she spoke about as much German as English. Her parents spoke English to her, and her grandparents and the farm hands spoke German to her, and delighted in providing her with a "Pennsylvania German" vocabulary. As she grew older she was very glad for this coaching in the dialect, for it enabled her to enjoy many jokes and laughable incidents that otherwise she would have missed.

For instance, there was, at school, a little boy in whose home German was spoken more than in the homes of other children. One day the teacher asked him the question "If an apple be divided into four equal parts, what will one part be called?" The boy replied shyly, "One schnit." All the children laughed. In Pennsylvania German a part of an apple is called a "schnit." And once, during a visit at a cousin's home, Ann heard the housemaid ask, as she looked into the cook-pot, "Shall I make gravy at?" The maid merely rendered the sentence according to the order of the words in German.

The Pennsylvania German people have a habit of throwing the word **myself** haphazardly into their sentences for emphasis, one is to suppose, but very often with comic results. One day, when a group of English-speaking men were relating their experiences in killing rats, a Pennsylvania German among them chimed in, "I too once killed myself with chloroform a dog." Contemplating some of the ridiculous possibilities of Pennsylvania German, what had always been a mystery to Ann is why her grandparents and their associates read and wrote pure German, but used the dialect in conversation.

In the village church one day for some reason a change in the "foresinger" had been made. The "foresinger" was the tuning-fork leader. Under the new appointee the singing did not go off so well as usual. The former foresinger, a man named Engle, was in the congregation, and the preacher, distressed with the poor singing called out, "Werner, halds maul! Engle, sing du!" "Werner, hold your mouth! Engle, you sing!"

THE BABY PHOTOGRAPH

Ann never had a baby picture taken, for the nearest photographer was in a town twelve miles distant. But she came very near it, for once, when she was six months old, her mother took her this far journey for the purpose of having her photographed, but the child cried so much that it was impossible to get the picture. At that time having a photograph taken was a far greater ordeal than it is now, in the era of photographic perfection. Then the "subject" had to be motionless for at least sixty seconds, with his head firmly held in the desired position by iron prongs. Of course babies were not subjected to the iron-prong barbarism; they were merely cajoled into quiescence. In justice to one old German photographer it should be recorded that he always encouraged his subjects to be "natural." "Yusht vink your natural vink," he would say soothingly.

"SWEET" RECOLLECTIONS

Ann's grandparents occupied the same house with her parents, but the two families kept house separately. There was a certain hospitality maintained in grandmother's part of the house that pleased little Ann. She kept a supply of bread spread with butter and jam all ready in a low cupboard, and Ann might help herself when she wished.

But the very **sweetest** recollection of those childhood days is of maple sugar season. On "sugaring off" occasions Ann was sure to be found at camp with her bright cup and neat little white pine paddle. Into her cup Father or the hired man would drop from a ladle some of the soft taffy called "spatze," and as soon as the water in the cup had hardened the "spatze," a bit, she lost no time in enjoying Nature's perfect sweetmeat.

Another recollection may be called a **stinging** one because, one day a swarm of bees resented the unwitting intrusion of Ann and her playmates. They were playing about a log in the maple grove near the house, and their sport disturbed some bees that were living in the log. Out flew the bees, buzzing angrily, and away ran the children, screaming! At the house the women of the family applied large dock leaves to the stinging places, and the pain was soothed to some extent.

THRESHING DAY

Another buzzing occasion Ann remmebers with vastly more pleasure—threshing time, the most exciting, crowded time of the whole year. The whirring of the machinery, the four spans of horses going 'round and 'round and 'round, the man on the platform in the center shouting and cracking his whip, but never striking the patient horses, the flying straw, the smoothly-flowing wheat—what an event in Ann's small life, threshing day was, to be sure!

To Be Continued

PENNSYLVANIA

In Celebration of Pennsylvania Week

(October 17-22)

Geb mir des schee alt Pennsylvania,
Wu ich gebore bin;
Wu niemand 's besser winsche brauch—
Die Welt iss wu mir sin.

Des waar de Insche ihre Land,
Des iss gewiss aa so;
Der Penn hot's grickt vun England,
"Unfair" zu Insche do.

Der Keenich waar em Will in Schuld,
En aryi grossi Summ;
Ken Geld fer ihn bezaahle,
No s.hnuffelt er mol rum.

Dart driwwe in Amerika,
Hot e des viele Land;
Er macht en Barye mit em Penn
Un gebt 's ihm in sei Hand.

So grickt der William Penn des Land,
Er nemmt 's aa mit Geduld;
Fer was der Keenich schuldich waar,
Des Land bezaahlt die Schuld.

Doch waar's de Insche ihre Land,
Do waar yo ihre Lewe;
Der William waar so ehrlich do,
Will 's net vun ihne schehle.

Er ruft die Insche no mol bei,
Wie Sach so Zeite laaft;
Er macht en Treaty mit em Chief,
Doch waar's no zwee mol kaaft.

Der Will waar dart in Zeit un bringt
En Fass voll guder Schnapps;
Do macht er no sei Handel—
Er halt sie aa net gnapps.

Die Insche hen sich neigericht,
Sie waare do vun weit;
Sie drinke sich voll Ebbel-jack'
Un hen en gudi Zeit.

Em Penn sei Zeit iss lang verbei,
Hot uns des Land verschriwwe;
Die Insche sin aa nimmi do,
Sie hen sie ausgedriwwe.

Des iss es Land wu ich will sei,
Mit Barye, Daal un Schpringe;
Wu Blumme sin un scheene Beem,
Un Veggel luschdich singe.

Die Veggel singe hoch im Baam
Lang eb die Sunn uffgeht;
Sie singe in de Maryeschdunn,
Schunn ebb der Haahne greht.

Wu Baerrick, Daal un Hiwwel rollt,
Dart iss die Landschaft wie verfleckt;
Es Land begleed mit Frucht wie Gold,
Mit Beem un Blumme zugedeckt.

Do hen die alde Leit hart gschafft
Un ehrlich ihre Weg gemacht;
Blessier un Eelend aa debei,
Doch in dem Land, do waarn sie frei.

Ich waar schunn ordlich weit drauss rum,
Ken Gleichheet waar, wu hie ich kumm;
Hab viel Bletz gsehne, aagenehm,
Un naryets waar's as wie deheem.

Ya geb mir schee alt Pennsylvania,
Die alde Leit sin do haer kumme;
Fer sie ken Ruh im alde Land,
Hen Freiheet do un Friede gfunne.

—D. GEO. KNECHT.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

No man can be prudent at his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Taylor.

Rats Will Go Under Ground

After nine months of almost daily sessions eleven leaders of the Communist Party in the United States yesterday were found guilty by a patient jury of having conspired to overthrow the government of the United States by violence and to have taught such a philosophy wherever they could get a hearing.

Thus has ended one of the most important cases ever presented to an American jury. Just as the trial judge thanked the women and men of that body, so the American people can thank them for having endured one of the most brutal tests of endurance that a similar body ever has been called upon to face. And it was not merely the matter of time that was wearing upon jury as well as judge but the acrimoniousness of the trial and the obstructive tactics engaged in by the defendants and their attorneys. For the jury it must have been like witnessing and hearing a dog fight for nine months and any kind of a fight can become very tiresome in that time.

It can be believed from the tactics of the eleven defendants and their lawyers that they knew they were not merely fighting their own battle to keep out of jail but that they were the representatives of a bigger and more important cause — the Communist ideology of the Russian Soviet government. For that they had perjured themselves on many occasions as their own testimony showed. For it they had sacrificed much, including loyalty to their American citizenship. For it they were ready to cheat, to lie, to commit virtually any crime even to the crime of violence against our established Government, and their government as well. They all expressed hypocritical pride and interest in the government of their native or adopted land, as the case might be.

So it was that Communism was on trial for its life in the United States in the trial of its leaders and that the death sentence has been pronounced against it as a legitimate American political party. That it will now go "underground" is the belief of those who understand the fanaticism of the party's converts. But as the prosecuting attorney in the New York case remarked: "The FBI will go right along with the Communists when they go underground."

Certainly most of us will remember that only a decade ago there were strong and well-organized Nazi and Fascist units in this country. Their wavering and divided loyalty promised harm to this country in the event of war with the Axis—the union of Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy. But when the test came, the Bundists were found to be well known and not only under surveillance but under arrest in thousands of instances. The Axis poison had its almost instantaneous antidote in the shape of the FBI which knew more about the American friends of Hitler and Mussolini than many of them knew themselves.

Rats generally are found in cellars but ways have been found to destroy or to curb them even tho they work in subterranean darkness. So it will be if the Communists go underground.

Bring Playboys to Senses

It is timely that an official prominent in fire-fighting, particularly in the rural districts, has come out in denunciation of the dangerous practice of so many playboys who follow fire apparatus when it responds to alarms.

Chief Ira Bortz of the Cetronia company, on behalf of his organization, has declared war upon these dangerous pests, and threatened to enforce State law that covers this practice. His example well may be followed by other fire chiefs for they and their men and the apparatus which they handle are put in great hazard by the capers of these engine-chasers.

As Chief Bortz recalls, four volunteer firemen were injured in accidents during recent months as a result of this engine-chasing practice. Two were members of a Palmerton, two of a Coopersburg company. He does not want his men subjected to hazards similar to those which brought about harm to those four firemen.

It can be understood that volunteer firemen will and do follow fire-fighting equipment in their own cars. That is all right. It is almost necessary in fact. But there is no excuse for the mere sight-seers who chase after the fire apparatus, collide with it or give the firemen scares and who in many cases have clogged rural highways so that additional fire apparatus, arriving after the first pieces and the playboys, has not been able to get near the scene of the fire, or at least was delayed in doing so.

The situation of course is not merely local. It is universal for there is nothing that so greatly excites people as fire alarms and the prospect of seeing a considerable conflagration. All over the United States fire companies have the same kind of fanatic followers.

One chief in another section of the country has pretty well cured his local yokels. He put in a false alarm of fire and rushed out into a rural area, followed by scores of people in motor cars. Then all drivers were informed of the ruse, warned as to future violations of the law and permitted to go back home.

Decline of Spanking

In Atlanta for three days this week the nation's organized grandmothers, in convention assembled, swapped ideas on how to bring up children. It is reported that "Don't spank" was the cardinal rule emerging from these discussions. This decision of more than four hundred representative grandmothers confirms again a tender trend which has been plainly evident in the fifty or more uneasy years since grandpa was a boy and spanking was a terminal occurrence of corrective necessity and small rarity. We speak of "grandpa" in this punitive connection, for in the good old days of spanking it was always boys who suffered that chastisement which had Solomon for its best-known sponsor. Little girls were immune from any of those parentally imposed visits to a barn and a barrel-stave which were once a routine of domestic discipline as firmly established as the rulings of the Book of Proverbs.

Because of this family discrimination in spanking which restricted the painful ceremony to unfortunate young males, we are not sure that grandmothers are the best judges of whether or not spanking should vanish from a delinquent land and overall. It is possible that because members of the National Grandmothers Club were themselves never spanked they now regard the handmade punishment as of little worth. Too, grandmothers are famous for their over-kindly attitude toward their children's children, and the term "grandma's boy" has often meant a particular product in any home lucky or large enough to possess a grandma. In any event, we would prefer to hear grandpas polled on the subject of spanking. Some of the best home-grown, corn - fed spankees we ever knew in and out of "Who's Who" are today's grandpas. —New York Herald Tribune.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

All through the night the hotel room telephone had jangled Father Charles Rice out of his sleep. It was the old slow torture the Communists long ago contrived to batter the nerves of their opponents. And Father Rice had just come into Cleveland that evening to sit in on a few sessions of the tense United Electrical Workers (U.E.) convention some weeks ago — and had heard pro-Stalinist delegates sneer at labor priests. Later, he retired to his room, which unfortunately was in the hotel where the Communist leaders had set up their headquarters. And all night they tramped over to the house phones, called him, snarled and hung up.

The next day, lounging on the sidewalks, they scoffed at his clerical garb and even threatened violence. Finally, on another evening, six husky anti - Communist delegates from his own Pittsburgh escorted him to the elevator in mock military fashion. Just before the doors slid shut, Father Rice, reflecting their mood, and in full view of the Communist-filled lobby, mockingly saluted his "troops" and "dismissed" them.

But it was a grim jest and gesture. There's no play acting in this civil war now tearing the CIO apart. The venomous and immature needling of a labor priest, considered everywhere a close friend of CIO chief Philip Murray, reflects the bitterness and the chosen sides in CIO.

But the consensus inside CIO's top circle is that Philip Murray will not be provoked into the hysteria hoped for by the Communists, now giving him the total torture treatment in the midst of a critical strike.

Predictions inside CIO are that Murray will not expell the 11 Communist unions at the CIO convention early next month. He will lash them as only Murray's searing tongue can. He will demote their leaders. He will, for example, prevent the deceivingly-cherubic Albert Fitzgerald from being re-elected a CIO vice-president. And Murray will try to keep all Communists off the CIO's high command — the executive council.

He will ask for, and of course get, from his enraged supporters, a change in the national CIO constitution which will enable him to suspend Communist international unions which refuse to accept CIO policy. He will be empowered to dispatch letters to them saying cease and desist in 30 days. And then inform them they're out of CIO, if they don't.

Some of the CIO lads will even give odds that — except for one or two small Commie units which already have defied last year's convention decisions — the leftists will not be thrown out of CIO at this upcoming convention.

Unless, of course, they riot. Or so besmirch Phil Murray that there's impulsive table-crunching convention floor battling. Or, by some speech, accidentally infuriate that master of all convention chairmen, into losing his temper and unpremeditatedly roaring them out of the 14-year old CIO.

But the Comrades are under orders from the Communist party's national labor secretary Not to provoke Murray into expelling them. Bluntly, the Comrade's secretary has told them:

"... the left progressive led internationals should be alert to avoid any provocations that the Reuther - Murray - Carey block are already engaging in. Speaking for the Communists and those we can influence, we declare ... the fight (for a Communist program) must be intensified — and within the CIO."

In other words, the leftists want to hold onto their base in CIO as long as they can. They won't leave voluntarily. They want to be expelled. They want to be martyrized. But Phil Murray doesn't aim to accommodate the lads.

That's why, for instance, he has sent no word at all to the non-Communist bloc in the notorious United Electrical Workers, which is the pivotal union around which the pro-Communists operate. The anti-Communists have received no advice and no direction from the national CIO headquarters in Washington.

And certainly, if Mr. Murray planned to dropkick the Communist block right out of his ball park, he would now be organizing a new electrical workers union, out of sheer patriotism for this country if nothing else. He won't leave the field of jets, radar and atomic motors to the lefties.

So inside CIO they're betting that there'll be many a lefty union brother under their skin for quite a while.

(Copyright 1949)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

"One out of every eight or nine persons employed in the United States today is a government worker."

This startling statement is the first line of Solomon Fabricant's statistical study, "The Rising Trend of Government Employment," issued by the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Altogether a total of more than 6,000,000 adults are employed by "... federal, state, local, including school and other 'districts,' and government enterprises and corporations. Among these employes are members of the armed forces as well as civilians, and unclassified and temporary employes as well as civil service appointees. All part-time workers are covered by the payroll data, in terms of either number or 'full-time equivalent'..." In 1900, these units employed about 1,000,000 persons.

Fabricant compares the increase between government employment and total employment and he finds that "... the rate of growth in total employment substantial though it has been, fell far short of the very high rate of growth in government employment ..." Total employment increased from 1900-48 by about 120 per cent, while government employment increased by 450-500 per cent; privately employed workers by about 100 per cent.

Fabricant makes two points which I prefer to quote:

"... In not a single function of the federal government, the cities, or New York State (or other states of which we have record), was the number of workers actually reduced. In no other sector of the economy would we find every major division expanding.

"The results are almost as striking when growth in population is taken as the standard against which to set the rates of increase in individual functions. Every federal function pushed employment up more than population grew. Every New York State function pushed employment up more than the population of the state grew. As for the cities, all except three functions pushed employment up more than urban population grew.

"The three municipal functions that did not grow as rapidly as urban population are the 'general control' functions, administrative, legislative, and judicial. In the federal government as well, and in part also in New York and other states, it was these functions that tended to lag."

Politically these trends produce a vast number of men and women, all voters, and their close kin, who have a vested interest in government jobs, in the continuance of departments and functions, in the maintenance of payrolls—that is, in the high cost of government.

The strongest resistance politically to the implementation of the Hoover reports, for instance, comes from organizations of government employes who object to any reduction in the government payroll. In fact, the lobbying of such organizations in Washington and in state capitals is for constant increases in government spending, especially in their particular departments and agencies. Unless this trend is arrested, its political effect may be government by its own employes and an unening increase in taxes.

The question arises whether there is not danger that we shall continue to increase this government labor force still further until so many are employed in this manner that a large segment of the population will be withdrawn from the private enterprise labor force. Maybe that is good or bad or something, but it needs to be faced candidly. We are still having names on the government payroll perhaps to keep down unemployment figures. We are still paying taxes for a huge host of citizens whose services are of doubtful productive value.

Fabricant says:

"Did absorption by government of functions commonly performed at the opening of the century by private enterprise play any role in expanding government employment? Employes engaged in public service enterprises rose only slightly more rapidly than population. Measured in this way and in this sense, increased 'socialization' of production does not appear to have been a significant factor ..."

There is too little evidence to form any conclusion other than that the use of government employment to fight general unemployment has left us a heritage of a government payroll which has become of such political advantage that in spite of the Hoover reports, the political party in power dare not reduce its number, lest resentment over such an economy lead to political defeat. Yet, failure to reduce the government payroll means, apart from costs, that efficiency in government operations may be unattainable.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

2 Samuel 12:1-10

What the Lord thought of David's sin is stated in 11:27, for, after David has succeeded in getting Uriah the husband of Bathsheba out of the way, he took his wife to his house and had a son with her. This displeased the Lord (the margin says, this was evil in the sight of the Lord). David still thought that his series of crimes was a secret to his friends, but the Lord sent Nathan the prophet to him with a story concerning a rich man who had many flocks and herds, one of the few 'parables' in the Old Testament. This rich man had company one day, and, in order to entertain his friends, he spared his own flocks, but laid his hand on a pet lamb of a poor neighbor and had it slaughtered for dinner. David said that any man in his realm who acted thus was worthy of death. Thus did he condemn himself, for Nathan startled the King when he said to him: 'Thou art the man'. Judgment is pronounced on him whom the Lord had chosen as His King and His representative, declaring that the sword was never to pass from his house, a prophecy fulfilled by future events.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A visiting Englishman complained that we Americans don't know the art of conversation.

In Europe, he told me, when friends call, people sit down of an afternoon or evening and talk, but here in America we always have to do something or depend on being entertained.

"Immediately after dinner," he said "you sit down and play Canasta or Bridge. Or you look at television or listen to the radio."

"What is it?" he wondered. "Are you a nation of neurotics? Haven't you ever learned the pleasure of leisure and repose?"

* * *

I felt like telling him that we Americans simply have to keep on the go all the time in order to earn enough money to lend his country and all the other countries that expect us to keep them going.

I was going to tell him that we are a little like Santa Claus during the Christmas season. Everybody expects him to bring him something — so poor Santa has to hustle and doesn't get a chance to sit down and have a nice little chat with Mrs. Santa and their friends.

But, being the Englishman's host, I didn't tell him that, and I wondered whether, after all, he didn't have something there.

* * *

So, after he left, I gave the subject a little study.

I watched the next few get-togethers we went to, and, by golly, he was right

The next night we went visiting. The card tables were all set. We played Canasta until midnight, and there was hardly any conversation at all.

A few nights later some friends came to our house for dinner.

After dinner we talked for a little while. But it was Milton Berle night on television—and, of course, we couldn't miss that.

The show over I made an experiment.

I thought we'd "converse."

Pretty soon everybody who got a chance started to talk about himself.

The best conversationalists, in my opinion, were the people who did the least talking and the most listening—to me.

* * *

Why don't we do more talking when we have company or go calling?

There are so many things to talk about!

Remember "Alice in Wonderland"?

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

* * *

If a walrus can think of things to talk about, we humans certainly should.

(Copyright 1949)

Horoscope

Travel and mental stimulation are under active rays on this, your birthday anniversary. Today's child's perceptive faculties will probably be well developed.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THAT AGE OF WISDOM

Time was when I was very
small and fancied that I
knew it all,
That nothing more to learn
remained, my father often
said:
"'Tis very sad that boys must
grow to learn how little
'tis they know
When Time has taken wisdom off and left them doubt
instead.

"Make much of now, my son,"
said he, "for only once so
wise you'll be.
With every day that follows
on your confidence will
shrink.

In time—perhaps within the
year — what's true will not
be quite so clear,
For wisdom's not as lightly
gained as now you seem to
think.

"This age of wisdom won't
endure, nor will you long be
quite so sure.
Nor will you be so proud
and wise throughout your
life again.
So show your smartness while
you may, for you will learn
the truth some day:
That those who do, and
know the most are always
humble men."

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

TZURICK FON FILDELFY:

Wel, m'r sin widder tzurick fon Fildelfy, un sin aw net fellora gonga. Leit dart drunna hen mainer fershtond wie in Nei Yarrick-shlaifa die reigelwaigs stations net rum. Yar, m'r worra da onner dawg aw 'n shtick waigs mit da train gonga hen die mashine on Chestnut Hill shtae lossa weils so hard is fer blotz finna fer 'n mashine parka in da grossa shtadt.

M'r worra nunner 's Gimbels ihra awfonga fon da Pennsylvania woch ei nemma, un woh 'n middawg wor, fer fer der George Korson wohs buch "Pennsylvania Songs and Legends" tzomma grick'd hut, yar 'n middawg fer der George un ol woh helfa hen's buch rous griega. 'S worra aw 'n lot onnerra leit darta fon da University of Pennsylvania wohs buch gapublish'd hen, bicher ferkaufer un so's gleichas. 'S worra iwwer 'n hunner'd darta fer helfa der George ehrra, un aw der Theodore Roosevelt der drit hoerra shwetza. Der Theodore is 'm fershtarvana bresident "Teddy" Roosevelt sei kindskindt.

Fon ol da bicher os die University rous grick'd hut, wor sei lava ken buch os shtaryer gonga is os wie "Pennsylvania Songs and Legends." Der Phelps Soule, habtmaon fonda publisherrei hut uns g'sawt, die airsht lot fon 5000 bicher wear so tzu sawga drous, un hen die tzwet lot, odder ewwa "second edition", fon 5,000 now in da druckerrei. Wos noch mainer is, ken buch os aenich ebber sich erinnerra kon, wor noch unner shtitzt wie des buch die kummend woch wert, in Fildelfy. Yader show fenshter ons Gumbels shtore weiss'd 'n onner bild ous 'm buch, un sawga ol da schreiver ihra bilder dada in gross gawissa werra.

Noh uf kours duhna sie aw noch 'n lot mainer darrich die hilf fom Goerge Korson, hen 'n woch long folks fesht in ihr'm grossa finf'd shtuck auditorium. Wie shun free'r g'sawt, sis unser blessier fer da Mondawg der Aaron Rehrig un sei dochter nunner nemma Pennsylfawnish Deitscha folks lieder singa, under Midwoch nommy dawg hen m'r fon da Harmony Grange donser darta fer helfa der nommy dawgs program gewwa. Die programs werra gewwa nommy dawgs fon drei bis fierra, un gons onnerra programs owets, fon siva bis ochta. Dale fon da programs kumma iwwer die luft bei radio un luft bilder, ow'r wellie wase noch niemond on darra tzeit.

M'r hen 'm Dunnershdawg 'n wunnerborer guter middawg kot mit welshhawna un shunka flaish drump. Noh wors aw net yusht 's essa os der dawg blessierlich gamocht hut, ow'r aw fer ol die unnershittlicha schreiver bakont werra, won 'm George helfa hen 's buch rous griega. Der Freeman Hubbard woh g'schriva hut fon rigelwaiga, hut grawd navich uns k'huck'd, 'n iwwer rouser awganaimer mon fon Brooklyn-ae mensch fon darta os weiters ken indressa kotta hut in da Dodger balla fuhr.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenicha sin os gleicha dada 's buch "Pennsylvania Songs and Legends," kaufa, schreiva uns, un m'r sawaga eich wohs tzu griega is.



A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHILDHOOD

by A. G. B.

Continued

THE CELLAR

To Ann the cellar was a sort of fairyland—a grotto fairyland. Especially so was the part of the cellar where the spring of blessed mountain water was located. It was in a corner of a large space that had been dug down on a level with the cellar proper, but had no roof or floor above. Walled with dressed stone all around, it was a picket fence, along which grew little bushes, sweetbriar, snowball and hollyhocks. The spring, too, was walled with dressed stone, in the same manner as the open cellar. A red speckled trout was kept in the spring as a means of keeping the water free from insects. And a gourd dipper hung on the wall of the spring.

The cellar was equipped with a set of swinging shelves, hung from the ceiling, on which were kept bread and pies, safe from the occasional mouse. These shelves were well-stocked, for in those days baking was done only once a week, usually on Fridays. A fresh pie, baked daily, was unheard of in household economy because it was impracticable to bake often. Fifteen or twenty pies, cookies, and ten large loaves of bread were made at one time, and baked in the large masonry ovens that were always built near the house. A shed covered the oven, and was shelved on the inside.

THE BAKING PROCESS

The bread and pies being all ready for baking, they were carried from the kitchen, and placed on the shelves of the shed until they could be put quickly, at one time, into the oven. Just before carrying the pies and bread from the kitchen the oven was cleaned out, it having been heated and ready for the baking. The oven was heated by putting in a lot of cord wood, and burning the wood to ashes. The ashes were brushed out with a hickory broom that, during the process, had frequently to be plunged into a bucket of water. Notwithstanding such severe usage the broom held intact amazingly, because hickory is in the vegetable world what iron is in the mineral world.

After the oven was clean of ashes the mistress of the baking operations thrust her arm into the oven to test the heat. If in her judgment the oven was a bit too hot she would thrust the wet hickory broom into it a few times. Then—quickly—the bread and pies and cookies were slid in on a long-handled, shovel-like wooden implement. The heat was even, and sufficient to bake the bread thoroughly. Bread was always placed in the far end of the oven, pies in the front because pies baked more quickly. Once baked, the pies were removed immediately.

DRIED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

In summer and in the fall of the year fruit and vegetables were dried in the oven after the bread and pies had been removed, for there was still heat enough, and it was not to be thought of, wasting all that good heat. Every family had a set of stout boards that fitted into the oven, and upon these boards were spread the fruits and vegetables to be dried. The vegetables were mainly pod beans and corn, cut from the cob. The fruits were cherries, huckleberries and apples, cut in quarters.

RIWWEL SOUP

Two gustatory delectables popular on Pennsylvania German tables were "Riwwel Soup" and "Schnitz un Knepp." The latter is a combination of dried apples and dumplings cooked in ham liquor.

The recipe for Riwwel Soup is very simple, but experience is necessary to make it successfully. To accomplish this is well nigh an art. The ingredients are milk, flour, salt and egg. The proper proportions are two quarts of milk, one egg, one cup of flour. Do not allow the milk to boil. While it is heating break the whole egg into the flour, which has been placed in a medium-sized bowl. With fork and spoon mix the egg and the flour in such manner as will form tiny crumbs. In order to do this it is sometimes necessary to add a little more flour. This is the stage in the operation where art comes in—the art to give the fork or spoon the precise movement that will divide the mass into crumbs the size of a pinhead. When the crumbs are of the desired size drop into the hot milk, and stir constantly. If the crumbs are allowed "to set" they will become one solid mass. If this happens—Ach, es iss ferduzt! (O, it is ruined) and you'll have no Riwwel Soup unless you begin all over again. The milk brought to the boiling point is sufficient to cook the crumbs—the "riwwels."

THE TEN LAYER CAKE

Among the Pennsylvania Germans funerals were considered in the category of Sunday, when no unnecessary labor was performed. So funerals were really the only times when some practical feature was not made the reason for a social gathering. The Pennsylvania German housewife was as thrifty and economical of time as she was of material goods. She did not indulge in idle pleasure. The Quilting Bee was the popular form of diversion in her life, for it combined work and diversion, and therein provided adequate "reason" for social gathering.

Usually a Quilting Bee passed off without any unconventional episode, but even now Ann remembers the kindly chuckles over an incident that took place at the dining table of one quilting hostess. It was the custom to place all the food on the table at one time, and for the guests to help themselves and each other while the hostess busied herself with other duties, passing constantly from cook table to dining table. The climax of a quilting feast was always when the hostess cut the dessert cake.

On this particular occasion the dessert cake was one of ten thin layers, spread between with currant jelly. The cake was placed on one corner of the table. The guest nearest the cake was a recent immigrant from Germany, new to the ways of German people in Pennsylvania. The hostess, approaching the cake, knife in hand, was astonished to find that the top layer of the cake had disappeared, leaving her beautiful creation in a messy state. Her exclamation of dismay brought an embarrassed explanation from the stranger guest, the woman who sat nearest the cake. She said she thought it was a plate of fancy pancakes to which she might help herself.

FUNERALS

When Ann was a little girl country funerals were social occasions. So "social" were these occasions that some people looked forward to the demise of an elderly person, or some long-time invalid in the community, because the last sad rites would offer opportunity for a large gathering of people. A feast was served either before or after the burial, and chatty "visiting" was indulged in. Friends and mourners came from such long country distances that it was necessary to provide food for the assembled company, and with much food always goes much talk. Far be it from Ann, at this later time, to disfavor the good time had by all!

Ann remembers something in particular that she noted when a little girl friend and herself went to a house where a dead women "lay in state." When the little girls, curious and observant, were admitted to "The Room," Ann observed that a mirror was turned with its face or front to the wall. She did not inquire as to the significance of this special feature in the house of mourning, for children were then trained not to ask questions. She has never since seen a mirror so turned, nor has she learned of the superstition attached to the rite, if indeed there be such superstition.

EASTER

In Ann's childhood Easter was a holiday that rivalled Christmas. New red merino dresses were provided for little girls, and of course red-dyed eggs for all the children. And for the elders there was always ginger cake and spruce beer. The beer was a home-brew that, to quote the classic phrase describing tea, "cheers but not inebriates." According to Ann's rather dim memory of this spruce beer the formula was as follows: 'n ten gallons of water place sprigs of spruce, wintergreen leaves and birch bark. Bring this to a boil in a brass or copper kettle. Sweeten with maple sugar. Strain and cool, then add a bit of yeast, and store in a keg or a stone jar.

Usually only enough of the beer was made to use during the Easter season, but it can be kept indefinitely by sealing it in bottles. In the Pennsylvania Archives, Fifth Series, Volume II, a soldier writer makes mention that spruce beer was the beverage in camp when he was with General Anthony Wayne, fighting the British in Canada, in June, 1776. It is likely that spruce beer was introduced into Canada by the French, as spruce trees grow in all the countries of Europe.

LONG METER HYMNS

On Sunday afternoons Ann's parents would sing together, their voices making beautiful harmony. They had no musical instrument, that being before the day of musical instruments in Western Pennsylvania. They sang the "notes" in order to get the tune. Before she was six years old Ann and her younger brother had many unhappy Sunday afternoons because they did not like the singing of dolorous hymn tunes. Often in this proper pleasure her parents were joined by Sam Foust, the leader of the church music. When the two children saw this man coming, laden with hymn and tune books, they almost hated him. Their spirits fell to zero. If the weather permitted they went beyond the sound of the doleful long-meter hymns, if it were winter, and no escape possible, they buried their faces in the lounge, and cried softly. They did not dare to cry out loud, for they would have been promptly spanked.

There is a sort of pathetic sequel to this story of doleful home hymn singing. Many years later, when Ann's own six-months old baby girl first heard her grandparents sing the opening notes of a long-meter hymn she let out a pitiful wail. Of course everybody laughed, and recalled the similar effect of such singing on the baby's mother when she was a little girl. The singing on that occasion, however, ceased right then—so did the crying of the baby.

But the Sunday afternoon home singing was not altogether dolorous. Ann's parents had two song books, "The Cythera" and "The Lute of Zion." Each book contained a number of secular songs, printed in a group by themselves, and styled, in each book, "The Singing School Department." Ann and her brother enjoyed these songs, but there was a prompt end to their enjoyment when Foust came, for then the trio sang only long-meter hymns.

To Be Continued

BOOK REVIEW

YEARBOOK OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY (1948), VOLUME XIII, 1949; pp. 264; Schiechter's, Allentown, Pa. Ordered through Professor Robert P. More, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.—$5.00.

The reader of any book that is worth the reading can do no more than guess in trying to determine the amount of research and travel; the problems of organization and presentation; the decisions of limits to be fixed; deletions and inclusions and other perplex problems which confronted the author and editor in creating the volume. This is particularly true of Mr. Guy P. Reinert's contribution entitled **Pennsylvania German Coverlets**, published as Volume XIII by the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society for the calendar year 1948. One reason for the invitation extended to me to review the book is my personal knowledge of the great effort and many difficulties encountered in making this book available to the general reader.

For many years the author has traveled about the countryside of eastern Pennsylvania and neighboring states in quest of new items for his catalogue of coverlets and the identification of the weavers who wove them. It seemed like a trail to which there was no terminus. Each time that it appeared that the list was complete it seemed that the author learned of a new specimen in some faraway place or unearthed a clue to the identity of an additional weaver or a new pattern form came to light, somewhere, from a dark attic, or peeped from the pages of some time-worn tome in which it had been encased for a century or longer.

The net result of this patient and painstaking effort is a volume which deals with its subject fully and almost exhaustively. In our opinion this task need never be done again; the work may be expanded upon at some later date but it can never be expanded. This is the final test of the adequacy of research in any field.

Replete with illustrations, some of which are in color, and all identified by the names of their present owners, the volume is a veritable permanent exhibit of the best pieces of coverlet-weaving in existence.

The unique imprint on the linen-like cover of the volume shows one of the finest coverlets known. It was woven for Michael Klapp in 1834. Michael Klapp was the paternal grandfather of Mrs. Hattie Brunner who is one of our outstanding authorities on all forms of Pennsylvania German antiques.

The text pages are lighted by original sketches drawn by the well-known illustrator Edward C. Smith. These illustrations were prepared especially for this volume and are executed in sympathy with the Pennsylvania German art styles. The reader cannot escape the neatness of the initial letters of all chapters. In former volumes these letters were printed from the wood-blocks once used by the printers of the Ephrata Cloisters. The Smith motifs show the letters stitched like designs in the woven coverlets.

The task of editing this volume was a difficult one calling for the utmost patience and precision. Dr. Preston A. Barba, veteran editor of many of the Society's volumes, brought his deftness of touch into full play to produce a volume beautiful enough to be worthy of its subject. And then, with the aesthetic touch of the master of literary prose, Dr. Barba prepared the introduction to the volume.

The text of the volume is relatively brief. One might wish for more unity and for a more logical approach to the general thesis. Many notes are struck which intrigue but do not satisfy the reader. A chapter, neatly called "Shuttle Shorts," contains a great deal of information but it is not woven into a pattern pleasing to the reader who enjoys a coherent account, premised, expanded and summarized.

Mr. Reinert is a craftsman, one of the best informed along these lines in our day and age. Perhaps it is expecting too much to find literary skills combined with excellence in the handicrafts. Perhaps the author did not set himself to the task of producing a literary masterpiece. Doubtlessly his objective was to rescue data from oblivion to collect, collate and catalogue. This he has done admirably.

The list of approximately 200 weavers of coverlets should prove to be invaluable as reference material for scholars in other fields for it lists their places of residence and the dates during which their looms were active. This portion of the work is completely original in content and its scope is amazing to the reader whose interest in such matters has, heretofore, been only casual.

One of the most valuable features of the volume is Dr. Edwin M. Fogel's translation of Der Practische Familien-Faerber, or The Practical Family-Dyer, published in German by Solomon Kuder, of Trexlertown in 1858. Through this translation a great deal of technical knowledge of the art is made available to the English-reading public.

A list of German books dealing with subjects related to coverlet-weaving is supplied by Dr. Wilbur H. Ode, one of the best bibliographers in the Pennsylvania German fields of study.

Many persons collaborated with Mr. Reinert in making this fine contribution to our knowledge one of the most attractive survival forms of the past.

The volume contains a monograph entitled "Linguistic Variants in the Pennsylvania German Dialect." This treatise is from the linguistic survey being made by Dr. Albert F. Buffington of Pennsylvania State College. It is a preliminary report but reveals that there are many peculiar variants in dialect usage in various counties of Pennsylvania. All of us look forward to the complete report and to the generalizations and conclusions which the research will reveal.

The volume contains the annual chronicle entitled, **1948 in Pennsylvania German History.** This is an attempt to record and evaluate the activities of the year in which Pennsylvania German lore was featured. It includes a necrology. This feature has appeared regularly in each volume for the past seven years.

ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

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Editorials

Thought for Today

A bit of anger is as fatal to dignity as a dose of arsenic to life.
—Holland.

Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive;
Affairs by diligent labor only thrive.—Chapman.

Reds Get Off Easy

Ten of the country's leading Communists, convicted of criminal conspiracy to overthrow the American government, can thank Congress because a year ago it amended the law under which they were prosecuted and provided for a maximum jail sentence of only five years, as contrasted with the earlier ten year maximum.

There is little doubt that Judge Medina, who yesterday gave ten of the eleven accused and convicted men the five year maximum, would have used the higher figures had it been unquestionably legal. In fact the patient and capable judge indicated some thinking on his part that no punishment for the offense charged could be too severe.

So for five years the leading Reds will be out of circulation altho they will be raving and ranting from their cells in Federal penitentiaries. They will continue their frothings that the trial was a "frameup" that they were denied justice altho the trial was dragged out almost a year by themselves and their attorneys.

It can be believed that there will be little sympathy for them except on the part of their fellow-travelers. The vast majority of the American people have already approved the verdict of the jury that tried these men. No good reason was shown at any time why any sentence prescribed by law should be mitigated for any of them except as Judge Medina determined, for the one man who had a good war record. He won two years of freedom thereby.

Stalin Loses to Tito

Because the power of the veto does not completely cover United Nations' activities and decisions, Yugoslavia has been admitted to the Security Council but over the virtually "dead body" of Andrei Vishinsky, Russia's foreign minister.

Mr. Vishinsky cannot claim a plot by the western democracies to thwart Russia and her puppets for the vote of Great Britain consistently opposed entry of Yugoslavia to the Council. Britain does not want Tito to attain the prestige which a seat in this body brings and Russia does not want him there because he is a renegade from the Communist cause, altho as violently communistic as ever before.

So, as it has been pointed out, Tito was the real issue in the battle in the United Nations this week, altho his name was not mentioned. How bitterly the Russians feel toward him was indicated in the threatening language used by Vishinsky in demanding that Czechoslovakia, the Red puppet, be placed on the Council instead of Yugoslavia.

"Painful consequences" was one of the terms which was used and which puts the question: What is Russia going to do about Yugoslavia's admission that will be "painful?" Will she hasten what many believe is an inevitable showdown in the Balkans between Dictator Stalin and Dictator Tito? Will she hasten what many believe is the inevitable world conflict between Communism and Capitalism?

70 Years of Light Bulb

Millions of years separated the "fiat lux" decree of the Creator of the universe from Thomas Edison's invention of the electric light bulb just seventy years ago yesterday and mankind since that day, Oct. 21, 1879, has not irreverently placed the two events in juxtaposition for some inevitable comparisons.

Just as the world is lighted by day by the mighty sun, so today the world is lighted by night from pole to pole by the marvelous electrical invention whose basic principle is little changed from the bulb that Mr. Edison conceived and created.

Although today's incandescent lamp still resembles Edison's fragile creation of thread, glass and wire, the industry thinks that more engineering has been applied to it than to any other electrical device. Some problems still remain unsolved, like blackening of the bulbs, which bothered Edison in the early days.

It was only after exhaustive tests that he discovered that a filament of carbonized cotton thread would burn for a lengthy period before going out. He and his assistants took turns sleeping in the Menlo Park, N.J., laboratory while the lamp burned hour after hour.

After forty hours, on October 21, the inventor stepped up the voltage to see how much the filament could take. Brighter and brighter the lamp glowed until it finally burned out with a flash.

Edison's other early lamps had filaments of carbonized paper and then of bamboo. They had a life of 100 hours and sold for about 40 cents. Today's incandescent lamps with tungsten filaments burn from 750 to 1,000 hours and cost as little as 13 cents.

Seventy years ago today there was but one such incandescent bulb and it was a burned out little lamp, albeit its inventor now knew how to make others exactly like it or even better. Today the world spends almost a billion dollars annually to buy millions of bulbs of vast variety and sizes.

It is a gigantic oak that has grown from a tiny acorn and still stands as the brightest and perhaps most important and influential of the vast number of inventions by the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Continuing the T.R.O.

Decision of the International Refugee Organization to extend its own life nine months beyond the hoped-for liquidation date of June 30, 1950, merely reflects the dismal fact that the civilized world has not yet adequately responded to the plight of the still-homeless victims of Nazi and Communist persecution.

"The world is tired of the refugee problem," one observer truthfully remarked during IRO deliberations a few months ago. But the problem persists in all its poignancy; and the world cannot shut its eyes to it. At the end of the current fiscal year, when the IRO was to have closed down, it appears that there will remain almost 300,000 refugees still requiring international assistance — and this is over and above the nearly one million individuals who, according to IRO figures, will have been resettled or repatriated by next July.

The task has been and still is tremendous, but it would have been materially lessened if a little more enlightened self-interest, not to mention generosity, had been shown by the countries, including our own, that are in a position to receive new settlers seeking freedom, self-respect and a chance to stand on our own feet. True enough, the United States, which has been carrying nearly 50 per cent of the IRO budget, has been generous in money. But important though money is, it is not the whole story. What is needed is some liberalization of immigration policies in this and many other countries, at least until that day — however far off — when the awful phrase "displaced person" may become obsolete in a world of free institutions and free men.

—New York Times

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

I'm fed up with the noisy crowd now stomping the countryside with speeches saying this country stinks.

I've been debating some of them — loudmouths who use their professorial perches for a fee to wail about civil liberties fading like a summer love.

The other night, up in Schenectady, N.Y., almost within earshot of the nation's most secret atomic experimental lab, I tangled with one of those professional weepers who tells his audiences we're living in a police state. And a squad of Commie huskies, detailed to the hall to sneer, came and booed obediently. The police were phoned because no one was waiting for some lefty to provoke a riot in the name of wraithy-like civil liberties. Later I departed, flanked by two of the biggest blue-coats you've ever seen.

Protection, you know, because I was championing decency while my opponent went off with his sneer squad. And there are scores like this weeper, not all of them Communists, either. Those are the ones who trouble me. So let me drag out the record.

It has never been printed before, but it happened in New York, just before the coal and steel crises took us to other fronts. Over 100 men stood up at a union convention and refused to vote for a resolution that said, "We will defend our country against any enemy, including the Soviet Union."

More than 100 men, 109 to be exact, permitted themselves thus to be put on record at the National Maritime Union (CIO) parley on a roll call vote, when the union chiefs — Big Joe Curran and that dynamic bundle of crackling strategy, Hedley Stone, challenged the curious bloc of Communists and non-Communist leftist extremists you now find operating in every union, to stand up and declare their loyalty to the U.S.

The resolution said "Resolved — that this convention of American seamen reaffirms its faith in the U.S. and what it stands for, and makes it clear that we will defend our country against any enemy, including the Soviet Union." Of the 550 delegates present, 56 actually voted against it, and another 53 mockingly abstained.

Virtually all those 109 sailors represented different ships on which they're now sailing with U.S. cargoes — and on which they are the seafarers' leaders.

What happened? Did anybody give them the Rajk treatment? Nope. They weren't even molested. They're back on decks below which is stored much of America's security and world policy.

Furthermore, there are almost 1,000,000 men and women striking, paralyzing the world's mofst gargantuan and basic industries. That's their legal right. Who molests them?

Around Detroit, the steel pickets have launched a strike navy, with special cabinboats and speedboats tearing up the river to intercept supplies going into the Great Lakes Steel Corp. One of those craft is owned by Mayor M. Warren Duncan of River Rouge. On other rivers, the steel navy had big searchlights and loudspeakers.

Elsewhere, pickets are on horseback, and no beggars are they for civil rights. At Republic Steel, the company manager had electricians string a wire from the struck plant to the strikers' canteen — so they could work their electric stove and have their coffee hot.

And during the World Series, Bethlehem steel strikers were given portable radios by the company (Lackawanna division) so they could hear the ball games. Of course, this doesn't mean Phil Murray loves Ben Fairless, or that they won't say nasty things about each other. No, brother, this is a deep rooted battle for principle on both sides, critically vital to both sides, and no one's playing games.

Yet it's a civilized fight, with Murray touring and press conferencing while the steel executives take to the air to refute him. Meanwhile, ironically, the very radicals convicted of plotting to teach violent overthrow of this government, and the Trotskyites who believe in world revolution, and a one-time singer, by name of Paul Robeson who said, in effect, that he wouldn't fight for his country, are touring and lecturing and broadcasting and running for public office.

When Robeson got to Chicago, he was ignored. When he was publicly scheduled for Detroit, the Wayne County CIO there snubbed him by merely throwing him on the "We Don't Patronize" list. In Los Angeles, the police lined the streets to protect, if necessary, the Negro Mexican and Japanese minority groups who came to hear the old baritone bellow.

So like I said, I'm fed up with thrill-seeking "intellectuals" who say this country stinks — and those who pay them to say it — and those who listen.

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Sometimes it is easy to "overlook the obvious." This time the "obvious" happens to be the breakdown of big government.

For whatever may be said of the record of the 81st Congress, the fact remains that the legislative job has become too big for the present legislative system.

To appropriate $44,500,000,000 is a tremendous job.

In wartime, of course, big appropriations slide through in blank check fashion. Whatever the military wants, it gets. The executive prepares the requests and the legislative branch accepts the figures without too much questioning or debate.

In peacetime, the pressure of groups to get some of the $44,500,000,000 is indescribable.

Actually, there were requests for nearly twice this sum. Had the military budget been accepted by the president as originally planned, it would have run closer to $22,000,000,000 than $15,000,000,000.

The indirect consequences of the session of Congress go far beyond the sums actually authorized for spending. It is the "contract authority" and the starting of projects for which annual sums will be voted for many years hereafter that make the job of appropriating money so difficult even for the members of Congress themselves to follow.

Assuming 100 per cent fidelity to their tasks and leaving out partisanship of any kind, the same pressures have been exerted on the 81st Congress as on the 80th Congress.

Where billions of dollars are being handed out, the materialistic and acquisitive streak that emerges in any economic democracy is sooner or later transformed into political pressures. Whether it is an air force or a navy or an army appropriation, the business interests that can profit by such contracts are very much alert to the opportunities. Local areas put pressure on both Republicans and Democrats. The 81st Congress, for example, authorized $741,000,000 more for one armed service than the president or the joint chiefs of staff or the director of the budget requested.

It would be easy to blame the executive for excessive spending but fairness does not permit any such conclusion. The executive recommends but the legislative body does the actual spending.

If, therefore, there is a big deficit, it is much more the fault of the Congress than of the president.

Why does Congress insist on spending more than is being collected in taxes? The only answer is to blame the American system of politics — and this means pressures from those persons outside the government who bring the influence of votes to bear on Congress.

So Congress is not altogether at fault. Back home are prospective candidates ready to make political capital out of the failure of members of Congress to vote for particular appropriations desired by their constituents. This is true inside both parties.

The sympathies of the country can well be extended to the Congress. For the work has grown so extensive and the problems so complex that members cannot possibly keep up with their jobs. The number of committees has been cut down by the reorganization plan enacted into law a couple years ago. Yet the work of the committees has visibly increased.

Members of Congress cannot possibly attend to their voluminous correspondence from constituents, handle callers, study current problems on which they must legislate, attend committee meetings and keep up with the requirements of a 1949 legislative session. It is just too much.

Government has gotten too big. What happened in the session just closed was a collapse of the old system which was tottering anyway. Some better method of coordinating the work of each House of Congress must be devised. It is not the lengthy debate and talk that consumes time — it is the work of the committees. That situation cannot be helped until the country and the leaders of both parties recognize that, entirely apart from the demands for new laws and repeal of old ones, it is a colossal task to decide how to apportion or allocate $44,500,000,000.

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Ecclesiastes 3:1-12.

The writer of the frequently perplexing book of Ecclesiastes could find no lasting satisfaction in 'wisdom under the sun', that is, in merely secular knowledge, nor could he find it in the gratification of the senses, for pleasures are at best fleeting, and sometimes harmful. Perhaps he can find it in the normal processes of every day life and activity! But here he seems to be under the control of laws which determine these activities. The time of birth and death is beyond his control. Sowing and reaping must be done according to the routine of the seasons. And thus the rounds of the day and of the year bring contrasted experiences, many of which are hard to explain or understand. But there must be a reason for, and an explanation of, God's providences in our lives. Man belongs not only to time, but to eternity also. One of the most interesting statements in the Bible is v. 11: 'He hath set the world in their heart,' which should read, 'He hath put eternity into man's heart,' so that He does not wish us to be satisfied with a lesser good than that which is eternal.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Calling for my wife at a shop one day, I spied a lovely lady who used to be a great swimming champion trying on an ermine wrap, and heard her tell the saleswoman, "I'll take it on one condition. You've got to give me your word that when my husband doesn't like it, you'll absolutely refuse to take it back."

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DIE INSHA WORRA FERLORA: War maint 's wear die onner woch 'n uf ruhr im lond gawest wie die barichda nous sin der Pumpernickle wear ferlora in "Flatbush" nei yarrick het numma 'm Midwoch owet in Fildelfy sei solla wie 'n gonsie drup Insha ferlora worra. 'S worra die "Corn Planter" Insha woh 'm George Korson helfa hen sie Gimbels folks fesht halta os ferlora worra.

Siva uhr wies tzeit wor fer die socha awfonga, hen die Insha g'fail'd, un niemond hut wissa wolla woh sie weara. Endlich hut ebber g'saw's het die gons drup sehna uf da Keshda shtross fer, 'm Benj. Franklin wertshous shtae, un der George hut gawunnert eb mr net so gute sei wotta nunner gae die ketzer nuf hee shtaverra woh sie onna kairra dada. 'S airsht dale fom program wor om gae, un mit da Insha 's nagshd uf hen m'r gore ken graws woxa lossa darfa fer fom finfta shtuck nunner uf die Keshda shtross gae, sucha fer die ferlorna drep.

So arrick os m'r uns gadumm'ld hen, worra die Insha ow'r fert bis m'r nunner kumma sin, un ken saelicher mensch os m'r aw gadroffa hen hut ebbes wissa wolla woh sie weara. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, won m'r ols leit g'frok'd hen eb sie aryads 'n drup Insha g'sehna hetta, hen sie uns aw gaguck'd wie won m'r nimmy gons kabittle fesht weara, un ainer hut 'n onnerer aw gaguck'd, un gamocht mit da hond wie won er maina dade m'r hetta radder im kup. Ainer os m'r g'frok'd hen, hut g'sawt, "Brother I sure know nothing about any old Indians, but I certainly could use a nickle for a cup of coffee." Seim 'n guck un garuch no, glawwa m'r os koffie 'n fremmie koshd wor fer sei mawga.

Wie m'r die gons keshda shtross ous g'shprunga hen kot fon da 9'd, bis nuf noch da 10da, un worra so gore im lobby fom Benj. Franklin wertshous un hen nix finna kenna fon da ferlorna shofe, sin m'r tzurick owwa nous uf der finf'd shtuck fom shtore. ow'r 's worra ols noch ken Insha darta. 'S airsht dale fom program wor so tzu sawga ferlwwer un der George hut sich die hoar bol rous garubb'd os es tzwet dale net rum wear. Ow'r yusht wie der Kurtain tzu gonga sin huts garobb'ld hinna dergonk rei, un war sot bei gabodt kumma os wie die gohs drup Insha—ungfare bout 'n dudsend fon na, fon drei yohr alt nuf tzu bol on da ochtsich.

Wie ainer hinnich 'm kurtain ebbes g'sawt hut waeich ferlora gawest sei, hut der alt Insh die shulderra yusht abissel in die hae gatzuck'd un g'sawt. "Huh, no Indian get lost in Philadelphia." Der Korson hut die socha ow'r net sella waig g'sehna, un mier worra ous ochdem fer 'n gonsie halvie shtun, in da shtadt rum shrpinga die ferlorna Insha sucha.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In da fergongna oweta wor shun aeland in haich'da grawd uf da Nord 19d shtross doh in da shtadt.

Leit hen die police garufa die yunga weara grawd ous tzu shlecht,un now fohra die kops in da dunkla alleys rum wie wedder laich, un os sie net jwwer der peifamon Ed Buchman g'fohra sin wor allas.

Der Ed klaimt, ebbes mist gaduh sei, aintwedders mista die kops ous seinra alley bleiva odder er dade hous bleiva —sie wear bei liva lava net gross ganunk fer sie alla bait uf ae mohl drin rum kessla.

Horoscope

This is a good day to make plans for your future. In the next 12 months your financial situation should improve. Today's child should develop into a sterling character with a kindly disposition.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

TODAY AND YESTERDAY

"You should have been here yesterday.
Fishing then was good!"
Often this the natives say:
"The limit get you could."

Many a triumph slips away.
This we live to learn:
Never yet has yesterday
Managed to return.

Fishing, toiling, games to play,
This we surely know:
It can only be today
We can choose to go.

Fortunate indeed are they
Who can truly say
Proudly they'll recall today
When it's yesterday.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A few days ago I had lunch with some fellow newspapermen.

One of them, a widely read columnist who apparently satisfies thousands of readers who see only the bad in everything, called me a Pollyanna.

"Where do you get all that sweetness and light?" he asked. "Don't you ever face facts and realities?"

I told him where I get all that sweetness and light.

I get it not in nightclubs and on Broadway, but by talking to "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," (although I have to confess that I still have to meet my first candlestick maker.)

But, above all, I get it from my mail.

During the year I receive several thousand letters from all over the country, from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Venezuela, England and many other places.

For instance, there is one fellows in Los Angeles who signs himself "Screwball Charley" and who calls me all sorts of dirty names whenever he disagrees with me.

Then there is that woman in Alabama who threatened to blow up my home the next time she comes up north, because I dared to ridicule the Ku Klux Klan.

But in the great majority of my letters I find goodness, decency, friendliness.

So, the older I get and the longer I write, the more convinced I am that there is really nothing much wrong with the human race, and that inside some of the hardest shells are some of the sweetest nuts—and no pun intended.

For instance, just today, I got two letters that are worth much more to me than the money I make out of the two columns to which the writers refer.

One comes from Pennsylvania.

"On August 30th I lost my wife suddenly by a cerebral hemorrhage. We had been married 25 years last March. I have been very unhappy and no amount of sympathy from my friends did any good.

"Then you wrote an article in which you mentioned the road maps for the last trip. You called them faith that we will meet again, courage to bear our grief, hope that the glass of grief will soon run out, strength to make others happy, as those who have gone had made us.

"Thanks to you I shall use those road maps. You helped me in my time of need."

The other letter came from Charlotte, N.C.

"I like the way you write about your wife," says the sender. "It shows that marriage can be successful if the right girl finds the right man.

"I feel like an old maid. I'm 23 and have 't found the right man yet. But I think I still have a chance, only good men don't grow on trees.

"But God bless you, your own marriage gives people hope, and that is something we need so much."

As long as people look for help and hope I shall remain a Pollyanna.



A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHILDHOOD

by A. O. B.

Continued

II

THE VILLAGE HOME

When Ann was six years old her parents built a house in the village. Then began a new era of life for Ann. She has no recollection of bidding the old farm home goodbye. At that age a child is so thrilled with the new that it feels no regret on leaving the old. She remembers running through the new house, from garret to cellar, and her delight with a certain little cupboard which, she was told, was to be her very own, to keep her slate and Primer in, and all her treasures.

SCHOOL DAYS

That very summer her school life began. That is, the summer of 1870. In the village a subscription school was kept during the summer months by the young woman who taught the primary and intermediate grades of the public winter term. She inaugurated a delightful departure from the humdrum of the regular school program. On Friday afternoons she took her pupils to the meadow near by and there, seated under the fine maple trees, she taught the girls to crochet, while the boys played ball in the open part of the meadow.

THE PLAY HOUSE

Though Ann now lived in the village, she had a playhouse in a corncrib in the summer. The only disadvantage about the corncrib playhouse was when it rained. So when rain threatened she had a busy time moving her playhouse to temporary quarters, safe from the weather. Of course the center of interest in her playhouse was her doll. It was about fifteen inches long, and had a muslin body stuffed with sawdust, and china hands and feet. The head was of china, the hair very wavy, and painted a very shiny black. The shoes on the neatly-modeled feet were painted black; the eyes were painted a beautiful blue. Excepting rag dolls, this was the only type of doll in this country at this time. The wonderful wax dolls came later. Ann's doll had well-made clothes because the fourteen-year-old nursemaid in the family was adept at making pretty doll clothes.

PLAYMATES

A Baltimore family had moved to the village with the building of the **Baltimore and Ohio Railroad**, and Ann's closest playmates were the two daughters of this family. Her acquaintance with these two little girls began on the Sunday morning she went to their home—just across the street from her house—to ask them to go to Sunday School with her. Their mother quickly got them ready, and the three little girls sedately and rather shyly stepped along together, down the village street to the Dunkard church. And that afternoon the two little girls asked Ann to go with them to Sunday School at their church, the Episcopal. It was all very exciting.

The Episcopal church was new, and the membership was small, being composed mostly of people who had come to the village while the railroad was being built. Only one native or village family belonged to the Episcopal church, a family that had sent its daughters to an Episcopal boarding school for girls. Naturally the daughters returned from the school members of the Episcopal church.

Ann accepted the invitation of the new little girls to go with them to their Sunday School, and thereafter the three little girls, walking together, went to the Dunkard Sunday School in the morning, and to the Episcopal Sunday School in the afternoon. For nearly ten years these two little girls and Ann were in daily companionship, then the family returned to Baltimore.

Ann feels that she owes much to her contact with this family, for the habits and ideas, the belongings and experience of the family were in strong contrast to her own. Thinking of it, she is every grateful to her parents that they were liberal-minded toward other churches than their own. Possibly the explanation of this easy adaptability on the part of Ann's parents in this matter is the fact that her mother, in earlier life, had belonged to the Lutheran church. Eventually she joined her husband's church.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES

Attendance at the Episcopal Sunday School fed Ann's growing love for beauty—for artistic expression in religion and life. She earned a prize in that Sunday School; a Prayer Book, and she won it by committing to memory the Bible verses in the Sunday School Lessons. Lesser prizes she earned were beautiful picture cards. These appealed to her heart as Nature glorified, they were exquisitely colored and picturesquely conceived. The Dunkard Sunday School did not give beautiful prizes. The only prize to be obtained there was a copy of the New Testament bound in homely black cotton cloth, cloth that got all brown and rusty when it got old. The Episcopal Prayer Book was bound in delicately-finished leather, and the pages were gilt-edged.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS

The difference between the two Sunday Schools was, perhaps, most pronounced in the matter of songs—apparently a matter of slight import. The songs they sang in the Dunkard Sunday School made pious little hypocrites of the children, as one would privately surmise, hearing them sing

"The Sunday school, that blessed place
Oh, I would rather stay
Within its walls, a child of Grace,
Then spend my hours in play!"

Or voicing the longing of the good little boy:
"I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand."

One of the Episcopal songs that Ann remembers with affection formed a vivid contrast, to say the least:

"The morning bright, with rosy light,
Awakes me from my sleep;
Father, I own thy love alone
Thy little child doth keep."

And she remember a Christmas Song, beginning

"Sing ye Merry Christmas
Christmas blithe and free,
Time of Holy gladness,
Mirth and minstrelsie!"

THE MOST THRILLING EVENT

When Ann was six years old she experienced the most thrilling event of her childhood—seeing the first railroad engine that passed through the village, on the initial run from Baltimore to Pittsburgh. It was a great day in the village. Word had been sent all along the line, informing the natives at what time they might expect the iron horse. Excitement was on tiptoe. The population turned out **en masse**, and congregated along the track. In due time the locomotive heralded its approach by blowing its whistle before it came into sight from out a tunnel. Such cheering—cheering which equalled that any political speech ever received!

CABINET ORGANS

The new Railroad was the means of bringing various innovations into the previous meager cultural life of village and contiguous farm homes. One of these was cabinet organs. A music store in Pittsburgh sent out agents to sell the instruments and then followed up the sale with a teacher who came from the city twice a month. Ann's Father bought an organ and her Mother took lessons in spite of her duties with three young children. During one of her Mother's lessons Ann distinctly remembers peeping in the parlor door and Professor Wiesenbach shook his fingers at her. Of couse Ann skedaddled. In a short time Ann's mother could play all the familiar hymn-tunes and "Flow Gently Sweet Afton." Father and Ann were proud of Mother.

PARLOR FURNISHINGS

Soon after the first passenger trains were put on the new railroad, Ann's parents went to Baltimore to buy furnishings for the new house, which had been completed simultaneously with the finishing of the railroad. When the crates arrived Ann's excitement almost equalled the moment of the coming of the first locomotive. In that era furniture for parlors was walnut upholstered in haircloth. A duller combination can hardly be imagined than brown wood and black haircloth, but Ann ignored this sin against artistic effect, and reveled in the elegance of Brussels carpet and nottingham lace window curtains.

When the crate of chinaware was unpacked she had a moment of joy immediately followed by disappointment. She spied the individual butter plates, and naturally she thought they were play dishes for her. She was soon informed of their function otherwise, and of course she was allowed to play with them.

Those were the days of the Grown-ups. Children were considered mostly as evils to be endured or as distractions intruding upon the affairs of adults. Young children having no value in the economic structure were not eligible for consideration in Pennsylvania German homes, other than food, clothing and primary education. They were subjected to all sorts of repressions until by God's gracious providence they managed to grow up. In the rare instance of a child receiving the gift of a store doll, either from parents or from a friend, the doll invariably was dressed as a dignified lady. Doubtless these lady dolls were a fitting restraint upon the young possessors.

VISITORS FROM "OUT WEST"

After the completion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad people who had emigrated to Ohio in Conestoga wagons returned by rail to visit former neighbors and relatives. Ann remembers one incident that occurred when some such guests had dinner at her home. After leaving the table, the company repaired to the parlor. After all had seated themselves, the gentleman from the West, with the air of "nothing can harm me, I have dined," turned affably to Ann. "Now bring me your album," he said grandly. Eagerly Ann fetched the album, and handed it to him proudly.

To Be Continued

IN DER KICH

Today we should like to ask our readers to turn their memories upon old gardens they know or have known, with special attention to certain seeds and herbs used in Pennsylvania German kitchens.

Who will supply information about the seeds of **Kimmel, Karyenner and Fennichel?** How were they used? Do you know of anyone still raising them in their gardens?—Was **dill** used in pickling cucumbers in the earlier days? What is dill called in our dialect?

Are you acquainted with the following old-fashioned herbs and "teas"? If so, how were they used?—**Barretsch** (borage), **Kamille, Kwendel, Liebschteckel, Meederle** and **Melissegraut.**

Do you know whether the common **Brennessel** (nettles) is still being used as a springtime "green," boiled like spinach?

Do you know of another potherb used in early spring, like dandelion, probably some form of wild lettuce, called **Krispli** or **Krischble?**

Upon our requests about potato yeast in the ECK for September 3 came only meager replies. Perhaps we should not have asked so difficult a question "Can yeast be made without a starter?" for that question belongs in the same category with that immemorial question, which was first, the her or the egg. How to make yeast without a "starter" how to catch the right kind of yeast plant from among some 200 different kinds of yeast plants floating promiscuously about in the air would seem to remain a mystery.

The following recipe for the making of potato yeast came from Anna Cooper Sieger, Allentown, who found it among her mother's recipes. In the Seventies it was called "Patent Yeast" and reads:

1 handful of hops
1 cup of sugar
1 tablespoon of salt
1 tablespoon of yeast.

Boil the hops in 2 quarts of water. Strain liquid from the hops, then add to liquid 4 grated potatoes and the rest of the ingredients. When cold add the yeast.—

From Mrs. B. C. Williams, Fullerton, the following: "I shall try and tell you how my mother made potato yeast. I do not know where she got the first starter, but I do know she always saw to it that she had a starter. She would grate raw potatoes, pour boiling water on them, let them cool till lukewarm and keep in a warm place till well worked, then put it in the cellar. She used to sell it to the neighbors at one cent for a cup. One cup was enough for an ordinary baking. She also used it to make buckwheat cakes, always saving some of the batter to start for the next day. She mixed the batter the night before. Sausage and buckwheat cakes were a regular breakfast after we had butchered."

A late response to our request for recipes for the making of mead, that favorite drink of harvesters in the olden days came from the above-mentioned Mrs. Sieger, who found it in the cookbook of her mother, the late Mrs. Charles J. Cooper. It deserves to be added to the other recipes published in the ECK for September 3. The recipe reads:

Mead

6½ quarts cold water
1 pound brown sugar
1 cup yeast
5 cents worth of essence of teaberry.

Mix ingredients thoroughly. Bottle and tie on the corks. Ready for use in 24 hours—The teaberry is the red fruit of the American wintergreen, and not to be confused with the partridge berry.

Our inquiries about the making of cheese also brought rather scant information. It seems that the once popular rural cheeses with their vehement fragrance are giving way to the easily accessible commercial cheeses of the urban delicatessen shops. For the following recipe we are indebted to the Rev. Melville Schmoyer, Allentown.

BALLE KAES

Take 4 pots (2 quarts each) of thick sour milk, scald it lightly and pour into bag to drain. Crumble the curds into smaller bits, salt them and fashion them into balls about 2½ inches in diameter. Set the balls on a board in a warm place and let them dry out thoroughly. Wrap each ball in a piece of wet muslin and lay them in layers in a crock. When they have gotten moldy, remove the muslin, wash it, scrape the mold from the cheese balls and wrap again in the pieces of clean muslin. Place again in the crock and set aside until the cheese is sufficiently "rotted."

Information received up to this time still leaves us in doubt about the identity of **Schtink Kaes** and **Haffe Kaes.** Is **Schtink Kaes** identical with **Balle Kaes?** And are **Haffe Kaes** and **cup cheese** the same? Who will furnish us with full recipes for the manufacture of Schtink Kaes, Haffe Kaes and cup cheese?

We find that the publishing of old-time recipes appeals to a large number of our readers. We are very grateful therefore to our informants. Please send replies to The Editor of the ECK, The Morning Call, Allentown, Pa.—P.A.B.

BOI

Die Nadurwelt un die Mensche duhne viel Arrewet schaffe, eb die Leit esse kenne. Schmals, Mehl, Frucht un allspice misse bei, eb Boi gebacke kenne warre.

Die erschte Boi warre gemacht in Nei England. En Boi iss rund un alsemol iss en Dach druff; deel hen en offe Gsicht; annere sin wie en zu-ni watch; annere hen Latte driwwer gschpannt wie imme Bresent; annere sin wie en Schneehaufe, frosted.

Alsemol hen die Boi en hart Fundament, awwer 's iss was uff dem Fundament leit, was der Boi macht. Es Schprichwart iss "Ess Schnitzboi wann 'd gscheit warre witt."

Ich wunner was en Mince Boi mit me starrig Internal Revenue Flavor-vun Yankee rum duh kann. Sie sin gut wann sie grefdich sin.

Deel Weibsleit, wann sie Boi backe, duhne 's Dach marricke mit me gleene Raadli; es Marrick iss wie en Wedderleech Schtraal. Ee Greiz meent Ebbelboi, zwee Greize Kaersche, drei Greize 'Black'-biere, vier Greize Raseine; un en grosser Ring meent Mince Boi. Der Ranft waerd schee gegrimpt mit em Daume un em erschte Finger. Sell dutt 's Dach un 's Fundament zammepetze.

Die Webslеit mache en safety valve draa; sie schtecke ins Dach. Der Boi muss ventilation hawwe odder es gebt en explosion un en Boiweebe (pie-quake).

Ferwas warre die Boi net viereckich gemacht? Mer kann sie net gut verdeele. Es hot so wennich viereckiche Boi als viereckiche Barlfesser.

Zidder die Weibsleit so viel bingo schpiele duhn, hen sie ken Zeit fer Boi zu backe. Doyetz hot en Becker en sign uff geduh wie des:

Boi wie die Mammi als gebacke hot
Eb sie bingo uffgenumme hot.

Sprichwart: Ieg ken Hemmbere-odder Hockelbierebol uff en Sitz an re Sundaagschul Picknick.

—Aus em Frank W. Matz seim NADURBUCH.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

Governor's Sport Program

Inasmuch as Governor Duff has proven ability to carry out his programs sportsmen thruout Pennsylvania must be delighted with the Governor's plans for improving conditions for the anglers and hunters as he announced to 1300 local sportsmen in this city on Thursday night.

The Governor well can be proud of the success of his work preliminary to improving conditions for aquatic life which are essential to the development of the rest of the program. This work has been and is being done thru the elaborate program for the cleansing of Pennsylvania's once beautiful and productive rivers and smaller streams.

Once these waters have been reclaimed for aquatic life, there can be stocking of the streams with fish of native species such as kept an Indian population alive in days before the white man's coming and then in turn supplied the early settlers with abundant food.

To this end the Governor's program includes a huge hatchery for warm water fish at Pymatuming reservoir which will supplement the production of fish from other hatcheries thruout the state.

In addition there is continuing emphasis by Pennsylvania upon the planting of forest trees so that the Governor predicted, there will be production of something like 50 million seedling trees in State nurseries next year, compared with one tenth that amount only two years ago. Parenthetically it may be noted that among the newer nurseries is one at Kutztown from whose production it will be possible to plant thousands of acres of land that are better adapted to tree growth than to anything else.

This reforestation program, which is of course old but continuingly important must be satisfactory to all the hunters. Forest lands provide important cover for game animals and birds, supply food and in all ways help wild life.

When the Governor announced his stream pollution program years ago, and even before he was chosen to his present high office, there was considerable scepticism as to his ability to carry it out. Such things had been tried before and inertia had killed them. Governor Duff has put lots of momentum behind the stream pollution program. It can be expected he will put lots of steam likewise behind his program to improve conditions for fish and game in the interest of the sportsmen.

Their Memory Remains Green

While it is not a so-called "round number", nevertheless the observance during recent days of Founders' Week by Hess Bros. has been important albeit the figure in years is 52 which is not a multiple of five or ten—the more intensely celebrated anniversaries.

The local observance served to memorialize two splendid merchants, now deceased, but whose fame and excellent reputation are an integral part not alone of the mercantile but the social and philanthropic life of the community.

All around the mercantile enterprise which they established in this city are monuments of their philanthropy and, more particularly, their broad and prophetic vision of things to come in this city. Max and Charles Hess just a little over a century ago brought to this city and developed herein new and bigger ideas as to what a city should be in the human welfare and philanthropic field.

They have gone on. Their works remain to memorialize them even after many years and vast community changes not physical alone but spiritual as well.

Get Physical Tests Quickly

It has been made so easy and virtually costless that there is no excuse for delay on the part of food handlers in Allentown to undergo the physical tests which are required of them in the public interest.

Today our hospitals offer free x-ray examinations which are necessary in addition to medical certificates. But it can be realized that if there be delays there will be last minute throngs at the hospitals and much time will be lost by the late-comers.

The wise thing is for all persons concerned to act quickly next week and get the matter disposed of. The early ones will be handled at once and little time will be lost.

It will be a satisfaction for all to know that they are in good health, that they can face their customers and their employers with the confidence that foods handled by them will not become disease carriers.

Nehru and the Reds

During his visit in the United States India's Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, has not been sufficiently anti-Communist in his speeches to satisfy some American commentators on international politics. He may have had their criticisms in mind when he expressed in Chicago his belief that individual freedom ceases to exist under the Soviet system. At any rate it would be absurd to regard him as a friend of the Communists. He has shown by his actions in India, where the Reds are his most ardent foes, that he is ready to use strong measures to suppress Communist activities threatening the state.

The contrast between Pandit Nehru's views on India's home-grown Communists and the interpretations placed on his speeches abroad arises for the most part from the intense desire of the Indians not to become involved in any war — even a cold war. What Pandit Nehru is implying in some of his speeches is that Indians have no liking for the idea that they should be considered automatic allies of the West if shooting starts. This attitude results from India's desperate need for peace while urgent domestic problems are being solved. It is strong at present even though economic and political circumstances as well as the admiration of the Indians for the highest ideals of democratic theory are tending to produce closer and closer relations between India and the Western powers.

If the whole picture is understood, and the long-term trends in India that are favorable to the West are considered, there need be no grave worry over an occasional speech by an Indian statesman that seems to indicate India would prefer to sit on the fence in world politics.

New York Herald Tribune

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FERGESSLICH, UN AW NET FERGESSLICH: Sie sawga ols wos m'r net im kup het, het m'r in da fees-ebbes os da onner dawg tzimlich gute ous k'halta hut beim Norman Bellis fon Breinigsville. Der Norman shoft imma housrote socha shtore doh in da shtadt, un hut moryets bardich ei g'sharaf'd grick'd eb er fon hame is, fer owets tzwae socha yoh net fergessa sei Mam fon da shtadt mit nous hame bringa, un shtoppa om shtore fer brode.

Owets wie er fartich wor shoffa hut er ow'r gons un gore fergessa sei Mam tzu hola, un is ob nous noch Breinigsville so shtarrick os er gae hut kenna. Darta hut er ob g'shtopt om shtore fer brode, ow'r eb der klerrick kumma is fer 'm ob worta, hut er likorish kandy g'sehna-ebbes os sei Mam so arrick gleich'd, un hut grawd draw gadenk'd os er fergessa het sei Mam mit nous hame tzu nemma.

Noh was hut er gaduh, os wie seinra Mam likorish kandy kauft, is nous uf die mashine un tzurick rei noch da shtadt so shtarrick os er widder gae hut kenna. Eb ers kandy kauft hut kot fer uf mocha fer sie fergessa kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r aenicha waig, wie er die Mam galauda hut kot, sin sie tzurick nous hame noch Breinigsville os er recht g'shmok'd hut.

Ow'r 'm "Norm" sei druvel wor ols noch net feriwwer, er hut frish nei g'shtart wie sei fraw gawunnert hut wohs brode wear os sie moryets gaarder'd het. Noh miner sivatzae wons 'm net bei g'falla is os er fergessa hut fer brode tzu kaufa-ow'r hut draw gadenk'd kot os sei Mam likorish kandy gleicha dade. Won sei 'n kase wor fon fergesslich, un aw net fergesslich, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Now os m'r frusht kotta hen, wolla m'r wetta os 'm Wils Michael sei fraw die Minnie fon East Woodlawn shtross doh in da shtadt, fiela dade fer hella.

Die Minnie is so wunnerbore fernotter'd iwwer ihra shaina gomberrosa was sie im hofe hut, un woh fermuthlich ol ferfrohra sin.

Noh wears ol recht gawest won sie net yusht weil tzurick hame kumma wear fom Allentown hospital, un net bei ihra blumma sei hut kenna wie won sie ol recht gawest wear.

Ow'r won sie aw ken blumma may im hofe hut, is sie alla weil eiferich om kunsiderra, who, un wie os sie 'n luft bilder mashine shtella kenta, won ihra dochter Mildred, un ihra mon Cliff Miley mohl 'n noshion graichda fer so'n g'shicht griega.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call, Oct. 29, 1924, a Wednesday

The Four Square club of Allentown held a Halloween party at the Hotel Allen, when 150 members and their wives and friends celebrated in the traditional spirit.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

I report with ill-concealed glee that:

The Commies now are trying to wheedle themselves out of their woe in CIO because they've got no dough. They've taken quite a blow — from Joe.

Funds from abroad have been cut off and American Communist circles must now operate on what they can riase amongst themselves. The FBI has learned, it can be authentically disclosed, that international Communist headquarters, disgusted with the ineffectiveness and inefficiency of the party's leadership in the U.S., is ignoring the Communist circles operating aboveground—and is disciplining the party by disdainfully refusing to finance it.

This became evident when sources inside the party reported that every member, every official and every fellow-traveller now is frenziedly attempting to raise a fund with which to free the convicted Politburo Eleven, if they can win bail.

In the lush days, one of the dough-piles always was the group of pro-Communist unions which used the CIO label for respectability. Now they're engaged in a not so-great civil war, which they must lose and which will cost them not only the CIO tag, but also whatever money they have lying around (the United Electrical Workers, UE, has several million dollars left).

So in the past 10 or 12 days, the entire Communist and pro-Communoist cacaphonic crowd has become as self effacing as a chees champ at Saturday afternoon kick-off time. They're actually wooing Phil Murray as overtly as they can without making fools of themselves. Murray's pictures in the Daily Worker now suddenly begin to resemble a human being instead of the smudgy axe-age character they managed to print in the past.

They talk only of "unity" and getting together to win the steel strike and find jobs for everybody. And the UE leaders, those very tough lads who were spitting fire at him exactly a month ago in the very Cleveland auditorium where the CIO staff now is putting up its bunting and platform picture blowups, have sent Murray a telegram saying in effect — couldn't we get together and prevent the convention from flaring into a riotous civil war.

And they've an eight-man committee "on tap," eagerly awaiting Murray's call to some Cleveland hotel room for peace talks.

Its a fascinating reflection on their desperation to scan the list of that junta, and observe that every one of them except the deliberately bewildered and florid UE chief, Albert Fitzgerald, are among the most skilled pro-Stalinists in labor circles. They're just the crowd who are so carefully trained that they can turn from what they said yesterday, confess that it was an aberration, and why can't we be friends—and they're all under investigation by the FBI for sundry activities, none of which will make you honest citizens happy.

But Phil Murray loathes them. They're the only bunch of sharpshooters who've ever provoked the CIO chief into angered, incoherent sputtering at times. He considers their attack on him and the steelworkers at the height of a strike as a basic breach of labor ethics, lower than a slaughter house sewer — and gets positively venomous when he discusses them.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

1 Chronicles 16:7-22.

Asaph was the leader of David's choir. To him he gave the words of a Psalm to be sung after David had prepared a place in Jerusalem for the ark of the covenant which he brought from the house of Obed Edom, where it had been kept after it had been returned by the Philistines. The Psalm comprises vs. 8 to 36 of our chapter, and consists of large portions of some of the Psalms in the book by that name. For example, vs. 8 to 22 are the same as Ps. 105:1-15. After a summons to praise the Lord for all His wondrous works, especially in behalf of His people Israel, David calls upon them to remember God's covenant which He made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, vs. 16-17, whereby He deeded to Abraham and his seed the land of Canaan (Palestine) as an everlasting possession, when Israel was as a nation but few in number. But God protected the small nation, reproving even kings of the nations round about, that they should not touch His chosen people, His anointed.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A southern colonel, who cherishes the prejudices of his grandfather, was horrified when his gawky and strong-willed daughter elected to attend a college in New England. The daughter was well aware of his feelings, so when she actually fell in love with a Massachusetts lad she broke the news with some trepidation. "Daddy," she hazarded, "what would you-all say if I married a damyankee one day?" "Say?" roared the colonel. "I'd say we were beginning to pay 'em back at last!"

* * *

When Ralph Engelsman, the insurance expert, first opened his agency, he spent a full hour convincing the owner of his building that a policy protecting him against loss by fire was a sound investment. An hour of Engelsman's high-powered oratory finally brok down the owner's resistance. As he reached for his pen, he said greedily, "Tell me again what I'll get if the building burns down this very night." Caught off guard for a moment, Engelsman answered, "If there's anything in precedent, you'll get about fifteen years."

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Although President Truman has sworn an oath to execute faithfully the laws of the land, he has just violated the spirit as well as the letter of an important act of Congress.

The law which was designed to unify the armed services has in it a paragraph that reads as follows:

No provision of this act shall be so construed as to prevent a secretary of a military department or a member of the joint chiefs of staff from presenting to the Congress, on his own initiative, after first so informing the secretary of defense, any recommendation relating to the Department of Defense that he may deem proper."

Admr. Louis E. Denfeld as chief of naval operations and a member of the joint chiefs of staff, and responding to an invitation from the House Armed Services committee, gave his recommendations concerning the defense policy of the nation. He had said the same things to the secretary of defense before. But because he spoke to Congress, he now has been removed from office.

This means that in the future no member of the joint chiefs of staff will risk his career in order to bring to Congress the information it needs to legislate on matters of national defense.

The issue is bigger now than the inter-service controversy that has raged in recent weeks. It is bigger than the question of whether Admr. Denfeld has been justly treated as an individual with a long record of service to his government. It is bigger than the question of whether one service should have this or that role or mission in our defense set-up.

It is really a question of whether a dictatorship by a clique in the executive branch of the government shall ignore and defy the will of the people's representatives — the Congress. Has the executive autocracy now grown so defiant that it can dominate the people's representatives and withhold from them information essential to the legislative process?

Witnesses who are employes of the executive agencies hereafter will fear to tell the truth to Congress lest they be punished. A milestone in the evolution of the American form of government has been reached. European forms of totalitarianism are being copied. For in Russia and Nazi Germany, they wanted only "yes men"—or else there was a "purge."

President Truman has blundered—but with his eyes wide open. He was warned by the chairman of the House Armed services committee and by its members, Republican and Democratic, that the cause of unification would not be promoted by reprisals upon witnesses. He chose to disregard such warnings. He acted on the advice of Secretary of Defense Johnson, who, of course, has a powerful influenece over Mr. Truman and dominates him in matters of this kind. Mr. Johnson is the type who believes that harmony is achieved by "lopping off heads." It's a queer way to try to achieve harmony in a democracy.

If Gen. Bradley as well as Admr. Denfeld and also Secretary Johnson and Secretary Matthews had been asked by the president to resign voluntarily so that there would be a whole new set-up in the defense department, the country might have swallowed such a move as perhaps a new approach.

Gen. Bradley offended the entire United States Navy by calling the witnesses "Fancy Dans" and by declaring them unwilling "to hit the line unless they could call the signals." If Admr. Denfeld's offense was plain-speaking, how can Gen. Bradley preside over the joint chiefs of staff with such a blemish of partisanship and tactlessness on his otherwise unsullied record of fairness? Will the morale of the navy be improved by punishing their chief — Admr. Denfeld?

Certainly Mr. Truman has given Congress something to worry about. Maybe he has paved the way for a major controversy in the January session. Perhaps a complete revision of the so-called unification law will be the result. If so, Admr. Denfeld will become in history a martyr to the cause of free government.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Book reviewing is one phase of journalism that I would certainly hate to do for a living.

Imagine having to read all the drivel that is being published every year in order to find the few books that are worth reading.

But every now and then something comes to my desk that I enjoy immensely, and so I hope you will forgive me if I do a book review for once.

* * *

This book, published by Grosset and Dunlap, is called "The Betty Betz Career Book," and the subtitle is "The Teen-Age Guide to a Successful Future."

If there is any subject that is of more interest to parents than their children's successful future, I don't know it.

So, while the book is ostensibly written and illustrated for teen-agers, I am sure that the teen-agers' fathers and mothers will enjoy it as much as the kids.

* * *

Betty Betz, as you may know, writes a very amusing and very useful column for teen-agers.

I don't know her own age, although I know her well. She is one of those persons still young, who will never grow up, and that is one of the reasons I like her.

I like all persons who, regardless of their age, stay young in spirit without being silly.

Betty not only writes her books, but she also illustrates them. In other words, she is a very clever and very versatile persons.

The first page of the book is an illustration in full colors. It shows four typical modern teen-agers standing in front of a wall on which a number of mottoes are tacked up.

Here are a few of them:

"Beaten Paths are for Beaten Men." "He who Watches the Clock Uusually Remains One of the Hands." "Those who Chop Their Own Firewood Warm Themselves Twice." "Plan your Work, Then Work your Plan."

Nothing very original about these — but good points for young and old to keep in mind.

* * *

Then the book goes into the different opportunities for today's youngsters and shows examples of how prominent representatives of various professions and trades have "done it."

With each of them goes a jingle or two with adequate funny pictures.

Here is one:

"How mean to make me work," cries Flo
"It's after five, I want to go!"
Her boss, impatient, strides away—
To veto Flo's next raise in pay.

* * *

So that's the way it goes—a lot of useful advice, easy to read, easy to follow.

Betty Betz gives no guarantee that every reader of the book will become an Irene Dunne, a Perry Como, a Dorothy Liebes, a Niles Trammel, a John Edgar Hoover, (these are a few whose careers she describes.)

But I guarantee that you will enjoy the book and get a lot out of it if you are a parent or a teen-ager.

(Copyright 1949)

Horoscope

Good vibrations today for writing letters and entertaining guests. Today's child should be a charming and artistic person.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

MIRACLE WORKER

For years we had to tell him
that he hadn't brushed his hair.
Now he looks into the mirror
with a penetrating stare.
That gay necktie he is wearing
was a birthday gift to me.
It's a miracle that's happened.
There's a girl he's going to see.

Time was we had to tell him
That a boy should wear his best—
Not a sweat shirt for a party,
and his trousers should be pressed.
Now he's fussing over creases
at the elbow and the knee.
And there is no doubt about it,
there's a girl he's going to see.

I chuckle as I watch him getting ready for his date.
But I'm sorry to behold him
that his mother couldn't wait.
For I know this very minute
she would chuckle if she knew
That a girl has just accomplished what we both could never do.

(Copyright 1949)



A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHILDHOOD

by A. O. B.

Continued

II

FANCY WORK

Piecing quilts and knitting were the popular styles of "fancywork" when Ann was a little girl. Women and girls were industrious, and in the matter of quilts no smallest bit of material was wasted. When Ann and her cousin exchanged visits they exchanged worsted and calico pieces. Ann made one quilt, and it was a discreditable piece of work. In silent acknowledgment of the fact her mother did not require her to do any more patchwork, nor ask her to knit. By this laxness on her part her own mother—Ann's grandmother—thought the little girl's training seriously neglected, and was sure that her usefulness in the economic scheme of things was almost nil.

CLOTHES

In her mind's eye Ann sees herself seated primly in the village shoemaker's shop, having her foot measured for calfskin shoes and morocco for Sunday. She was seven years old before she had "factory" shoes. And she distinctly remembers the ugly homespun flannel dresses she wore in winter time, on school days. She hated herself in them because her schoolmates were all wearing delaine dresses. The homespun cloth was so clumsy that it was always made up in the plainest possible style: Garibaldi waist and straight, full-gathered skirt; a style almost as devoid of beauty as Topsy's famous gunnysack garment. And, to make the ensemble still more unprepossessing, usually a large gingham apron was worn to protect the dress, for wool dresses were rarely washed. The apron was patterned on severe lines, as "practical" a garment as may be conceived.

MUSIC LESSONS

One day Ann's mother announced that a music teacher had been engaged to give ALL music lessons. The little girl shed tears of protest. She didn't want to study music; she wanted books! But music lessons it had to be, and she dutifully practiced her lessons for two years. Two years is a long time when you are about eleven years old! At the end of two years her parents realized that she had no taste nor talent in that line.

She did well in her school lessons, and the selections from classic and standard literature in her school Readers—Osgood's School Readers—The Third and Fourth and Fifth, and finally Kid's "Elocution," fed her hunger for mental entertainment. At least fed that hunger to some extent.

BOOKS, BOOKS

Great was Ann's hunger for intellectual experience. Often and often at home she would go to the small bookcase, and look over its contents carefully, hoping to find some book that would appeal to her, and that she had, perhaps, overlooked before. But always there were the same doleful rows of gloomy religious titles, and she would turn away with an unconscious sigh.

"THE YOUNG FOLKS NEWS"

Then there came a wonderful day when Ann received a sample copy of a little paper called "The Young Folks News!" She was eleven years old then, and that day is still vivid in her memory—**her book memory!** Delighted with it, she wanted to subscribe for it right away. She consulted her father. He said, that if she wished to have the paper she could take the subscription price, one dollar and twenty-five cents, from her savings. She had about three dollars, a sum she had saved for several years. Children were not given money in those days, and her only means of earning money was to sell bottles and rags. The family doctor paid one cent each for clean bottles, and the storekeeper paid one-half cent a pound for clean rags.

Ann wanted "The Young Folks News" very much indeed. She thought of her three dollars a while, then she decided. Having made up her mind, she cheerfully submitted to the drain on her meager exchequer. Before the year's subscription expired, the publishers of "The Young Folks News" sold the paper to "The Youth's Companion." Ann liked "The Companion" even better than "The News," but when the subscription expired there was one dollar and seventy-five cents to pay if she wanted to take "The Youth's Companion."

"THE YOUTH'S COMPANION"

Her mother, seeing Ann's dilemma, came to the rescue. She said, "If you will raise navy beans, I will buy them." The proposition was to Ann what a rope is to a drowning man. She raised the beans—and the price!—and one proud day she subscribed for "The Youth's Companion."

By the time the subscription had to be renewed her father had become so interested in "The Companion" that he paid for it, and after that he himself renewed the annual subscription. He was entirely honorable in that, when he read the paper, he did not expect his daughter to pay for his pleasure.

FINANCES

It was Ann's father who gave her the first real training in money-saving. When she was very young he prepared an account book in which a page was headed with her name. Then he became her banker. She gave him all her pennies and nickels, and he entered on the page the amount she had put in "the bank." On this page, too, he recorded all Ann's financial transactions. Once a year, on the first of April, her father summoned her to his desk and taught her how to compute the interest he owed her. "The bank" paid six per cent, Ann remembers. Then she added the interest amount to the credit column, and felt in some degree recompensed for not being allowed the thrill of spending money for candy and trinkets.

"THE TOLEDO BLADE" and "THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER"

By the time Ann was twelve she was so hungry for reading that she resorted to the means offered through the Exchange Column of the Household Page of **"The Toledo Blade."** For a wonder her father took "The Blade" for several years, and, for still more wonder, he permitted his wife to subscribe for "The Christian Union." "The Union" was an undenominational religious paper, of which Henry Ward Beecher was editor. As long as she belonged to the Lutheran Church he permitted her to take "The Lutheran Observer."

The Pennsylvania German husband assumed entire disbursement of all family funds. It was not considered within the province of women to order their personal needs that involved money, nor to desire culture that made demands upon the purse. This fact explains the remark that Ann's mother was **allowed or permitted** to subscribe for "The Christian Union," and, later, even for "The Delineator" and "Vic's Floral Guide." (Vick's)

THE EXCHANGE BARGAIN

To return to the Household Page of "The Toledo Blade," the only thing Ann had to exchange was her **charm string.** She sent it—and now she wonders that her father allowed her to spend so much money on postage.

For the enlightenment of those who may wonder what in the world a charm string is, let it be explained that a Charm String is a collection of buttons of all sizes and styles, strung on a stout string. Buttons with shanks are the more desirable, because they are easily strung, and set well together on the string. When Ann was a little girl "charm buttons" were exchanged between friends, and gift buttons donated by acquaintances. It was a popular custom: one young woman, who had an especially large circle of friends, acquired a charm string three yards in length! The charm was supposed to inhere in the fact that the buttons had been used by the donor on some article of wearing apparel. The earliest charm strings were those of the Civil War period, and a button from a soldier's uniform was especially prized. Young women delighted in exhibiting their charm strings, and telling from whom the various buttons were received.

Well, the beloved charm string sent, Ann waited. In due time a roll of story papers arrived, but almost immediately the papers disappeared. Instinctively Ann knew all too well the precise fate of her "exchange bargain." Did young Ann inquire of the family what had become of her story papers? **Never.** She discreetly maintained an unaware indifference. What she did know was that her parents considered it sinful waste of time to read novels. Novels were arrows pointing to Perdition. She knew they classed story papers as "novels." And her charm string was gone forever.

In Pennsylvania German families when daughters reached twelve years of age the period of childhood for them was considered at an end. Ann was **now twelve.**

To Be Continued

BOOK REVIEW

I HEARD OF A RIVER. A Story of the Pennsylvania Germans. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company, 1948. Pages 209—$2.50.

Elsie Singmaster's latest book relates in general the story of that small group of German-Swiss Mennonites, who, after many persecutions left their native Switzerland and found temporary refuge in the Palatinate. The Palatines had also suffered unspeakable hardships. Hardly had they recovered from the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, when they were for decades subjected both to the religious tyranny of their own native princes and to the repeated invasions of the French who burned their cities and villages and destroyed their orchards and their crops. Even Mother Nature seemed to conspire against them and inflicted upon them the terrible winter of 1708-09, when, as Conrad Weiser, then a boy of twelve, later wrote in his autobiography "Birds perished on the wing, beasts in their lairs and mortals fell dead in the way." Thousands now sought to leave their native land. They remembered William Penn, who had thrice journeyed through the Rhineland, extending a welcoming hand to them. They had heard, perhaps through that earlier group of Mennonites, who settled Germantown of a beautiful river that flowed, broad and majestic, through Penn's primeval forests. There life would begin anew for them.

But this is the story in particular of Hannes Berg, a Palatine Lutheran boy, who, after his parents had succumbed to disease and starvation, joined with the emigrating group of Swiss Mennonites, whom his parents had sheltered. Hannes' father, a gunsmith, had taught the youth how to rifle the barrel of a gun, and with his dying breath had tried to convey to Hannes what he must do to make the bullet hit still more accurate and true.

Indeed, in a larger sense I HEARD OF A RIVER is the story of the migration of the rifle from its native origins to Pennsylvania. The author has studied both European and American backgrounds, with the thoroughness characteristic of this careful craftsman. Almost every page bears witness to her honest efforts to offer authenticity of detail. This may be a deterrent for the reader who only seeks satisfaction in an exciting plot, for the plot is subsidiary to other accentuated values. Like the subtle interlacings of a fugue, we hear the recurrence of this three-fold theme: the story of a group of Mennonites to Pennsylvania and their settlement on the Peckway (Pequa), bordered on the north by the Conestoga and the west by the Susquehanna; the new home of the Herrs, Meylins, Baumans and Kendigs and others; the story of our young hero, Hannes Berg; and the story of the rifled gun in the New World.

All Pennsylvanians and lovers of Pennsylvania who smiled at the brash impudence of the journalist of the Louisville Courier who dared, at the beginning of Pennsylvania Week, to challenge the claims of Pennsylvania upon the so-called Kentucky rifle, as a colonial product of our own Pennsylvania German gunsmiths, then scattered throughout Lancaster, Berks, Northampton and Lehigh, will read this charming story with double enjoyment. The historicity of the beginnings of the rifled gun in Europe, its importation by the German pioneers to Pennsylvania, its extensive manufacture here,—its vital significance in the American Revolution, its journey westward with the Berks County Daniel Boone and the part it played in the winning of the west has long ago been estaglished by reliable historians. We must not expect Elsie Singmaster to have added anything new, but what is recorded history here becomes under the skilled pen of the literary artist a living, pulsating human document. The heart-aches, yearnings, aspirations, courage and hope and faith of these early pioneers is here woven into an artistic and unified whole. What matters it that the plot is slight? Her narrative is an onward-flowing epic, like a river itself, with subdued murmurs of its left motif "I heard of a river," flowing by the once fair villages of the Palatinate, along the edge of the Odenwald, haunt of the Wild Huntsman, now the Rhine itself, that river of so many joys and sorrows, to Holland, to England and the Black Death under gracious Queen Anne's protecting hand on and on across the wide expanses of ocean into the port of Philadelphia, onward through the primeval forests, across the Schuylkill, westward, always accompanied by the subdued murmur "I heard of a river." Whether it was the final consummation of his vision, the Susquehanna itself, the sight of the millions of passenger pigeons that for a time darkened the landscape, something it was that suddenly cleared his mind and in a flash Hannes remembered what his father had said with his last breath—namely, to take a small rag or patch and grease it, wrap it round the bullet and push it into the barrel with the ramrod and then the bullet would go forth smoothly and true. At that moment Martin Meylin, the Swiss Mennonite gunsmith, who was soon to establish his mill and his gunshop, stood by his side. When Hannes Berg showed Meylin how much more accurate his marksmanship was with the aid of the little grease patch, neither could foresee that one yet unborn, known to posterity as George Washington, would rise and call some day for men armed with the rifles made by the German gunsmiths of Pennsylvania and would weep with joy and relief when the descendants of the same Martin Meylin and Hannes Berg delivered them into his hands.

I HEARD OF A RIVER is listed as a book for juveniles. We can only hope for more such adult-making books. This book should be required reading for all high-school pupils in Pennsylvania. We venture to say it will be enjoyed equally by Pennsylvania grown-ups and by all who are rifle fans.

Elsie Singmaster's book is the second in a series of historical novels called LAND OF THE FREE. The set is to comprise 16 novels, each of which is to be a story about a distinctive national group that came from another country to seek freedom in America and the particular contributions they have made to the building of our nation. The first in the series is SEVEN BEAVER SKINS, a story of the Dutch who settled New Amsterdam, by Erick Berry, the editor of the series.

We Pennsylvanians may well be proud of this beautiful book and of its distinguished author.—P.A.B.

GATHER MONEY

Sammel Geld so viel du witt,
Sammel Laerning noch debei,
Awwer, was du duscht demit,
Sollschte immer ehrlich sei.

FATHER, MAY I GO TO WAR?

Daadi, daerf ich in der Grieg?
Ya, du daerfscht, miei Kind
Nemm dei wollner Wammes mit,
Doch schiess net mit de Flint!

—Aus m JOHN BIRMELIN seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun;
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run. —Garth.

Be Sure to Vote Tuesday

Despite the attempts during campaigns of the political leaders to whip up interest in elections, the average voter is not likely to become much excited about candidates and the issues which they have made or have espoused, until a few days before the time to enter the polls.

So over the weekend it can be expected that our electors will have a ready ear for the words of the contending politicians. They also will be shaping their decisions as to those matters which have become issues in the campaign, particularly in the local field where there is the matter of a $1¼ million bond issue for the building of a highly necessary bridge connecting Catasauqua with West Catasauqua. In the State there is the matter of some minor constitutional amendments plus the highly important one as to a soldier bonus.

The arguments for these measures and the appeals of those who will directly benefit from them have been made thru the press, radio and campaign speeches. The electorate undoubtedly has read and heard these presentations and has shaped an opinion about them.

However the important point is that, following any decisions already reached or about to be reached as to the merits of candidates and issues, the only way to give substance to those decisions is to go to the polls on Tuesday.

If you wish to help Catasauquans and those who travel in and out of that town to a bridge; if you wish that Pennsylvania's service men in World War II shall receive $500 millions as a bonus, then you will be doing nothing practical about it by remaining at home or forgetting all about election day while in pursuit of other matters.

So during the weekend make a firm resolve to set aside part of Tuesday for participation in the election. Then on Tuesday permit nothing to interfere with those plans.

Election Day is the great day for an American citizen. It is the day when he makes the decisions for himself and for the nation and decides its destiny. It is the day when his status is supreme, politically, a status that free men everywhere have lost when once they have surrendered their rights to a totalitarian system.

Temptation Resisted

There have been persons who have believed, or have acted as tho they believed, that "when a million dollars talks" it cannot be wrong.

A little group of men down in Mississippi has however given the lie to such an idea and they have reinvigorated much thinking in the United States that high ideals continue to be buoys and markers by which Americans are steering the ship of our American way of life.

This group of men, the board of trustees of a poverty-stricken little college, had one of the most powerful temptations of all time thrust upon them, when a wealthy oil man offered an endowment of $50 millions to the college. But the college was expected to agree to teach the doctrine of white supremacy and practice racial and religious exclusion as to its student body.

Be it said to the eternal credit of the trustees as individuals and as a group that they spurned the Satanic temptation and that they acquitted themselves not merely as Americans but as Christians. In the eyes of the world and, we believe in the sight of God, they rejected bigotry and reemphasized their faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man not only to their own credit but to the credit of the American people.

New Boss Gives Orders

It was to be expected eventually that inasmuch as the Communist Government of Czechoslovakia has taken over the church and has agreed to pay the salaries of the priests, that it would dictate to the priests in every way, even to the thinking of their inmost thoughts if such a thing were possible.

It has come very quickly for the priests had just about received their first pay - checks when notice was given a few days ago that, inasmuch as the Government is paying the salaries, the priests will have to work for Communism.

"Faithful and effective collaboration in the Socialistic (Communistic) building efforts of the Czechoslovak people" is demanded from the priests and also from the hierarchy which so far has rejected the church control laws.

Thomas Jefferson said that that people is governed best which is governed least. Americans are learning rapidly that when Government is given a hold anywhere, there freedom of individual action vanishes. As a multitude of holds is given away, freedom shrinks. When government pays the bills or the salaries it takes control in the natural order of things. And this extends to religion, as the harried Czechs are now finding out.

Reds on the Run

What is happening at Cleveland is more than just an intramural row, a housecleaning within one of the big camps of American labor. It is the logical and latest comber thundering in from a tidal wave which has been sweeping Communists and Communists' dupes out of the trade-union movement wherever it genuinely exists in the world.

Through bitter experience, organized labor in one country after another has been learning that Communists are neither liberals, democrats, nor unionists. That awakening has already rescued the CIO from the World Federation of Trade Unions and is now bringing together the two great and rival American groups into a new world labor front against communism.

The CIO convention in expelling the United Electrical Workers as an organization, revoking the charter of the Farm Equipment and Metal Workers Union, and barring Communists and party - liners from the CIO Executive Board probably has done more toward exposing and deflating domestic communism than have all the doings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities put together. — Christian Science Monitor.

Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Rome—

Of the principle western nations, Italy alone has an important common frontier with the Soviet orbit. And so for good or evil it must be greatly concerned in the outcome of the conflict between Marshal Tito and the Soviet Union. If Yugoslavia is able to maintain its independence, the security of Italy internally and externally will no longer seriously be in question. But if, on the other hand, the Soviet Union decides or feels compelled to take military action to liquidate Tito, Italy will become quickly and deeply involved.

One can see here in Italy, perhaps more clearly than anywhere else, how much is immediately at stake — how much there is to be gained if Tito can survive peaceably, how much there is to be lost if either in Moscow or in Washington the hand is overplayed and the issue is made insoluble except by force.

* * *

An independent Yugoslavia —that is to say a Yugoslavia which is no longer a military satellite of the Soviet Union or an armed branch of the Cominform—would be a buffer state on the only frontier across which Italy need fear intervention or invasion. From the point of view of the Atlantic pact and of the effort to rearm Western Europe defensively, Tito's rebellion is a windfall for Italy and for the Western powers. It promises to give Italy a more effective guaranty than could possibly be had from any military establishment that the Italian economy can now support or that the popular morale would now justify. If Tito's rebellion is successful in making Yugoslavia a military neutral, Italy will be defensible because there will be no hostile army within striking distance.

Moreover, insofar as there is no army on the frontier of Italy which could intervene, the Communist party in Italy can no longer contemplate the seizure of power by insurrection. For an insurrection, to which the Soviets could not give immediate and decisive support, would be crushed by the power of the Italian state and aid from the West.

From inquiries I have made I think there is ground for saying that the Italian Communist leaders, or at least the better part of them, know this and have drawn the logical and necessary conclusions. They know quite well that an action like that in Czechoslovakia is not feasible as long as the Cominform has no army near enough to intervene.

* * *

On the other hand there is a great risk in the present situation. It is that the Soviet Union might come to believe that unless Tito is liquidated, the rebellion will spread so far and so fast that it will menace the internal security of the Soviet Union itself. Things have not gone that far as yet. But they might. And it would be most unwise for us not to realize that we have the most to gain by a policy which does not make it impossible for the Russians to accept their diplomatic losses in Yugoslavia.

This is one of the moments in diplomacy where the temptation to overplay one's hand is strong. It had better be resisted. Tito should be helped, indeed he should be guaranteed against military attack. But no sophomoric illusions should be entertained about converting him into a military satellite of the West. We should be satisfied with a neutral Yugoslavia — with its detachment from the cold war — and we should not be gamblers who double the stakes when they think they are winning. We should not aim to make Tito change sides. We should aim to have him stand aside. It would be absurd to dress up Tito, as it is absurd to dress up Franco, in the clothes of a champion of the democratic way of life. Tito, like Franco, should be encouraged to mind his own business, and to be nobody's satellite.

* * *

For that reason and for many other reasons as well, our action in getting him elected to the Security council should be followed by a conciliatory action in the United Nations. The most promising at this time would be a move to admit all the excluded states — both those which the Soviet Union is excluding by its veto and those which we are excluding by ours.

Such a compromise could, it seems to me, have only beneficial results. It may make it easier, and we should wish to make it easier, for Moscow to accept the loss of Yugoslavia. It would not change the balance of power inside the United Nations. And it would bring Italy into the United Nations, which is most desirable. For it is an ugly anomaly that we have been able to promote Yugoslavia into the Security council but are unable to have Italy admitted into the United Nations.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I find three types of physicians among whom many are favorably disposed to the socialization of their profession:

1. The permanent teachers in medical schools; men who rarely practise medicine except occasionally as consultants. Also in this group are to be found many public health officials.

These medical men have accustomed themselves to small incomes, to the acceptance of authorities and controls which the practising physician would find intolerable.

2. Then there are the failures who find the risk of private practise unbearable. They may be very fine men and excellent physicians, but they hate the wear and tear of life, the battle for success, the struggle for recognition and achievement. They often object to being young. They would step whole from college into major achievements. For some, it is envy, greed, cupidity; for others, it is simply that they cannot wait. They would rather be paid by the government. They would rather move by seniority, by periodic examinations than by the risk of personal achievement. One described all this as a personal problem.

3. The third group is totally for socialized medicine, socialized hospitals, a socialized medical profession. They are the Marxists and the innocents who follow them. They believe in the socialization of everything and it makes little difference to them where it starts. Today, they are a bit frightened by the unfavorable developments in England, where socialized medicine is settling down to a deadly pall for doctors and patients. But they are not hopeless that in some manner, it can all be made to work in the United States.

In any medical group, in any medical society, except such as are especially organized for Socialist propaganda, it will be found that most American physicians abhor socialized medicine and find it unnecessary in the current circumstances of American life. They not only object to their enslavement as a profession and a class to the State, but they fear that the great advances that have been made in medicine in a free society will be arrested.

Physicians have accustomed themselves generally not to engage in politics. Some of the medieval secrecy of their profession continues into our age. Newspapermen used to have the greatest difficulty getting anything out of a doctor on the grounds that even if his name appeared in the newspapers, he was guilty of something unprofessional. I think the Mayos smashed that nonsense; they got their names into the newspapers all the time, evoking a general interest in their profession. Also Dr. Morris Fishbein did much to break down the newspaper prejudice against doctors.

It is the voicelessness of the medical profession that gives the politicians the courage to go after this profession as they dare not go after lawyers, for instance. Oscar Ewing, who is most responsible for the war on doctors, is a lawyer and does not advocate the socialization of lawyers. He knows that most members of Congress are lawyers and they would fall upon him like a herd of elephants on the rampage.

But doctors regard themselves as too dignified to fight back politically, which is the only way that they can fight back in this country. They have to face the fact that Congress counts votes and the president counts votes, and only those who can produce votes force these elected officials to their will.

The other night I was talking before a medical association when I happened to call the American Medical Assn. a trade union. This offended one physician who became very serious about it. But what this man did not and could not understand was that the reason the doctors are so scared is they are not a union, a trade or a professional union, pounding on Mr. Ewing's table and saying that we shall vote against every man who supports your socialistic program. While Mr. Ewing might be slow of understanding, the chairman of the Democratic National committee would calculate what these doctors really could do.

And if he reached the right conclusion, Mr. Ewing would return to the Bronx to call in a physician to heal his wounds. That is the way it works these days and the doctors might well be realistic about it.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

When Shirley Temple was married to John Agar, she told reporters that her marriage would last forever and that "two careers in one family work out wonderfully for us."

That was only four years ago. Today those two kids are separated, and another fairy tale has an unhappy ending.

* * *

I don't know just why, but when the story about the separation and the coming divorce suit came over the wires, I thought of a sunny morning in San Francisco many years ago.

My paper had sent me up to the Fairmont hotel to interview another very, very famous movie couple who were also very, very happy at the time.

When I arrived, this couple were charming and gracious and invited me to breakfast—me the tyro cub reporter who was shaking in his boots at the idea of talking to two such famous characters.

So little Erich Brandeis had breakfast in the sumptuous Fairmont hotel with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and was informed that two careers in one family worked out wonderfully for them.

I don't have to tell you the rest — you know it.

* * *

This is not an essay on marriage. Having been married only 28 years, I don't consider myself an expert on that subject as yet.

Furthermore, having been married all these 28 years to the same woman, I am reminded of the saying (I forget the author) that an expert is a person who is ignorant of everything except that one subject which he studied.

* * *

But let me state this about marriage:

Marriage is not something like a stone or a vase or a piece of art which, once completed, remains as it is.

Marriage is something living, something that is never completed, something that has to be nurtured and kept in repair and condition — just as the human being itself has to be nurtured and kept in repair and condition.

Marriage is something like the home in which it is lived.

If you have a home you know how things deteriorate unless they are looked after. The paint peels off and becomes shabby, bugs creep in unless constant cleaning is done. Without the proper care a home soon becomes a shambles.

A home, to be brought out to its full possibilities, must be beautified with curtains, knicknacks, flowers, rugs and lamps.

* * *

That is the way with marriage. Marriage can also become a shambles unless it is beautified with love and kindness, with tenderness and beauty, with understanding and consideration.

To keep up a home and to keep up marriage takes time. To do both together is a woman's full - time job, at least in my old - fashioned opinion. Just as it is a man's full-time job to earn a living and do his share of making marriage a success.

With all these newfangled inventions, someone may some day invent something more modern than marriage.

In the meantime, let us make the best of what we've got.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Acts 3:1-16

The Apostles in the early days of the church did not plan to withdraw from the Temple any more than Luther wished to withdraw from the church. But with the rejection of Jesus on the part of the nation, the church came into being as the divinely appointed agency to carry on God's plan of redemption by teaching the way of salvation. So when Luther, having been converted, could not cleanse the church of his day of its superstitions and abuses, a 'protestant' (accent the second syllable) group was gradually developed for the purpose of preaching the pure and simple Gospel of Apostolic times. Thus we find Peter and John in our lesson today going into the Temple to pray at three o'clock in the afternoon. They find a man lame from birth at the gate asking for alms, although, as some one once said, he needed legs! Peter and John seeing him, and having no money to give him, offer him in the name of Jesus complete healing. Great joy came to the man who was able to walk for the first time in his life. Peter told the gathering crowd that it was not by any power of 'holiness' of theirs, but the healing power of Jesus by which the man had come to be able to walk.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call, Nov. 5, 1924, a Wednesday

The tag day conducted by the Ladies' auxiliary of Sacred Heart hospital netted $3,630.88 according to the report submitted by Mrs. W. J. Geitzenauer, president. The sum was turned over to hospital officials.

Horoscope

The influences rife on this birthday suggest that you relax mentally and physically. The child born on this date should have the courage and ambition to make a success of his or her life.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

IS FARTICH MIT 'M DOM:

Ebbes is shure, un sel is, wons uf 'm fendu groyer George Miller fon Lynnville sei fraw die "Ellie" aw kumt, bleibt ihra George fon now ob weit ganunk fom Alton Snyder seim dom weck, os er nimmy nei fall'd. Ow'r worta mohl, m'r hen eich yoh aw noch net fertzailt wos 'm George doh weil tzurick in der gorda gawoxa is wie sei dochtermon Alton, 'n nous nemma hut wolla fer 'n bo:s ride.

Der Alton hut 'n lot fish im dom—fon denna glaina glitzerricha shiners woh die fisher leit so arrick gleicha fer bait. Fers handicher mocha fer die glaina fishelcher fonga mit ma net, hut er 'n batow kauft, un der George mohl ei galawda fer mit nous gae 'n ride nemma. Wosser hut 'm George sei lava net arrick g'falla, evens net fer drinka, uns hut 'm gagriss'ld fer mit 'm Alton nous uf der dom gae, ow'r hut doch net ob sawga wolla. Fermuthlich wor er bong er maich'd sae gronk werra.

'N batow uf ma do:n, 's same wie aw ice uf 'm raver, hut ken bolka. 'N batow om beshda is 'n wocklichie g'shicht, un der George hut net recht gawist wie aw tzu gae fer nei groddla. Endlich is der Alton mohl nei, un huts boat niver wedder der ufer gatzoga, mit ra maining der George kent nei groddla. Net os der George alt is, ow'r er is doch nimmy gons so subble uf da fees wie er shun wor, un ferhoftich sei wie er mit aim foos im boat wor, won die g'shicht net awfonga hut wockla, un er is tzitterich werra. Der Alton hut 'n on da hond kot, uns boat is awfonga fom ufer weck gae — der George ols noch mit aim foos im boat, un der onner uf 'm druckna lond.

Won der George noch yinger gawest wear un het die bae ousa nonner shproddla kenna wie m'r sie alsa mohl sehnt duh in da shows, weara die socha ferleicht gons onnishder ous gatarn'd. So ow'r hut er sich yusht so weit shproddla kenna un net weiter, uns nagsh... os wor, is er bartzelbaum hinnershich tzum dom nei g'falla. 'S wosser wor dief grawd darta, un der Alton hut gadenk'd er wist net woh er ferleicht rum dobba maich'd won er uf der budda kaimt, un is nei gajump'd fer 'n rous griega.

In kartza werta, der Alton hut der George nous ufs druckna lond grick'd—so wesh puddle noss wie 'n halb fersoffnie kotz. 'S wedder wor keel, uns hais'd 's wear sei lava noch niemond shtar yer fom dom niver noch 'm George seinra hamet wie er is—un der Alton dahinner drei. Wie der George in die kich kumma is hut die "Ellie" grawd gawunnert wos ihm wedder fohra wear os es wosser tzu da hossa bae rous lawfa dade. Wie ers wert "dom" g'sawt hut, is es ob ganga un die "Ellie" hut der floor fer der iwwerreshd fom dawg kotta—e:ns c:: weil os er nuf uf der shpeicher wor druckna glaider aw duh. Uns sheind ihra blauderras het aw gabot—der George hut fershprocha fer in ol seim lebdawg nimmy nagshd ganunk on der dom ge o 'fohr wear fer nei falla.

Ferol os m'r wissa, will der George die socha aw net hous howwa, un wolla don nix may weiter sawga

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Drowwa on Catasauqua falla aw mohl bei da tzeit 'n lot leit in die Lechaw, dart kon sich ebber druf ferlossa won da Dinshdawg net g'shtim'd wert fer 'n neiie Eine shtross brick baua.

Fon ol da notewenicha socha im kounty, wissa m'r fon nix os notewenicher is wie sellie Pine shtross brick, un woh yader ei wohner os da Dinshdawg shtimma gait—un 'n yaders os shtim recht hut sot gae, "Yar" shtimma fer die nei brick baua.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE MULTIPLE SELF

I find when o'er the years I start
A backward glimpse to get,
I cannot tear myself apart
From all I've ever met.

A boy's mind deeply is impressed
By what his elders do.
And what is worst of me, and best,
From some one else I drew.

For some there were who led me straight:
A few who led astray.
And they—though many call it fate—
Are part of me today.

In all that' best my friends must share.
In all that's worst, my foes.
For how his shadow falls, and where,
No human being knows.



A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CHILDHOOD

by A. G. B.

Conclusion

III

KEEPSAKES

A large sunny room on the third floor of Ann's house is now devoted to various quaint articles that her parents and grandparents used in their several household activities. Four decades had come and gone before Ann thought of the fact that very few of the housekeeping utensils and pieces of furniture with which she had been familiar in that long-ago life of her childhood remained in the old home. At once she set about to recover and restore whatever of the beloved articles were still in existence.

THE THIRD FLOOR ROOM

In the garret of her childhood home, however, she found more than she had dared to hope. The most treasured of the recovered articles is her Father's Hope Chest, which now holds an honored place in Ann's Third Floor collection. Her Father's Mother ordered the chest made by the village cabinet maker when Ann's father was sixteen years of age. That was in 1848. It differs from the usual oak-and-walnut chest, for it is of white pine stained to imitate mahogany. It has squatty turned legs, and is panelled front and ends. On the front panel is the boy's name, with the year, all done in gilt stencil, and an attractive border around the upper edge also in stencil. The chest finished, the boy's mother saw to it that it was filled with linens and coverlets similar to those in his sisters' chests.

THE LAND PATENT

When Ann delved into this precious chest she found among other things a quaint miniature chest made of tin, and painted orange color, with a stencil in floral design. In this tiny chest reposed an ancient-looking document folded to fit the chest. The document proved to be the "Patent" for the land which her great grandfather bought from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in 1784. Studying this deed of Patent, Ann's memory reverted to the time when her father showed her, then a little girl, this very parchment, and pointed out the half-circle that appears as if it had been out of the edge of it. He explained to her that the parchment was the skin of a sheep, and that the half-circle, apparently cut out of the edge, was where the leg of the sheep was attached to its body.

The Patent, now kept in its tiny chest, in the larger Hope Chest, states that the sale is enrolled in Patent Book Number 6, page 552, in Harrisburg. The tract of 253 acres is described in part as follows: "The land situate on the east side of Flaugherty Creek, beginning at the mouth of said creek up the same 125 perches and one-half to a marked hickory, thence north 20 degrees; East 35 perches and one-half to a White Oak; North 62 degrees, East 181 degrees and (2/10) two tenths to a post, and North one degree; West 12 perches and seven-tenths to a Spanish Oak; South 67 degrees, West 131 perches, to stones by three Linn trees, to place of beginning.

KITCHEN EQUIPMENT

In addition to the dear Old Hope Chest is another piece of furniture that Ann rescued from the discard in the old-home attic. It is the doughtrough that was a part of her mother's "Aussteier" or dowry. What is a doughtrough, you wonder? A trough in which dough is mixed. Every Pennsylvania German home had its doughtrough. It was a part of the kitchen equipment.

A doughtrough is always made of white pine because that wood was desirable for contact with dough. There are two kinds of doughtroughs. The one in Ann's family was on legs, like a table, and high enough to be comfortable to one keading dough. The other kind was portable, without legs, and when in use was set upon a bench. The inside of the doughtrough was kept fresh and white by scraping with a small, hoe-like implement. Washing a doughtrough was taboo because water would cause the wood to darken. The outside of the doughtrough was stained a dark brown to imitate walnut.

Ann's treasured doughtrough is now used as a storage for old books. So the homely old piece of kitchen equipment, that formerly performed a major service in the manufacture of material bread for the family, now, in its revered old age, became a repository of the mental and moral pabalum with which Ann's forbears solemnly regaled themselves.

A PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN CLASSIC

There is a famous doughtrough story, classic in Pennsylvania German annals; a story always told to the young Pennsylvania German girls as an incentive to frugal housekeeping. The classic is an illustration of the type of finesse employed by young Pennsylvania German bachelors who desired economical wives.

A young farmer, the story goes, sent word throughout the community that he had a sick horse, and the remedy prescribed was frequent dosage of doughtrough scrapings. He requested that young women who did the family baking kindly supply him with scrapings from their doughtroughs. A number of young women promptly complied with his request, sending him generous amounts. But one young woman sent him a curt word that she never had any doughtrough scrapings from her baking. This was the very sort of young woman the farmer was looking for. Accordingly, she became his choice for a wife.

ANOTHER

On the other hand, it must be recorded that not only was it young women who were subjected to tests of eligibility as helpmeets. The young men, too, were brought to the judgment of astute fathers, as the following true story illustrates: (Ann heard her Father tell it.) In the family of one of his uncles were several daughters and when the swains came courting from a considerable distance they were invited to spend the night and take several meals. Besides this being common courtesy it gave Paterfamilias a good opportunity to observe the provident, or otherwise, tendencies of the suitor in question. Upon the occasion of one such visit the father of the girl took her aside and laconically remarked, "Er schmiert sei Brot zu dick." (He butters his bread too thick). Nancy needed no further words to get her Father's meaning and that particular suitor was dismissed.

Of all farm products butter was most easily converted into cash. It brought a good price in the city markets; so thrifty farm-families did not indulge in extravagant use of that valuable commodity.

Ann heard her elders discussing the table manners of the commission merchants who came from the city to buy the farmers' dairy product. These elegant gentlemen little guessed that they were not well-tho't of by their hosts for loading their hot cakes with butter and maple syrup. Also in the use of fruit butters and jellies it was counted ill-bred to help oneself liberally.

THE "KINNER BUCH"

It was the custom in Pennsylvania German families to keep what was called a "Kinner Buch." That is, a Children's Book. This was a blank book similar to the present-day school notebooks. In it were recorded the articles included in the dowry of each child at marriage. In Ann's possession is the **"Kinner Buch"** in which is set down what her several aunts received from their parents upon marriage. Here is the record of the dowry given her Aunt Mary when she married in 1844, as set down in the **Kinner Buch** kept by Ann's paternal grandfather:

5 cows, 12 dollars each	$60.00
6 sheep, 150 cents each	9.00
2 hogs, 2 dollars each	4.00
1 mare	30.00
1 saddle and bridle	12.00
1 corner cupboard	16.00
1 bureau	13.50
1 table	7.00
2 beds and bedding	90.00
1 coverlet	5.00
70 yds. cloth	17.50
9 table cloths and towels	8.62
1 spinning wheel	4.00
1 reel	1.00
1 doughtrough	1.25
6 chairs, at 87 and ½c each	5.25
2 tubs	1.87½
1 churn	3.50
1 bucket	.50
1 large iron kettle	3.00
Kitchen furniture	30.00
Bread baskets and pan	1.50
Wash bowl, pattipans and tin cups	.87½
12 crocks	1.00
4 bags	1.48
German Testament	1.00
1 set ladles	1.00
Credit by working over age, 2 and ½ years	50.00

HICKORY BROOMS

An old hickory broom hangs from the picture molding in the Third Floor Room of Ann's house, such a broom as her mother used in clearing the bake oven of ashes. Brooms of this kind were made from hickory saplings about three or four inches in diameter. One end of the sapling was slivered down to about fifteen inches, leaving a two-inch knob. The strips were then doubled back over the knob, and tied around with a stout cord. For an extra well-finished broom several weavings of hickory strips were run around the knob. The handle was then shaven to required thinness.

Almost all Pennsylvania German women used brooms of this kind to scrub porch floors and stone walks, as well as to clear the bake oven of ashes. In the times Ann is thinking about, porch floors were not painted, for scrubbing by women was cheaper than paint. And then, of course, scrubbing with a bucket of homemade soap and a dash of river sand was a tradition which followed the German immigrants over the sea. In later years one of the neighbors, a rare, sympathetic man, called hickory brooms "women killers," because they were so heavy. Men used hickory brooms to sweep threshing floors.

CURRIER AND IVES PRINTS

On the walls of the dear Third Story Room, where the old-time treasures live, hang a number of Currier and Ives Prints. There's "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Home Sweet Home," and "Sunday in the Olden Time." Near these, for company, lest old acquaintance be forgot, hang "The Morning of Life," "The Tree of Life," with its Twelve Fruits, "Little Brother and Sister"—such solemn-looking children—and "A Vase of Flowers." And on the opposite wall are "Robert Burns and Highland Mary," a very solemn pair of pale lovers, "Little Ella" and "The Savior of the World," as a child.

And there's a spinning wheel for spinning wool, and its companion necessity, a reel for winding yarn on skeins, and a wheel for flax spinning; there's a candlemould, a grease lamp, a tin lantern, and brass candlesticks with snuffers, a bread-raising basket, and a small iron kettle with three short legs—such queer, squat little legs! And there's a coffee mill, and safe in a walnut corner cupboard, are many pieces of rare china-ware and glass-ware. Near the cupboard is a chest of drawers, and two hickory chairs.

Sometimes, in the darkness of the night, one can imagine the old hickory broom and the hickory chairs exchanging quaint recollections of their lives in Pennsylvania, long ago. Ann would give a good deal to listen in and write down what they say to each other, but in the daylight they are just treasured relics that maintain a dignified silence, leaving to us the privilege of fancy.

DIE HARREBSCHT ZEIT

Wie sanft! Wie schee!
Zu der Harrebscht Zeit
Sin die Bletter all bereit
Far die Ewichkeit!

Ken' bissel bang sin sie,
So gans gedaat mit Melodie—
Un was en Gsang!
So singe sie:

"Es iss ken Bleiwes do.
Wu Lewe zum Dot hiefiehrt;
Doch sin mir Bledder froh,
Far Lieb iwwer Dot regiert!
Die Lieb hot uns geweicht
Vun Saame un Schtaab heraus—
Die Lieb uns nau en Peedel leicht
Zu Gottes Haus.

—Die Buschamschel hot's gsunge!

ES LECTRIC LIGHT

Var Alters wann's mol dunkel waar,
Do sin die Leit ins Bett;
For's hot noch gaar ken Lichter ghatt,
Noch iewen kens mit Fett;
Die Daage waar'n aa net so lang,
Es waar'n ken zwee in eem;
Wer maryets noch der Aerwet iss,
Iss owets widder heem.

Net lang denooch, do fangt's schu aa,
Dann gebt's deel gelziche Leit;
En Daag waar nimmi lang genung,
Un so iss es noch heit;
Es gebt "improvements" aller Ort,
Die liewe, lange Zeit;
Nau hen mer dann so'n Hexe Ding,
Mer heesst's en "Lectric Light."

Des kummt all vun me Lectric her,
Un geht naus am me Droht;
Un wann mer an dem Droht Halt nemmt,
Dann schlecht's em meiseldot.
Es waerd ge'run't bei Inschein Schtiem,
Ich kann 's aa net "explain" e;
Awwer wer emol noch Reading geht,
Kann datt des gans Ding sehne.

Es iss gewiss en arrick Ding,
Des muss mer dann 'confess'e
'S waerd alles ball mit Lectric g'duh,
'S Naegscht denk ich dutt mer 's fresse.
Es iss so hell ass wie die Sunn,
Un scheint en gansi Nacht;
Wann nau die Sunn uff'n Schtreik will geh,
Dann waerd yuscht driwwer g'lacht.

Die Zeite, meent mer dann gewiss,
Die gingten mit em Mond;
Wann's so fart macht, dann gebt's en End,
Un vielleicht noch "pooty soon."
Denk yuscht mol draa, 's iss noch net lang,
Do waar noch's Licht mit Fett;
D'noh kummt's inschlich Licht var ins Land,
Un Wachs var in die Schtedt.

Wie's Fett un Inschlich 'fashion' waar,
Waar's Schpaerricke noch 'Fun';
Wann's Licht emol am dot geh waar,
Sin die Alte uff die Schtang.
D'noh waar frei-i- 'board' en gansi Nacht,
Mer sett's wull net verzehle.
Awwer nau wann en Bu en Maedel will,
Dann muss er sich sie schtehle.

Es Naegscht kummt so en 'humbug' Ding,
Es 'fluid' waar's genennt;
En deel Leit hen des 'patent' kaaft,
Un die Finger arrick verbrennt.
Sell hot nau wull net viel geduh,
Sie hen sie kenne blose;
Die greesschte Hummle hen zu oft
Wennich Hunnich in de Rose.

Es Naegscht kummt Kohleel uff die Lischt,
Es iss aa nau noch do.
Noh noch en Ding, mer heesst es gas,
Un sell iss aa net schlo;
Yuscht Eel un Gas macht so en 'show'
Zum "Lectric Light,"
As wann mer en Kuh eischpannt
Far en Schlittereit.

Es iss nix meh wie's var alters waar,
'S iss alles neie Mode;
Wu's als die grosse Elephante waar'n,
Sin yuscht meh gleene Schnoke;
En Mann der nau alt 'fashioned' iss,
Heesst's glei iss net recht gscheit;
Un hot noch Platz im Ewwerschtock
Far en gross "Lectric Light."

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Editorials

Thought for Today

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it—Seneca.

A Dream Coming True

This will be a happy day for the many daughters of Cedar Crest College, both for those who in the course of the years have gone thru its courses of instruction to graduation and for those who are presently living and working within its walls. It will be happy because the alumnae and students of the college today will be taking the initial step toward the now assured consummation of their dream for many years—the building of Alumnae Hall.

Today the cornerstone of the building that henceforth shall be the alumnae memorial is to be laid with fitting ceremonies. These ceremonies will be participated in by many of those whose vision and vigor thruout the years promoted the idea that is about to attain consummation. And we, who are spiritual beings, believe that they will be "compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses," the spirits of noble women who have gone on before. We must believe that a work so nobly conceived and carried to consummation has had and will have spiritual support and encouragement from far beyond the realm of this earthly life.

Today there will be joy in the hearts of the living that a work desired and aided by many who have passed on to their reward is being sustained; that the pledge of this generation to one that has gone on and to generations that are to come is being faithfully fulfilled.

It will be a great day in the life and history of the college whose increasing prestige makes physical expansion desirable. It is a day upon which it will be emphasized especially that the institution is growing in favor with God and man. It will be indicated that the women of Cedar Crest recognize that educational facilities for women should be increased in the United States and they intend to do a large part toward this end.

In loyalty and love, the women of Cedar Crest College have worked thruout many years to achieve a desired goal. And in the spirit of their institution and obedience to the Great Teacher they have worked not in their own interest but for untold generations and numberless young women in years to come.

Steel Strike Ending

News thruout yesterday so strongly indicated early agreement between United States Steel Corporation and the United Steel Workers that it can be taken for granted the steel strike will be ending this week. Already virtually all the other steel manufacturing concerns have reached an understanding with Philip Murray and his men and are back in operation. U. S. Steel, which accounts for a third of America's gigantic output, is the only important holdout and U. S. Steel promises to follow the pattern set when Bethlehem Steel Co. made peace a fortnight ago.

So there are prospects for a brighter Christmas than millions anticipated just a few weeks ago. Most of the steelworkers will soon be back at work. Coal is being mined thruout the country, altho with a threat of strike on November 30. But that may be prevented. So there is every good reason for American optimism as to business, as to employment and as to the conditions which full employment brings in its train.

Charming Pa.-Dutch Play

It is to be regretted that the charming comedy, with music, which was presented in the Lyric Theater during the past three days received such inadequate support in this, a Pennsylvania Dutch community, for which the story of the play has especial appeal.

Quite a number of novelists have used Pennsylvania Dutch locale and characters for their work and have aroused acrimonious discussion on the grounds of misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the Pennsylvania Dutch character. Generally there has been the feeling of so many Pennsylvania Dutch readers and audiences for plays developed from these novels that in them they were being ridiculed and laughed at by snobs and supercilious persons not of Pennsylvania Dutch origin.

But in "Plain Betsy," the work of a Reading woman, there were none of the elements that Pennsylvania Dutch have complained about in so many books and plays. It was sympathetic, authentic and charming as to story and music. It really was too bad that more of us Pennsylvania Dutch, and others as well who know us, did not see it.

Election Costs Low

Costs of conducting the elections in Lehigh County on Tuesday were not reduced, but the cost to the County government of each vote that was cast was greatly reduced because so many voters availed themselves of their right to the ballot.

Very rarely is such a low figure as 18 cents per voter attained in this county. It is likely that it compares most favorably with figures in any county of the State.

This is as it should be because it means that electors are doing their duty as good American citizens. And if even larger numbers were to turn out for elections, the cost would be reduced still more and good citizenship would be manifested even more widely.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WORRA NET IWWERLAWDA: Socha sin alsa mohl net so shlim os m'r maint os sie weara, un grawd so is es 'm John Sycher fon Minesite seina geil da onner dawg gonga. Dr John un sei fraw worra om welshkern boshda un hen der tzwae geils wogga grawd bei sich kotta fers welshkern druf boshda. Weil m'r alla weil net fersicher'd is won der winder ei reiss'd, hens Johns' gabosh'd os die shtrawla g'floga sin, un der body is ols feller un feller werra. Endlich wor er bol rund fol, un die geil hen 'n maining grick'd die load wear shwearer os sie seisot, un hen gamocht wie won sies nimmy tziega kenta.

Now der John is net yusht 'n guter fuhrmon, ow'r er is aw arrick gute tzu seina geil. Er glawbt uf kours mainer on feedra os wie shtrigla, un sei geil sin immer shlutta fet. Ken guta un ken baisa werta hen nix gabot, un glawb wohrhoft os er ferleicht noch wenich g'fluch'd het won er net so'n guter grish'd wear. Der John hut alla waiga gabroviert fer die geil ons gae griega, ow'r sie hen yusht die kep g'shitt'ld, un sin shtae gabliva.

Paar yeager worra im welshkern feld om hawso un fersonta hunda. So in da gadonka sin sie noh wenich naicher hinna ons John's un da geil ferbei os notewenich, un grawd is aw 'n fersont in die hae. Wie fiel shitz os es worra, un wie oft os sie g'shossa hen kenna m'r net sawga. Os die geil ow'r net darrich ihra kummeter g'shlupt sin wor allas. Wies gagroch'd hut sin sie tzum g'shar nei os sie der wogga mit tzomta welshkern bol frei fom budda in die hae ganumma hen. Der John wor 'n shtick weck fon na, un die geil hen die shwear load bletzlich fergessa, un sie ob hame g'shprunga os die luft fol welshkern kolva g'floga is wie wons yusht fedderra weara.

Die geil hen ihra load welshkern imma auga blick dahame om welshkern heis'l kot. Darta sin sie shtae gabliva, un allas os der John tzu duh hut kot, wor hame lawfa shtarata ob lawda. Wos er ow'r 's arrickshd fon ol uf 'm shtrick kotta hut, sei nochber Clint Nonnemaker hut dahame unnich 'm fohr shuss g'shtonna allas shae ei ganumma, un yusht so shpettlich galocht.

Die barichda sin, der John wear im marrick fer 'n altie mushkate kaufa — aenie os recht sonderbore grocha dade. Er wil mohl sehna eb er die geil net ons gae griega kon won sie 'm widder holshtarrich werra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

M'r hen yusht 'n shaenie kort grick'd fom Macungie poshtmaishder Frank Neumeyer un einra fraw da Helen fon Mammoth Cave Kentucky, uf 'm hame waig fon Chicago, woh sie die poshtmaishder's fersommling ei ganumma hen.

Der Frank secht, der "Cave" wear wunnershae — gons onnishder os wie ol die onnerra bletz wie sel os er g'sehna het.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Nov. 12, 1924, a Wednesday

The Allentown Woman's club met in the Hotel Traylor and heard a report on the meeting of the State Federation of Women held in Philadelphia. Mrs. Charles Ziegenfuss, president, was in charge of the meeting. Reports were given by Gertrude and Mary Cunningham.

Benjamin Craig, former proprietor of Slatington's Arlington house, officially took over the Neff house at that place, which he recently purchased from Mrs. Gertrude Rohrbach.

After the regular meeting of members of Calvary Council No. 528, Knights of Columbus, new members of the board of governors were elected. They were John Hanlon, John H. McDermott, Charles Collum, R. Emmett Green, C. W. O'Brien, W. T. Martin, F. L. Seng, C. J. Luettgen and James E. Gaffney.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

There were those of us who went quietly into the coalfields and knew that the miners had had a bellyfull of "shrunken bellies."

That's why, in the past week, I reported it was only a matter of dramatic days before John L. Lewis surrendered. That's why one of Washington's shrewdest coal experts told the mine owners last Saturday that the coaldiggers would be ordered down the shafts within three days. And, in three days, John L bid his followers do exactly that.

A railroad superintendent, wise in the ways of coal strikes, looked around him and ordered crews for 24 coal trains to report next Monday. He knew the mines would be opened — though nobody told him.

No crystal ball fraternity, this. We realized that for the first time since Lewis and his lieutenants pounded their way into the miners' leadership, quieting the opposition with the methodical and flattening effect of a giant trip hammer, the miners were revolting against old John.

They were wearied by his "shrunken belly" kind of rhetoric, as stilted and starch-collared as the acting in the ancient "opry" house he once ran. They were hungry. They wanted to work.

I checked. One little store in the Hazard (Ky.) mine fields has just about handed out all the credit it had — $27,000 for food alone. Try that on your corner grocer. The bigger companies were forced to cut their credit by 50 per cent—which gave the dusty patches about half the food they needed, and about half of what they had last winter. Try that on your kid's stomach. See what happens to your own insides—and I don't mean from lack of vittles.

So it was that early Tuesday some coal mining locals, in West Virginia's Pocohontas fields, manned by loyal union men, all decided to dig coal, strike or no strike. Word went out that by Wednesday morning, just about the time Lewis ordered the men back, some 20 local United Mine Workers' units would be defying their chief in that southern West Virginia soil.

And there is Harlan, Ky. I remember well old "Bloody Harlan," where there are men who fought and have seen their buddies die for John L.'s union. But in Harlan now, as in the Kanawah and Logan (W.Va.) fields, some locals had voted quietly to dig coal no matter what Old Eyebrows did or said.

Of course, Lewis knew all this — and in a moment of weakness I'll concede it saddened him, for he lives by the myth, publicly, and unto himself in the privacy of his favorite rehearsing mirror, that the miners revere him and would follow him forever.

By this past week-end, he had tried every maneuver in his fire-works-filled brain, so geared for swift shifting. None had worked. And now he had only one more trick to conjure. He called his UMW policy committee meeting in Chicago. Immediately the coal industrialists were in a dither. They were certain he was about to pull a "Bethlehem," as Phil Murray did in steel.

But the stars weren't out for Old John. He couldn't split the industry nor find any Illinois coal operators who could be shaken into jumping on a bandwagon which wasn't there. His maneuver failed. No one came to him out of fear that he might be making a deal with another pit owner.

At the same time, he got word from the White House, where he still has one good, lanky contact, that President Truman was about to hit the coal industry with an ultimatum — go back to work by Monday or face tough government action. Mr. Lewis would have had to surrender again to the little fellow I once heard him sneer at as an ignorant, incompetent menace to the country. That speech was made before 3,000 coaldiggers at the last Cincinnati convention.

Furthermore, Lewis knew that once the full story was dug up by some special presidential fact finding board, the public would learn that the operators were willing to grant the miners a shorter work day and $50,000,000 a year more in welfare — but in return wanted to know who would be put on miners' welfare relief, for how much and for how long and on what basis.

And that the operators wanted to regain control of production in their coal pits — control which Lewis now had in his pudgy mitt because under the old contract he could tell the miners when they were "willing and able to work."

Brother Lewis knew the coaldiggers wouldn't think this was a bad deal — but that they would deeply feel it wasn't worth going hungry just to make Old Shaggy look kingsized among labor leaders by sitting it out the longest.

So the specialist-in-surprises juggled another one. But peace, it's wonderful anyway.

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Admr. Forrest Sherman, the new chief of naval operations, could conceivably be known some day as the man who saved the navy from disintegration and collapse.

The recent controversy has placed the case of the navy not only before the public but before the civilians who will decide its fate — the top level secretaries and the members of Congress. Will they take Admr. Sherman's advice?

One immediate consequence of the recent change has been the quiet development of a plan by Secretary Matthews and Admr. Sherman to spare the navy some of the drastic cuts scheduled for next July. There now is a possibility that the navy will not have its air power diminished as extensively as was feared when it became known that orders had been issued to eliminate many carriers.

The effort now is to find some other places to economize in the navy's budget — as, for instance, in the huge shore establishments — so as to make it possible for more aircraft to be purchased for naval aviation. Unfortunately, too many people think of a navy as consisting only of seagoing ships. They think of steel and other components, when the real necessity for a modern navy is more and more aircraft and the maintenance of its trained personnel. The navy doesn't need more ships now. It has in reserve plenty of ships. What it needs is modernized decks for existing carriers and modern weapons to use on the mission of a modern navy. This mission primarily is control of the air over the seas and over those portions of the inland coasts from which control of the air over the seas can be threatened.

Admr. Sherman not only is an aviator but he comes fresh from an aircraft-carrier task force in the Mediterranean, where the British have forsaken their responsibilities due to financial difficulties and where the United States thus far has failed to provide a substitute defense.

As matters stand now, the United States is weak in the Mediterranean. The myth that the Russians have no navy must give Moscow quite a chuckle. For they have a fleet of battleships, cruisers and destroyers in the Black sea which can get into the Mediterranean pretty quickly and, with the aid of about 2,000 land-based planes of a coastal force, could raise havoc with the tiny aircraft-carrier task force which is stationed there and which Admr. Sherman recently commanded.

Published dispatches in the last few days also tell of Russian submarines in the Mediterranean, coming out of bases in Albania. These bases, while not covered as yet with concrete protection, probably would be so covered in wartime.

Admr. Sherman has a tough job ahead of him. He can hold up his end in conferences at the joint chiefs of staff because he has the absolute confidence of Secretary Matthews and Secretary Johnson. But can he win the confidence of the navy itself? That will take time. It will come when high officials here stop thinking of the navy as just a bunch of "fancy Dans" or of the recent controversy as arising from only a few naval aviators. The feeling goes deeper. It is related to a deep-seated belief that the spirit and letter of the unification law have been violated by the two-to-one decisions in the joint chiefs of staff.

So the problem now is to build mutual trust and confidence. Secretary Matthews has been through a grueling experience and knows now what are the pitfalls. His position under the secretary of defense is stronger because now everybody knows that the key to the controversy is naval aviation and that inter-service ambitions or rivalries should not permit naval aviation to be impaired. Secretary Matthews is known to be anxious to demonstrate to the navy itself that he is as zealous in behalf of the service he represents as has been any predecessor secretary.

Emotional feeling such as has been stirred up by the controversy will not vanish overnight. But it will disappear in time as the evidence mounts up that the navy is not to be deprived of the air force it needs to bomb submarine bases of the enemy, to lay mines in enemy's inland waters and to defend its control of the seas against the long-range bombers and fighter planes that emerge from the land bases of the enemy.

Confidence inside the navy in Admr. Sherman and Secretary Matthews will grow as the president and Secretary Johnson see the need for giving the navy the air power it requires to carry out its primary missions as laid down in the Key West and Newport agreements.

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

1 Samuel 15:13-26

The Amalekites were the most ancient of Israel's enemies. During the reign of Saul the first king of Israel, Samuel the prophet ordered Saul to destroy the Amalekites, sparing neither man, woman, child, nor cattle. However, after a successful battle, Saul spared Agag their king, as well as the best of their cattle, destroying only what they could not use. The Lord then told Samuel concerning Saul's disobedience, whereupon Samuel came to visit Saul, who told Samuel that he had performed the commandment of the Lord. 'What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?' asked Samuel. Saul replied, 'They spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen, but the rest We have utterly destroyed'. Samuel then told him what the Lord had said. Again Saul protested: 'I obeyed the voice of the Lord, but The People spared the sheep and oxen for sacrifice. Samuel then taught him the principal lesson of today: 'Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams', v.22. Thus Saul is rejected as king, for his son was not permitted to succeed him as king.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The late John Macrae, head of the publishing firm of E. P. Dutton, had the usual run of strange encounters with temperamental authors, but Mary Webb, who wrote the memorable Precious Bane, took the cake in his opinion In the first place, she told him that the advance he offered on that book was too high. "It's been turned down by four other publishers," she said, "so I don't see why you should pay me so much." Mr. Macrae almost fell off his chair.

She brought her next manuscript to his home, and began talking about it in his drawing room. The more she talked, the less satisfied she appeared with her work. Finally, she announced, 'I'm not even going to let you read it," rose abruptly, and threw her manuscript into the fire!

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is no attempt to teach you how to read your daily newspaper.

Everybody reads it according to his own taste, just as everybody puts as much salt on his eggs, as much sugar in his coffee as he likes.

* * *

But it may interest you how I read my daily paper, this presumption not being conceit, but merely the possible germ of an idea for your own use.

First I look at the front-page headlines. If the headline interests me, I read the story. I begin with the first paragraph, then pick one out in the middle of the article and then the last one.

Thus, I usually get the gist of the item and can proceed to my comics and features that much more quickly. (If the first, the middle and the last paragraph together don't make sense, then I read the whole thing.)

* * *

But what I get the most fun out of (if this is bad grammar, will you please reconstruct the sentence yourself?) is those little stuckaway items that take the sting ou of life, give you a chuckle, and make you realize that the most interesting things are the personal, human stories that are liable to happen to anybody anywhere.

Take today's paper, for instance.

On page one there is a big article about the persecutions and cruelties in Czechoslovakia. The article made me boil. What terrible people to be so inhuman!

But tucked away in the back part of the same paper is another story, only 13 lines long. It is headed "Lose Whoops on Flights." It tells how the Czechoslovak Air Lines Medical Department now treats whooping cough by taking sufferers on high-altitude flights. Only ten per cent of the patients so treated showed no improvement.

So maybe there is hope for Czechoslovakia after all—and, incidentally, here may be another possible source of revenue for our own airlines.

* * *

Another little item I enjoyed was a story about Mrs. Salome Chiera, of Grosse Point, Mich., who, at 100 years of age, keeps her girlish figure by bending over and touching her toes a number of times each day while doing her housework.

But I, at a little more than half her age, can hardly touch my knees!

* * *

You many have overlooked that item—or it may not have been in your paper—about Richard Feeney, five years old, of Washington, D.C.

Being the son of a White House aide, he sees the president quite often. He told Mr. Truman that the squirrels on the White House grounds looked underfed.

So the president appointed him Official Squirrel Feeder. A picture went with the story. It was headed "New White House Official Takes up His Duties." It shows Dick proudly wearing his badge with his title, feeding the White House squirrels.

* * *

Why don't you look for those little items? They may take some of the bad taste of the main dish out of your mouth.

(Copyright 1949)

Horoscope

With discretion, your next year should be one of even progess. Born on this date a child should be capable of leading a happy normal life.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

ADVERSITY

He thought adversity his foe,
He stood and fought it blow for blow,
And spent his strength and time to be
Rewarded by prosperity.

His friends and neighbors used to tell,
He stands to disappointment well.
When he succeeds a man he'll be
Deserving of prosperity.

But he turned arrogant and proud;
His voice grew over harsh and loud.
The man adversity had made,
Temptations started to degrade.

He stood to blows with courage rare;
Proved heavy burdens he could bear.
But when came ease and luxury,
He couldn't stand prosperity.



Pennsylvania German Humor

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

En bissel Dummheet dann un wann Iss Medizin fer yedermann.

Not far from the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, there is a road-house which serves as a farmer's night club, where rural swains and damsels meet to dine and dance. One evening the orchestra leader was surprised when a country lad came up to the platform and asked: "Don't youse play chass music?"—"Yes," answered the maestro. "Why?"—"because me and my girl vant to chitterbuck after we dring a chin fiss."

That story is not Pennsylvania German humor in the sense that we propose to consider it here. It is humor, but at the expense of the Pennsylvania German people. Such expressions as: "My all is off"; "I have nossing towards you"; or "What for a car do you have?" are colloquial expressions rooting deeply in the cultural pattern of a people, who for centuries have done their thinking in German while reading and speaking English.

The peculiar inflections of the voice, resulting in misplaced emphasis, such as, "Maybe you go **too** ain't?"—and "I used to still," have similar causes, and, while they may be amusing to the ear unaccustomed to the sound values they contain, they are not a part of the conscious humor of the Pennsylvania Germans.

An exhaustive study of Pennsylvania German humor would call for more research than this essay represents. There should be comparison with other forms of American humor which reflect the ethnic backgrounds of the diverse peoples who came to these shores. There should be a closer examination of English and Continental sources than this brief study will reflect.

The only pretense that we make is to present a form of humor as it exists now and within the memory of man. Its historical roots, its psychological implications and the philosophy underlying it must await the patient scholar's study and make available more printed pages than the confines of this publication.

We can visit the country store and listen to the raconteur regaling his side-slapping cronies with ludicrous anecdotes; we can peep into the corner barber shop and record the breezy remarks of the village jokesmith or cup an ear at the public sale to enjoy the jibes of the witty auctioneer. If we are in a mood we can take a comfortable chair near a banquet table and revel in the fun-provoking "Rede" of the various Fersammlinge, or, if proficient in reading the dialect, we can pull one of Daniel Miller's volumes from the library shelf and immerse ourselves in his "Prosa," such as, "Waer hot die Welt erschaffe?"

The printed page will rob some of the anecdotes of their flavor when they are related here. While this may be a disadvantage in one sense it is balanced by the fact that the reader will be afforded an opportunity to reread and digest the stories. For those who are not familiar with the dialect a little patience will open a fund of humor which is closed to them in the speed of the spoken word.

For many of us the dialect is a mother tongue and they are merely naturalized to English. Borrowing a figure of speech from Dr. Preston A. Barba we can liken the knowledge of the dialect to the sensation of holding a conch shell to one's ear and, in fancy, hearing the murmur of the sea because the conch once lived in the deeps. So to us there are ancient voices calling from the corridors of the years. Even though Lancaster was signally honored a few years ago by being designated as the spots in all of the United States in which the best English is spoken, it is an inescapable fact that continental European and Indian tongues were heard more frequently than English in Newtown, the Lancaster of 1742. One century ago many of our forbears adopted English as their only tongue, but others became bilingual, learning English but holding on to the dialect too. Great numbers of us have preserved this portion of our cultural heritage to this day.

For the latter there is preserved a treasure which will stand them in good stead now. Outsiders can write novels about us; antique collectors can buy our art treasurers and carry them to distant places; gourmets can imitate our foods; scientists can study and adopt our skills in agriculture, but the dialect—Ah!—there is a mysterious arena which they cannot invade, and because they cannot, they fail to extract from life the full measure of laughs and whimsy. Translations of Pennsylvania German bits of humor lose their pith and moment when clothed in English garments. Something of the elements of surprise, shock and suspense are dissipated when we try to hurdle the mono-lingualism of those who are illiterate in our dialect.

We will try to circumvent this difficulty by compromises and ruses which will become apparent as we progress.

That a story loses its flavor in translation from one tongue to another is not unique; the same thing will always happen when jewelled words are jarred out of the prongs in which they were originally set. What is surprising, however, is that English classics parodied in the dialect assume an air of comedy, superior to the original at least in the mind of the Pennsylvania German himself.

For example, read E. H. Rauch's translation of the Ghost Scene from Hamlet:

Ich bin deim Daadi sei Schpook—
G'sentenced fer en Zeit lang rum laafe Nacht's—
Und im Daag fescht schtecke im Feier;
Bis die schlechte Sache das ich geduh hab in mei Nadur's Daage
Ausgebrennt un ausgeloxiert sin.

Right here let me pause to point out that many words in the Pennsylvania dialect are thought to be in bad taste by those who have lost their daily contact with the tongue. Actually Shakespeare rendered the phrase:

"Till the foul crimes done in my day of Nature
Are burnt and purged away."

There is an adage which runs:

Immodest words admit of no defense
For want of decency is a want of sense.

We are not constructing a defense for shocking the sensibilities of drawing-room guests in presenting bits of dialect humor. We are merely facing the fact that the exotic character of the dialect strikes those to whom it is passing strange with surprise and shock. Several years ago Professor John Bowman of Pottsville asked how one would render the expression "Nero was accursed of God," in the Pennsylvania German. The only answer that makes sense is "Der Gott-ferdammte Nero," and yet, that expression might appear to be vulgar to one who has only a nodding acquaintance with the dialect. Richard Barnitz of Hanover, York County, observes that the farmer folk in his section refuse to listen to pornographic stories but cannot understand why city folks resent table talk about breeding of live-stock, fertilizing fields and other matter-of-course activities of the farm. It is a matter of local mores. In the dialect the word **Schpitzbu** means an errand boy, an apprentice and etymologically the page boy of the medieval castle, but English speaking people who have lost their sense of dialectal word-values have assumed that **Schpitzbu** conveys a vulgar meaning.

Continuing our examples from parodies on English classics and returning to Rauch's translation of Hamlet we call attention to the Ghost's promise to tell tales which would make:

"Each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful portentine (Porcupine)."

Note Rauch's rendition of this line:

"Und dei Haar uf'm Kopp graad nuff schtelle
Wie dicke, schteife Sei Barschte—"

or "And the hairs stand up on your head
Like thick stiff hog bristles."

Another classic example is Henry Lee Fisher's dialect version of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven," retitled "Der Grapp" or the Crow. Without losing any of its bizarre characteristics, maintaining the dreaded suspense of the whispered name "Lenore" the translation can be read seriously or humorously, which ever fits the mood to the reader. Every line calls for a chuckle if read for amusement, or calls for fear if read seriously. Note the portion of the poem in which Poe loses patience with the raven's monotonous "Nevermore."

Falsch Propheet, du ohne Zweifel,
Unglicks Fogel, odder Deifel—
Mich zu ketzre un zu gweele—
Wu der Deifel kummscht du haer?
Warum duhscht du mich besuche?
Was hoscht du bei mir zu suche?
Wit mich in die Hell ferfluche
Mit deim ewich "Nimmermehr"?
Sag mer's odder geh fon mir—
Odder du grickst Hexeschmier!
Sagt der Fogel "Nimmermehr."

Dr. Ralph W. Schlosser, former president of Elizabethtown College has translated the court scene from the Merchant of Venice into the Pennsylvania German dialect. Born in Schoeneck, Pa., Schlosser grew up with the intonations of the dialect ringing in his ears. While he was an undergraduate at Columbia University he was asked to make a recording on a victrola record for the linguistic archives of the university. He then translated the Pied Piper of Hamlin into dialect and recorded it.

When he began his teaching career one of his duties was to coach plays and Shakespeare was his favorite playwright. In the course of his activities he tackled the difficult task of translating portions of the Merchant of Venice into Pennsylvania German. The following excerpt portrays Portia's entrance into the court room:

Duke: Dir haert was der gelehrt Bellaris schreibt. Un doh glaub ich waerliich, kummt der Lawyer. Geb mir dei Hand. Kummscht du fom alte Bellaris?
Portia: Yah, ich bin.
Duke: Mir sin iwweraus froh fer dich zu sehne. Nemm dei Blatz. Bischt bekannt mit die Kase in darre Court?
Portia: Yah, Ich waes die ganz G'schicht. Well iss der Antonio? Un iss des der Yut?
Duke: Antonio un du alter Yut kummt forne.
Portia: Iss dei Naame Shylock?
Shylock: Yah, ich haes Shylock.
Portia: Des is en g'schpassiche Kase un doch hoscht du die Law uff deinre Seit. Antonio, dei Leewe is im G'fahr, net so?
Antonio: Yah. So sagt der Yut.
Portia: Hoscht du das Bond g'signed?
Antonio: Ich hab.
Portia: Dann muss der Yut barmhertzig sei.
Shylock: Fer wass muss ich? Sag mir sell.
Portia: Barmhertzigkeit losst sich net zwinge; es falt wie der warm Regge fom Himmel uff die Erd; es bringt en doppelter Seege; es duht dem gut der gebt und dem der nemmt; im schtarrigste is es mechtich; es is besser aweck g'sehne im Keenig als wie sei Krone. Em Keenig sei Macht iss yuscht in weltliche Dinge, awwer doch erschtaundt die Leit, un fer sell farriche sie sich in Acht. Awwer Barmhertzichkeit iss greeser als me Keenig sei Macht. Es findt sich in die Keenig ihre Hertze. (Zum Shylock) Ich hab des now g'sagt so das du net so hart sei maescht uff der Mann. Awwer wann du stuwwerich sei wit, muss die Court ewwe den Mann dei Bond gewwe."

Of course Shakespeare would hardly recognize his famous "Quality of Mercy" plea in the above lines, but who shall say that it lacks the pathos of the original.

To call attention to one more example of the effect of parody into the dialect let me quote John Birmelin, a living writer, in the translation of the barbershop rhapsody "My Adeline."

O Adeline! O Adeline!
Hoscht du die Wesch schun uff de Lein?
Kumm ich ferbei, dann sehn ich
Du muscht awwer fleissich sei,
Mei Adeline!

There can be no question that this song is true Pennsylvania German humor. It is one of the favorites at all of the gatherings of the Dutch. As recently as May 1942 poet Birmelin composed an original humorous poem on Nostradamus the half-saint, half-charlatan of the Middle Ages. The writer told me of his delight in using dialect words to describe the burial of Nostradamus, half of the body in the cathedral and the other half, "es hinner dehl" protruding beyond the consecrated walls.

Among persons who do not know the better elements of Pennsylvania German humor there is a prevalent notion that it is bovine in character and redolent of the barnyard. True, many coarse jokes are told at public sales and in barrooms which would hardly bear retelling here. Perhaps it is natural that some of us should indulge in earthy wit, because for the most part, we are an earthy people. To deny it would be futile. It is also true that some of those who profess to be entertainers in dialect programs frequently regale their audiences with pornographic stories, thus adding fuel to the charges that the Pennsylvania Germans are still "boors" as Benjamin Franklin once called them.

It seems that there is an element of license inherent in the dialect which breaks down inhibitions in speech and some out-house humorists feel no compunctions in befouling their mouths and offending the ears of their listeners with obscenity. Most of the tellers of such licentious dialect stories would shrink from telling the same jokes in English. It is as if the dialect serves such persons as a mask, concealing the identity of the evildoer. To guard against indecency the officers of the Allentown Ground-Hog lodge have been forced to the extremity of insisting that prospective speakers must submit their script for examination in order that it may be thoroughly rinsed and dry-cleaned. Most of the annual gatherings of the Dutch at Fersammlings, have guarded against this danger by including women as guests, thus effectively bridling the tongues and expurging the script of potential filth-mongers.

In directing this phillippic against purveyors of obscene stories in the dialect I am not unmindful of the frequency of that sort of humor among English speaking groups. There are Jeeters on every Tobacco Road. However, in English most persons recognize that there are such things as propriety of time and place and company, and he who dares to flaunt these decorums loses caste; but for some people it seems that the bars are down in the dialect. Their utterances create the impression that the Pennsylvania Germans are a people devoid of sensibilities, boorish and benighted, loathesome clods little higher than perverts on the scale of culture.

To Be Continued

TO THE GRAVE OF MOUNTAIN MARY

Our readers are invited to join the annual pilgrimage to the grave of Maria Jung, known in song and story as Mountain Mary. Please assemble at 2 p. m., tomorrow, Sunday, Nov. 13 at the Hill Church, Berks County, from where the motorcade will be conducted to the private graveyard in the Oley Hills by Mr. Ralph Berky. Speakers will be the Rev. Mr. John L. Herbster, Bechtelsville, and the Rev. Mr. William J. Rupp, author of "Bird Names and Bird Lore among the Pennsylvania Germans," published in 1946 by the Pennsylvania German Society.

On the main highway from the Hill Church to Pleasantville there is a tablet on the right hand erected there in 1934 by the Berks County Chapter of the D.A.R. It reads: "To the Memory of Mary Young," "Mountain Mary," "Barricke Mariche" who lived to the north in these hills from early womanhood until her death, Nov. 16, 1819 at the age of 70 years. A pioneer nurse, comforter of body and soul, benevolent, pious, brave and charitable. "She hath done what she could."—

Mountain Mary's creed was a simple one. Like her Master of the Judean hills, she went about the hills of Oley, doing good, and like St. Francis of old, she keenly sensed God in the natural world around her. She was sister to sun, moon and stars and all created things about her. Did not field and forest, bird and blossom, sky and stars join with her in magnifying the glory of her Creator?

From woods and meadows she gathered herbs and simple medicaments which she dispensed freely. She nursed the sick and brought solace to those who were in distress. 130 years have passed since they carried Mountain Mary in the fulness of her years from her simple log hut and placed her in a grave on her own acres, but still men and women gathe: at her grave in reverent memory, for good deeds live beyond space and time.—P.A.B.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

It is only when the people become ignorant and corrupt, when they degenerate into a populace that they are incapable of exercising the sovereignty. Usurpation is then an easy attainment and an usurper soon found. The people themselves become the willing instruments of their own debasement and ruin.—James Monroe.

Praise for Park & Shop

It is not an extensive review and report which Life Magazine in its current issue gives editorially to the Park & Shop program in Allentown but it is a succinct one that adds a resounding slap-on-the-back of congratulation to the men who conceived and are carrying out the idea. Life sees it as the helpful answer to hundreds of American cities. Furthermore, this mention serves to extend the good reputation which the city enjoys in so many other ways.

Certainly all over these United States the growing number of motor cars without corresponding growth in the facilities of streets to park them when they are not in motion has developed a tremendous problem. The problem grows every time a new motor car rolls off the assembly lines in Detroit or wherever there are motor car factories.

Allentown's merchants, who comprise the Park & Shop corporation, as well as others who are pursuing the same idea but independently, have furnished a good answer. They have not asked the municipality to help them to protect their businesses and their investments in property. They have gone out and helped themselves after engaging in an enterprise that had and continues to have long-range vision but which did not have positive assurances of success upon its initiation.

Allentown's merchants put a big stake on a real business gamble. They stood to lose heavily. But they assumed the risk because they were optimists and it is a satisfaction to know that they have both won their point and have not lost their dollars.

While the merchants did not demand municipal aid, which might well have been sought to protect the City's own big stake in tax returns from the valuable central City business district, they have asked and they continue to expect that the City is going to do something big that will be helpful to the general idea.

This reasonable expectation is that the splendid income from the parking meters be regarded as a fund for the purchase of land close to the business district and upon the fringes of the presently owned Park & Shop and other parking areas. There is sound logic in the desire that the money which the motorists are paying for parking be pooled to the end that there shall be increased opportunities for parking and, if possible, that many of those opportunities will be without cost to motorists. In other words, there is the hope that there will be at a no very distant day an abundance of free, off-the-street parking spaces which are not too far removed from the business center to be convenient to motorists.

Give Football Back to Fans

As the football season nears its close rumblings are increasing among coaches and sports writers as to the substitution rules of the game which have developed into the offense and defense platoon system.

Like Frankenstein, who created a monster to bring about his own destruction, the big business that is football not alone on the professional gridirons but on college and high school fields as well appears to have overstepped itself in its genius for making the game more and more scientific. It bids fair to destroy itself thru its own cleverness.

Time was when the object of this and other sports was a good time for those participating in them and for those witnessing the games. It was recreation and fun.

The emphasis has been changed to winning games even if to win them means training boys from junior high schools and even the grades to particular systems and then following on thru with virtually year-round training and practice as high school, college and professional players.

Man used to be master of the game. The Game is being permitted to become the master of the man. What used to be play has become work. What used to be pleasure for millions in the stands at a football game has come to lose a lot of its interest because the game has become so difficult to follow. There is a sense that it is not a group of human beings engaged in a contest of brains and physiques but of two massive machines or rather four or more machines which swing on and off the field to the bewilderment of all but the esoteric class in football — the coaches and the year-round students of the formerly splendid game.

It is entirely likely that when the big meetings of football leaders take place during the winter, this patent harm to football will be a warm subject for discussion. Out of it may come changes that will give the game back in greater measure to the ordinary lovers of football who buy the tickets and sit in the stands.

Lucky They're in U. S. A.

Like the mills of the gods which are said to grind slowly but "grind exceeding fine," th American courts are disposing of misguided Americans who, during the war, forgot loyalty (if they ever possessed it) to their country and its people and committed treasonable acts.

These folks, like Axis Sally and Tokio Rose, were insolent and cocky during the war when they were living respectively in Germany and Japan and were being lionized by America's enemies. They were on top of the world. They certainly expected to remain there. But just as their judgment was bad in one respect, it was faulty in many others, among them being America's power to fight once she had become aroused.

Within recent days another expatriate, Herbert J. Burgman, was found guilty of treason after trial in a Federal court in Washington. Like the others, he had lived in a country that was to become America's enemy. Altho he had been an employe in the American embassy in Berlin and could have gotten out of the country when war was declared, he chose to remain and to take sides with the country of which his wife was a national.

He was caught up with after the war and offered cringing excuses for his treasonable propaganda efforts to affect the outcome of the war by deceit and lies. These he had poured out over a radio in Berlin but which he said was hidden somewhere in the American Middle West.

Burgman's colleagues in Berlin were able to confute his shabby excuse that he had been "abandoned" by them when war broke out and the rest of his record was very well documented and could not be denied.

Like others, Burgman cast his lot with the Germans. They lost. He lost. It is his luck that his crime was against a country that is reluctant to invoke the uttermost penalty even tho the Constitution of the United States in the only crime for which it prescribes a penalty calls for death.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Many years ago I bought my first automobile from a dealer who called himself "Honest Pete."

The "Pete" is fictitious, I made that up.

He may have reformed or gone to his just reward — so why not let sleeping dogs lie?

* * *

The car was a Maxwell—the kind that you hear Jack Benny and Rochester argue about on Sunday evenings.

"Honest Pete" assured me that it was a fine automobile —"as good as new," and that he guaranteed it with his reputation.

Blithely I started out in it on a 400-mile trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

After a hundred miles I heard a terrific noise. The car stopped, and as I looked under it I saw a large piece of machinery on the ground.

Fortunately a garage was nearby. The mechanic came over, looked at my "fine automobile" and asked me, "Where did you get that wreck?"

To make a long story short, the repairs would have cost almost as much as I paid for the car, so I had it taken into the garage and wrote "Honest Pete" that he could get it and keep my down payment.

I never heard from "Honest Pete" again, but I swore that I would never, never buy anything from anybody who had to tag himself "Honest" this or that.

* * *

A couple of weeks ago I had to make a speech.

As usual the master of ceremonies started a flowery introduction.

He told the audience that they were about to listen to the "famous columnist" Erich . . . and I stopped the fellow right there in his tracks.

I asked him please not to go on with his introduction. That sort of thing would be all right for my obituary, when I wouldn't be there to read it, but not while I am alive.

Then I told my hearers that little story about "Honest Pete."

It is the same with fame, I said.

You can't make a person famous simply by calling him "famous." You need not tell an audience that a man is "great" if he really is great.

The president of the United

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

If some of you fellow capitalists who haven't yet gotten around to picking up a large estate in some lush suburb will just sit still for a moment, I'll show you how the comrades do it—and you, too, can live like the exclusive proletariat.

There's just one gimmick. You've got to have a union. A politicalized, Communist union. Then you look for the estate. Nothing showy, just 100 acres with lake attached. Maybe you like the countryside just a few miles from Gov. Dewey's farm up Pawling way in New York. As the pro-Communist leaders of the purged United Electrical Workers (UE) did. Especially the UE's not so little, but very Red Riding Hood—that highly trained she-comrade by name of Ruth Young, one of the UE's bosses.

A few years ago, Red Ruthie took some of her union brethren up to Gov. Dewey's staid home town, and bought up 100 acres, lake, buildings, equipment and sundry other bucolic items, only five miles down the road from the GOP leader. The court clerk there reports that $75,000 in hard American cash, not paper zlotys, was exchanged by those allegedly uncapitalistic souls.

Pretty soon the citizenry of Gov. Dewey's town saw more pink ladies on heels than are shoved across tables in little cocktail hour glasses. The UE Comrades were running a "Sky-Lake Camp" — "sponsored by the United Electrical Workers Health and Recreation fund," special rates of $35-$40 a week to UE members and less for their children. And regularly, every summer, the management made out checks to repay the Communist Daily Worker for space advertising "Sky-Lake," reportedly now worth $2,000,000.

Along with the "swimming, boating, dancing and entertainment" which some right wingers found meant pretty party-line girls who were specialists in political conversion among other things), came secret meetings. Once when some lads heard that their pro-Commie district leaders were secretly meeting at "their" camp, the boys went up to learn what was being planned for their union. They were given $1 each for dinner and told, "Go back home — your children want you." Honest!

Naturally, after reading all the literature about the camp, the union duespayers thought Sky-Lake's golden acres belonged to the UE. But it doesn't appear so, comrades. An examination of the deed the other day revealed that the property is listed in the name of Ruth Young, Jim MacLeish and two others. Technically it is theirs. Wouldn't it be nice to know just where those sacrificing extremist labor leaders got $75,000 to put on the line, and where the camp profits have been going, and just what is meant by "sponsored by the UE fund . . ."

But all the camp's horses and all the camp's woman power didn't disclose the com

rades' real love for things capitalistic until the UE civil war was launched in Cleveland. Then they rushed into court for old-fashioned restraining orders of the severest kind. And it is a sharp mockery of this nation's dignity and understanding of world forces, that some judges have ruled for the Communists far above their judicial line of duty.

Up in Pittsfield, Mass., for example, the affable (except when infuriated) John Callahan tried to swing a local of 7,000 UE members, employed by General Electric, over to Phil Murray's CIO. (And note that some 600 of the bewildered duespayers up there need special badges and regular scrutiny to get by the guards stationed at the restricted GE building, which turns out navy gun directors for our warships.)

All right, Callahan was fighting to keep all this clean and drive the pro-Commies out where it's cold. So the extremists hailed him and his fellow right wingers into Superior court—and Judge Joseph Warren got out an order restraining Callahan and colleagues from doing much more than getting up in the morning. Callahan couldn't use his title as the local business agent. He couldn't draw money from the union. He couldn't speak. He could not even try to convince his fellow members to quit the Communist-dominated United Electrical Workers and join CIO.

But, being Callahan (member of Jim Carey's new IUE organizing committee), he toured the plant gates, shouting—All right, let them arrest me, but here's the story. Meanwhile, the pro-Commies were reorganizing the Local (255), setting up new officers and telephoning the GE company for recognition—and, of course use of the dues checkoff.

Finally a Boston judge junked the restraining order. And being decent folk, Callahan and his embattled friends arranged a mass meeting in the local high school and invited Comrade Matles to come up and debate the country-hopping Jim Carey tomorrow afternoon. Then the local will vote whether the 7,000 skilled men go CIO or pro-Commie.

Today, some 200,000 out of 400,000 electrical workers, in this labor civil war between decency and Communits, have joined the CIO.

More bulletins later.

(Copyright 1949)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

When Interstate Commerce Commissioner Alldredge told the House Judiciary sub-committee that Congress may want to consider subsidies to the railroads if losses in passenger revenue were not stopped, he was suggesting a solution that most of the railroad executives themselves think is unnecessary.

What the railroad men want is a system of rate-making that will permit them to compete with other forms of transportation. Today if they make a rate between two cities in order to meet a competitive rate by trucks, for example, they must then apply that lower rate to similar hauls or situations in other parts of their transportation system and this could mean a greater loss in revenue than would be offset by the gain in a specific locality.

The truth of the matter is that when the Interstate Commerce act was passed back in 1888 the railroads in every sense had a monopoly of transportation facilities. Today they find themselves up against cargo-carrying by airlines, and by heavy duty trucks which have reached such size that they look like railroad freight cars on rubber-tired wheels.

The railroads are not asking that the trucks or airlines be required to charge higher rates. On the contrary, the railroad executives say they want a chance to meet freight competition in the same way that any businessman lowers his price to meet competition.

But the railroads cannot fix their prices as do owners of other businesses in the private enterprise system. They must wait many months for the Interstate Commerce commission and sometimes for state commissions to act. They must bear the entire cost of the maintenance of their rights-of-way, while their competitors receive heavy subsidies or relief from corresponding burdens of taxation.

Thus a study of the year 1947—the latest year in which figures of this kind are available—shows that for all class I railroads the total operating revenue was about 8.68 billions of dollars but that the cost of owning, maintaining, and operating rights-of-way and paying state and local taxes amounted to $1.77 billions. This is 20.5 cents out of every revenue dollar.

The interstate common-carrier and contract trucks, on the other hand, are estimated to have received a revenue of 1.8 billions of dollars in 1947 and to have paid out only 4.7 cents on the dollar, or $84,417,000 for their state and local taxes including gasoline, motor vehicle, property and other taxes.

Looking at it from the expense side, the railroads paid out 21.02 cents of each dollar of their total costs for owning and maintaining rights-of-way and for state and local taxes, while the trucks paid out 4.89 cents of each dollar of their total expenses for taxes of all kinds and paid nothing directly for road maintenance.

The meaning of this is that if the class I railroads could have spent only 4.7 cents out of each revenue dollar for their rights-of-way and maintenance of track and yards as well as state and local taxes, the railroads would have cut their expenses in 1947 by $1,369,051,000 or by 16.2 per cent.

This might have permitted the railroads to reduce their freight rates to the shippers.

But the highways on which trucks travel are shared by the passenger traveling public as well as the freight carriers, whereas the long lines of steel track are used only by the railroads. The country nevertheless needs the railroads as the main system of transportation for heavy materials and products in wartime as well as peacetime. With the rate structure for passengers now being pressed to the limit, as Commissioner Alldredge points out, the railroads may have to compromise with their convictions on the subsidy question and consider whether the federal government, as a measure of national defense, shall not contribute to the cost of maintaining the steel highways. There is an easier way, however. It is to let the railroads have freedom of action in making local freight rates so that they can meet competition. This is the American way and it can beat the subsidy idea. But if government is to regulate rates on a rigidly uniform pattern it may find itself forced to pay a subsidy to maintain the roadbeds of the nation's railroads.

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Luke 14:15-2

The title of the story included in vs. 16 to 24 might well be 'Excuses'. It seems strange on first reading that anyone should refuse an invitation to a good dinner. One of those invited would not come because he had bought a parcel of ground and had to go to see it. Should he not have seen it before he bought it? Another had bought five yoke of oxen, and had to go to prove them. Would it not have been better if he had proved them before he bought them? The third had recently married, and therefore could not come. He might perhaps have been able to take his wife with him! But it is for far less important reasons that men refuse the Gospel appeal today, satisfied with the frivolous things of the world. Evidently those in the story who had received the first offer to attend the banquet represent those who had received the first offer of salvation, but rejected it, in consequence of which the invitation went out to those in the highways and hedges of this world, that is, the Gentiles, many of whom have accepted God's grace in Christ and are feeding on the luscious fruits of Canaan, to use an Old Testament figure.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Nov. 19, 1924, a Wednesday.

A play, "The Awakening," was given in Salem Reformed church. Members of the cast were Paul E. Lehr, Mrs. George E. K. Guth, Mrs. William Koehler, Henry Frederick, Emma Bottling, Wilmer Wolf, Rose Biever, Emerson Snyder, Howard D. Snyder, Charles Bauer, Elizabeth Snyder and Wilfred Lehr.

Horoscope

The aspects for your birthday are excellent. A strong love o. home and relatives is envisioned for a child born on t' date.

States is usually introduced simply by saying, "I now give you the president" or something equally brief.

That's all that is necessary. He needs no further amplification. His job speaks for itself.

Greatness, fame — honesty, speak for themselves.

* * *

Some time ago when ve were looking for a home, the real estate agent kept on raving about the hollyhocks and the lovely fruit trees on a place which she showed us.

I went into the bathroom and looked at the plumbing. I turned the faucet which was leaking. The water ran dark brown. I didn't buy the place.

* * *

That's the wa, with people. It's the plumbing that counts.

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MONDAWG MORYETS WESHERREI G'SHPICHTA:

Wenich weibsleit gleicha tzu wesha, ow'r sel kon m'r mohl shure net sawga fom Charlie Fischer seinra fraw die Hattie fon Fullerton. Die Hattie fer die wohret tzu sawga dada alla dawg rum suddla won sie immer ebbes finna kent fer wesha. Ow'r doh 'm onnerra Mondawg morya hut die Hattie 'n erfohring kot os ra shier der ob-shy gamocht hut fon da gonsa wesherrei bisnis.

Die Hattie wie immer ihra gabrouch, is tzeitlich moryets nunner in der kaller fer die wesherrei in der gong griega—ihra dochter Bessie Benfer owwa drowwa fermuthlich wor noch im bed. 'S nagshd os wor, hut die Hattie awfonga greisha un yohla wie won lavendicha bander hinnich ra weara. Die Bessie hut gore net denka kenna wos letz wear, un is ob owwa nunner wos bishda wos hoshda, un wos dada n'r denka os sie g'funna hut? Die Hattie hut der hase wosser grawna ob gadray'd kot, un gabroviert fers wosser tzurick hava mit da hand.

Wie die Bessie nunner in der kaller g'shprunga is, is sie grawd om wosser grawna ferbei wohs wosser ob day'd im gonsa hous. Sie hut ow'r net dart draw gadenk'd, un is aw hee tzu da Hattie un hut gabroviert fers hase wosser helfa tzurick hava mit da hand. Des da aryer os sie tzu k'hova hen, des da aryer huts g'shpritzt. Die Hattie is net wos m'r sawga maich'd gross, ow'r gore mechdich shtarrick, un wos die Bessie ferhert in da grase mocht sie uf in da braidichkate. Yaderrie hut gabroviert fer der grawna tzu hava, un os die Bessie die Hattie net tzu da mauer nous g'shova hut wor allas.

Wie sie alla bait so noss worra wie fershoffna kotza, is die Bessie widder om grossa wosser grawna ferbei g'shprunga wie sie 's wosser ol ob draya het kenna, un hut ihr'm mon, 'm Lechaw county willamon Russell Benfer garufa, er sot darbber darbber kumma helfa 's wosser ob draya odder ihra gons hous dade nunner in die Lechaw shwimma. Un der Russell hut sich aw ken tzwae mohl haisa lossa, un is die kaller shtake nunner un huts wosser ob gadray'd om hous grawna, un da Hattie ihra haiser wosser grawna hut shtoppa lawfa.

'S worra sare wenich druckna bletz im gonsa kaller bis es wosser shtoppa hut lawfa. In der baryt, wor die Hattie un die Bessie noss bis uf die houd, un hen sich shtrippa missa fon kop tzu foos. Sel wor ae mohl woh die Hattie net sucha hut breicha fer wesh, ow'r won in ol ihr'm lebdawg ebbes ra 'n kreitz wor, don wors fer shtarta wesha mit ol selra nossa wesh.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Charlie Fischer hut now 'n neier grawna nei gamocht in blotz fon sel'm woh die Hattie ob gadray'd hut, un wet'a aenichie tzeit 'n silber nix'l unna golda wortaweilchie os die Hattie 's nagshd mohl in ocht nembt wie hard os sie der nei grawna uf shrawbt.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

NIGHT LIFE VERSION

Late into bed,
Early to rise,
Heavies the head,
Reddens the eyes.

* * *

GOLF PHILOSOPHER

Though often I'm maddened
When putts don't fall,
It is nice to have gladdened
My rivals all.

YOUNG FLIRT

Such wiles to behold
It's too soon, I think,
Just four years old
And she's learned to wink!

* * *

OLD DISEASE

Arthritis! This is truth I pen,
Believing none will doubt it,
Was called the rheumatism when
Our grandpas talked about it.



Pennsylvania German Humor

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

Yes, we are an earthy people and our very best humor is earthy. We are rooted deeply in the soil. For centuries we have been in partnership with nature, conversant with her whims, chastized by her discipline and rewarded by her bounties. Some of us have been uprooted from our limestone farms and have grafted ourselves upon the professions and trades in man-made cities; but even we sense an atavistic urge driving us back to the farm in our longings and many of us will confess that our methods in attacking new problems are premised upon truths learned in the field, barn or meadow. It is only natural, therefore, that all that is good in our culture springs from our age-old alliance with nature. Our best humor, like our worst, is of the earth. It takes the form of simile and metaphor; of hyperbole and aphorism—homely figures of speech drawn from observations made during routine life on the farm.

Among the better similies we find, Gottlieb Bonastiel complaining about the vexations in his home with a scolding wife: "Ich hab so viel Ruh g'hat als wie 'en Schilgrott unnich me Eeg" (I had as much rest as a turtle would have under a harrow.) Another from Pumpernickle Bill's column in the Allentown Morning Call, describing a hungry group seated at a feast: "Sie sinn druff los wie die Hoi-Schrecker in Egypt" (They set upon the feast like the locusts of Egypt.) Or, from that dynamic preacher Mose Dissinger describing the evils of strong drink, declaring that the sting of alcohol causes drinkers to make faces "wie Fixe das Weschpe g'fresse hen" (like foxes who ate wasps) and further, the drinkers have noses like "Pefferkepp" (red peppers); ears like Fassnacht cakes and they run for the rum bottle "wie die Bull-fresh uff der rote Lumpe jumpe" (like frogs leap upon the red flannel.)

Other selected similies: George Eisly of Richland, Lebanon County was discoursing on the subject of his fondness for raw clams. "Schlug un schlaerbs! ich kann sie weck shaffe" he declared; but on one occasion he was sorely disappointed. The bivalves were covered with sand. In lament he said—"Mei Zeh hen gegnackert wie en Separator im me Steebruch" (my teeth chattered like a separator in a stone quarry.)

One who signed himself as der 'Kopfgratzer" writing a letter to the Editor of Schol la in the Reading Times described his first set of false teeth as follows: Der Zeh Dokter hot mer so'n verflammt's Gebiss in's Maul dass sich am Maule Dach fescht glemmt wie en ferfrorner Chaw-Duwack."

For good measure let me relate how Daniel Bupp, proprietor of a summer cottage at Charming Forge in Berks allayed the protests of neighbors who complained that the tenants of Bupp's cottage were disturbing them with their boisterous escapades. Danny said: "Selli yunge Leit sin Newmanstettler—und die Newmanstettler sin wie die Biffel Kie—sie hen so lang innanner geheiert sie hen ihre Haenner ferlore." (These young people come from Newsmantown, and, you, see the people of Newsmantown have intermarried so long they have lost their horns like the hornless cows.)

The incongruous metaphor provokes a chuckle in any language, but somehow the dialect seems to lend itself to this form of wit, partly because of the surprise element that is there when the hearer makes a mental translation into English and then realizes how awkward the expression is. In describing a group of educated women trying to talk Pennsylvania German, Pumpernickle Bill wrote: "Sie hen ihre Zunge in die hinnerschte Kaft g'henkt," or, they hitched their tongues into the hindmost notch. Again, when Reverend Mose Dissinger stood in his pulpit at Schaefferstown and saw his wife enter the church wearing a new hat, which she had purchased with money obtained from the sale of her corner-cupboard, he exclaimed: "Dort kummt mei Fraa mit'em Eckshank uff ihrem Kopp." There comes my wife with the corner-cupboard on her head.

A young man approached a banker to ask permission to marry his daughter Annie.

Banker: "So witt du mei Dochter heere?"

Swain: Ya.

Banker: Wie fiel Geld hoscht du?

Swain: Ich hab ken Geld, awwer ich hab en guter Tschapp.

Banker: Wie viel verdienscht du die Woch?

Swain: Zwansich Daaler.

Banker: Ach du liewer! Des deht mei Annie yo net in Schnuppdicher halte!

Swain: Was? Wann sie so rotzich iss, dann will ich sie net!"

During the 1942 Berks Fersammling State Senator Frank W. Ruth related, facetiously how he and Berks School Superintendent Alvin F. Kemp were walking along the streets of Harrisburg when they came upon a building in which a spiritualistic seance was being held.

"Do gehne mer nei" declared the senator.

"Nee. Ich bin Lutherisch" hesitated the schoolman.

"Sell macht nix aus, mir gehne henniyer nei" insisted the Solon. "Do is nix von Politix."

An attendant asked Kemp to name some departed spirit with whom he wished to converse and Kemp asked for the voice of his grandfather. Presently a sepulchral voice came from the shades: "Al, I am your grandfather—what question do you want to ask of me?"

"Ei Graemmpaepp!" ejaculated the mystified one, "Wann hoscht du gelarnt fer Englisch zu schwetze."

Some of the most satisfying jokes from the fun bag of Pennsylvania German Humor grow out of situations in which the dialect is confused with English. Here are some examples, as related by "der Gros Henner," one of the Landis Brothers of the Landis Valley Museum: A militia captain was drilling his company on Battalion Day. Having reached the parade terminus he gave the command: "Halt"! But the men kept right on marching. "Halt"! again with no effect. Then in an angry rage: "Ihr verflammte dumme Ochse! Stop!" The ceremony halted.

A figure of speech which serves to bring a smile to the initiated ones can best be described as Elizabethan conceit, a dry humor which is achieved by the turn of a phrase. Reverend Clarence Rahn observes that at last he knows what became of the Korset Schpee (corset stays) of former years, because he has seen them revived in the form of snow fences along the highway, or describing a stingy person spending money as "sei Pocket Buch ab-staawe," dusting off his purse; or Edward Henninger of Pine grove describing how a town character always chewed tobacco to keep track of the time of the day. "Wann sei Bart foll geloffe waar, dann waar's hoch Middaag. (When tobacco juice saturated his beard it was high noon.) Or, Alvin F. Kemp, Superintendent of Berks County Schools apologizing for talking beyond his allotted time by explaining that he could not help it because his mother had vaccinated him with a victrola needle.

Shock is one of the most important elements in all humor. When **mores** are suddenly jarred and a sense of normalcy is offended laughter comes as a safety valve to release pent emotions. That is why people laugh at jokes about our most sacred institutions such as marriage, the church, funerals and the like. Unmoral people are not shocked by immoral conduct. A people without **mores** would find no humor in jests about their ideals. Hence the plethora of dialect stories about preachers. Unthinking persons and outsiders, hearing the Pennsylvania Dutchmen poke fun at their clergy would be inclined to suspect that these people have no respect for holy orders and yet it is the worshipful respect for the men of the cloth that gives the element of shock to stories about them. An indifferent people would find very little humor in the stories I am about to relate.

Many "preacher jokes" center about pastoral visits to the farm homestead. The approach of the clerical buggy usually called for a feast and only the prize fowl of the barnyard was worthy of sizzling on the platter. One story personifies the turkey gobbler, noting the arrival of the pastor, gobbling "Kummt der Donnerwetter schunn widder? Guller-guller-guller!" Or the barnyard rooster whose best friend the guinea hen always flew to the top-most branch of the walnut tree when the feathery folk of the barnyard saw the praecher approaching while the rooster crows "Iss der Parre noch do-o-oh-Iss der Parre noch do-o-oh?" Then from her lofty perch the guinea hen warns "Bleib zurick! Bleib zurick!"

Second in frequency only to Henry Harbaugh's "Heemweh," the poem "Wann der Parre Kummt," from the pen of Solly Hulsbuck, is memorized and recited at public gatherings:

Wann der Parre Kummt
Wart rumm gejumpt;
Die Euchre Deck wart g'schwint ferbrennt
Es Hymm-Buch und es Testament,
Ab-g'staabt und uff der Disch gerennt
Wann der Parre kummt.

* * * *

Die alt ferflammt
Kopp Ox is stumb
Und dart's en alter Guckerigu
Geborre 1882
Der grickt, beim Henker, now mohl Ruh
Wann der Parre kummt.

* * * *

Der Offe brummt
Fer siwwe Stundt
Der Guckerigu leit uff em Rick
Im Haffe dort und kickt und kickt
Mer muss ihn metzle mit're Pick
Wann der Parre kummt.

* * * *

Tough? Liewer grundt!
Mit fufsich Pund
Schus-pulfer kennt mer net viel duh
Mit sellem alter Guckerigu:
Es neegscht Mol hen mer Zwiwwele Stew
Wann der Parre kummt.

A parson visited a political meeting in a town in which he was not known. Enthusiasm ran high; beer was free and some of the electorate was too free with it. A tippler approached the parson, "Laafscht du fer en Amt?"

"Yah" replied the parson, "Ich bin en Kandidaat fer der Himmel."

"Well," observed the tipsy one, "Du hoscht ken opposition in dem Stettel. Du setcht's mache."

The board of trustees was meeting in the church auditorium trying to devise means of raising funds to repair the church. The plaster was loose, the roof leaked and the floors were rotting. One member of the board was very wealthy. The parson was quietly praying to the Lord asking that the purse strings be loosened when suddenly a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit Moneybags on the head. In a rage he shouted "Donnerwetter, now gewwich finf hunert Dahler." "Ach Gott," prayed the parson, "Geb ihm noch en Schtoss!"

Reverend Moses Dissinger never wrote his reports to the annual conferences of the Evangelical association. He preferred to give the accounts of his stewardship orally. In the Philadelphia conference of 1878 he gave the following report:—Ich hab 14 fergrawwe und 18 gedaaft, 26 g'eheirt, und 300 Glieder besucht. Mer hen 300 dahler uff gemacht fer die Missions, sie hen mir mei Loh bezahlt, mer hen der Deifel geletterb, un's Giwwel End fon die Hell nei g'schlagge."

A country parson had the misfortune to fall into a well. His cries attracted some of his parishioners and they came to his rescue, but the preacher was very impatient, shouting and shrieking, urging the rescuer to hurry: "Ach, Parre, sei geduldich" spoke one of the men on dry land, "Mer breiche dich net bis der Sundaag."

Turning once again to the most colorful cleric of them all we are reminded of Reverend Moses Dissinger's prayer of grace, reputedly uttered at the table of a slattern: "Gott segne die dreckich Fraa; Gott segne des dreckich Esse und Gott dauer der aarm Mose, das es esse muss."

A preacher observed a hired man lazily reclining along the road side. Bent upon giving effect to the text he was preparing on the topic of Christian Stewardship, or Improving Every Shining Minute, he asked the young man—

"Was schaffscht?"

"Ich bin am Kieh hiete."

"Gut! Awwer kennscht du net die Dorne mehe aus die Fens Ecke daweil dass du dort leischt?"

"Ferleicht kennt ich" replied the farm hand. "Und du kennst Grumbiere scheele uff de Kansel deweil dass der Choir singt!"

Funerals are serious matters among all occidental peoples and nowhere is bereavement felt more deeply than among Pennsylvania Germans where family ties have always been close. And yet many "shock jokes" grow out of such sad settings. A pastor was trying to console a widower who was standing at the open grave of his third wife. "Henry," the pastor said softly, "don't take it so hard. The dear Lord takes away but He gives again."

"Yah," wailed Henry, "Der liewe Gott nemmt was er will, awwer ich muss nemme was ich griege kann." (God takes what He will, but I must take what I can get.)

On another occasion the funeral party had returned to the home when the pastor tried to console the widow by telling her that new opportunities to wed would develop, "Why-er-you and I may wed come day?" he concluded.

"Ei, Parre, du machst's yuscht arriger—der Laademacher hot mich schunn g'frogt." (You only make it worse. The undertaker has already asked my hand.)

A neighbor was granted permission to visit his sick friend on condition that he would talk only about pleasant things during the visit. After climbing a circular staircase to reach the sick-room the visitor kept peering into the hallway while he sat at the bedside of his friend. Annoyed, the sick man demanded to know why his visitor's gaze was fastened on the staircase. "Ei," explained the solicitious one, "Ich wunner wie sie en Laad doh ruff un runner draage kenne." (I have been wondering how they can carry a coffin up and down that staircase.)

Adam Dorn of Pleasant Valley, Berks County was dying. His doctor relaxed the dietary prohibitions which had been in force as long as there was hope. Now Adam begged his wife: "Annie, mach mer gebrodene Schunkefleesch."

"Ich denk awwer net," she replied—"Mer hen yuscht meh ee Schunke un seller misse mer hawwe fer die Leicht."

To Be Continued

KARBSE PIE

Es iss mer allwann was du saagscht,
Dann annerscht denk ich net;
Der Karbse Pie, der iss der bescht—
Ich ess meh ass ich sett.

Sell iss der beschte aller Pie,
Der bringt die Kinner heem.
Sie kumme am Thanksgiving Daag,
Ball alle Yaahr deseem.

Ich gleich en frischer Ebbel Pie,
Mince iss markwaddich gut;
Roseine, Kasche, Parsching,
Die gewwe Graft un Mut.

Doch wann der Harbscht kummt un der Froscht
Uff Karbse glitzert weiss,
Guck ich fer geele Karbse Pie,
Dann der bezaahlt kee Preis.

Ich weess net, was die Schtedter hen,
Wie unsern schmeckt er net;
So Pie, der macht kee Backe rot,
Kee Buwe dick un fett.

—Louise A. Weitzel
(1862-1934)

DER ESEL

En Esel iss en Kreadur ordlich viel greesser as en Gans.

En Esel hot vier Bee—zwee far mit laafe un zwee extra far mit hinnenaus kicke. Biseits, er hot aa zwee grosse Fliggel—eens uff yeder Seid vum Kopp.

Der Esel iss en schtowwerichi Kreadur un geht ebmols als hinnersich far "ahead" zu kumme.

Sie hen emol en Esel eigschpannt in en "horse-power" Dresch-maschin un "inside" vun drei Minute hot er sie all in Schticker gekickt, un am seeme Daag hot er sechs Buschel Hawwer gfresse, un wie er faerdich waar, hot er so hungrich geguckt as eemol.

Bleib mer yuscht weck mit denne Esel!

From E. H. Rauch's PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN for January, 1873

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Who spoke too near the sun with golden song
Melts them to rain his own fortune brings—Shakespeare.

Dr. William A. Hausman

The community and particularly the many thousands of people who felt the healing hands of Dr. William A. Hausman today mourn his passing in the Sacred Heart hospital, the institution which he helped to found and to which he gave the best years of his professional life.

Descendant of one of the community's founding families and a product of its institutions, Dr. Hausman knew and loved this community and its people. He was of them and understood those almost intangible differences that characterize this community and distinguish it from others.

His was a great heart and a noble mind. They directed him to a profession that is one of man's closest approaches to divine character. In order that he might do the most helpful work in his profession he diligently applied himself to preparation not only in his younger years but throughout his lifetime.

He was a capable scholar through his school and university days. He was a capable physician and surgeon in the early years of work in his profession. His ambition to be of wider and more useful service was availed of when the Sacred Heart hospital was opened in 1915.

The high medical and surgical standards of that splendid institution, which ranks in efficiency with the topmost institutions of its kind in the country, attest the ability, the vigor and the earnestness of the man during a period of years longer than that which is generally allotted to a man in his exhausting profession.

In the medical annals of this community the name of Dr. William A. Hausman will be enduring. But the greatest monument to the man is the respect, the regard and the love which the community bore for him in his lifetime and its deep and sincere sorrow at his passing.

Airport as Fighter Base

The importance of the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton airport in the national defense program is indicated in the probability that landing strips upon the airfield just outside the city will be lengthened to 5000 feet in order to make possible takeoffs and landings by the newest jet fighter planes.

Located as the airport is within a hundred miles of New York City and fifty of Philadelphia, it is in strategic position for any defense of those cities. Furthermore it is within five miles of the Bethlehem Steel Co.'s big plant in Bethlehem, a very likely target for enemy bombers either in the event of a surprise attack or in the course of a bitter war.

Inasmuch as the jet fighters are here to stay, or until something even more powerful and fast is developed, it is important for the national defense that the local field be able to quarter a squadron of fighters and that its facilities provide safety in landing and takeoff.

While the field has been developed largely for commercial and pleasure aircraft, the basic principles in its development must accord with military needs. Never can we know when it will be vital to our great seaboard cities and to the vast industrial areas of the eastern part of the United States to have a lot of fast aviation bees hived here and which can emerge angrily to sting and down or turn away any warlike intruders.

New Hope for Bathers

It is good news for the many thousands of Allentonians who annually patronize the swimming places at Cedar Beach, Cedar Park and Rader Point Park, that the incoming City Council is making so serious and intelligent a study of the bathing facilities with the health and safety standards.

The conditions and dirt at these beaches have known for years that conditions at those three places are unfavorable both to health and safety. Officials in charge of these places throughout the summer months have worked constantly lest there be outbreaks of disease attributable to swimming in the waters of the Cedar Creek, the Jordan and the Lehigh river. They have feared loss of life due to the muddiness of the waters when any considerable number of bathers are at the beaches and when persons can go under without being noted by lifeguards or other swimmers.

Dr. Alexander M. Peters particularly among the new members of Council has been outspoken as to need for correction of these dangerous conditions, conditions which have not been removed hitherto by reason of the great expense that undoubtedly will be involved.

New Council members at this time appear to think that the financing necessary to improvement of bathing facilities can be arranged. Many, many thousands of Allentonians will be very glad if it can be.

Mr. Lilienthal Resigns

David E. Lilienthal's resignation from the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission and, as he implies, from his twenty storm-tossed years in public service, scarcely comes as a surprise. He would not relish under the fire of Senator Hickenlooper's extravagant charges, but his vindication at the hands of the Joint Congressional committee opened the way for him to leave with honor a field in which he had done distinguished work, but in which the accumulations of personal and political controversy were becoming a hard burden to bear.

Because Mr. Lilienthal represented something of a new type in our affairs—the public manager or business administrator presiding over the vast new enterprises which government has undertaken in domains once left to private industry—he was almost inevitably a center of passionate partisan and factional conflict. Many of the attacks upon him were actually attacks upon the policies which government had appointed him to carry out rather than upon the competence, energy and loyalty with which he did so. But if modern government is not to change its ways, it is evident that we shall have to have competence and loyalty to call upon for the direction of its huge enterprises, and unless we can do rather better than we have done in recruiting, using and retaining abilities like those of Mr. Lilienthal in the public service we shall be in a serious case.
—New York Herald Tribune.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Kagey's Auto Court
Harrisonburg, Va.
da 22d Nofember, 1949

owe's naher oekie

My Liewa Laiser:

'S rumlawt fever hut uns widder iwwerfelcht dun don sin m'r um hertz fom Shenandoah Dahl, Virginia. M'r hen ow'r noch arrick wenich fom Dahl g'sehna weil m'r shier 'n hunnerd mile g'fohra sin uf 'm "Sky Line Drive." Die Katerinah un mier hen die shtadt damorya ferlossa om ocht uhr mit 'm "Studie," sin nous noch Harrisburg bei waig fon Reading un Lebanon, un woh m'r noh uf route 11 darrich Hagerstown un Martinsburg runner noch Winchester sin.

'S hut der shnae gore hef tich gablosa wie m'r dahame ferlossa hen, ow'r fon nagshd on Breinigsville ob, hen m'r ken shnae may g'sehna bis shier on Chambersbarrick. Darta hut wenich galaiga, un noh wor widder allas glore bis runner noch Winchester wohs middawgs noch weiss wor. 'S hut uns shier gagriss'd fer uf der "Sky Line Drive" gae, ow'r darta hen m'r yusht ae mohl wenich shnae aw gadroffa, ow'r hen blenty alt frankisha ice tzoppa wie mons bae. sehna fon da rocks, un 'm tunnel runner hanka.

Die londschoft guck'd so tzimlich nagshd gleich fon unnich Carlisle doh runner. Die bladder sin fon da bame, die blumma sin ferfrohra, uns sis yusht may don un won os m'r noch 'n bauer sehnt welshkern boshda. Fiel worra ow'r om yawga, ow'r hen naryads g'sehna os sie ebbes g'shossa hen. Traffick wor shwear bis m'r uf route 11 kumma sin, ow'r fon darta ob wors 'n gessier fer fohra. Uf m' "Sky Line Drive" glawwa m'r net os m'r may wie tzwae dutzend mashina aw gadroffa hen, un of wie tzwae fon da gas stations sin tzu. In blotz fon yusht 35 mile die shtun fohra drfa, hut m'r fohra kenna so shtarrick os m'r gawolt hut.

Selar "Sky Line Drive" is wunnerbore shae. Soicha os ow'r maina sie hetta mohl 'n gase fon Slatington noch Reading gayawk'd fer der Berkstie rigelwaig ob shtecka, sotta mohl den waig sehna. So weit os haich aw gait is er uf kenna waig tzu fergleicha tzu da "West" ow'r fer grumichkaite nembt er der kucha fon aenich eobes os m'r noch g'sehna hen. Um fiel ecka rum mus m'r och some set odder m'r fohrt sich selwar hinna nei. Die sun side fom barrick wor nevlich, ow'r die onner side hel un glore un hut meila weit fert sehna kenna — die raver hen gaguck'd wie silverna fawd'm, un die shteddelcher un londs hameta, wie 'n Grishdawgs putz, ready fer der baum nei shtella.

M'r hen die sun sehna unner gae fom shpitza fon da "Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," un wos 'n oussicht. Woh die londschoft weit 's dahl drunna yusht kartz dafor golda gail wor, huts sich noh roielich gadray'd, noh purple un bloe, uns sis so shtarrick awfonga dunkle werra, os m'r numma gawinsch'd hen m'r weara wohs mainer leit het wies dies tzeit fom yohr hut uf 'm "Sky Line Drive." M'r hen uns runner g'shoft so g'shwind os miglich, uns wor shun shticha dunkle wie m'r darrich Elkton riwwer noch Harrisonburg sin woh m'r widder unser altie route 11a aw gadroffa hen.

M'r hen 'n shaenie "Auto Court Cabin," mit shteam hirz fer drei dahler die nocht, — 'n shtub woh sie fon Obril bis hinna fom September sex dahler die nocht griega dafor. Heit sin m'r 329 mile g'fohra, un morya free gaina m'r weiter's lond unna nous—woh hee wissa m'r selwar noch net. Ow'r lussa widder hoerra fon uns. Wie immer,

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

At exactly 10:07 p.m. on the bleak night of Monday, Nov. 21st, there blared from more than 350 radio transmitters across country a machine-gun tongued blast at priests and their Catholic parishioners active inside labor.

To me, at least, a self-appointed monitor of this broadcast, it appeared that, however subtly made, the caustic and costly commentator was charging certain Catholic groups with an attempt to capture a sector of the labor movement.

Then, exactly seven minutes later, an announcer took over Gaeth's mike in the studio of WJZ, New York outlet of the American Broadcasting network and said coolingly that you could catch another of these "forthright" talks next week. Whoever wrote that announcer's script ought to catch something else!

Why? Because that broadcast, one in a $300,000-a-year series by the clipped voiced Arthur Gaeth, was part of the chilled war between the pro-Communist United Electrical Workers (UE) and the CIO, and is sponsored and paid for by the UE out of ALL members' dues.

The radio announcer's use of "forthright" in one swiftly spoken word spun the impression that Gaeth was a crusading insouciant chap, laying it on the line—while actually the line he laid it on was the party line.

I by no means want to insinuate that criticism of Father Charles Owen Rice, the Pittsburgh labor priest Gaeth ripped apart that night or differences with the Assn. of Catholic Trade Unionists (which Gaeth scientifically speared) should be verboten either in print or on the air. An attack on the labor policies or position taken on some issue by the Catholic Trade Unionists is one story—and is not infrequent where labor guys gather. I can recall that just a few weeks ago, as the steel crisis started, some of the top United Steelworkers sat in a hotel room in one Pennsylvania city with Father Rice, the Presbyterian Rev. Stewart, steel workers' leaders including Bill Hart, ex-president of the Pittsburgh Assn. of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU)—and we all took each other apart on tactics and philosophy.

But the attack on Catholic labor people as politically power-hungry opportunists by spokesmen of the pro-Communist UE is part of the technique of juggling minority and religious groups against each other to weaken them and give the party-line boys control. Gaeth's broadcast in some detail allegedly gave the inside story of "priests" and "Catholic Trade Unionists" operating—and lent the impression that the fight on the UE was a religious plot.

Then came the rather patronizing statement that this UE was preponderantly a Catholic union—and you were left to guess for yourself the answer—which was about as difficult as those radio shareshe wealth queries and retorts. Gaeth either deliberately or out of ignorance ignored the fact that inside this civil war the anti-Communist leadership comes from New England where there are no active ACTU headquarters, from the midwest, where the leaders are Protestant, and from New York and Philadelphia, where the two or three most active men are Jewish. As for the cross-country hopping Jim Carey, his differences with ACTU's people have been loud and frequent—and Jim's as devout a Catholic as I know.

But this sort of propaganda is just part of a weird war of nerves, skillfully spraying the countryside. The other night, for example, Al Lowenthal, an anti-Communist leader in New Jersey, took a few well-earned hours off to see the movie version of "Hamlet." Some extreme leftists spotted him and waited for the picture to end. As Lowenthal came out, the Stalinist band lined up, pointed fingers and laughed snidely so that the people in the community would think something was wrong with the opposition movie-goer.

In other sectors, when UE president Al Fitzgerald comes to speak, all candidates for local offices are forced to rise and pledge loyalty to the pro-Communist UE administration.

In some areas, the pro-Commie leadership just refuses to recognize members' petitions for union meetings at which a vote could be taken on whether to stay in UE or bolt to CIO. Insistent members are slugged.

In one city, the decent schnoogles in the anti-Communist camp controlled by a UE local and called a meeting. On counting the vote, they discovered they had a majority of those present, but those present were not a majority of the union. So the good folk decided they'd be fair and get a mail vote. What happened? The Commies moved into the local's headquarters, took the records, the bankbooks, the keys, and "installed" new "officials". It took a court order to get the property back.

And that's the atmosphere in this civil war as the non-Communists pull themselves out of the trenches for a few days to launch their new CIO electrical workers union in Philadelphia Monday morning. They will talk for some 250,000 people at the latest count. More bulletins later.

(Copyright 1949)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I want to publish a letter written by Rev. Albert W. Kauffman, Congregational church, Vernon, Mich., to the magazine, "Soviet Russia Today." It is an interesting letter because every clergyman, every professor in a university, every high school teacher, every editor is a leader of men. Each has a personal following, small or large; each influences the opinions of other Americans. Some are accepted by their followings without question.

This is Rev. Kauffman's letter:

"I want to congratulate you ('Soviet Russia Today') upon the excellent magazine you are giving us. At the same time I want to assure you that there are thousands of leaders in American religious and educational fields who share your viewpoints and who are fighting against the capitalistic ideology that is prompting war against Russia.

"If only we can live through the present Truman administration and until the fervor of the radical and foolish patriotic organizations cools off, I am sure there will be no war with Russia. It helps me greatly to understand and to be patient with the 'patriotic editors' and Legionnaires when I recall similar zealous groups at the close of World War I.

"The greatest promoter of war with Russia is the Vatican and the hireling priests that swarm over the United States in an effort to put the Roman church in power here.

"I am delighted with the sane leadership you are giving us and feel confident that the extreme positions being taken by th witch-hunters will discredit them eventually."

First of all, is "the capitalistic ideology" "prompting war against Russia"? American capitalism, during the war, gave Soviet Russia $11,000,000,000; Russian communism gave the United States nothing. How an American clergyman can assume that "capitalistic ideology" is stimulating war with Russia, after all the concessions and appeasements that were made on our side at Tehran and Yalta—and none on their side—is impossible to understand.

Secondly, at Yalta, the United States made it possible for Soviet Russia to seize and hold a large number of European countries and China and half of Korea. Our assumption at Potsdam was that these peoples would be permitted to hold free elections to determine their own forms of government. Soviet Russia broke practically every clause of the Potsdam agreement. We violated none. Each time Soviet Russia violated a Potsdam clause, it accused the United States of warmongering.

Thirdly, at the United Nations, under the Baruch plan, this country, to maintain the peace, was willing to neutralize its then most effective weapon, the atom bomb, by internationalizing it under terms equal to all and unfair only to the United States. Russia rejected our proposals and submitted such as would give her strength and weaken us. The offers made under the Baruch plan are still open. They involve inspection, control, and punishment by the United Nations.

In every country where Soviet Russia exerts any influence, she has conducted a campaign of vilification, humiliation, and hate against the United States. This campaign has been waged even within the United States by Soviet agents, both native and alien. Also, when Soviet Russia was our ally in war, she maintained an espionage corps right into the most sensitive agencies of our government. We have been driven to loyalty tests, offensive to our concepts, by her infiltrations.

Rev. Kauffman speaks of "foolish patriotic organizations." How can patriotism or a patriotic organization be foolish? Is it foolish to love one's own country? Is it not foolish to despise one's own country? Is it foolish to be a "patriotic editor"? Is it not foolish to be a subversive editor who denounces, defames, abuses his own country?

There is something very twisted in Rev. Kauffman's thinking, for his country is in peril. In a polar war, should one be fought, his state of Michigan is likely to be attacked first. It would, because of its geography and industry, be the prime target. Can he take that danger as lightly as he does?

Apparently there are some Americans who fail to understand what has occurred in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, China. They fail to grasp the overwhelming imperialism of Soviet Russia.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

This is one of the so-called 'envelope' Psalms, so designated because they begin and end with the same sentence. The first verse calls upon all the powers of the Psalmist to bless and praise God; the last verse calls upon all parts of the universe to praise the great Creator. The principal reason why the Psalmist thanks God is that He forgave him all his iniquities. When one has thus experienced forgiveness, one naturally finds many occasions to praise Him, for there is no end to His loving kindnesses and tender mercies, since He is gracious and plenteous in mercy. Indeed, according to the height of the heaven above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him; as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us; and as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Here are the three dimensions of God's love—and note how many there are who spurn it. In Eph. 3:18, 19 we have the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of Christ, four dimensions, and again, note how many refuse it. Let us join the Psalmist in praising Him.

25 Years Ago

The Ladies' auxiliary of the Knights of St. George held its annual meeting and election of officers. Elected to serve for the ensuing year were Mrs. William Kagel, president; Mrs. B. J. Gallagher, vice president; Anna Schenk, secretary; and Mrs. Raymond Wolfe, treasurer.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Goody, goody, and whoops, my dear!

You should have seen that men's fashion show recently held in the Cotillion room of New York's swank Hotel Pierre!

You would have swooned!

If the exhibitors had their way we poor, drab males would not have to wear the same old kind of clothes designed for us by "Walk-a-flight-and-save-ten-dollars" firms.

No longer would we wear the same old filthy hat for ten years—that faithful hat which is so used to us and we to it that it almost walks over to us when we call it.

No, from now on Elsa Schiaparelli, of Paris, and Hattie Carnegie will tell us what to wear, and Mr. John or Florell will design our hats for us.

Am I exaggerating? Not at all.

I saw it with my own eyes.

There was a "cartwheel hat" with a three-inch plaid band. There was a taupe color chapeau with a big green feather sticking out of it.

There were models wearing pink sheer dotted Swiss sports shirts, and dinner jackets of nylon cord, faille and linen with brilliant plaid cummerbunds.

* * *

And, dearie, do you know what we men are going to wear next summer (if the designers have their way)?

Short tight slacks, reaching just to the calf, with a loose "Riviera shirt" of glaring colors, pulled over the head with the tail out!

That's what we men are going to wear from now on. No longer will we be the drab, uninteresting, mechanized drudges we have been for nigh on to a century.

Peacocks, that's what we are going to be, with gay plumage and in dazzling colors.

* * *

But, wait a minute, my friends.

How about us who are a little too fat to pull the shirt over our heads?

How about us who are a bit bow-legged or knock-kneed? How are we going to look in those calf-length tight-fitting slacks?

After the First War I got awfully mad at a lady newspaper writer.

She wrote a piece about me and dubbed me "the dashing young lieutenant who would be really good-looking if his lower extremities weren't just a bit on the bow-leg side."

I was going to sue her for libel. Then I looked in a full-length mirror. I did not sue. You can't collect libel money if the statement is based on truth.

* * *

But ever since then I have been careful about my trousers. I get them wide enough so that that little Cupid's bow around the knees won't show.

* * *

Come to think of it, I think I'll stick to my old togs and so will probably most of us other male human birds.

Men's fashion shows are all right for Fairyland.

But they don't go well with bow-legs.

(Copyright 1949)

Horoscope

Your are likely to enjoy recognition of your faithful work and a busy happy, and successful year should be ahead. Good fortune and much talent is prophesied for today's child.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

"Birth to accept or birth refuse.
No choice," he said "had I.
But now that I have life to lose
I do not want to die."

God sends His children down to earth.
For purposes He hides.
The hour for all of death and birth
'Tis God alone decides.

"Not now! Not now!" to God we pray.
"Renew the failing breath.
Upon the earth we'd longer stay.
It seems too soon for death."

By birth we reach this world of men.
By death we're called away.
To come, to go—the moment when—
Is left for God to say.



Pennsylvania German Humor

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Continued

A century ago, when paper was very expensive and printing was a luxury, it was the custom for the choir leader or preacher to read the hymns to the congregation, line by line. Hymn books were costly and few people could read. If the lines were read verse by verse the audience could remember the words long enough to sing one line at a time.

Francis H. Zerbe, of Bernville relates the following humorous incident growing out of this method of inducing group singing.

The mourners had assembled at the grave. The choir was there, ready to sing a requiem at the signal of the choirmaster. But the choirmaster was dependent upon the parson for the words of the hymn that was to be sung. In order that the ceremony might proceed without too much interruption the officiating cleryman arranged with the choirmaster that they would stand close together and the preacher would utter the lines in low tones which the choral leader could pick up and relay to the singers.

The coffin was about to be lowered into the open grave. The preacher stood next to the choir leader, observing the extreme length of the coffin. Quietly the preacher said to the singing master: "Er iss zu gross; er geht net nei!" Promptly the signal went forth and the choir sang the words: "Er iss zu gross; er geht net nei" in a dirge.

"Ach nee!" exclaimed the pastor. "So hawwich net gemeent!"

Again these words were relayed and sung.

"Du Narr, ich hab sell net gemeent," repeated the clergyman, exasperated. But in spite of his rising temper the words were intoned by the choir, continuing—

"Das diese soll gesungen sein."—By this time the choirmaster realized the error but for the sake of appearances he lined out the final protest and had it sung by his choir.

Churchyards in eastern Pennsylvania hold tombstones with curious epitaphs. The following inscription appears on a tombstone in Swamp Churchyard in Lancaster County. The stone is place dover the grave of a child named Ochs.

Hier liegt ein kleines Echselein
Dem alten Ochs sein Sehnelein
Dir liebe Gott hat nicht gewollt
Dass er ein Ochsen werden sollt.

In a cemetery in Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, the foot stone of a woman's grave reads "Let her R.I.P.," the familiar abbreviation for "rest in peace," but local wits prefer to ignore the abberviations and read the inscription "Let her rip."

General Sutter, the Swiss-German on whose land gold was first discovered in California, is buried in the Moravian cemetery in Lititz, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Sutter's maiden name was Dubold. She lies buried alongside her husband and the words "nee Dubold" appear on her stone. A Lititz schoolboy told his teacher that Mrs. Sutter was double-jointed—"It is on her grave stone" the boy explained, her knees were doubled!

One of the most shocking experiences in life is to learn of the suicide of an acquaintance. There are two suicide stories in the dialect which will literally "bring down the house and roll them in the aisles," when related by such master story tellers as Clarence Rahn or Lloyd R. Moll.

A man found his friend in the hayloft with a noose about his neck making preparations for his leap out of life. When asked the reasons for such a drastic step the life-weary one told a tale of anguish that would melt a heart of stone. His friend temporized with him, suggesting that they take a walk together and discuss matters. They walked out the lane, then came back and both of them hanged themselves.

Fifteen children had been born to Eli Ruppert's wife. The attending physician, thinking it was time to call a halt had a heart-to-heart talk with Eli, the husband. "Eli, des muss schtoppe. Wann's widder en Bobbele gebt, dann setscht du dich henge."

A year later the doctor was summoned to the sixteenth confinement case in the Ruppert household. After doing his duty the physician took Eli to task, reminding him of what he had warned a year ago.

"Ya, Dockter," Eli agreed, "Siss arrig, ich wees. Un ich bin naus in die Scheier fer mich zu henge, wie du g'sagt hoscht, awwer graad wie ich der Schlupp um mei Hals grickt hab iss es mer bei g'falle, 'Eli, du kennscht ferleicht en unschuldicher Mann henge.'" (You may be hanging an innocent man.)

The misfortunes of the tippler provide grist for the dialect humor mill. A classic in apostrophe is the address to lightning made by a drunkard returning home during an electric storm. A stroke of lightning split the trunk of a chestnut tree. Observing the phenomenon, the drunkard addressed himself to the heavens: "Zimmlich gut! Awwer nau browier mol seller Gumme dort driwwe." (Pretty good, but now try that gum tree over there.)

Reverend Rahn relates two stories of the hip flask. On one occasion an inebriate slipped on the ice and fell to earth. When he picked himself up he felt a warm sensation trickling along his thigh. He murmured: "Ich will hoffe 's iss yusch Blut!" (I hope that it is only my blood.) On another occasion the flask fell from the tippler's pocket while he was climbing over a fence. The flask landed on the opposite side of the fence, out of the reach of the owner, and there it lay uncorked and sputtering. Sadly the owner addressed the bottle: "Siss zu arrig! Ich haer dich gluckse, awwer ich kann der net helfe." (I hear you pleading but I cannot help you.)

Charles C. More, dean of dialect writers, tells of the drunkard who encountered a barber pole and later explained his bruises by declaring that he was kicked by a woman wearing "schtreefiche Schtrimp"—(striped stockings). A dialect poem from the pen of Astor C. Wuchter and frequently recited by D. K. Hoch, Berks County's Congressman, is entitled Die Schwartz Bottle. In onomatopoeia the poem reproduces the gurgling sounds of a bottle being drained of its contents and ends by having the guzzler lie in the gutter—schwartz-himmel blo g'soffe—(black and sky blue drunk).

Der Gros Henner Landis of Landis Valley, Lancaster County relates the story of the efforts of two Dutchmen to cure a crony of the habit of strong drink. One dark night when the inebriated friend was staggering homeward along the highway the two conspirators covered themselves with white bed sheets and each apparition took hold of one arm of the drunkard—"Was isch doh loss?" sputtered the victim.

In sepulchral tones came the injunction: "Mir nemme dich noch die Hell!"

"Ach, schwetz net so dumm," came the rejoinder, "Sie schwetze net Deitsch in de Hell."

The use of onomatopoeia gives dialect humor a satisfying flavor when it is employed by John Birmelin in his parody on Paul Revere's Ride:

Galoppeti Glopp, Galoppetti Glopp—
So iss er geritte im wilde Galopp!
Es fliege die Mahne, der Schwans in de Heeh—
Es schpritze die Funke dort iwwer die Schtee!

Or, Grumbine's poem Dengelstock:

Klingel, klengel,
Wetz un dengel,
Der Dengelstock klangt un klingt;
Klingel, klengel
Hammer un Dengel
Heer was der Dengelstock singt.

WANN DER FROSCHT ISS UFF DE KARBSE

Wann der Froscht iss uff de Karbse
un des Welshkanniaab iss gschackt,
Un mer heert der alt Welschhaahne,
wie er rum schtolsiert un gwackt,
Un 's Gegwecker vun de Guineas
un des Schnaddere vum de Gens,
Un der Haahne greeht "Guck-mol-do-ho"
un trippelt uff de Fens;
O, mer fiehlt dann graad am beschte
nooch re ruhevolle Nacht,
Wann die Maryesunn eem grieast
un harrlich in die Aage lacht;
Blottkopps geht mer noch de Scheler,
fiedert Vieh aus Fass un Sack,
Wann der Froscht iss uff de Karbse
un des Welschkanniaab im Schack.

Es iss ebbes Aart vun harzhaft
all do ringsum in de Luft,
Wann des Summers Hitz verbei iss
un der kiehle Harbscht voll Duft.
Mer vermisst woll all die Blumme
un die Bliete vun de Beem,
Wu die schnurrend gleene Feggel
un die Ieme waar'n deheem.
Doch die Luft iss appetittlich
un die Landschaft vor dem Aag
Am me sunnich frische Marye
vum me friehe Schpotyaahrs Daag
Iss en Bild, das schpott des Kinschtlers
allerfeinschter Farwegschmack,
Wann der Froscht iss uff de Karbse
un des Welschkanniaab im Schack.

Des rapplich, roh Geflatter,
wu aus Welschkann Faahne lacht,
Des Rischple vum verwarrte Laab
in goldner Maryepracht;
Die Schtopple in de Farch sin woll
en Aart verloss'nes Bild;
Doch saage sie vun reicher Arnd
un Scheier aagefillt;
Die Meehmaschin im Waggeschopp,
der Schtrohschtock in de Benn;
Die Geil in ihre Schtell, un 's Hoi
in Baahr un Owwerdenn!
Mei Harz fangt aa zu gloppe, O,
's geht wie die Uhr, "Tick, tack."
Wann der Froscht iss uff de Karbse
un des Welschkanniaab im Schack.

A translation of James Whitcomb Riley's well-known poem "When the frost is on the pumpkin" by the late Samuel Grob.

Alliterative phrases and tongue twisters provide humor for those who can follow the words of an excited farmer who awakened the doctor asking him to hurry and attend his sick wife, explaining: "Hitz hot sie, hot sie gsaat, hett sie" (Heat she has, said she, she has.) There are no classic spoonerisms in the dialect and very few puns. If, as Noah Webster says, puns represent the lowest form of wit, then conversely dialect wit must be of a high order. The only witticisms resembling puns known to me are those which grow out of a combination of the dialect and some othe language in combination. For instance, the story of the high school boy in the Latin class who was asked to translate "Puella est bona" got his English mixed with his Pennsylvania German when he said in English "the girl eats beans." or the boy who was asked by teacher to use the word "Once" in a sentence wrote "Onct there was a Wanz in my bed." "Wanz" is the dialect for bedbug.

Another classic of language confusion bears retelling here. A farmer complained to the pastor that his son was not making use of his time in college.

"Ferlicht iss er en Dude" suggested the pastor.

"Nee—er duht nix."

"Dann ferleicht iss er en Schport."

"Nee, er schpaart nix" lamented the father.

A school supervisor in Schuylkill was somewhat heavy of tongue. While demonstrating a spelling lesson he called upon a bright lad asking him to spell the word "thimble," pronouncing the word with heavy inflection. "S-I-M-P-L-E" answered the student promptly.

"No that's wrong."

"C-Y-M-B-A-L" offered the resourceful pupil.

"Ach no, no, I said "simple."

"S-Y-M-B-O-L" came from the lad of high I.Q.

Impatiently the supervisor shouted— No, you dumb sing I said "simple"—a Fingerhut."

"T-H-I-M-B-L-E" came the correct reply.

Dr. John Baer Stoudt related that a patient frightened by the doctor's preparations to apply a stethoscope, inquired nervously—

"Was duhscht zu mir, Dockter?"

"Ei, ich mach en Diagnosis"

"Fer sehme was doh drin jos iss"

A Pennsylvania German farmer who had migrated to Iowa was trying facetiously to explain to a neighbor, formerly from New Hampshire, how he fattened his hogs, saying "I feed my walkers on play water" or I feed my shoats on dishwater or Ich fieder mei Leefer uff Schpiel Wasser!

Henry Houck, famous narrator of dialect stories a generation ago, is the author of this one. A teacher of grammer felt that he had succeeded in teaching his charges "What is a noun." They had memorized the line, "A noun is the name of a person, place or thing." Next, the teacher asked for an example. After a long pause one lad raised his hand and offered "An organ grinder"; surprised the teacher demurred. "Yes, I guess that is a noun but why do you choose such an off example?" "Why" answered the boy "an organ grinder is a person plays a thing."

None of these examples are true dialect puns however. They depend on English words to give them a double meaning. Dialect vocabulary is sparse in words that have double or multiple meanings. The Dutchman has a word for it but only one word, and lacking an orthodox dialect word he coins one either adopting the English term or compounding dialect words to arrive at a new meaning for a new thing. In this way railroad has become Riggel-waeg, a microphone a Schwetzhox, a spark-plug, a Funke-Zappe, and an automobile a "gewitter Wagge" or lightning wagon. No Pennsylvania German would ever think of consulting a German dictionary in quest of a word his tongue is as American as Plymouth Rock and he keeps it independent, just as he keeps himself, his church and his country.

Sometimes he becomes a bit too provincial in his patriotism. Several years ago I helped a farmer in northern Berks to load some potatoes for the market. During the conversation he asked me what I though of the immigration problem. I tried to assure him that the problem was not acute in Berks County when he contradicted me by declaring "Ya, es iss! Yusht die letscht Woch is en Familie vun Indiana doh rei gezogge. (Just last week a family moved here from Indiana.) Another enthusiast vowed that he would prove to me that the garden of Eden was not in Asia Minor but in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. As proof he produced a real estate advertisement showing Eden and Paradise in Eastern Lancaster County.

To Be Concluded

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Editorials

Thought for Today

From the day when the first members of councils placed exterior authority higher than interior, that is to say, recognized the decisions of men united in councils as more important and more sacred than reason and conscience, on that day began lies that caused the loss of millions of human beings and which continue their unhappy work to the present day.—Tolstoy.

Our Unsolid Foundation

Residents in the vicinity of Eighth and Liberty Streets had an experience early yesterday morning similar to that during the war of millions of people in the bombed cities of Europe when explosion of gas leaking from mains in that area tore up paving, probably led to the melting by fire of a large water main, brought about a flood that found its way into subterranean caverns and produced washouts that undermined perhaps more than the seven or eight dwellings and other buildings which already have sagged and are seriously damaged.

Even one small bomb could have done damage comparable with that done by the initial explosion of gas at the intersection of Eighth Street with Liberty. One blockbuster not only would have done more damage in all likelihood than yesterday's hours of fire and flood but very likely it would have toppled a dozen or more dwellings in that vicinity.

This is not to minimize the seriousness of the almost unprecedented local happening. The situation is bad enough for many persons have lost possession of their homes for the considerable period of time which is almost certain to be required for repair of their dwellings. Futhermore they may face lengthy litigation before responsibility is established and recompense is made.

The comparison is made to point up more strongly the plight of millions of people in European cities who still, four years after the war, see in piles of ruins all that they could call home.

In this city there will be rapid repair of the highways in the vicinity of the explosion, restoration of public services to all presently deprived of them, and it is to be hoped, early repairs to the buildings affected.

In European cities during the war not one but hundreds and and on some nights thousands of fires fierce and even more destructive raged during attacks by bombers. Winston Churchill is said to have looked out over East London on one night during the "Blitz" to see more than a thousand fires raging and completing the job of demolition by explosives.

In European cities as in Allentown yesterday morning, explosions tore up the streets, ripped the water and gas mains and tore into the sanitary and storm sewers to add to the confusion and problems brought by toppling buildings and frantic fires.

And once again in Allentown we are reminded that our house is not built upon solid rock. Our underpinnings largely are rotten limestone, with abundance of caverns and running water therein. There is even the story of a great underground river that is supposed to be coursing its way beneath our city in the general area of yesterday's accident. That there have not been more subsidences locally, and similar to those in the coal regions where great areas sink into abandoned mine workings, has been the wonder of many.

Miners Back to Work

Before the fourth coal strike of the year could make its effects felt, John L. Lewis has ordered his men to be back at work on next Monday but with a three-day work week the order of things until further notice.

Thus this arbitrary and unpredictable labor leader again has proven himself the man who can keep American industry and transportation in operation or paralyze it.

Again his tactics have stopped just a little short of bringing Government action against him in the national interest. But again he has determined that the coal business shall be operated on a hand-to-mouth basis. There will be no opportunity for his men to engage in full-time employment. There will be no opportunity for the country to build up a reasonable stouk-pile of roal such as every industry and household individually and the nation as a whole should possess in the interest of peace of mind and security against emergencies.

Negotiation of contracts now is invited on the part of individual mining companies instead of negotiation for the industry as a whole. That will be a tedious task for the miners. It is uncertain in light of what has been happening during the past year and the worsening results for the miners and Mr. Lewis thru the reactions of public opinion, the growth of competitive fuels and the resentments which the operators have developed as to dealing with Mr. Lewis.

Insult to True Sportsmen

The man, or youth, who shot a tame deer that was kept in a pen near Easton and removed the carcass presumably for its value as to meat and hide, has earned the reproach of every true sportsman. It is his tribe which will most emphatically demand the limit of the law for the culprit if he can be apprehended.

Game authorities declare that the slaughter could not have been accidental. It was not as tho the tamed animal had been wandering about in the open. It had to be shot by some one outside the pen and then removed by way of the gate to the pen.

Some day sportsmen will demand some sifting of applicants for hunting licenses in order to rid themselves and sportsmanship of these pseudo sportsmen who violate the laws of common decency and those pertaining to hunting and thereby bring disrepute to the real gentlemen, the true sportsmen.

Mail Your Cards Correctly

After you have made your careful selection of Christmas cards for your relatives and friends and have prepared them for mailing, do not make a mistake that will nullify all your efforts and defeat your good purpose of bringing good cheer which will be done by improper mailing.

Do not fail to affix sufficient postage which this year must be a two-cent stamp or its equivalent, as against the 1½ cent postage rate that prevailed last year for unsealed Christmas cards.

If you have a supply of 1½ cent stamps left over from last year, add a ½ cent stamp. Otherwise the greeting may land in the Dead Letter office. The mail carrier may return the missive to you for additional postage if a return address be shown on the envelope, but that will mean additonal time and trouble for both yourself and the mailman.

The best thing is to mail the article correctly in the first place and be sure it reaches its destination.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A few days ago I went over to Lake Success to listen to Mr. Vishinsky deliver another one of his very comical pleas for universal peace, and as usual, he did so much double talking that one really couldn't tell whether he was declaring war on the United States and Great Britain, or holding out an olive branch.

* * *

Somehow, his talk reminded me of "Alice in Wonderland," and when I got home I looked up the one about "Alice and the Queen of Hearts With the Mock Turtle's Story and the Lobster Quadrille."

In case you don't remember it, may I just quote a few passages?

Doesn't it sound just like one of Mr. Vishinsky's speeches?

* * *

"The Mock Turtle went on: 'We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day—'

'I've been to a day - school, too', said Alice. 'You needn't be so proud as all that.'

" 'With extras?' asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

" 'Yes', said Alice; 'we learned French and music.' "

Then Mock Turtle proudly gave Alice an outline of the different subjects he had studied in his school.

" 'Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle said, 'and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.' "

Alice didn't seem very much impressed. So the Mock Turtle continued.

" 'Then there was Mystery', said the Mock Turtle, counting off the subjects on his flappers — 'Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week; he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.' "

* * *

And then, in that same story there is a little poem, which also seems so very apt at this writing. This is how it goes in part:

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
"When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!
"But the snail replied 'Too far, too far!' and gave a look askance—
"Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
"Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance."

And, by the way, while we are on "Alice in Wonderland," there is another charming little verse in one of those stories, which reminds me a bit of that Vishinsky speech at Lake Success:

"How doth the little crocodile
"Improve his shining tail,
"And pour the waters of the Nile
"On every golden scale!

"How cheerfully he seems to grin,
"How neatly spreads his claws,
"And welcomes little fishes in
"With gently smiling jaws!"

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It suddenly hits me with a vague nostalgia that there's been a revolution in politicking and the romance has gone out of election campaigns. They have become a grim, scientific business since the days I picked up my first easy money (four-bits) sitting in my knee-pants on ancient Tammany Hall's long steps, waiting to dash off on errands for Al Smith and the others.

Come Election Day we'd get a list of slum street corners where there were denuded barrels waiting for us kids to hammer up the big star-studded campaign placards. Occasionally we rang door bells along First Ave., whose rumbling elevated lines long since became the Japanese shrapnel some of our vets still carry about under wound scars. Or we'd whisper about "Lefty the Gimp" who had just had his other good leg broken because instead of paying $5 per vote, he changed the bills and handed out little envelopes with four singles each.

But it's all scientific now—and it's none other than the labor leaders who've put the science in it.

Those old campaigns would start the day after the Thanksgiving baskets were distributed to the deserving. And just about this time of the year the boys would go up to their country homes for a White Christmas—a long holiday.

But now the union chiefs start their campaigns day after election—and by Christmas 1949 they will be well into the 1950 Congressional election. Labor is out to get a labor Congress. It's as simple as that.

So they've launched their 1950 campaign with the most scientific methods possible.

Early next week, the CIO's Political Action committee liaison officers from CIO's biggest unions, including Roy Reuther, third of the famous automobile workers brothers, will meet in PAC's Washington headquarters. There they'll throw the political microscopes on each of the past month's important elections. Particularly they'll tear apart the reasons for what they consider their greatest 1949 victory—the election of a Democratic city treasurer in Philadelphia, "Dick" Dillworth, who also is one of the top leaders of Mrs. Roosevelt's Americans for Democratic Action. Then they'll fan out to their unions and try to do likewise across country.

And just before they meet with their political action chief, the affable barn-storming Jack Kroll he will dispatch a letter to each of PAC's 585 state and regional headquarters directing them to get started on one special project.

These CIO political units will be told in this memorandum to start a tumult over tough registration laws. What Kroll and his co-chiefs want is the wiping out of statutes which make it difficult for the average, not-yet politicalized Joe to walk in, register, and so be eligible to vote.

For example, in Maryland, the prospective voter must give a year's notice that he intends to register. The next year he registers, and then finally he votes. In Virginia, the local registrar keeps the election books in his home or office. If you want to register (aside from paying your poll tax) you've got to find him, or make an appointment with him, before you can sign up. In some states, registration is only from 9 to 4:30—and the working guy can't break away from his shop.

What CIO wants is a set-up such as California has, where the county registration official can appoint deputies and they can set up their books anywhere—and get 10 cents a name for all they register.

This would mean hundreds of thousands of new labor voters across country—which is exactly why Kroll has just launched his new drive for revision of state registration laws.

Meanwhile, look at what unions like the AFL's United Automobile Workers are doing in Milwaukee to line up voters—for the Democratic party. First, the international office ran off cards for each member from the union's membership mailing list.

These were arranged alphabetically according to name streets, numerically according to number streets, and then into south, north, east and west sections. The thousands of cards were next trucked down to the Milwaukee city hall, checked for precinct numbers, marked with this date, returned to the union headquarters and divided into file boxes, each for a different area—in charge of a precinct chief. Now they will be used to make certain that the members vote in the 1950 campaign.

This will be done in Cleveland and in smaller towns throughout Ohio, as the first move in the battle on Sen. Taft. Very scientific—and a year in advance. It makes the old crowd look amateurish.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Revelation 21:1-7.

There is a close relation between the first two and the last two chapters of the Bible, in each case a renewed earth, everything obedient to the will of the Creator. The new heaven and the new earth of our chapter today are the fulfillment of a prophecy uttered in Isaiah 65:17-25. Heaven and earth seem to be very closely related, since sin and Satan have been banished from the earth (according to ch. 20), and there are the days of heaven upon the earth (Deut. 11:21). God is now dwelling among His people; consequently all tears are wiped away from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. This picture is not fiction, not a figment of the imagination, for these words are faithful and true, spoken by Him Who is the Alpha and the Omega (the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet), the beginning and the end. He it is Who promises eternal life to His people, with the assurance that He will be their God, and they His children in eternal blessed association with Him.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 3, 1924, a Wednesday

The Fine Arts club decided to add dramatics to its schedule and present several short plays in the coming season. Fred McCready was secured as dramatic coach. At the recent meeting of the club, Kathryn Kistler, chairman of the literature committee, supervised the reading of a four-act play "Cherry Orchard." Garrett Conover, violinist, played several selections.

Clinton Fritzinger, Walnutport, shot a four-pronged deer on the 700-acre tract of land in the Pocono mountains which he and 19 other Walnutport hunters had leased for the season.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Mary Margaret McBride, late for a broadcast, squeezed into a crowded Fifth Ave. bus. Three times a gallant gentleman with a Van Dyke beard attempted to rise, but Miss McBride pushed him back into his seat each time. "None of this outmoded false gallantry," she chided. "I'm a working woman and I can stand just as well as the next one."

On his fourth attempt, the gentleman thrust out his jaw (and beard) and said firmly, "This time you simply must let me get out, madam. I'm seven blocks past my stop now."

Horoscope

Good work done today can bring you generous praise and rewards. The disposition of today's child probably will make him or her fortunate through life.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Twin Motel
Sarasota, Fla.
da 28d Nofember, 1949.

My Lieva Laiser:-

Het sin m'r 's wenich'd g'fohra fon da g'nsa trip—55 mile. Ow'r in sella 55 mile, 10 mile grawd fert un die iwwerricha hee un har hen m'r ganunk g'sehna un galarnt fer 'n buch schreiva. Mohl fers aller airsht sis alla weil dreabsahl in Sarasota, net yusht weil der Gargantua, 's Ringlings' grosser monkey dote is, ow'r weil sie net wissa eb sie 'n tzurick griega won er ous g'shtopt is, odder eb er noch Yale university gait. Niemond maint os er darta nut gae sot—'n yaders maint sei blotz wear im "Museum of the American Circus," doh in Sarasota, un woh m'r heit darrich sin. Leit shwetza fon Gargantua wie won er 'n mensch gawest wear in blotz fon ra grossa off woh ken mensch nagshd kumma hut lossa.

Heit wor der airsht dawg os m'r Pennsylfawnish Deitsch shwetza hen kenna, un des so gore in alla ecka. Mohl fers aller airsht hen m'r da morya der A. M. Burger larna kenna fom "Burger's Motel," in Bradenton, un woh aw 'n ess blotz darta hut. Er kumt fon Indiana, wor fer 19 yohr 'n hoch shule principal, noh hut er 'n grosser "lake" blotz in der gong grick'd fer leit sich blessierra in seinra hame gagend. Ocht yohr tzurick hut er ous ferkauft, un er un sei boo hen now 62 shtubba in ihr'm motel fer leit uf nemma. Noh hut er aw der ess blotz mit 'm Bob Daymon, 'n yunger mon fon Lansing, Michigan ols manager. Der "A.M." hais'd Abraham ow'r gleich'd selar nahma net weil sie 'n ols "Abie" k'haisa hen, un woh er ols g'farrich'd hut leit maichda denka er wear wos er net is, un gait now yusht ols der "A.M. Burger."

Da farmie dawg hen m'r der "Sarasota Jungle Garden" ei ganumma, 'n wunnerborer shainer blotz war gleich'd fer in bish rum lawfa. M'r hen uns wunnerbore blessiert, allas is tzu gawoxa os m'r alsa mohl shier ken dawg helling sehnt. Noh hen sie alla orta blumma un blonsa, un fon da shanshda fegel os m'r des yohr noch aw gadroffa hen. Om end fom longa walk hen sie 'n donklements waisa blotz, odder ewwa "souvenirs," un woh garunn'd wert beim C. F. Schultz fon Bradenton, gabora wor in Tremont. Schuylkill kounty, hut gshaft in Harrisbarrick, Reading un Allentown un k'heiert is tzu ma weibsmensch fon Virginia. Er Kon ols noch die mutter shproch shwetza, ow'r yus'd sie yusht dahame won er flucha wil so os die fraw net wase wos er secht.

Da nommy dawg sin m'r darrich die John Ringling Museums un sie hamet gonga, un woh m'r der "Circus Museum" curator John L. Sullivan fon Syracuse Nei Yarrick bakont sin werra. Der "John L." wor net long tzurick in Allentown der Robert Good p'sucha, un woh 'm 'n lot show bilder gewwa hut os iwwer dem gawissa werra im Show Museum. Mohl shpaiter fertzaila m'r weiter fon denna bletz. M'r hen uns so blessier'd os m'r fergessa hen middawg tzu essa bis fier uhr.

Uf ma Sarasota payment fer 'm Eli Hershberger seim shtore, hen m'r 'n gonsie drup Amisha leit aw gadroffa fon Kansas un Indiana — dale hunna fer paar wocha, un die onnerra fer der winder. Der Eli is aw Pennsylfawnish Deitsch, 's same wie aw sei fraw, un hen der airsht shtore kotta in Pine Craft. Pine Craft is 'n shteddle bei sich selwar, ol so tzu sawga bawohn'd bei "Plaina Leit." Sie kaufa sich lutta fon $55 nuf tzu $300's shtick, baua glaina hameta druf os so on da $1500 koshda, un wohna drin wie koenich. Shpote yohrs kumma sie fon alla gangda bei bis sie so on da 1500 rum tzaila, un free yohr wie die fegel gain sie tzurick owwa nous uf ihra bauerreia in Kansas, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, odder ewwa woh ever os sie bei kumma sin. Darrich der winder shoffa ¾ fon na in obsht pock heiser woh sie gelt ferdiehna die weil os sie da kelt ous reissa.

M'r hen der Julius Delagrange un sei fraw die Marie p'such'd, gons yunga leit woh 4 yohr tzurick runner sin weil ihra boo Robert rhumadis fever kotta hut. Now is er munder un g'sund. Da Marie ihra elterra der Pete Miller un sei fraw Josephine Kumma alla winder fon Fort Wayne, Ind., runner waeich da kelt. 'S "Petes" hen sex kinner, drei drowwa dahame, un drei doh hunna. Der Julius hut 'n laider facktory g'shtart, un da Marie ihra bruder Albert helft shoffa, un die shweshter Fanny, is die bicher halter'n. 'S Juliusa onnerra kinner sin die Judy un Betty Lou, woh Florida arrick gleicha.

Noch ainer os m'r larna hen kenna is der Attrenis Zook fon Bird-in-Hand, Langashter kounty, hunna shun fer 'n yohr. Er is 'n freind tzum Rufas Gingrich im Fair Grund marrick hous, un yusht ready fer shtarta wersht mocha.

Whee, now missa m'r shtoppa, un hetta noch ganunk tzu fertzaila fer 'n gonsie shtun fert mocha. Morya gaina m'r inlond, nunner gaeich Lake Okeechobee tzu. Wie immer.

Der Pumpernickle

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The mania in Washington to regulate, control, manage everything in the United States is perhaps a reflex of the rise of socialism throughout the world. The imitation is not due to any serious comparisons between, say, the United States which is solvent and prosperous and Great Britain which is bankrupt and dependent, but rather to a trend of the times.

For instance, in a radio colloquy between Robert S. Allen and Tex McCrary, Allen said:

". . .Why did the insurance companies fight regulation or fight that (congressional) investigation? If they are so pure and everything is so hotsy-totsy, well, then, why not have the government investigate it? It will all be to your credit."

Of course, he does not say that insurance companies, particularly in the state of New York, concerning which he lodges his principal complaint, are constantly being investigated. In fact, he says just the opposite:

". . .If you are the Metropolitan or any other giant insurance company, you are totally unregulated. Now they will say, 'oh, well, the states regulate us.' Yeah, sure, the state regulates it. How? By the companies regulating the regulators. . ."

This is a curious commentary on one of the best managed regulatory offices in the United States, the Insurance department of the state of New York. Headed for many years by Louis H. Pink, who at present is president of Associated Hospital service, and now by Robert E. Dineen, its reputation among students of government regulation is without compare for probity and competence. As a matter of fact, the only criticism I have heard of that office is that it regulates too tightly.

In this colloquy between Robert Allen and Tev McCray, there was some unfavorable reference to the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, which interested me. The Metropolitan is the largest life insurance company in the world and therefore is a suitable target for attack. So I inquired about how it is examined. These are the facts:

The Insurance department of the state of New York has a personnel of 350, exclusive of the Liquidation bureau. The Metropolitan is examined once every three years. Because of the size and character of its operations, it takes about 14 months to do the job. Thirty-five examiners, all Civil Service employes, are engaged in this examination, going through every account of the company. In addition, two actuaries of the department devote themselves to it. The final report is a public document, available to anyone.

The cost to the public and the company of these investigations is considerable. Costs, however, no longer count in a country which throws millions to the wind and now talks about an unbalonced budget as a policy of state. With reports of this nature always available, why duplicate the job simply because the federal government wants to be in everything?

I am told that New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Michigan and California have similarly competent examining bureaus. Allen's broad statement that ". . .The only industry in the country of that magnitude that is absolutely unregulated. . ." is the insurance industry, is just not so.

Then Mr. Allen speaks of Robert E. Dineen, the New York state superintendent of insurance, in these terms:

". . .Now, New York state has an insurance commissioner, a gentleman, a very estimable gentleman, who came from an insurance company, Mr. Dewey brought him from an insurance company, and when Mr. Dewey steps out of office, why, then this gentleman will return to his 25 or 50 thousand dollar insurance company job. . ."

I know Mr. Dineen. He is a lawyer, and was a member of the firm of Bond, Schoeneck and King. In 1924, he worked for the Aetna Life Insurance Co. for one year and then for another year with Lumber Mutual Casualty Insurance Co. From 1926 to 1943, he was a practising lawyer with the Schoeneck firm, in Syracuse, N. Y. In 1943, he was appointed superintendent of insurance and is still in office. Therefore, he did not come from an insurance company. Allen's assumption that Dineen will accept employment with an insurance company is sheer clairvoyance. Why not assume that he will return to his law partnership?

The subject of federal vs. state regulation is broad and important. It need not be discussed outside the facts.



Pennsylvania German Humor

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

CONCLUSION

Telling whoppers is one of the favorite forms of dialect humor. Every village has its Baron Munchausen. These tall stories usually take the form of bragging about crops and skills, such as the story of corn that grew so tall that the moon was forced to detour its course around the field during the night or of nailing shingles on the roof of a barn during a fog so thick that the next day it was discovered that the shingles were fastened four feet above the roof.

Old Jake Stine of Pinegrove boasted that his speed mare ran so fast that when hitched to a sleigh the friction caused the snow and ice to melt underneath the runners.

Strangers to Pennsylvania German lore are frequently at a loss to understand the ironical expressions they hear. Repartee takes the form of irony and many things are said in jest that carry a sting to the uninitiated and bring a laugh to those who know. State Senator Frank Ruth, a clergyman of the Reformed Church, remarked upon meeting a stranger who was a Lutheran: "Yah, die Luderische sin aa Leit" (The Lutherans are people too.)

Two men were discussing Satan and his works. One asked the other, "Which of the two of us would the devil take if he wanted one now?"

"Me" answered his companion.

"Why you?"

"Because he knows he can get you anytime."

A peacemaker, in an effort to heal a breach of long-standing between two old men, approached one of them asking for the cause of the long-standing quarrel—"Eli", came the answer "Ich hab em Rich en Duwack gelehnt wie mer yung waare, un er hot's sei Lewes net zurick bezaahlt." The peacemaker abandoned his efforts.

Certainly there will be anecdotes which recur in many climes and in many tongues. I have related the following story on several occasions, fully accepting it as a Pennsylvania German story, until one day a Quaker gentleman in the audience informed me that he had heard it as a typical Friends' tale, many, many years ago.

Here is the story:

Isaac Levy, a Jewish peddler swapped horses with an Amishman. After the deal was made the peddler drove away, muttering to himself uncertainly.

"I forgot to ask him whether the horse I got is lame; but I guess it is all right, an Amishman would never cheat me."

Meanwhile the Amishman's conscience troubled him: "Maybe I sinned when I didn't tell Isaac that the horse goes lame on rainy days; but then he never asked me."

Several days later it rained. The Amishman was sorely tried when he saw his friend Levy driving into the barnyard, his horse limping badly. "Oh! Now Isaac has come to charge me with my sin" the Amishman wailed, and then he spoke to the peddler:

"I guess you came back to get the horses exchanged."

"No" replied the Jew" I just want to borrow your suit until I can sell him again." The Amishman was a Quaker in the other version.

I have carefully sifted the anecdotes which appeared in the early German almanacs of Pennsylvania printers. Occasionally there will be stories laden with a Pennsylvania German flavor, such as the story of the cow whose tail hairs got twisted around the buttons of the person's vest and in her frightened flight she dragged the reverend gentleman through the village. And there are numerous shafts directed against mothers-in-law. But it was not until near the close of the nineteenth century that some of the almanacs, particularly the Reading Adler, printed anecdotes which bear the distinct mark of the true Pennsylvania German humor. Frequently these jokes were accompanied by cartoons, such as the one showing a fat man on parade while a little girl asked her mother "Wie lang waer er, wann mer ihn ausrolle daet?" The classic German is too austere for the Pennsylvania German's tastes. The dialect is more flexible for him and better lends itself to the expression of his emotions, whether in fun or sublimation; whether in the soft accents of friendship or in the stentorian majesty of resounding oaths.

The profane utterances which the dialect makes available would frighten all of the gods on Mount Olympus. Unless you have heard an angry Dutchman vent his spleen in resounding oaths, you have never heard first-class cussing. Cicero was wont to call upon "Ye immortal Gods," but the farmer whose fingers are caught between crashing milk cans can fill the heavens with sulphur and brimstone, the like of which is unknown this side of the River Styx. One neutral observer, Dr. John Hagen of Franklin and Marshall College, has taken exception to this statement declaring that in his opinion Pennsylvania German is not cussing but "lyric poetry."

Congressman D. K. Koch has declared in one of the Fersammlinge:"

"Mir esse zu viel; sell is weil mer es bescht Ess-sach hen in der ganse Welt; mir drinke zu viel; awwer sell iss weil mir darschtich sinn; mir fluche zu viel; awwer sell iss net weil mir bees sinn, mir duhn's yuscht fer's gr-r-r-refftich zu mache."

For those who may be interested in consulting published materials containing Pennsylvania German Humor I will set forth the following list of titles.

1. **The Pit Schweffelbrenner Letters** of 1864, printed in the newspaper "Father Abraham," by E. H. Rauch, Lancaster and Mauch Chunk, Pa.

Boonastiel Letters. Originally published in newspapers in Middletown beginning 1896 and extending to 1930. These letters have been published in book form. The book has run into seven editions. The latest edition 1942, the Aurand Press, Harrisburg, Pa. Author, T. H. Harter.

3. **Der Alt Schulmeister:** Pennsylvania German Letters penned by Joseph H. Light, reprinted from the Lebanon Semi-Weekly News, Lebanon, Pa. 1928.

4. **Dumbeete:** A small brochure by A. D. Steckel, Fullerton, Pa. 1930.

5. **Sim Schmalzgsicht's Magazine,** the only humorous magazine published in the dialect, Allentown, 1910, four issues only; published quarterly.

6. **Pennsylvania German,** 2 vols., by Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa. 1904.

Reminincences, by Evan Holben, Allentown, 1902.

Current newspaper columns published in daily and weekly papers throughout the Pennsylvania German area continue to bring bits of humor to the reading public. Dialect plays and volumes of dialect poetry, the various "Rede" or speeches at the folk gatherings known as Fersammlinge and Grundsow Lodges and several radio commentators who use the dialect as a vehicle serve to regale the auditory senses of their listeners and help to perpetuate many elements of our folk humor.

The opportunity to express political views forcibly in the dialect led to the inauguration of Pit Schweffelbrenner's "Father Abraham Letters." When his first letters appeared he advocated the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1864. Later "Pit" tried his fortunes in a Democratic Convention of Carbon County. E. H. Rauch, otherwise known as Pit Schweffelbrenner, published the following account of his own defeat in the column of his Mauch Chunk Newspaper, 1882.

"Well, wie g'sagt, ich bin uff de Convention. Ich hab die Bevvey g'sagt das ich haus bin fer in die Assembly un sie hat g'sagt daet sie gor net ferwunnere wann ich aa haus bleiwe daet.

Wie ich in die Stadt kumme bin un hab mit all die Delegates g'schwetzt, dann hab ich ihne all g'sagt das wann ich nei kumm insure ich das es bessere Zeite gebt. Es waare sechzich Delegates in all, un sechs un fufstich hen mir ferschproche das sie fer mich vote. Sell hut's en sure Ding gemacht un ich hab en alter Assembly Man g'frogt well es bescht Hotel in Harrisbaerrik waer for boarde.

Eens fon die Delegates hot mir g'sagt er geht nei fer der bescht Mann un das sell der Reason iss das er fer mich vote will. Finfe hen g'sagt sie gehne nei fer mich weil ich en ehrlicher Mann bin. Siwwe hen g'sagt sie daet schtimme fer mich weil ich so iwwerause gute Deitsche Briefe schreiwwe daet fer die Zeiting. Elfe hen g'sagt sie vote for mich weil ich so'n guter Republican bin. Annere hen gemehnt ich het die Offis schun lang ferdient un ich wees net wie fiel das mir g'sagt hen sie schtimme fer mich weil ich English schwetze kann un weil die Bevvey so'n schmaerte Fraa iss.

Well, am aerscht Ballot hawwich drei Votes grickt—un selle waare die Delegates fon Klappboardstettle. Der neegscht Ballot hen zwee Delegates fon Haasebarrick fer mich gevote awwer die Klappboard stettler sin derno fer en annerer gange. Derno hen sie nochamohl gevote, un, hol mich der Deihenker, wann sie mich net ganz fergesse hen, un seller Ding was drunne in Schinnerstettle wohnt war uff'm Ticket.

Derno hawwich eens fon die Delegates g'sagt das ich mei Name zurick ziege will weil ich die Offic gor net aa-nemme daet. Es suit mich net waege meinre private business. Die Assembly is henniyer ken Blatz fer en frommer un grischtlicher Mann wie ich bin.

Pit Schweffelbrenner.

Col. T. H. Harter began his "Boonastiel Letter" with a similar purpose in mind, using the dialect to forward the cause of the Republican party in central Pennsylvania.

Der Neue Reading Kalender of 1870 published the following bit of choice dialect humor which warrants reproduction here in its own right, but is interesting too because it reveals the political issues of the day.

EIN BRIEF UND DIE ANTWORT

Hockelbeere-Berg Aug. 1870

Meine liewe Madline:—Ich will verdoppelt sein—ich will hasselbahm iwwer en acht Riegel Poste-fens tschumpe, wann ich dich net lieb, wie en Stick deutscher Kaes—un seller gleich ich so gut wie mich selwer, un en bissel besser. Ich denk schier, du Zuckerliewe Madaline, mir machen besser meinem Gelahf en End durch en Hochzig—des is, ich un du dehten besser heire un in unser alt Schmokhaus ziegen—dort brauchen wir just die Eier in der Scheier suche, un der Speck hengt graad iwwer uns. Dort kenne wir lewe wie en Schilgrutt im Saufass, oder en Maus in der Bockmolt. Ich bin ken verschorner Nixwisser (member of the Know Nothing Party), wu alles hehl halte muss—ich kumm graad raus mit der Farb—un doh will ich fom a drei Fusz hoche Heustock falle, wann ich net mehn du waerst es schenscht, Madel uf em Hockelbeere-Berg odder in gans Merika. Ich bin ken Negerbosser oder Nixwisser;—neh, doh will ich en gefilter Sau Mauge schlucke wann ich bin—awwer ich bin so hungrig far en Frah, wie en Fishreier far en Oh! Ich sag, Madaline, loss uns am neegschte Suntag heire.

Nickel Handschukel.

DIE ANTWORT

Krupsberg August 1870

Mei hunnigliewer Nickel: Du mehnst vielleicht die Madline waer net uf zu den Schnitz? Wann du sell mehnst bist du weit hinner Hand. Ich bin graad agried zu heire, un wann's noch en Nowet is; awwer Nickel ich will doch eppes wisse, eh mir in ehm Bett schlofe, un sell is ob du ehner von selle Negerbosser un Nixwisser bist odder net—Mei Dadi, mei Bruder Anthony un ich sin all Head over Heels Demokraten un ich will en lewendicher Bull Frog fresse wann ich en Mann hawwe will wu net Demokrat is von die Schusole bis an der Hutbottom . . . Ich will im Gewitter Rege uf em Krugsberg gefange warre, wann ich ebbes mit Negerbosse odder Nixwisserei zu thun hawwe will. Kumm mohl den naext Suntag Owet.

Madeline Hufeisen

A story is related about a courtship in Schuylkill county. The beau was a Democrat and a Lutheran; his sweetheart's father was a Republican and a Catholic. When the young swain asked the father's permissin to marry the girl the father laid down the condition that the boy must become a Catholic and a Republican. Doggedly the young man gave his answer: Kadollisch warre, sell is all recht, awwer Republican, sei Lewe's net!

A campaign leaflet circulated during the gubernatorial campaign in Pennsylvania in 1938 asked the question: "Was hen die Republicans geduh fer die commone Leit?"

"Hunsbeere Nix!" was the printed answer.

Thus far I have devoted this paper to some observations on Pennsylvania German humor which are dependent upon the use of the dialect for their singular contribution to the American scene. The folkways and lore of a people will contribute something to the fund of humor. In the social life of a people there are many humorous features. Again we must distinguish between those things which Broadway audiences find humorous in such plays as "Papa is all" and look for the things which bring smiles to the faces of the Pennsylvania Germans themselves. At this point it may be of interest to you to know that the play "Papa Is All" was merely an adaptation of an early play entitled "The Playboy of the Western World" in which the Irish were poked fun at. The Irish people in the audiences threw cabbages at the actors to show their ire. The Pennsylvania Germans won't throw cabbages, because they are too valuable in the manufacture of saur kraut. Several years ago an article appeared in Esquire Magazine entitled "Bell Don't Make, Bump." In that account the Amish folks of Lancaster County were held up to ridicule. It happened that I was present when the article was read to a preacher of the house-Amish faith. He listened patiently until the reading was ended and then he smiled through his graying whiskers saying softly—"People should not waste paper to print such things." There was no anger in his soul merely regret that God-given natural resources were being squandered.

Here are some of the social customs which do bring fun to the homes of the Pennsylvania Germans. The last person out of bed on Ash Wednesday morning is shamed and called en Eschepuddel, the credulous city slicker who joins in an elbedritcher hunt is the butt of many jokes; the auctioneer at the country sale is an accomplished comedian entertaining his audiences with quips and cracks while he intones from his raised perch selling wares; newly married couples are likely to find their home-coming disturbed by a **Bulls-geik,** or callithumpian band blaring away into the night. April Fool's Day, Halloween and Ground Hog Day offer opportunities for pranksters as they do in all American communities, but that jolly fellow Belsnickel is our own symbol of pre-Christmas fun. Shooting in the New Year and Mummers' parades were introduced into this country by the same people who brought colored Easter eggs, the honey bee, school blackboards and countless other contributions to American life.

I began this article by pointing out that jokes about Pennsylvania Germans are not Pennsylvania German humor. But jokes about Yankees, Englishers, Jews, Negroes, Italian and German tramps provide many a laugh in the country store where the farmers gather about the hot stove and exchange pleasantries.

The Reverend Pierce Swope submits proof that the Pennsylvania Germans had more sense in colonial times than their Irish neighbors had, pointing out that they never poured whiskey into their boots to cure corns, and Dr. Edwin Fogel observes that the Pennsylvania Germans never burnt their witches as the Yankees did at Salem, but fed their hexes well instead.

From 1850 to 1860 a comedian namel Hugh Lindsay, born in Lancaster, toured up and down these valleys with his puppet show. His Punch and Judy spoke Pennsylvania German while they batted each other on the heads. This form of professional fun-making has had several revivals in recent years.

When all is said and done the Pennsylvania German dialect is the main vehicle through which our distinctive form of humor must be conveyed. Some of us, like Esau of old, have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage and therefore fail to appreciate the full value of our own peculiar and distinctive quality of humor.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Henry W. Shoemaker, President of the Pennsylvania Folk Lore Society, announces additional features for the special meeting of the Society to be held in the State Museum, Harrisburg, on December 6th at 2 p. m., when the thirteen authors of "Pennsylvania Songs and Legends" will receive citations for high achievements in Pennsylvania Folk Lore. Miss Edna Albert will receive a similar citation on the recent re-issue of her book "A Little Pilgrim of Penn's Woods."

It has been suggested that prior to the meeting the authors and members get together for an informal luncheon. Following the citations, the memories of two of the first Pennsylvania folklorists, the late Nelson Lloyd of Bellefonte, author of "A

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Editorials

Thought for Today

I know that the Union is stronger—than all the wild and chimerical schemes of social change which are generated one after another in the unstable minds of visionary sophists and interested agitators.—Pierce.

Showdown on Route 22

Relief as to traffic conditions on what is now Highway 22 passing thru this city, Bethlehem and Easton seems to be fairly well on the way with reported Federal approval of the northern route for the by-passing of the cities.

There has not been any question for years that a new course would have to be selected in the interest of public safety and of traffic. A two-lane highway for many miles and the routing of the highway thru three big cities with their own heavy, local traffic produced conditions that were intolerable for all parties concerned. They demand attention and correction by those responsible for our highways.

Conflicts arising from differences of opinion, together with personal and business interests have kept solution of the problem snarled for years.

Once however decision has been reached by both Federal and State governments, things will begin to move. Five years for the building of the new highway is the preliminary estimate. Of course it could be done even sooner if necessary.

The important point is that matters are coming to the showdown, and that at long last the authorities are ready to make a decision even tho it will hurt many, while benefitting many others.

To Jail as Private Citizen

Representative J. Parnell Thomas has properly resigned his seat in Congress for, having been convicted of the picayune business of padding his congressional payroll by about $9,000, he was shown to be a man unfit for high office.

In this he exhibited some remaining sense of honor for it would have been a reproach in a sense to the honorable body to which he belonged had he persisted in retaining his position while being a convicted man in prison.

So he goes to jail for six months or so not as a congressman but as a private citizen. As the holder of one of the highest and most responsible offices and as the direct representative of a third of a million people his crime was the greater and his crime the darker than had it been committed by a person in private business.

The idea that men in high places can do wrong with impunity is smashed by the example that the case of J. Parnell Thomas affords.

Lives Saved His Monument

The death of Brig. General Henry A. Reninger removes a figure prominent for many years in the business and civic life of the community.

In military matters which he loved he attained high rank thru 43 years of devoted work in the National Guard, with some years of turn to Federal service. It was a field in which his organizational capacity had full opportunity for expression.

That same capacity manifested itself in business and civic affairs. In business he was one of the pioneers in the field of safety engineering which, within the decades of his work in the local and national field, has brought such remarkable results in the saving of life and limb and in the increase of production growing out of safety for the men and women engaged in industry.

No worker in industry today can know, but the golden pages of the recording angel could tell, that he is alive and sound in the possession of his life and limbs by virtue of the safety engineering program whose promulgation in theory and its operation owed so much to General Reninger.

The people of the city must regret the passing of a man always ready to put his shoulder to the wheel in behalf of its worthy enterprises. But his greatest monument, it would seem, lies in the safety field where lives have been saved, families have been kept happy and the earning capacity of their heads has been maintained.

Stimulus for the Granges

The remarkable stimulus which has been given to every Grange in this section of the State by Hess Bros. of this city is being appreciated thruout the countryside and deserves commendation because it is an effort in a field that apparently had been forgotten and neglected.

Already placques of high value, the gift of Hess Bros., have been presented to a number of Granges whose Pomona organizations have deemed them outstanding for advancement in the work of these rural groups. The last one of the series is to be presented tonight.

Henceforth every member of every Grange will be stimulated to greater interest in his organization, which will be for his individual good. There will be higher interest and participation in the good things which the Granges promote. There is something very definite to shoot for.

The Granges are thankful for this evidence of interest in them and this support for them in what they are doing.

Fifty Fruitful Years

Fifty years ago today a brilliant, though basically simple, idea was born. This was that the people who buy goods in stores could have a say as to the conditions under which those goods were produced. By their economic and political pressure they could fight child labor, they could protect women against exploitation, they could make the ideal of the minimum wage a living fact. Thus the National Consumers League, with which the name of the late Florence M. Kelley was so long and brilliantly associated, was born. The work has gone on. There is much to celebrate today. Labor legislation has humanized what were once backward sections of industry. Manufacturers and business men have found that the reforms some of them once fought have helped them rather than hurt them. We live in a happier country because of the work the League has done.

The League tonight will have in mind great accomplishments. It will look ahead to what still remains to be done—more and better state minimum wage laws; more adequate regulation of child labor; more general limitation of working hours for women; equality of pay for equal work. The next fifty years may be as full of accomplishment as the past fifty; and, like the past fifty, show what can be achieved in a free society to improve conditions of working and living.—New York Times.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WHEE, WOS HUTS GABLOSA: Soicha os maina 's wear da onner dawg net kalt gawest wie die sun so shae warm g'sheind hut doh in da shtadt, hetta numma beim Orlando Schiffert un Fritz Malberger sei solla, noh hetta sie onnishder ous g'funna. Die siva wind huts g'sheind kaimta tzomma woh sie worra, un ol die leit woh sie sehna hen lawfa worra dull un dawb. Ow'r worta mohl, m'r hen yoh aw net g'sawt woh die boova worra wie sie ihra aryie erfohring kotta hen.

'S wor so denna waig. Der Jim Gehringer, ainer fom Orlando un Fritz ihra shoff kummerrawda ons Gehringer - Harlachers hut 'n luft bilder mashine grick'd, un der Orlando un Fritz hens peifa waisa ufs doch shtella wolla fer die bilder rei tziega. Sie hen 'n longie laider kot fer ufs doch groddla, un worra net may wie drowwa bis 'n shtose wind kumma is un hut na die laider um gablosa. Oy duh weit wos wor noh net aeland im haichda grawd. Der Fritz un Orland hen sich die heis bol ob gagrisha, uns hut sie yusht niemond aw k'hoerich'd.

Wie long os die boova uf 'm doch worra kenna m'r net sawga —ow'r long ganunk fer darrich nei kalt werra, un blitza bloea nase un ohra griega. Der ariel wor glei uf, noh sin sie im gringle uf 'm doch rum g'shprunga, un hen yader 'm gagrisha os sie sehna hen gae fer kumma die laider uf shtella os sie fom doch kenta. Niemond hut sie aw k'hoerich'd, bis 'n butcher dawaig kumma is, un hut all'm noh gamaint der Belsnickle wear shun rum, un kent ferleicht ainer fon seina harsh kaufa fer shlochta. Aenicha waig, der butcher hut nuf ufs doch gaguck'd, un glei ous g'funna os die boova laider druvel kotta hen.

Mit ous long wunnerra wos letz wear, hut der butcher halt aw g'shloga un da boova die laider uf g'shteld un sie sin driwwer runner shtarver os aenicher g'shwarl sei lava noch omma baum runner is wons owwa drous ei g'shloga hut. In kartza werta, die boova worra froh wie sie fom doch worra, uns hais'd, 's nagshd mohl os sie widder so'n chob aw nemma dada, wotta sie rote wollna unnerglaider aw duh, so wohl wie 'n follie line iwwerrech, vommas, ohra koppa un feisht handshing mit nemma — noh lus der wind die laider um blosa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

In ontwert tzu da leit os shun gawunnert hen ebs des yohr ken Grishdawgs train exkursion gaibt noch Nei Yarrick—nay 's dut net so weit os uns a gait.

Die fiela shtrikes, un bardich so die kola shtrikes woh m'r nee net gawist hut eb rigelwaigs insheina kola hetta fer exkursions nemma, huts 'n umiglichkeit gamocht fer farna nous blawna—un hen dadarrich des yohr ken Pennsylfawnish Deitschie Grishdawgs train exkursion.

Horoscope

Organizing your duties at this time should help you to accomplish more than you ordinarily would. Look for a forceful, active, hard-working individual to develop from a child born today.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Because there's no business like show-ing off business, the blusterers on this beat shove their bulk onto the front pages and tie up your typewriter so you can use the steaming gadget to relate the happy talk inside labor. But it's around you all the time, even when you're heaving this writing machine at the heads of the noisy power-pushing few.

While you're scrambling after the inside story of some secret parley which may open up the coal fields, you keep dashing by unions whose banks lend money to manufacturers to tide them over slack seasons; or spend $500,000 to advertise their employers' products; or agree to find ways to help "the boss" make a higher profit, or fight leechy gamblers who'll take a buck from a guy with a paralytic grandmother.

Believe me, this labor-management business is far from the drop-dead attitudes of old.

You run into the professorial, Van-Dyked Jack Potofsky, leader of the CIO's Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and you never think to ask what's happening — because he's not typing up his industry. But his union's New York and Chicago banks are making in-between-season substantial loans to small manufacturers, to enable them to buy fabrics and trimmings and machinery, so they can help make clothes for the nation's men next year.

Find Skilled Labor

And his union dispatches its efficiency experts into huge clothing plants to suggest reshifting of machinery and eliminate bottlenecks so profits can be higher — and wages, too, of course. His scouts are constantly finding supplies of skilled labor, so employers can open new shops and thus create new jobs.

Not too long ago, these clothing-workers decided to spend the first half of $1,000,000 in magazines (and soon in newspaper ads) across country, urging the public to buy union label garments. This is being done to protect the 95 per cent of the country's men's-clothing manufacturers who are unionized.

And this unionization makes possible the Amalgamated's modern-gardened housing projects, and system of health, life, accident, maternity, hospitalization and surgical insurance — and new $100-a-month old age pension. So the union believes its million will be well spent, and the unorganized five per cent of the nation's garment makers won't be able to cut into the unionized 95 per cent.

And if even its banks, efficiency experts and advertising campaigns can't keep a firm alive, the union swiftly finds another company to take over the closed plant, try to make a profit, and keep the working guy off the scrapheap.

But the men's clothing union isn't being held up here like the outfit most likely to succeed in 1950. There are other unions making happy talk with their employers.

There's a CIO Textile Workers' contract with the huge Celanese Corp., which says that the union will help the corporation reduce absenteeism, prevent waste and destruction, and eliminate "frivolous grievances."

Make Recommendations

Or take my good friends in the unassuming International Assn. of Machinists, who have agreed with the vast Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., makers of big planes, to recommend in writing, from time to time, more efficient means of production, improvement of working conditions, and to help the company with its economic problems.

And there's Phil Murray's steel union which has agreed in many areas — in return for wage increases — to improve plant discipline by eliminating gambling and reading on the job. General Motors has a contract with some unions saying that "neither party will initiate, sanction or participate in any demonstration, display advertising or any other publicity tending to disturb the relations between the parties."

It goes both ways. The Columbian Rope Co. has put in peanut and soft-drink vending machines, and all profits are turned over to the union to be spent as the members wish. And no one asked the editor of Dan Tobin's Teamsters' magazine recently to write: "It is suggested that if the local unions feel that an increase in wages is to be sought . . . the utmost caution must be used. . . The officer who makes no attempt to determine whether an employer is able to give an increase in wages is courting disaster. . . Be smart. Check into your employers' ability to grant an increase. . ."

This could roll on — about a hundred unions. But it's like the boys over at the AFL Seafarers Union put it. They warned "pilferers (thieves); weedhounds (dope addicts); and gashound performers (drunks)" to get out of the union. "In any union there is a small group of foulballs," the sailors' leaders said the other day. "And we must eliminate these characters."

Unfortunately the "foulballs" are the loudest.

(Copyright 1949)

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Dec. 10, 1924, a Wednesday

Three mayors were guests of honor at the annual smoker of the Allentown and Easton-Phillipsburg Four-Square clubs. The guests, Mayor Yeakel of Bethlehem, Mayor Gross of Allentown, and Mayor Heiberger of Easton, all made brief speeches.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shingler of Cementon entertained friends at a bear and venison dinner. The animals were killed near Pocono Summit camp by a party of hunters that included Shingler, Thomas Welliver, Charles Shingler, and Bert Strauss. The bear, a black, weighed 294 pounds.

Johnny Leonard, junior lightweight of Northampton, won a referee's decision over Willie Davis after 12 rounds of fighting at Hartford, Conn. Leonard had his opponent on the floor four times before the referee called a halt to the bout.

John Durno presented a talk on current events to the Senior Employed Boys Brotherhood of the Y.M.C.A. At the business meeting following, Marvin Young was elected business manager and Paul Wendling athletic director of the organization. Five new names were added to the roster: Merritt Weaver, Daniel Albanese, Robert Williams, John Witczak, and Hilliard Kleckner.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

John Straley has a new twist for an old fishing yarn. Seems a city fellow on the banks of a West Virginia stream was about to give up with nary a fish to show for his efforts when a native sauntered along and said, "Let's see yer bait." The visitor showed a pail of minnows. The native produced a flask of moonshine and poured several drops into the pail. "Try now," he suggested.

Thirty seconds after the fisherman made his next cast, he had a heavy strike. After a herculean struggle, he pulled in a 14-pound bass. But the big fish wasn't on the hook. The minnow had it by the back of the neck.

* * *

Two old-time comedians, bitter rivals for more than 50 years, met in front of the Palace theatre one day. "I'm off for Africa for a six-month tour," said one jauntily. "Believe me," the other assured him, "you'll never be able to compete there with the ostriches. They lay eggs weighing anywhere from three to six pounds!"

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Sir Stafford Cripps made an interesting point once:

"When I hear people speaking of reducing taxation, and, at the same time, see the cost of the social services rising rapidly, in response very often to the demands of the same people, I sometimes rather wonder whether they appreciate to the full the old adage that 'we cannot have our cake and eat it.' . . ."

He then went on to say how his government was spending the people's money on the people. He rightly told them that they had chosen these expenditures, voted for them, and had to pay for them. It was a very tough speech, made before devaluation. He not only said that the social service (Welfare State) expenditures would come high, but that they would increase over the next five or ten years. Then he threatened:

". . .Nothing can stop this, except the cutting down of the social services themselves, and that I do not believe anyone is prepared to recommend, because we all know their immense value to the people of this country.

"We must, therefore, recognize the unpleasant fact that these services must be paid for, and they must be paid for by taxation, direct or indirect."

That statement was, of course, not unlike many made by American defenders of the high cost of government, who kill off every argument by asking where the cut is to be made. Obviously, when Great Britain ceases to get American dollar support, unless she can maintain her social service expenditures out of her own earnings, she will have to cut them out, no matter who will be displeased by the cutting or who will suffer thereby, because a country, like an individual, can only do as much as there is the wherewithal to do it with.

Large Expenditures

President Truman's program for the Welfare State, endorsed rather incoherently by the vice-president during his vastly publicized honeymoon, calls for expenditures so large and uncertain that they have not yet been finally calculated. Yet, unless Truman can find the money for them, his program cannot be carried through. Operating on a five or six billion dollar deficit, he will have to cut somewhere, for deficit financing on a $40,000,000,000 budget is not prudent.

Sir Stafford Cripps, who is intellectually more honest than most of our government officials, probably because the British system makes it easier to be that way, also said:

"But there is not much further immediate possibility of the redistribution of national income by way of taxation in this country; for the future, we must rely rather upon the creation of more distributable wealth than upon the redistribution of the income that exists. Total taxation, local and national, is now more than 40 per cent of the national income, and at that level the redistribution of income entailed in the payment for social services already falls, to a considerable extent, upon those who are the recipients of these services."

Distributes Poverty

That is what happens in the Welfare State. Eventually, it distributes poverty. It brings the rich down to middle class; then it wipes out the middle class; then it taxes the lower income groups; finally it impoverishes the nation. And there is a logic in that situation, because what the Welfare State undertakes is to provide a service that for many reasons becomes more costly than the economy of the nation can afford. Smaller countries, like Sweden and New Zealand, have been able to meet Welfare State requirements better than larger nations. Soviet Russia has done it by slave labor, by deportations, and by artificially maintaining a rigid but comparatively low standard of living. In free societies, it produces widespread poverty.

Cripps said:

"This (the extension of social services) has been accomplished partly by increased production, and partly by a redistribution of our national wealth. . ."

The phrase, "redistribution of wealth," is lightly used in Great Britain because there they are Socialists. In the United States, its use might still be disastrous to a personal career. Nevertheless, that is precisely what Mr. Truman proposes when he insists on expanding expenditures, and increased taxes. Soon enough, taxes will amount to a capital levy. Then there will be only the lower income groups to tax.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Curses!

Here I had written a terrific column about what I saw and heard at a recent United Nations session where I got mad as a wet hen when I heard Vishinsky calling us warmongers and imperialists, and Warren Austin, our own delegate, accusing the Russians of being hypocrites and liars.

In this column I thundered and ranted and raved about playing games and being childish and all that sort of thing.

It was really a colossal column!

* * *

But then, as I usually do, I laid the thing aside for a couple of days, as I told you I do with letters I write when I am mad. Then I took a little trip into New York and wandered along Fifth Ave. trying to find a Christmas present for the wife.

And what do you think I saw?

There was Mr. Vishinsky, master of invective and insult, doing exactly the same thing I was doing — looking at the shop windows.

He stopped in front of one of them — a big toy store.

Suddenly he burst out laughing at one of the funny animals that were displayed in that window.

Then I lost him in the crowd.

* * *

So this morning I took out that masterpiece of mine and read it over.

I started to change it, to tone it it down somewhat. No go.

So I tore the darn thing up and threw it in the wastebasket — where it belongs.

* * *

Gen. Romulo of the Phillipines, as you know, is president of the General Assembly of the United Nations at this session.

He has the final say - so on many extremely important things affecting the fate of the world.

But a couple of weeks ago, on opening night there he was sitting in a box at the Metropolitan Opera with that pretty wife of his, both watching and enjoying the performance of "Rosenkavalier".

* * *

This opera was written by an Austrian, Richard Strauss. Among the singers were Americans, Germans, Italians and French.

The Metropolitan's retiring general manager is a Canadian, and next season it will be an Englishman — Bing, by name.

In the audience on opening night were the high and low of almost every nation on earth.

The singing was done in German and most people didn't understand a word of it.

But there was thunderous applause by all — regardless of race, creed or color.

The harmony of that lovely music was not confined to any race or creed or color.

Because harmony appeals to the heart.

And harmony — whether it be the harmony of music, love, or peace, needs no interpreter.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Mark 4:1-20

This is Mark's account of Jesus' famous parable concerning the power, the seed, the soil, and the soul. A parable is an 'earthly story' with a heavenly meaning. The sower in each phase of the story is the same, and the seed is the same, but the soil differs. We observe some of the seed falling by the wayside, eaten by birds; some falling on stony ground, but not able to strike root; some falling on ground overgrown by thorns and choked by them. But some fell on good soil and brought forth fruit. Thus some seed can't get into the ground; some gets in but not up; some gets in and up, but is chocked; and some gets in, and down, and up, and brings forth fruit. This it is with the preaching of the Gospel. Many will have none of it; some receive it but do nothing about it; some receive it, but the cares of this world, its pleasures and enticements, prevent it from producing any spiritual fruit, but some receive it and allow it to do its work in their lives unto godliness, righteousness, and life eternal.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

BRIDGE SHAME

I am sorry, but I did
Make a very stupid bid.
Now by this regret I'm troubled:
Vulnerable! Six down! Doubled!

"Never mind," my partner said,
"That is apt to happen, Ed."
"True," I answered, "But it shouldn't,
And if I were careful, wouldn't."

Only one men call a chump
Would have bid it: "Two no trump."
Now a sleepless night I'm facing.
Six down, doubled! What a lacing!

I shall lie awake and fret
Over taking such a set,
Muttering this because I blundered:
"Six down, doubled! Seventeen hundred!"

(Copyright 1949)



Hex Signs or Fire Marks?

The following article presents a new and very provocative approach to the interpretation of our Pennsylvania German barn signs. The author was for a number of years associated with the J. B. Van Sciver Company as Interior-Decorator.

By LILA LERCH

Director of the Wyomissing Institute of Fine Arts.

The great holocaust of London in 1666 was the cause of the establishment, the very next year, of the world's first fire insurance office. In 1710 The Sun Fire Office was founded in London. It is still active and its trademark, the lead "Sun" fire mark, was used extensively in those early days.

The "Sun" firemark of The Sun Fire Office, as illustrated below, closely resembles the sun flower of the Pennsylvania folk art design. The following quotation has been taken from the booklet "Enjine! Enjine!" of the H. V. Smith Museum of New York City, New York. "In 1842 a foreign agent of the London "Sun Fire Office" placed a clause in all policies requiring insured parties to use its mark. As an explanation he wrote, "There appears to be some superstitious feeling connected with the use of the "Sun Mark," and it seems that it is considered as a protection in various ways by the country people. In order to protect the marks from the weather, they frequently surround them with a little wooden frame, and in some districts of Silesia, people may be seen kneeling to the figure of the Sun, under the idea that it is dedicated to holy purposes. I believe that the office cannot be prejudiced by feelings of this sort among an innocent people."



The Sun Fire Mark of The Sun Fire Office.

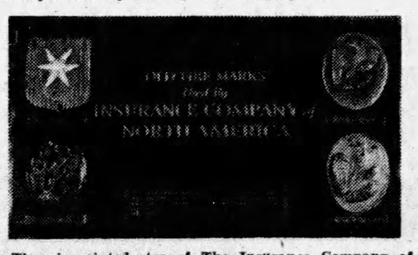
Taken from an old barn where it had been for nearly eighty years, a rare fire mark of the United States Insurance Company of Baltimore, Maryland, may be the missing link in a new theory. The antique collector's delight, the fascinating fire mark, may really be the ancestor of the barn sign. The old barn, mentioned above is on the road between Washington, D. C., and Fairfax, Virginia. It may have been in the pathway of the Pennsylvania German families immigration into the Shenandoah Valley.

Only a fortunate few are repaid as countryside collectors of the firemarks. One person in search of the desired prize asked a certain antique dealer if he had any of the "Star" fire marks. "Oh sure," he said, "I have several somewhere in my warehouse." He is still searching his well-filled warehouse today to find the "Star" fire mark which he claims was used as a decoration on andirons, after they had served their original purpose as fire marks. The future may reveal many rare fire marks which today lie in the tombs of the antique dealers' warehouses.

All the early fire marks of London were of lead with the number of the policy usually stamped on them. They were then painted a brilliant red and gold. The earliest fire mark in the United States, according to records, was made of terra-cotta but none have ever been found. Next, they were made of lead although still later they were made of wood (painted), cast iron, copper, zinc, enameled tin and brass. Finally after discontinuing the use of them to indicate insured buildings, they were made of tin and were hung in great profusion purely for advertisement purposes by the fire insurance companies.

The illustration shows a plaque of the author's collection which bears the following inscription:—

"American Insurance fire marks date back to 1752. They were introduced to indicate insured buildings to the old Volunteer Fire Companies but were discontinued for this purpose after 1870 when the present system of paid municipal fire departments was inaugurated."



The six-pointed star of The Insurance Company of North America.

The six-pointed star in evidence on the plaque was used as a fire mark from 1794-1796 by the Insurance Company of North America. Six-pointed stars are seen on barns today.

An eight-pointed star was used by the Star Fire Insurance Company of Ogdensburg, New York. Seen today on the barns in Berks, Lebanon and Lehigh Counties, Pennsylvania, are numerous eight-pointed stars.

There was also an early fire company called the Palatine Insurance Company whose fire mark was a landscape as shown among the more than three thousand fire marks displayed in the H. V. Smith Museum in New York City. Many of the early settlers of eastern Pennsylvania were Palatines. They brought with them from Europe an appreciation of art. Not all of the early settlers were literate. In their lives they were accustomed to sign language in its various forms and to heraldry. It is therefore natural that these geometrically perfect designs were used to bring beauty and meaning to their new homeland. The symbols, similar to patterns of stained glass, came then to our shores with these culture-conscious families who had worshipped regularly in the magnificent cathedrals of Europe into which all the patient labor of art was poured in the middle ages. On all the detail of their everyday lives these people set their artistic mark.

DER DROG

Daadi, was witt du do mache?—
Ach, sei ruhich, du gleeni Blog!
Sehnscht du net, saagt er iwwerm Lache
Des gebt yuscht en gleener Drog.
Muss en scheint's doch nochmol messe;
Will en mache dief un schee
Fer der Graemmpaepp raus zu esse—
Noh verbrecht er ken Gscharr meh.

Wann mer alt watt, so wie er,
Warr'n die Finger schteif un krumm;
Noh verbrecht mer oft es Essgscharr,
Un schtosst aa sei Koppche um.
So iss mir dann des eikumme—
Ich mach ihm en gleener Drog
Aus dem Schtick gans darr alt Gumme.
Andwatt des dir nau dei Frog?

Kummt der Graemmpaepp dann zum Disch hie,
So heilt er un macht die Frog:
Muss ich dann aa nau wie's Rinsvieh
Fresse aus me hilse Drog?
Iss es mei Schuld dass ich nau dann,
Wann die Elt kummt wie en Blog,
Un ich schier ken Arwet duh kann,
Scheint's, muss esse aus me Drog?

Iwwerm Schpiele kummt's dem Bu ei,
Was sei Graemmpaepp yuscht gsaat hot,
Un er meent's kann schier net sei,
Dass sei Paeppp so was duh sott.
Er grickt Hols, fangt aa zu lache—
Macht sei Daadi dann die Frog:
Yunger, was witt du nau mache?
Kummt die Andwatt: Dir en Drog!

—FRANK H. OBERHOLTZER

Far more important than the houses were considered the barns in this area as the future of the thrifty families was at stake in their barns. In some cases they were much better kept and usually are much larger than the houses. In the early days there were no banks to deposit money within reach of these rural people, therefore, the colonial magistrates were often asked to keep on account the monies of these farmers. The pioneer, Conrad Weiser, when a magistrate, was one of these "First Bankers." It was natural to protect their barns from fires when so much was at stake.

The first Volunteer Firemen in America were organized in 1648 by Peter Stuyvesant of the wooden leg. He was the last and the best of the Dutch governors in America. In 1655 he established a Dutch Settlement at Naaman's in what is now Pennsylvania. Eastern sections were part of Holland from then until 1664 when William Penn became the proprietor of the territory for the King of England. Even with his English ancestry William Penn was the son of a Dutch woman. In the year 1948, the United States Post Office issued a stamp commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Volunteer Fremen. Eastern Pennsylvania counties still have many volunteer fire companies left today. This is probably one reason why fire marks have not entirely dropped into oblivion.

The fire marks were usually fastened to the buildings high enough to be out of the reach of pilferers. If the buildings where fires occurred were not insured, the firemen frequently sat down to enjoy the fun. Also, if the building bore the fire mark of another fire company, it was again a case of enjoyment rather than protection.

In 1752 the Philadelphia Contributionship Insurance Company was founded in the city of Brotherly Love. The fire mark used by this company was the "Hand-in hand" until as late as 1760. In the year that this company was founded John Stow, who recast the Liberty Bell, made one hundred "hand-in-hand" fire marks for this Philadelphia Contributionship. This company is also still in existence today.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the early directors of the Philadelphia Contributionship Company. Because of Franklin's belief that green trees attract lightning, this company refused to insure buildings near this hazard. Later, Franklin organized his own company, The Mutual Assurance Company of Philadelphia, which would take all risks. The symbol of this company was "The Green Tree" fire mark which was used from 1784-1803. This Green Tree Fire Insurance Company is still in existence today.

During the Revolution many of these old fire marks were torn down by the British soldiers and the lead was used to make bullets, even our own soldiers may have used them for the same purposes. This may account for the belief that barn signs did not exist until around the middle of the nineteenth century.

Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, still displays an old fire mark issued about 1765. The historical Elfreth's Alley, Philadelphia, also still has houses with their fire marks.

Independence Hall in Philadelphia still carries its old fire mark, that of the Fire Association of Philadelphia. Many present houses in the same city proudly display their fire marks.

The Bell House of the Moravian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, still shows its fire mark, a copper eagle rising from a cloud. This fire mark was used after 1800 by the Insurance Company of North America. The eagle greatly resembles the wooden carved eagles by the famous Wilhelm Schimmel, the carver of children's toys.

A lead star of six wavy points, mounted on a wooden shield was the first fire mark of the Insurance Company of North America in 1794 as shown in the illustration. This firemark was supplied upon the payment of one dollar.

A real romance is the story of the search for the one perfect "Star" specimen (six-pointed) which heads the museum collection of the Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia, today.

A tell-tale stain on a brick house in Race Street near Second, Philadelphia, started the hunt for the "Star." This stain was in the shape of the shield of the lost "Star" fire mark. An old etching of the Insurance Company of North America's first office building shows the "Star" fire mark. So, from father of the owner of the house on Race Street to grandfather, the wooden shield was traced back to a carpenter. The shield that was found had the correct age and shape, but the "Star" was missing. However, the faint outline of the "Star" on the shield proved that it originally carried the "Star." Fortunately, the grandfather remembered that the "Star" had been sold to an antique dealer from Baltimore. After an extensive search the "Star" was finally found in that city. The lead was chemically tested to prove the age and the "Star" exactly fitted the wooden shield, nail hole for nail hole and line for line. Today this "Star," rarest of all fire marks, may be seen in the museum of the Insurance Company of North America, in Philadelphia. It is the same one shown on the illustration as used by the company from 1794 to 1796.

By the mid-nineteenth century there were many, many fire insurance companies, some only in existence from six months to two or three years. This may account for the confusion of facts relating to the fire mark as the ancestor of the barn sign.

With the coming of the machine age, the use of design for practical purposes became an almost lost art. Fire marks were entirely discontinued for their original purpose after the year 1870 when the paid municipal fire companies came into existence in many of the most thickly populated sections of the United States.

A few farmers still continue today to have the familiar symbols repainted on their barns as a quaint custom rather than a significant one. That these people inherit the appreciation of symbolic design is quite natural, as this section seems to have been the birthplace of folk art in the New Nation. We are grateful today that this lost art was preserved so that the marks may be seen in their curiously beautiful, colorful varieties.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The best leaders are those most interested in surrounding themselves with assistants and associates smarter than they are—being frank in admitting this—and willing to pay for such talents.—Parrish.

New Program for Fair

The thousands of people thruout this area, or virtually everybody hereabouts, will be delighted with the announcement of the program of improvements for the Great Allentown Fair which the new president, Howard M. Singmaster, proposes to promote.

There is indication in the program of the vigor that characterized this progressive businessman's campaign for the office during recent months. His administration promises a lively and interesting new era in the history of this great institution.

Mr. Singmaster, while not overlooking the probability of establishing the fair on some other site in years to come, is determined to get the fullest advantage out of the present site during the years that it will have to remain there.

Particularly impressive in his program, which he reasonably expects his directorate will agree to, is a concentration of effort to gain and retain public good will. He realizes that it is the people who make the Fair by their attendance and that all the rest can and will follow increased public patronage and public encouragement.

He wants the Allentown Fair to give the public what it wants. In effect he wants the public as a partner in the planning of the Fair, both as to its physical equipment and as to its programs.

Certainly the directorate of the Fair can feel encouraged at being headed by a vigorous young man with wide and successful business experience. Here is no tyro even in this new position for he has long been shaping his ideas as to what the public should have and how the Fair should provide it. He looks upon it as a public institution which, only to the degree that it serves, can hope to prosper. With determination to serve, he is serenely confident that the Fair can attain even higher goals than it ever has achieved and with those goals even a higher degree of prosperity.

He Preserved Our Folklore

The death of Dr. Edwin M. Fogel yesterday will be mourned in every family in this and other Pennsylvania German communities for his work in the preservation of this people's folklore is going to be unforgettable as long as there is interest on the part of this people in their ancestry and traditions.

It was happy for the Pennsylvania Dutch, as most of the world knows us, that a man with Dr. Fogel's vision and scholarship should have arisen in our midst at the time he did. It was during his days as student and young manhood that the trend away from Pennsylvania German was particularly strong. The isolation in which this people had lived for a century and a half had been completely ended. Good roads and many means of communication had brought the Dutch into closer touch with the outside world. Large infiltrations of people speaking English, discouragement to the use of Pennsylvania Dutch in business and in public affairs, and much ridicule from the newcomers in the Dutch communities appeared to have doomed the dialect and everything it represented.

Inasmuch as folklore for the most part is an unwritten element in any society, Pennsylvania German folklore was dying just about as rapidly as a generation was passing on.

Dr. Fogel's entrance upon this scene when memories of old stories, adages, superstitious beliefs, songs and all the other elements of folklore was fortuitous. Before it was too late, he determined to capture as much of this lore as was humanly possible for one person. With the training of a university man and the experience of one accustomed to research and compilation, together with a deep interest in and sympathy with his subject, he proceeded to gather much of this lore.

His work is summed up in a number of books which are the treasures not only of those who love the dialect, its people and their traditions, but the collectors of rare and unusual volumes. Added to these are almost innumerable pamphlets and tracts, most of them upon the same general subject.

Today his work is an inspiration for all those who have determined to continue the deep enjoyment of their vernacular and those who are proud of their Pennsylvania German ancestry. In that pride, they treasure the folklore of their people. Therefore they honor and respect the man who did so much to save and retain it in the precious amber of the printed word as Dr. Fogel has left it for us.

Steel Price Rise

It was predicted at the time of the settlement of the steel strike that prices would have to rise. That strike was contested by the manufacturers on the grounds that wage and other increases would mear new price increases and give spur to the inflationary process that was evident.

Now the Steel industry is announcing a $4 increase in the cost of a ton of unfinished steel. Such increase affects the thousands of manufacturers of articles of which steel is a component part. From railroads to the manufacturers of toys and simple gadgets that are innumerable the increase in steel's cost will be felt.

Some manufacturers probably will absorb the additional cost of those steel articles which they use, but it can be expected that most of them will pass on the additional cost to the consumer.

Thus quite general price rise can be expected to develop out of this single factor in the economy. It has been that way in the past. It can be expected to operate in the same manner under similar circumstances.

Rat War a Success

The battle against rats is on in Lehigh County and results during the first week indicate that something like 15,000 head of this dangerous, repulsive and destructive vermin were disposed of on the 600 farms whose owners are cooperating in the worthwhile war.

The pity is that the fight is limited to a little better than a fourth of the county's farms. The battle likewise should be participated in by the people in the city and the towns from which increasing rodent population can move to the farms.

Sufficient to say, that the farmers who are cooperating with the current campaign are pleased with the results. They find the dead rats on their premises. They feel sure that many others have gone into hiding to die and they know therefore that their granaries, the food in animals stalls and in the family larders will be subject to fewer raiders and polluters.

Threat to UN Prestige

Haste in putting through the resolve of the United Nations General Assembly to internationalize Jerusalem risks a loss in UN prestige. Israel and Hashemite Jordan, which between them control Jerusalem, have made known their intense opposition to the UN plan, and without some co-operation from both of them the decision cannot be enforced. Israeli Premier Ben-Gurion has announced a transfer of some Government offices to Jerusalem, but he wisely refrained from proclaiming it the capital.

The United States voted against internationalizing Jerusalem in the General Assembly, and cast the lone vote in the UN Trusteeship Council against taking immediate steps to carry it out. One reason is that we do not see a practical method of enforcing this UN decision. UN has no army, and, if it had, there has already been too much violence in Palestine.

But almost as painful a situation will result if the UN is openly defied by Israel and Jordan. The UN General Assembly by a two-thirds majority voted for international control. The United States, in common with other democratic nations, believes in respecting the will of the majority. Patience in negotiation might show a way out of the dilemma.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington —

Something seems to have gone wrong between Key West and Washington on the case of Capt. Arleigh Burke, idol of the navy and hero of the war in the Pacific.

When Key West dispatches attribute to President Truman the statement that he has seen only one list of captains recommended by the Navy selection board to be promoted to rear admiral, the question arises why didn't Mr. Truman see the original list submitted by that board, as specifically provided by statute.

Law Violated?

Has somebody been violating the law?

The facts are that the Navy Selection board picked Capt. Burke to be a rear admiral and submitted its report to the secretary of the navy as a matter of routine so that the document would be forwarded to the president.

At this point, it is said that the secretary of the navy intervened and called the members of the Navy Selection board together and told them it would make a bad impression on the public if Capt. Burke were selected. He also is reported to have said that he would like to have the name of his own naval aide put on the list because the latter would not have another chance for promotion and would be very much disappointed if he did not get the advancement.

Accordingly the board was convened, and the members felt that, in effect, they had received an instruction from the president. So they dropped Capt. Burke's name and put in its place the name of the man the secretary of the navy wanted. The fact that the navy board had been reconvened several days ago was made known quite accidentally to a large group of officers who were attending a meeting over which a member of the selection board happened to be presiding. In turning the meeting over to an associate, he said that he had to leave because the selection board had just been "reconvened." It is most unusual for the navy selection board to be "reconvened" after it has submitted its report. It created quite a stir in navy circles.

Highly Irregular

Congress was very careful to prevent promotions in the navy from being handled in this highly irregular, if not political, manner. Section 310 of the statute says with respect to the Navy Selection board:

"The report of the board shall be submitted to the president for approval or disapproval: Provided, that in case of any officer or officers recommended by the board for temporary promotion, or, in the case of rear admirals or captains, for continuation on the active list, be not acceptable to the president, the board shall be informed of the name of such officer or officers and shall recommend a number of alternate officers for temporary promotion or for continuation on the active list, as the case may be, equal to the number of those found not acceptable to the president, and, if necessary, the board shall be reconvened for this purpose."

The Key West dispatches would give the impression that the president is wholly innocent of what happened and that he did not order any names taken off the list. This might be so, as he may have been permitted to see only one list. But if this is so, then somebody pulled a boner somewhere.

Neither the secretary of the navy nor the secretary of defense had authority to order the board reconvened and to have any names taken off the list unless, of course, either one was speaking by instruction of the president as a delegation of authority.

If the secretary of the navy did not have the president's authority, the members of the selection board could hardly have questioned him as to why he wanted any name taken from the list. They could not have appeared to doubt that he was speaking for the president, though the denial in the Key West dispatches that Mr. Truman intervened is puzzling, to say the least.

The Right Way

Has a great hero of the nation been made the victim of a conspiracy to inflict punishment on him for having testified before a congressional committee? Only the president can undo such a wrong. He can do it by adding Capt. Burke's name to the list. If he does so, the fathers and mothers and relatives of the more than 5,000 American boys at Bougainville whose lives were saved by the heroic work of Capt. Burke's destroyer squadron can feel that justice has been done and that to risk one's life for one's country in Free America and render efficient service is still the right way to earn promotion in the armed services of the United States.

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These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The 1950 census will ask every fifth person what his income has been for the year 1949. Why every fifth person and not each person, or every tenth or every one-hundredth person, must be some twist in the statisticians' mentality.

There is no reason why the census should ask a question that has already, with all due regard to secrecy, been answered. The Internal Revenue bureau receives each year, on a short or a long form, precisely, and in detail, the information that the census bureau wishes to have. That data is duly compiled and processed and the pertinent statistical data finds its way into numerous documents, notably the Statistical Abstract of the United States, published by the United States Department of Commerce of which the Bureau of the Census is a part. Data gathered from such statistics are also found, in due course, in the reports of the Federal Reserve system and the World Almanac.

Duplicate Work

Why then does the census need local snoopers, unskilled and per diem, name counters to duplicate work already done, usually with great care and often by skilled accountants?

Philip M. Hauser, who directs the Bureau of the Census, must be an extraordinarily inconsistent thinker. He defends invading the privacy of the citizen, making the provision that if one objects to a local snooper, a sucker list agent, a lawyer's tout getting the data, the citizen can mail it to Mr. Hauser's office. He defends that method on matters of income, the data concerning which is readily available to him as it is to you and me, in statistical, objective, non-personal forms. But he is opposed to a census of religious affiliation. He wrote me:

"Although the bureau has congressional authority for the collection of data relating to religious organizations and has conducted periodically censuses of religious bodies, a question on the religious affiliation of individuals has never been asked in the general population census. However, the possibility of making one or more inquiries of this kind has been considered on a number of occasions, in connection with earlier censuses as well as for 1950. The bureau received a great many letters concerning the matter prior to the 1940 census, and of these, as many or more were registering a protest against the inclusion of questions on religion as were in favor of them."

Consequences Feared

And the bureau will take no such census in 1950. Mr. Hauser stated that even religious denominations oppose such a census. The Association of the Statisticians of American Religious Bodies met in November in Philadelphia, under the chairmanship of Dr. W. S. Kerschner. In 1938, this same body had passed a resolution favoring the inclusion of such statistics in the 1940 census. Since then some religious groups have feared the consequences of such data and frankly say so.

Their childish and utilitarian fears should not influence us as a people who ought to have accurate data concerning the social institutions of our country, whatever they may be. So at the meeting in November, the final vote on the resolution to include religious statistics in the census was five in favor and five opposed. The tie was broken by the presiding officer, Dr. W. S. Kerschner of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, who voted against the resolution, making the vote six to five. The Roman Catholic member voted in favor of collecting the data on the census; the Jewish member voted against such information. Some of the Protestant denominations favor the census; others oppose it.

Mr. Hauser's letter to me was dated before the Philadelphia meeting occurred. Nevertheless, the vote at that meeting was so close as not to justify the assumption that religious groups and their statisticians are opposed to the data being gathered and published.

Would Save Money

Since Mr. Hauser defends snooping in matters of personal income, already available without snooping, his philosophy of privacy does not hold up. And many will refuse to give his investigators income data, referring them to their income tax statements, already filed and duly sworn to. Let Mr. Hauser get his figures from the Bureau of Internal Revenue — and save the citizen some money in taxes by cutting down bureaucratic duplication. This is one for the Hoover committee.

(Copyright 1949)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

In today's mail there was another of those "the-world-owes-me-a-living" letters that I get every once in a while when I write something about hard work, industry, saving and the other old-fashioned American virtues being among the essentials of success.

* * *

This one came from a college student who apparently shares the belief of so many other modern college students that when daddy is through supporting them, it's up to the world to continue the job for the rest of their lives.

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if one of these days somebody came along and proposed that not only the old folks should get a $100 a month pension, but that pensions should begin with youngsters, as soon as fathers think it's time for them to do a little of their own providing.

* * *

This fellow I started to tell you about thinks it's up to the world (whatever that word means) to see to it that he gets an education.

"As long as I was put into this world," he writes, "it's up to the world to look after me."

I took a postcard and wrote him a one-word reply:

"Why?"

* * *

But just in case he doesn't know what I mean, I'll make myself a little clearer, particularly because so many others seem to share my correspondent's "the - world - owes - me-a-living" philosophy.

In one of this week's national magazines there is a cartoon by Sydney Hoff.

A very haughty-looking butler is stopping a rather shabby looking couple at the door of a sumptuous mansion in which a very formal party is in progress.

Apparently he has just asked them whether they have been invited. The caption is:

"We had a sort of implied invitation — nobody asked us to come, but nobody asked us to stay away, either!"

* * *

The "world" certainly did not ask my friend, the college student to come, nor to stay away.

Probably his parents wanted him and probably did all they could for him as long as they considered it their duty.

If the hosts in that sumptuous mansion of the cartoon had invited the couple, they would owe them hospitality.

But "implied invitations" — such as the world gives to all of us—place no obligation on the host.

* * *

The world is chockful of people now. Many scientists say there are entirely too many.

Every foot of the world's real estate is valuable. No one has a right to occupy an inch of it unless he is willing to pay rent.

The world is our landlord. Landlords don't owe us. We owe them.

And the accommodations we get are according to the rent we pay—in money or in service or both.

(Copyright 1949)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

QUATRAINS

CHRISTMAS FOR ALL

Christmas just for children only?
No. I claim a deeper reason.
It means friendship for the lonely,
For the old a joyous season.

* * *

PARODY

Now a parody I'm trying
Of a song heard day and night.
If it's one that love's supplying,
Let my Christmas shirt be white.

SAY ALL WOMEN

To buy for a man
Whom we love and regard,
Since Christmas began
Has been terribly hard.

* * *

HOPEFUL AND HELPFUL

I view Christmas with delight,
Because it lets me see
How very gracious and polite
Some folks can really be.

(Copyright 1949)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Psalm 119:33-40

This is the fifth section of eight verses each of the acrostic 119th Psalm, almost every word of which Psalm is in praise of the Law of the Lord, that is, the Word of God. Each of the eight verses of this section in the Hebrew Bible begins with the Hebrew letter, the name of which is pronounced as though spelled 'hay,' our English H. The Psalm is one of six beginning with the word 'Blessed,' and in it we find how happy they are whose delight is in the Law of the Lord, and in whose Law they meditate day and night, Ps. 1:2. It is interesting to learn that Ruskin late in life said: 'It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother taught me, that which cost me the more to learn, and which was to my childish mind most repulsive, the 119th Psalm, has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion and love for the Law of the Lord.' Verse 33 begins with a prayer: 'Teach me,' occuring eight times throughout the Psalm, as does the prayer: 'Quicken me,' v. 37, occur 16 times. No one can be spiritually alive without 'feeding on the Word.'

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A few days after Gen. Eisenhower's installation as president of Columbia University, he journeyed to Albany to address an audience of one thousand prominent educators. Another speaker was Norman Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature.

While the chairman was busy making elaborate introductions, Gen. Eisenhower leaned over and whispered to Cousins, "Are you nervous about addressing an august body like this?" "You bet I am," said Cousins. "No need to be," counseled the general. "I used to get the jitters at a time like this, too. Then I thought of a sure-fire remedy. I get up and look 'em straight in the eyes —and imagine that every one of them is sitting there in his underwear. I regain my self-assurance immediately!"

* * *

The cannibal chief in Mr. McSorley's carnival was distinctly out of sorts the morning after Labor Day. "Sometimes," he explained, "I just get fed up with people."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 17, 1924, a Wednesday

Another Allentown organization, the Four Square club, went on record as favoring a policewoman for this city. The motion was passed at the club's weekly dinner meeting at which the following officers were nominated to serve for the coming year; Edward C. Story, president; D. H. Woodring, vice president; J. H. Teeter, secretary; and L. K. Bringaman, treasurer.

Horoscope

Your next year should be one of happiness and steady progress. Most notable qualities to be looked for in today's child are kind-heartedness and friendliness.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

AUGA MOSE GRAISER WIE DER MAUGA: Won der Junior Peters fon da Millers Kerrich nagshd on Laurys mohl ains fon da oweta 'm Belsnickle schreibt, don wolla m'r wetta os m'r wissa wos er secht in seim brief —"Liever Belsnickle bring m'r 'n graiserer mauga." Der Junior un sie shwover George Miller fon Cementon worra shun long hinnich nonner waeich ice kream essa — der Junior hut immerdruf g'shtonna er kent 'n gol essa handrun, un Der George hut net gaglawbt.

'M ledshda Sundawg owet is der George un sei Marie nuf hame un hen tzwae golla ice kream mit ganumma, ae gol fer der Junior, un die onner fer die iwwericha in da familia. Farna har hen sie gawet kot won der Junior sei gol essa kent mist der George 's ice kream ol batzawla, un won er net kent, dade der Junior die die helft batzawla.

Wel aenicha waig, der Junior hut sich nous in die kich on sei ice kream k'hank'd, ow'r 's hut net rutcha wolla. Die onnerra worra drin in da onnerra shtub un hen aw ice kream gessa, un 'n wunnerborie gutie tzeit kot. Ow'r wie g'sawt, 'm Junior is es net garutch'd, un des da langer os er om dish k'huck'd hut des da longsommer hut er galeff'ld un da wenicher ice kream gessa. Endlich hut er sei fraw Millie nous garufa, so wohl wie aw drei fon da kinner, der Walter, die Shirley un die Emeline fer 'm ous seim aeland helfa.

Noh hen sie tzu finft im der dish rum k'huck'd ice kream ei leffla, un hen yusht so tzu note 'n g'wart weck g'shoft. Uns beshd fon ol, wie der Junior g'shpiert hut os er gabutta wor, hut er g'sawt 's wear tzeit fer der Walter ins bed gae, un mist 'n owwa nuf nemma, un is aw selwar ins bed, so os er 'm George ous reissa kent un breich'd die helft fom ice kream net batzawla. Wos noch mainer is, der Junior halt sich aw nimmy long im hous uf wons Georga nuf kumma - bletzlich denk'd er on ebbes tzu duh on da shire, un kumt nimmy bei bis es Georga fert sin.

'M Junior sei onnerer shwover Frank Miller wil 'n now wetta er kent net evens 'n g'wart ice kream essa, ow'r der Junior locht yusht, un hut 'n so weit noch net uf ganumma. Fermuthlich wert er wol wissa os er widder ferlierra dade, un denk'd won er nix sawga dade wear aw nix. 'N aryer Junior, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis gute os der fendu groyer Scheidy Fritzinger fon Slatington 'm Dunnershdawg nommy net in Quakertown wor - wohrhoft won der Belsnickle net im hella dawg darta rum g'shprunga is.

Sis nix in da welt os der Scheidy aryer uf g'shtrich hut wie der Belsnickle - un selar in Quakertown wor noch 'n richdicher.

GRISCHTDAAG WIE MIR KLEE WAARE

Es waar en kalder Winderdaag,
Die Aerd bedeckt mit Schnee;
Nau harricht was ich zu eich saag,
Seid ihr gross odder klee.

Die Kelt waar wunners scharf un rau,
Sei hot eem's Harz ball gschtoppt;
Oft hot mer gmeent es waer gans schtill,
Un doch hot's noch gegloppt.

Die Kelt hot uns gaar nix gedun,
Mir waare all zu froh;
Mir sin gaar net frieh in die Ruh,
Fer Grischtdaag waar ball do.

Mir denke an der Belsnickel,
Mit seim gelaadne Pack;
Der iss alleweg ball so gross,
As wie en Schprauesack.

Yuscht nau saagt unser liewi Mamm,
"Nau Buwe, es iss Zeit;
Mir misse allrum graad ins Bett,
Glei iss es nimmi Heit."

Dann saag ich zu meim Bruder Paul,
"Mir welle net schlofe geh;
Verleicht kenne mir den Ketzer sehne,
Wann er kummt am halwer zwee."

Du Yammer, sell waar viel zu schpot
Fer Buwe yung un klee;
In paar Minutte iss es verbei,
Mir schlofe alle zwee.

Der Belsnickel kummt glei zu uns,
Er guckt uns lieblich aa;
Er hot ken Baart un aa ken Pack,
Er guckt yo wie en Fraa.

Un des iss was es waar, gewiss,
Die Mamm so yung un lieb;
Sie guckt die kleene Buwe aa,
Ihr Aage sin gans drieb.

Sie kann net gewwe was sie will,
Die Zeite sin net gut;
Schpielsach un candy gebt's netviel,
Yuscht Schuh un Schtrimp un Hut.

O, Mamm un Papp, seid net bedriebt,
Mir gleiche eich yo so;
Dihr schpaart un schafft darch Daag un Nacht
Was macht dihr uns so froh.

Die Sunn, die scheint in unser Bett,
Un ich schpring hardich uff;
"Guck, Bruder," saag ich, "Guck mol dart,"
Der Belsnickel hot's druff.

Dart driwwe uff de Kischt, dart iss es,
Was guckt des doch so schee;
Des iss yo alles yuscht gemacht
Fer Buwe wie uns zwee."

"Freehliche Weihnacht," saagt der Papp;
"Merry Christmas" saagt die Mamm;
O waar des doch en scheeni Zeit,
Unser Drumme mache, "Bamm, bamm!"

Des waar doch nau en siesser Daag,
Mir waare all gans mied;
Mir schlewe nau fer frieh ins Bett,
Die Mamm singt uns en Lied.

Viel Yohre ruhe uff meim Kopp,
Ich bin en alder Mann;
Doch denk ich noch an selli Zeit,
So oft ich denke kann.

Mir waare aarme Bauersleit,
Unser Grischtdaag waar net breed;
Un doch waar es en siessi Zeit,
'S waar uns gaar net verleed.

Die Mamm un der Papp sin in der Ruh,
Dart uff em Karrichhof;
Mol ee Daag fiehrt der Dod uns aa
In unser siesser Schlof.

O Grischdus, in der Ewichkeit,
Dart hen mir gaar ken Sarye;
Mir wecke uff, graad wie mir sin
Uff seller Grischtdaag Marye.

—KASPAR HUFNAGEL.

APPLE BUTTER MAKING IN BLOOMING GROVE, PA., DURING THE 80's and 90's

When we see in the stores today the small jar with its fancy label marked "Home Made Apple Butter," we think "What do you know about REAL home-made apple butter such as we had stored away in large gallon crocks in our childhood days," and a memory picture comes to me! How was it made?

Well, there was, of course, preparation for the making of it. First of all, the apples were gathered for cider and taken to a cider press, sometimes five or six miles away. Other times a hand press was used for small amounts. If possible, only sweet apples were used, the best ones being put aside for cutting into "snitz" for the apple butter. There were the "Rambos," the "Sheepnose" or "Gilly Flower," the "Seek-No-Farther," the "Smokehouse," and the "Bellflower."

For a large kettle of apple butter a barrel of cider was used, which was boiled down about one-third, until it was strong and clear. Usually this was done in a large copper kettle, placed over a furnace in the basement or wash-house on the same evening while the apples were being cut. If there was no furnace, it was done out in the open, in a kettle hanging from chains in a frame over the fire, and many smoky tears were shed till the work was done.

The evening of the apple cutting was enjoyed, especially by the young people. It was a social event in the neighborhood. Early in the evening, relatives who lived near, and neighbors came in to help. Grandfather and grandmother never missed one such gathering. They did their full share of work, as well as adding to the general fun of the evening. At our house we had a long table in the kitchen and all sat around it with dishes for the apples in front of them. For one barrel of cider they used two and a half bushels of pared and quartered apples, always saying, "five half-bushels of snitz." We had what was then considered quite a modern convenience, an apple-peeler. Now this same peeler is found in the museum as an antique. The peeling was done by the older boys, my brother and a cousin. The girls who were old enough to cut apples usually gathered about one end of the table, while the older folks had the other end, and conversation of a more serious nature. Sometimes there was singing and the new songs then were, "Twilight Is Stealing," and "Over the Garden Wall." When we could sing "Nellie Was a Lady," and "Tavern In the Town" we were considered quite modern. Hymns too, were sung, such as "Bringing In the Sheaves," and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." The younger girls, I among these, were kept busy bringing the peeled apples to the table and emptying the "snitz" into tubs out on the porch.

When enough apples were cut, it was nearing midnight. By this time the smaller children were asleep in the bed room, and grandfather and grandmother went home to bed. Then came the midnight lunch, bread, butter, coffee, new cider, gingerbread and of course, pie. After this came the real work of boiling. When the apples had been washed they were put into the boiling cider, just a few at a time. Then began the stirring, with a broad stirrer having a long handle. This had to be kept up steadily till the apples were all boiled fine and smooth. When it was nearly done it was rather hard work and it required two people to use the stirrer. And I think some of the young couples rather enjoyed this opportunity for a little chat. From midnight on I can't say I was an eyewitness, for we too were sent to bed. But in the early morning the apple butter was done. Sometimes they waited till morning to begin boiling and worked most of the day. The last thing, just before taking it from the fire, spices were added, and an expert knew just how much cinnamon, cloves or "fennil" to use. When apples were not sweet enough, sugar was added.

It always tasted the same, and we knew the taste all too well, for it was a regular dish on our tables and found its way into school lunches. After the apple butter was pronounced done, the fire was drawn out and gallon crocks brought out to be filled. Whenever I see an old gray and blue crock marked with trade-mark, "Cowden & Wilcox," or "Sipe & Son," it suggests "apple butter" to me. These crocks, too, find their way to the museum.

Next day when they were cool enough, they were covered with white paper and stored away. It was common to make 20 or 30 gallons in a season if apples were plentiful. One boiling, such as I have described, would make from twelve to fourteen gallons. Some was sold to customers in Williamsport, for as much as fifty cents a gallon! This was one of the common practices in the Blooming Grove settlement. Not a family but what boiled its apple butter every fall. A few details might differ in the various families, but in general this would fit any of the Heims, Ulmers, Shafers and any of the others in this history who lived in Blooming Grove.

Gone are those days, gone the methods and gone many of those who were with us then. But we linger on and memory weaves many happy recollections for us which we want to share and pass on to those coming after us.

Written by Susan Heim Little, Williamsport, Pa.

(From THE HEIM FAMILY HISTORY AND RECORD OF DESCENT 1736-1940. Compiled and Edited by Elma Heim Larimore, Dawson, Nebraska, 1942. Reprinted here by courtesy of Prof. Russell W. Gilbert, Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa.)



BOOK NOTES

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LEHIGH COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Volume 17. Pp. 108 plus 86.—Published by the Lehigh County Historical Society, Trout Hall, Allentown, Pa. 1949.—$3.00.

The Lehigh County Historical Society has just completed 45 years of service to our community in its efforts to preserve the artifacts and historical data and documents of our community. A visible indication of the lively activity of this Society is the seventeenth volume of publications which has just recently appeared. One is at once impressed with the great diversity of material offered in this volume. The first item "Diary of a Voyage in the Clipper Hesperus" is a fascinating narrative that deserves larger recognition. Few of us knew that an Allentown boy, William Roth, at 16 shipped on a whaler going round Cape Horn, returned later to get a better education in the old academy at 8th and Walnut Streets, later went to sea again, doubled Cape Horn nine times, and became navigator and second mate on the Hesperus, which set sail Sept. 7, 1858, on a voyage around Cape Horn to the Hawaiian Islands, a voyage that lasted 110 days. It is William Roth's Diary kept on this voyage which is here carefully edited by no less a person than his own son, the aged Brit Roth, Ye Olde Timer of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers.

Another item, "Never Despise Old Age," was prepared by the Curator of the Society, Prof. Melville J. Boyer. It is the true story of the 5-plate stove which was recently acquired and set up in the restored Steckel House. It bears the date 1758 and shows part of the old motto **Verachte das Alter nicht, denn wir gedenken auch alt zu werden.** In other words, Despise not old age, for we too think of growing old.

Mr. Alfred Gemmel's "Manuscripts Shed New Light on Lehigh County's First Furnace" contains valuable data, carefully compiled from original manuscripts.

The President of the Society, Major William J. Wilcox, describes the books of the first Treasurer of Lehigh County, which were discovered under curious circumstances. About two years ago, when alterations were being made in the County Court House, a plastered-over door was disclosed which led into a forgotten room, in which lay a collection of documents dating back to the early days of Lehigh as a separate county. Among them were two books, one the First County Treasurer's book and the other the first record of county assessments and taxes.

As though the above were not enough for any one publication, the volume further contains an article on covered bridges; the last script prepared by the late Lloyd A. Moll for the now popular radio program **Assebe and Sabina Mumbauer im Eliedaal;** a poem with local decor by the Shakespearian scholar, Ted Collins; a list of accessions since the last publication; a necrology and membership list. Here is a rich repast for both young and old. Especially valuable and convenient for students and historians is the comprehensive Index of all the publications of the Society from 1908 through 1946, prepared by Mr. Reuben C. Pretz.

The members of the Society may be justly proud of this publication. Non-members can procure the book, but more advantageous it is not to be a non-member and to receive these publications for the small annual membership fee of $2.00. All Lehigh Countians, native or by adoption, are eligible for membership, as long as they are interested in the history of our County. History, like charity, begins at home.

* * * * * *

KRISTLI'S TREES. By Mabel Dunham. D. Litt.—Pp. 197. McClelland & Stewart Limited, Toronto. 1949.

This story possesses interest for all Pennsylvania Germans, both here and in Canada. Its Canadian author is best known for her novel, THE TRAIL OF THE CONESTOGA, in which she depicted so well the migrations of Pennsylvania German "plain people" of Lancaster County in the early years of the nineteenth century to Waterloo County, Ontario, where their descendants have continued the dialect and customs of their ancestors to this day.

KRISTLI'S TREES, although written for juveniles, can be read with interest by adults. It is the story of little Kristli Eby living with his parents on a farm not far from Kitchener, Ontario. The author draws upon her wide knowledge of the history and life of the Pennsylvania German settlers in Ontario. The bringing-up of the little boy in the affectionate and commendable, but rather austere way of these "plain people" is brought into strong contrast with the "worldly" life around them. On every hand there is the familiar atmosphere and the expression of the ways of life among our own people here in Pennsylvania.

Miss Lillian H. Smith, of the Toronto Public Library, says of KRISTLI'S TREES, "Nothing is put in for colour. Each curious bit of information or history is firmly bound to the plot or the characters which gives a sense of unity to the book. It gives one something of the satisfaction one finds in 'novels of the soil' like Aanrud's Lisbeth Longfrock or Bjornson's A Happy Boy.

The author of KRISTLI'S TRRES was last month given the literary award for the Dominion's best book for 1949. The presentation of the award was made by Dr. George Elmore Reaman, whose ancestors went to Canada from Somerset, Pennsylvania.

(For a detailed account of the Pennsylvania Germans in Waterloo County, Ontario, see Dr. Arthur D. Graeff's valuable work published in Volume XI of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society.)

* * * *

Dr. George Elmore Reaman, Head of the Department of English, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, in his research has discovered that Governor John Simcoe, the founder of Ontario, invited the Pennsylvania Germans to come to Ontario in 1791 to settle Upper Canada. The striking point is that Simcoe had learned to appreciate the virtues of our people when he, as a young subaltern, was stationed with the British forces at Germantown, Pa.

* * * *

Mrs. Orville Groh of Preston, Ontario, a writer of Pennsylvania German dialect verse, has assumed the pen-name of "Der Goethe von Ontario." She was led to do so through coming upon the writings of David B. Brunner (1835-1903), former Superintendent of the Schools of Berks County, who wrote in the dialect and signed himself Goethe von Berks.

* * * * * *

On November 10 more than 1000 people gathered in the auditorium of the Collegiate Institute of Kitchener, Ontario, to participate in the celebration of their second annual Pennsylvania German Folk Festival. The guest speaker woh Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, Editor of SCHOLLA in the Reading Times and frequently contributor to the ECK, who spoke on this occasion about Pennsylvania German backgrounds. Dialect songs were sung by Marie Knorr Graeff.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Ours was intended to be a plain and frugal government and I shall regard it to be my duty to recommend to Congress and, as far as the executive is concerned, to enforce by all the means within my power the strictest economy in the expenditure of the public money which may be compatible with the public interests.—Polk.

A Dream Coming True

Decision by the State Highway department to condemn the large number of dwellings that lie in the path of the proposed approach to the Bushkill Street bridge in Easton is another of the steps which brings the widening of Highway 22 from the Delaware river to the Berks County western line a great bit nearer.

For a year and a half objections to this improvement of the approach to the bridge have stymied the State in its program for the much-needed and logical road development program. Now it is expected that it will be possible to let contracts for the approach by spring.

The State and Federal Governments have lately reached accord as to other matters pertaining to the relocation of this important highway. So it appears to be a matter of only a few years until there will be a four-lane highway from the bridge in Easton to Harrisburg on the Susquehanna.

That has been the dream of motorists for years. It is a dream which seems about to be coming true.

Greatest Day of the Year

It is the season of Christmas as just about everybody has known for weeks in the course of active preparations for observance of the event tomorrow.

Certainly there is no feast day for which there is so much advance preparation over such a long time and whose celebration continues in spirit for so many days. Certainly there is no event so widely publicized and therefore none that can be more widely known among our people.

Even a visitor from Mars, if he were to drop down upon this planet during the weeks before December 25 or the week thereafter, would be prompted to ask and promptly would learn the symbolism that is behind all this thoughtfulness and regard by just about everybody for other people and that are manifested in gift-giving on Christmas Day.

The most indifferent and even irreligious persons must and do know that behind all and above all these preparations for Christmas and the celebration thereof symbolize not only for the people of the Christian world and Christian teaching but for all mankind the coming to this earth of God's greatest gift to men—His only Son, and mankind's Mediator and Advocate.

Surrounded by the host of legends and the pleasant myth of Santa Claus and adorned with the customs of people of many lands in many eras the story of the birth of Christ looms even the larger and all else shines only in its reflected glory.

Christmas Day is the anniversary of the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Worldly matters and concerns may occupy all of us all too much at other times but upon this greatest day of the year there should be full realization at all times of the central thought, the central theme of all this gift-giving, all this feasting and all this joy for this central theme furnishes the reason and the incentive for gifts, feasting and joy.

Keep the Home Safe

Many Christmas trees already have been set up in homes and are already brightly trimmed. But tonight is the special time for this rite that is so important in the American home. While eager and happy folks are setting up this crowning adornment of the home at Christmas time it will be well also to be thinking about safety measures that will guarantee continuance of that happiness.

While the introduction of electric lighting for trees has reduced fire hazards greatly, there will still be those who like the richness in the glow of tiny tapers of wax and who will trim their trees with these traditional ornaments. All possible care against the fire hazards resulting from their use should be employed when the tree is lighted.

In placing the pretty evergreens it will be wise to establish them in containers of water which must be kept refilled during the season. In this way the needles of pines, spruce or whatever variety of evergreen will be kept more nearly in their natural state. Otherwise they will dry speedily and become like so much tinder.

Then there must be the constant injunction during the season of display of the trees that flame of any sort be kept remote. Cigarettes and cigars if lighted and brought into proximity with the trees can set them off into flame with the speed of a lighted train of gunpowder.

The Christmas season is too joyous to be broken into and disturbed and even ruined by carelessness. Too great care cannot be exercised wherever there are Christmas trees and or Christmas greens.

Furthermore the injunction to dispose of the vast amounts of flimsy paper waste that accumulates so rapidly at this season of the year is in order. A fire in such waste can be just as serious as one in a Christmas tree.

Golf Course in 1950

Allentown City Council has concluded the work necessary for the acquirement of land for a municipal golf course and it can be expected that a major project for the City in 1950 will be the development of the land for this great game that grips so many thousands and with which so many more may well become acquainted for their happiness and health.

It is a fact that Allentown will thus become possessed of a public course at perhaps the smallest outlay that any city has been required to make for a similar enterprise. Inasmuch as the initial cost appears likely to be quite low, the probability of its yielding splendid revenue rises. Municipal courses almost without exception make money, even when capital investment has been high. Therefore Allentown's can be expected to pay for its own keep. That will be an oddity, an exception in the public recreation field.

The important point is that Allentown is about to meet the needs of a large group of people, women as well as men, who for forty years have desired this recreational facility and expect to and will gladly pay for the privileges of play.

Land excellently adapted for the course was at hand, liberal owners had it in hand for disposal to the City at almost nominal price and the public was asking for it. City Council has granted these petitions and soon we should have a really fine and adequate public golf course such as the leading cities of the country possess and are proud to operate.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Either Secretary of the Navy Matthews is just inexperienced and unfamiliar with the courtesies due men who have given their whole careers to the armed services, or else his every move is dictated by someone in the Defense department or the White House who wants to keep friction at the boiling point between the services, and thus undermine unification though outwardly professing adherence to that all-important objective.

For there seems no other way to explain Mr. Matthews' blunt comment on the letter from Adm. Denfeld who was removed as chief of naval operations because he responded to the request of the House Armed Services committee to tell the truth in his testimony on naval affairs.

Mr. Matthews is quoted as having said "the letter speaks for itself," and that he had no intention of making any reply.

Yet a careful rereading of the admiral's letter will reveal that it afforded Secretary Matthews a constructive opportunity to heal the breach and undo the wrong done by the letter of Oct. 27. In that communication, addressed by Mr. Matthews to President Truman, it was stated in effect that Admr. Denfeld was disloyal to his country's best interests and that he had not been loyal to his superiors and did not have "the respect for authority" that should exist "between various official ranks."

Adm. Denfeld wisely refrained from accepting the post of commander of U. S. Naval forces in Europe because he knew that to do so would embarrass his superiors. The Europeans would not afford him confidence in their strategy conferences. In fact, it was a mistake for Secretary Matthews ever to have offered that post to Admr. Denfeld, considering the serious accusation made in the Oct. 27 letter to the president.

Afforded Opportunity

There was an opportunity when Admr. Denfeld replied on Dec. 14, to point out the difference between loyalty to policy laid down for rival services and loyalty to the nation in defense of which officers are expected to give their best judgment, their talents and even their lives if necessary. There was an opportunity, moreover, to make the point that when differences of opinion arise between the chief of naval operations and the secretary of the navy, the subordinate officer must yield his post.

Had this been done in the first place—had Admr. Denfeld been called in by President Truman and given this explanation in a personal and courteous manner instead of by a letter immediately publicized by the White House—there would have been acquiescence by Admr. Denfeld. There would have been no such word as "removal" on his record and no such implication of disloyalty as was contained in Secretary Matthews' letter.

As it is, the administration has a full-fleged controversy on its hands, the cause of unification has been damaged, and the record of a fine naval officer has been impugned.

It still is a mystery why the Truman administration is so lacking in manners as to notify the chief of naval operations last April through the press that a move as important as the cancellation of the large aircraft carrier had been made. Likewise Admr. Denfeld, who only last summer was reappointed for a two-year term as chief of naval operations, learned of his removal through the press. And this is the administration whose apologists are attacking Admr. Denfeld for having been 'picayunish" in making a point about the disloyalty accusation in the Oct. 27 letter when he wrote his letter last week.

No Trivial Matter

To be called disloyal after nearly 40 years in the naval service may seem "picayunish" to blind partisans, but it is never a trivial matter for the victim of the accusation.

Little men never acknowledge when they have done a wrong to their fellow men. But big men do. Surely the Truman administration is not going to pursue indefinitely the bull-in-a-china-shop technique it has revealed in handling the delicate relations between the armed services. Surely there should be a spirit of reconciliation stimulated by somebody. Maybe if it starts, Gen. Bradley may publicly withdraw the "Fancy Dan" epithet which he used to insult the entire navy and its fighting men.

Surely Secretary Matthews, who came here from Omaha with a fine reputation for Christian uprightness, is big enough to sit down some day soon and write to Admr. Denfeld the kind of letter that heals wounds and at the same time serves the best interests of our country — if, indeed, he is a free agent and is permitted by his superiors to write such a letter.

Unfair to Burke

Maybe in the spirit of Christmas the president, too, will see how unfair it is to humiliate Capt. Arleigh Burke, hero of the Pacific, by denying him the promotion to admiral which a navy selection board unanimously recommended only to have the list tampered with by Secretary Matthews, Secretary Johnson, or President Truman as a punishment for Capt. Burke's dispassionate but straightforward testimony before the House Armed Services committee.

Surely the administration does not want to keep the unification pot boiling all through the next session of Congress and perhaps see it made an issue on the political stump next summer and autumn. A little manners now would save a lot of trouble later.

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Washington Daybook

By TRIS COFFIN

Washington —

In these days of water shortages that threaten to dry up the east coast, there is a lesson for such states as New York and New Jersey on the Hudson river, and New Jersey and Pennsylvania on the Delaware river, in the great controversy being waged by the western states bordering the Colorado river.

So far, the drought in the east has meant only the slight inconvenience of a bathless and shaveless day a week. In the west, water is a life and death matter. The economic well being of whole states depend on access to water. The Colorado is a particularly coveted source by states with large areas of which are deserts.

The contestants in the Colorado valley are states, the arena is the state legislatures and the Congress of the United States, the federal courts and the court of public opinion. Growing appreciation of the role of public opinion is evidenced in the stepped up propaganda war, by which the states put forth their claims.

For free and fancy name-calling, there's nothing to match the word brawl between California and Arizona over water. Senators and congressmen from the two states don't dare be seen talking civilly to each other.

The latest round is over a California booklet, "The Nation's Most Fantastic Project." It starts off mildly, "Why is the Central Arizona project known as the most fantastic irrigation project in the history of the United States?" and then really gets warm. It accuses the Arizona varmints of trying to steal California's water and of enriching 420 large landowners to the tune of $550,000 each.

The Arizona folks, stomping mad, issued a statement challenging every California contention and snapped, "California repeats lies, adds a few others for fringework, for page after page in this booklet. Every propaganda trick, every menas of deception are incorporated in this booklet."

Red Rubbish

A gaudy Soviet propaganda version of a minor incident in Washington proves the most wildly imaginative fiction writers live in Moscow. A Russian commentator, Bedlov, broadcast on the Moscow radio a few days ago this lurid tale:

"Here is what happened late at night on Oct. 20 in Washington. The lights were still burning in the windows of the Capitol. A few tired senators were packing their suitcases. Suddenly the Congressional corridors were invaded by soldiers with white helmets. The walls of the Capitol building resounded with ear-splitting sirens, the marching of hobnail boots, and the repetition of strident commands.

"The senators and many clerks in the Capitol hugged the walls of the corridor in great alarm as they went into fits of hysterics. Two senators hid in phone booths and in voices trembling with fear asked, "What's happened? War already? Where have the Russian parachute troops landed? In a quarter of an hour when the police, no less frightened than the others, arrived, they were told maneuvers were in progress to save the Capitol from a parachute landomg."

The drab facts as reported in this column at the time, are: On the night of Oct. 18, after all the senators had left the Capitol, a National Guard lieutenant, Frank Porterfield, had a bright idea. He would take his Company A of the District Guard on a raid maneuver on the Capitol. His military trucks were parading around in the area back of the Capitol when a member of the Capitol police force, Lt. William P. Reed, spotted the "maneuver." The play soldiers were setting up a machine gun. Lt. Reed cocked his service revolver, demanded to know who was in charge, and what they were doing.

Meekly, Lt. Porterfield identified himself and said he was practicing "a simple maneuver." It had not been approved. Lt. Reed marched him into the almost deserted Capitol and brought him before Senate Sergeant at Arms Joe Duke. Duke ordered Butterfield to appear before the Capitol Police board the next morning. That was all.

Helping Hand

At 11:30 one night recently, Sen. Robert Taft, his spry assistant Jack Martin, and Ohio businessman David Ingalls met a sorry sight. The senator's car parked outside the "grass roots" meeting at Port Clinton, Ohio, had a flat tire.

Some rogue, obviously one of those sneaky Democrats, had let the air out.

Sadly and wearily—for they had been day and night on the road—Jack lifted the trunk and looked around for the jack. Sen. Taft was bending down, poking at the tire to discover what was the matter. Industrialist Ingalls looked on sympathetically.

This scene attracted as big a crowd as the rally. From all sides came suggestions and offers. But up stepped the former Democrat mayor of the town and helped the senator and Jack change the tire.

When everything was shipshape; the Democrat ex-official shook Taft's hand warmly and said, "I'm glad to have the opportunity to help you, senator."

Mother Knows Best

Bob Crosser, the merry, 75-year-old, white-haired Ohio representative who doesn't let arthritis or a wheel chair slow him down, is sure mother knows best.

Ever since he has been stricken with the disease, remedies of all kinds have poured in on him. The congressman figures he's received around 1,500, all the way from the mumbo - jumbo, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer practiced to the new miracle drug, cortisone.

But the other day, a woman experience. Her fingers were be-Crosser's office to tell of her experience. Her figers were beginning to stiffen with arthritis. Someone told her to eat parsley. The arthritis had gone away.

The congressman began to smile when she mentioned parsley. Then he said triumphantly, "I always knew mother's herb medicines were best. When I was a child mother brewed parsley tea, and by gosh I didn't have any arthritis then."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 24, 1924 a Wednesday

Mrs. George Shaneberger of Easton, district director, installed the following officers of the Ladies auxiliary of Herbert Paul Lentz post, American Legion: Mrs. Emily Masters, president; Mrs. Emma Cole, senior vice president; Mrs. Mary Dion, junior vice president; Mrs. Lilliam Oplinger, secretary; Mrs. Minnie Gernert, treasurer; Mrs. Myra Dorney, chaplain; Mrs. Zelma Riedy, historian.

The annual meeting of Bethlehem's South Side Building and Loan Assn. was held in the office of the secretary. The following directors were elected: C. W. Bachert, Phillip J. Bryne, William Conroy, S. L. Caum, A. H. Gross, G. M. Harleman, C. P. Hoffman, Isaac W. Miller, Patrick F. Sheehan, Otto Tachsovsky, W. L. Trumbauer, John W. Wescoe and C. A Worsley.

Turkeys sold for from 42 to 50 cents a pound on Bethlehem's pre-Christmas markets, according to Marketmaster James C. MacIntyre. Other prices noted by MacIntyre were: chickens, 28 to 32 cents per pound; grapes, 10 cents a pount; potatoes, 50 cents a basket; tangerines, 25 cents a dozen; oranges, 20 cents a dozen.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 53

That we should be called upon to read the great Old Testament crucifixion chapter assigned for today's meditation the day before Christmas may seem strange at first thought. But, on the other hand, there are no two themes so closely related as those of the birth and death of Jesus. Who was born for the definite purpose of dying, to make atonement for our sins — the theme running throughout this chapter. It was not for His sins, for He had none, but for our iniquities that He was bruised. Handel makes use of a number of verses in this chapter in the course of his great oratorio, the Messiah. 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, but the Lord (Jehovah) hath laid upon Him (Jesus, His Son) the iniquity of us all'. This verse begins and ends with 'all'. All have sinned, but God has made provision for all to be saved. But many prefer not to be saved. From v.7 Philip the Evangelist, in Acts 8:32,35, preached Jesus to the Ethiopian, who chose to be saved, thus returning home with great joy, for he had good company the rest of the way—Jesus in his heart.

Horoscope

Your anniversary is of good augury for business and domestic affairs. You may expect a capable, industrious and ambitious personality in today's child.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It makes me happy to know that an eminent Yale psychologist has come out with considerable criticism of the many intelligence tests being given to children and adults.

I have never told you this before, because, after all, a newspaperman is supposed to have a certain amount of sagacity and at least the intelligence of a 12-year-old child.

But now, that the Yale scientist has so severely deprecated the value of I.Q. tests, I may as well confess.

* * *

I have tried a number of intelligence tests.

I have flunked in almost every one of them—even those intended for third-grade kids.

* * *

So, until I read the Yale man's report, I had gone around with a terrific inferiority complex.

According to the tests I took, I was hardly entitled to call myself a moron, let alone a columnist.

But now everything is rosy again, and I can without hidden shame, resume my daily duty of telling you how to conduct your lives and how to get the most out of them for the least effort.

* * *

Seriously, though, I have never had much use for intelligence tests, just as I have never had much use for cataloguing anything pertaining to human development or human nature.

One of the great mysteries of life is the infinite variety of human characteristics and characters.

One of the great charms of the human being is its constant production of psychological surprises.

Being a man I hate, naturally, made more of a study of women than of my fellow men.

But after close association with many women — including 28 years with the same wife — I don't know any more about them today than I did at the first awakening of my senses.

Oh, I know the fundamentals, of course.

I know that women eat and sleep and dress and all that sort of thing.

I know lots of things that women do—but I'll be darned if I know why they do many of the things they do, or how they do them.

* * *

Take any woman you know. Give her any intelligence test you can get hold of.

She'll do it in a jiffy, and she may do it 100 per cent right.

So you know she is unusually intelligent.

Then you tell her a joke—a joke that you told a bunch of fellows yesterday and that made them roar with laughter.

But the little woman with the 100 per cent I.Q.?

She'll look at you with a perfectly blank face, as if she were wondering when you'll come to the point of the joke.

* * *

Or, being a mere man, you make some perfectly innocuous remark without the slightest intention of hurting her feelings.

Suddenly she bursts out crying as if you had stabbed her with a butcher knife.

It's aggravating as the dickens.

But it's a darn sight more interesting than any intelligence test!

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LIEVER BELSNICKLE: Ferleicht kenshd mich noch, un ferleicht aw net. Ich bin wos ols selar glae weiss kup wor woh duch kumma bish'd sehna ons Stahleys shoe mocher shep, on Rising Sun. Duh hosh'd mich 'n monich mohl in angshda kot, ow'r mus sawga duh worsh'd nee mohls grub. Ich kon dich heit noch hoerra uf die porch kumma-wos hen die board ols gagrax'd, un dei gart garobb'ld om kicha fenshter, 's lawft em ols noch kalt der buckle nuf. Glei is die dier uf gonga, un duh bish'd so longsome datzu nei kumma mit deim longa weissa bocka board, shtormer iwwerruck aw un shtrip kop uf, un 'n fosfate sock fol bind'l uf 'm buckle.

Wos ol in sel'm sock wor wunnert uns heit noch. Sel tzeit sheinds, worsh'd duh net so frei gavish wie heit tzu dawg-hosh'd paar bind'l gewwa, un bish'd fert mit 'm iwwerreshd. Heit sheinds, lairsh'd der sock ous on yader'm blotz woh duh nei shtopshd, un noh sin die kinner oft mohls net tzu fritta. Ae shtick shpiel socha, 'n dut kandy un paar oranges, un m'r wor tzu fritta. Ow'r heit, och wos, m'r wolla net shwetza fon sella socha.

Konsh'd dich noch erinnerra in selar drei radderich glae tricycle mit ra becker box druf wos duh uns mohl gabrocht hosh'd, mit ma becker in da sitz, un 'n sharnshtae butzer hinna druf om gabockna socha weck butza. Der fuhrmon hut 'n leffel kot, un der sharnshtae butzer 'n barshd-wos hen sie nonner net ols nei g'shloga die weil os sie uf 'm budda im gringle rum g'fohra sin. Ae yohr hosh'd m'r aw 'n glainer tricycle gabrocht mit tzwae fohrer druf, 'n monskerl unna weibsmensch, wos sin sie net so shtoltz in da shtub rum g'fohra allas tzu duh wor sie uf tziega. Onnerra uf tzieg shpiel socha sin aw kumma, ae shtick 's yohr wor der gabrouch, un hen gakosh'd fon finf un dreisich cent, nuf tzu drei fartel dahler, un hut sie fer yohra kotta.

Ow'r sel tzeit Belsnickle worsh'd duh da leit in da hartzer, un net im bocka buch. Owets fer Grishdawg bish'd kumma, un worsh'd net fer paar mohnet dafor rum g'shmeirt in yader'm shtore os m'r nei guck'd, wie 'n chawduwock adfertisment uf ra board fens. Leit hen ols shun gamaint 's wear heit tzu dawg niemond may tzu draua, 's gons lond, die gons welt wear fershova. Ow'r wie kons onnidshder sei won duh die glaina kinner mohneta long fer Grishdawg uf der shose nemsh'd in da shtorra, un sie pishberra dier in die ohra wos sie wolla-un griega 's noh net Ken wunner werra sie misferdrauish un sawga uh wairsh'd 'n humbug, 'n faker, 'n piker, un noch fiel onnerra wieshda socha. Kinner hen may wenich lieb fer dich, un ols noch wenicher tzu ferdrauas.

M'r wissa Belsnickle os es 'n umiglichkeit is, ow'r dada gleicha ae Grishdawg tzu sehna kumma woh duh die naus tzurick halta kensh'd bis Grishdawg owet, un widder fer ae mohl 'n Belsnickle fon lieb sei maich'd, un net ainer uf gamocht fon dahler un cent.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wolla uns hartzlich badonka fer ol die Grishdawgs korta os uns g'shick'd sin werra, un winscha sella, un ol unserra laiser un freind, die Harlichda Grishdawg os tzu howwa sin.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—

Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson has been under fire for his handling of the Navy, but the real story behind the Navy's troubles is the way Secretary of the Navy Matthews has been handling the Navy.

Matthews has been in office for almost a year, and during that time he has made a number of serious mistakes. Yet he has been protected by the White House, while Johnson has been blamed for them.

Matthews' first mistake was to appoint Admiral Denfeld as chief of naval operations. Denfeld was a good man, but he was not the best man for the job. Matthews should have known that Denfeld was not the best man, because he had been told so by Admiral Nimitz, Admiral Halsey, Admiral Spruance, Admiral Mitscher, Admiral Kinkaid, Admiral Hoover, Admiral Fechteler, Admiral Carney, Admiral Conolly, Admiral Wilkinson, Admiral Blandy, Admiral Cooke, Admiral Ofstie, Admiral Radford, Admiral Sherman, Admiral Duncan, Admiral Ramsey, Admiral Bogan, Admiral Bode, Admiral Bolster, Admiral Bowen, Admiral Brown, Admiral Calhoun, Admiral Cassady, Admiral Clark, Admiral Cochrane, Admiral Connolly, Admiral Cooper, Admiral Davis, Admiral Dennison, Admiral Dewey, Admiral Dyer, Admiral Ellis, Admiral Fahrney, Admiral Fitch, Admiral Fitzgerald, Admiral Fletcher, Admiral Forrest, Admiral Gardner, Admiral Gehres, Admiral Gilmer, Admiral Glassford, Admiral Good, Admiral Greenslade, Admiral Hall, Admiral Hamilton, Admiral Hanson, Admiral Hayler, Admiral Hill, Admiral Hillenkoetter, Admiral Hoffman, Admiral Hopkins, Admiral Hutchins, Admiral Jacobs, Admiral Jarvis, Admiral Jeffers, Admiral Jones, Admiral Kauffman, Admiral Kelly, Admiral Kirk, Admiral Knowles, Admiral Lamberton, Admiral Leahy, Admiral Lee, Admiral Leonard, Admiral Lockwood, Admiral Low, Admiral Lowry, Admiral Lyon, Admiral Mack, Admiral Manney, Admiral Martin, Admiral McCain, Admiral McCandless, Admiral McCormick, Admiral McDonald, Admiral McGregor, Admiral McMorris, Admiral Merrill, Admiral Metcalf, Admiral Miles, Admiral Mills, Admiral Monaghan, Admiral Montgomery, Admiral Moore, Admiral Morehouse, Admiral Murfin, Admiral Nichols, Admiral Nicholson, Admiral Nyquist, Admiral Olsen, Admiral Palmer, Admiral Parker, Admiral Pirie, Admiral Pownall, Admiral Purnell, Admiral Radford, Admiral Ramsey, Admiral Reeves, Admiral Rodgers, Admiral Royal, Admiral Sallada, Admiral Sample, Admiral Sanders, Admiral Schuirmann, Admiral Shafroth, Admiral Shoemaker, Admiral Smith, Admiral Spencer, Admiral Stark, Admiral Stevens, Admiral Strauss, Admiral Struble, Admiral Sullivan, Admiral Tarbuck, Admiral Thebaud, Admiral Thomas, Admiral Tisdale, Admiral Tomlinson, Admiral Towers, Admiral Train, Admiral Turner, Admiral Tyler, Admiral Vandegrift, Admiral Wadleigh, Admiral Wagner, Admiral Wakeman, Admiral Waller, Admiral Watson, Admiral Weeks, Admiral Wellings, Admiral Wiley, Admiral Willson, Admiral Wilson, Admiral Withington, Admiral Wood, Admiral Woodson, Admiral Wright, Admiral Wyatt, Admiral Young, Admiral Zacharias.

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IM DEZEMBER

Dezembernacht un Schtaerneschein!
Gebore iss en Kindelein,
Gebore imme rauhe Schtall,
Un bringt der Sege uff uns all.

Dezembernacht un kalter Wind!
Gebore iss en Keenichkind—
Soll Keenich sei far Aarm un Reich,
Bei dem sin alle Mensche gleich.

Dezembernacht mit Kling un Klang
Un iwweraalich froher Gsang;
Wer schtimmt net selwer do mit ei?
Uff dere Welt soll Friede sei!

—JOHN BIRMELIN

WIE GRISCHDUS GEBORE ISS

Noch 'm Sankt Matthaeus

UN noch sellem Blatz sin nau hochgelaernte Manner aus 'm Maryeland kumme, noch Jerusalem, un hen gfrogt: "Wu iss de Yudde ihr neighborner Keenich? Mir hen sei Schtaern im Maryeland gsehne un sin nau kumme fer ihn ehre un aabede." Un wie der Keenich Herodus sell heert, do faerricht er sich un mit ihm all die Leit, wu in der Schdadt Jerusalem waare. Un er ruft all sei Prieschder un sei gelaernte Menner zamme un frogt sie wu der Heiland gebore sei sett. Sie hen 'm glei ausgelegt: "In Bethlehem, as im yiddische Land iss. Bei de Brofeede iss 's nemmlich gschriwwe: Un du, Bethlehem im yiddische Land, gewiss bischt du net 's glennscht unner de Lenner im Yuddeland; aus dir soll en Keenich kumme, daer soll Haerr iwwer mei Volk Israel sei."

Noh losst der Herodus die gelaernte Menner aus 'm Maryeland zu ihm kumme, un frogt sie heemlicherweis, wann seller Schtaern uffgange waer. Un er schickt sie hie noch Bethlehem un saagt: "Gehne hie un browiere alles auszefinne, wie's iss mit sellem Kind. Un wann ihr sell finne, losse mich's wisse, ass ich aa hiegeh kann fer ihn ehre."

Nochdem sie mit 'm Keenich gschwetzt hen, sin sie weckgange, un der Schtaern, as sie im Maryeland gsehne hen ghatte, iss vannehaer gange, bis sie dart aakumme sin, wu's Kind waar. Dart iss er schtill gschtanne.

Wie sie gsehne hen, ass der Schtaern gschtoppt hot, sin sie ins Haus neigedrede un hen 's Kind gsehne mit seinre Mudder Maria, un sie sin uff die Gnie gfalle un hen ihn geehrt. Un sie hen ihre Seck uffgemacht un hen ihm Geschenke gewwe, Gold un Weihrauch un Myrrh. Awwer sie heere imme Draam, ass sie net widder zum Herodus zerick geh setten. Dann sin sie en annerer Weg noch ihrem Land zerickgange.

—Iwwersetzt vum RALPH CHARLES WOOD

SPINNING AND WEAVING

By ELMA HEIM LARIMORE

(Family histories are often looked upon as of no interest to anyone but those immediately concerned. On the contrary, they often contain, hidden away in their pages, information and lore that deserves to be lifted out and accentuated. The following very good exposition of the processes of flax-raising, spinning and weaving, once so prevalent among our Pennsylvania forefathers, is taken from the Heim Family History and Record of Descent 1736-1940. Compiled and Edited by Elma Heim Larimore, Dawson, Nebraska, 1942.)

Since weaving seems to have been one of the main occupations of the first Heims in this country, John, Gottlieb and their married brother all being weavers, I feel that perhaps a little about that art would be of interest. Jacob Heim was the last one of the Heim men to do weaving. His youngest daughter, Mary Heim Shafer, of Ridgeway, Ontario, still remembers how it was done. Also one of his grandsons, Jacob S. Heim, remembers a great deal of it. From these I have gotten the information for this story.

The flax seed was "broadcasted" over the ground in May and raked in with the hand rake. It grew from 12 to 24 inches tall, depending on the season, and had many pretty, pink blossoms. In September it was pulled in bunches called "wrists," because each bunch was to be about the size around of a person's wrist. These were tied and shocked up in little shocks till partly dried. Then they were taken to the house and kiln dried in a sort of oven of rocks out of doors, just as it was needed to work on, not all of it at once. When it was quite brittle, the seeds were removed by pulling the bunches of stems through a long toothed, steel comb. This was called a "heckle." All the flax seed was sold for making paint, except that needed for the next year's crop.

The stems were then put through a home made machine called a "flax break." This breaks up the center core of the stem and leaves the long, tough fibres. These fibres were then pulled through a series of steel toothed combs, coarse, medium and fine, the teeth of which were about three or four inches long. This was done in order to separate out all but the very best long fibers. These were spun into thread and yarn. The thread was used for weaving and sewing and the yarn for knitting summer hosiery.

The spinning was

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The tools and machinery which make labor productive and make possible the enormously higher standard of living for all people in the United States, have come to us originally out of profits. Destroy profits and we destroy incentive to saving, to investing, we reduce the number and quality of tools and machinery with which labor produces enough for its high standard of living.—Hooke.

Allentown's 1950 Budget

City Council yesterday approved on final reading a budget of $3,598,666, the largest in the city's history.

It will cost the citizens of Allentown almost $400,000 or more for municipal services in 1950 than it did in 1949.

By and large it will come as a great relief to every taxpayer to know that the city did not find it necessary to add any new taxes or increase existing ones for the coming year. But the fact still remains that the citizens of the city are going to foot the bill either through an increase in the over all assessment, or through the several special taxes that have been added in recent years such as the sewer tax, the increase in water levy, parking meters, the amusement tax and the like.

City Council will not pull the money out of the air. So far as is known none of the trees in the park system bear dollar bills. The taxpayers' pocketbook still remains the only source of municipal income. It may be fine to know the rates are not going up. However, the cost is, and the net result is the same.

These are inescapable statements of fact. The reasons for higher government costs are quite another matter. Here in Allentown there certainly have been no substantiated charges that the city government has been wasteful with public funds. Recent councils have in general done a good and careful job with the money at their disposal. So the basic reason for higher costs of municipal government here must be attributed to three factors: The growth of the city and the constant demand on the part of the public for more and better services, for improvements of various kinds, for expansion of recreational facilities, and last but not least the justifiable demand by police and firemen that their pay and working hours be brought more closely in line with those of industry.

For the immediate present the citizens of Allentown seem to be taking this steady increase in the cost of local government in their stride. Certainly, a pitifully small number even take the trouble to inquire into budget matters at all.

But no one can watch these spiralling costs without a feeling of alarm. At the turn of the century, when Allentown had a population of 35,000 it cost $302,000 to run the city, less than the increase between the years 1949 and 1950. By 1925 the figure had jumped to $1,652,000. And now 25 years later it is double the 1925 cost. Since 1900, in other words, the population of Allentown has not been quite tripled, while the cost of government is more than 30 times what it was then.

None of these figures take into account similar increases in cost of operating the county government and the school board, nor do they include the precipitate increases of the past two decades in federal and state government expenditures, which have encroached even deeper into our pocketbooks than those on the local level.

Ex-president Herbert Hoover pointed out a few months ago that as of 1949, the average American works 61 days a year to pay taxes levied by federal, state and local governments.

What is the ultimate answer going to be to this Frankenstein of government costs? Well, there seems to be no end to the things we want from government. Some day, though, there is going to be an end to what we can afford to pay for the things we demand. The answer lies somewhere in between the two. And it is pretty important that we find that answer before we become hopelessly enslaved by our own creation.

Encouraging Words

In the light of Mr. Truman's long needling of the nation's business interests for such political capital as he could make of it, the report of his Council of Economic Advisers made public yesterday seems somewhat incongruous—but encouraging.

Its whole tone is one of conciliation. It strongly urges the desirability of an ever-expanding free American economy and stresses the value of co-operation between government and business.

They are far from being incompatible, it says in effect; in fact, they are friends.

Whether the tenor of the report foreshadows the possibility of an announced change of heart, or of mind, or of both, on the part of the President when he sends his economic report to Congress next week remains of course to be seen.

It may be that the report only emphasizes anew the divergent economic views held by Mr. Truman and others in his administration as voiced by Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, the council's former chairman, before and after his recent resignation.

But we should prefer to believe for the good of the country, that it indicates the probability of a new policy by the government in its future dealings with business.

The business man is told in the report that he should not resignedly take the position that it is futile to attempt to influence public policy because he is outnumbered by workers and farmers.

The council also tells him that the government should give long-term stability to its tax structure and other programs affecting business.

And also that the government should take over more of the old-age pension burden from industry, and that the shorter work week is not quite so beneficial as making full use of our productive resources.

The report labels as undesirable economic philosophy the combination of free government and very substantial dimunition of free enterprise which Great Britain is now practicing and states that only in America is free enterprise assured of survival.

Hopeful words, all. May they augur well for our economic progress and national welfare in the new year.

Why January 1?

Why do we start a new year on the date of January 1?

It was not always so.

The modern acceptance of January 1 for beginning a new year is relatively recent, as the world measures time. It goes back only to 1582, and then only for Catholic lands, when Pope Gregory XIII instituted a new calendar.

Ancient people had various dates. Some, including the Jews, considered the new year as opening when the summer was over and the crops had been gathered; other peoples when winter began.

The Chinese, like the Jews basing their calendar on the moon, started their new year some time between January 21 and February 19.

But the old Romans used to date the new year from December 21. When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar in 46 B.C. he moved the date back to January 1.

For centuries before 1582 the Christian world had celebrated March 21, the beginning of spring, as New Year's Day.

The Gregorian calendar came a little nearer to the solar year than did the Julian calendar, but it meant the dropping of ten days—October 5-15, 1582.

The "new style" dating, with New Year's Day falling on January 1, was accepted by Scotland very quickly, and by Germany and the Scandinavian countries around 1700, but not until 1752 by England and the British colonies in North America.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

(Ed's Note: Last in a series reviewing the first half of the 20th Century.)

The two-party system had early entrenched itself. American life and by 1900, while other parties existed, they did not matter much. From Abraham Lincoln to Grover Cleveland's first term, a period of 24 years, the Republican party was in office in Washington and in most of the northern and western states. It was the majority party and bespoke the expanding economic power of the United States. Its strength lay in the farm population and in the middle class. It drew its leadership from the older American population, rather than from among the newer immigrants. In the large cities even in the north, the Democrats possessed increasing political effectiveness, particularly wherever citizens of Irish origin were numerous.

In the south the Democrats held full sway. No Republican could be elected to office. This gave to those who controlled the mechanism of the Republican party, a manipulative power over southern delegates, who, while they could produce no votes in elections, did have representation in conventions. In 1900, the big figure in the Republican party was not the president of the United States, William McKinley, but the party chairman, Mark Hanna, a businessman of Cleveland, Ohio, who had rescued the party from Grover Cleveland and who had defeated William Jennings Bryan.

Component Manager

Mark Hanna was an extraordinarily competent party manager who integrated the functioning of the National committee, the presidency, the representation in Congress, and the state organizations. The Republican party was organized almost as tightly as a British political party, falling apart, however, under Theodore Roosevelt, who sought to dominate and control the party through the presidency. Neither the Republican nor Democratic parties ever really succeeded in becoming "membership" organizations, in the sense that the leadership reflected the views of the rank and file. Rather, they both developed into congeries of "great men," of personalities rather than expressions of principle.

Theodore Roosevelt even broke with his party, establishing one of his own, the Progressive party, more familiarly known as the Bull Moose. This defection led to the defeat of William Howard Taft for reelection. Woodrow Wilson, who succeeded Taft, gave to the Democratic party a new orientation, moving away from the southerners who were as conservative on the whole, as the northern Republicans. He brought into government, particularly during the years of World War I, a host of intellectuals out of the universities, experts in small phases of governmental problems. This element, more or less, continued during the presidencies of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover and swelled to great proportions during the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Course Altered

The administrations of Harding and Coolidge were during periods of ferocious prosperity, and it appeared that the Republican party would remain in office forever. In fact, in 1938, when Herbert Hoover ran against Al Smith, the Republicans even managed to invade the solid south — partly on account of Smith's Roman Catholicism. Hoover was president only a few months when the deep depression of 1929 hit the country and lasted until 1939 when production for war altered the course of American economy.

In 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of the State of New York, was elected to the presidency and altered the nature of the Democratic party. He developed it into a catch-all party, attracted by patronage, favors and a winning personality. He managed to associate big city bosses with labor leaders, social workers, Communists and businessmen. In this formula, he was aided by the war.

The result was that the Republicans have found it difficult to formulate a program and to find an equally attractive candidate. Roosevelt was elected to the presidency four times, invalidating the "two times" tradition which had held since George Washington and accumulating such powers in the presidency as to create an unbalanced government. The Republican candidates, Landon, Willkie, and Dewey were unable to break his spell upon the people or to inspire a program that would be attractive to them. His successor, Harry Truman, inherited Roosevelt's organization and power, but his influence has never been as great.

Both Disorganized

As of 1950, both parties are badly disorganized. The Democrats, having the presidency, use the fragmentization of the population to their advantage; the Republicans are seeking a program, an event, a personality to restore them to office.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call, Dec. 31, 1924, a Wednesday.

The second annual reunion and dinner-dance of the class of 1923, Allentown High school, was held at the Hotel Allen. Herbert H. Reichard, president, was toastmaster. Reminiscent talks were given by Kathryn L. Kishbaugh, Peter W. Coffield Jr. and Edwin George. Guests, members of the faculty, were Anna L. Schadt, Adena M. Crooks, Helen S. Gerhardt, Edward W. Zimmerman, Martin D. Fetherolf and Alfred C. Lewis.

More than 600 persons attended a public card party in the Moose hall sponsored by the 12 chapters of District No. 24, Order of Eastern Star. Officers of the local chapters, Anne Penn Allen, Mary Livingston and New Temple were in charge.

More than 100 members of the class of 1920, Allentown High school, attended a banquet and dance held at the Hotel Traylor. Herbert Ross Brown, instructor at Lafayette college, was toastmaster and speaker. Other speakers were Elmer E. Huhn, president, O. Jacob Tallman, Ruth George, vice president, and Hilda Buckley, secretary. The committee in charge was composed of Merritt W. Kistler, John Abbott, Theodore Fenstermacher, Mr. Huhn, Miss George and Miss Buckley.

Horoscope

Welcome the New Year with enthusiasm and optimism. Your next year should bring you many opportunities to improve your position. Born on this last day of the year, a child is apt to be clever.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Several of New York's newspapers are raising a hullabaloo because the city council is about to increase the mayor's salary from $25,000 to $40,000 a year.

While the gentlemen of the council are at it they are, of course, going to give themselves quite a lift — the whole thing amounting to somewhere around $200,000 a year, which, as we all know, in these days of governmental extravagance is just chicken feed.

* * *

In England there is a city named Norwich, inhabited by about 125,000 people.

It's an historic city with a lot of centuries-old traditions, and so the mayor of Norwich has to wear a top hat quite frequently.

But, unfortunately none of the vehicles at His Lordship's disposal is high enough to accommodate this symbol of his municipal dignity. Thus his topper has otherwise damaged, much to the mayor's chagrin and pecuniary become telescoped, crushed and disadvantage.

So now the city council of Norwich has voted $6,000 to buy His Lordship a new motor car high enough for his top hat.

* * *

I shall not make a comparison between a $6,000 motor car for the headpiece of the mayor of a city of 125,000 and a $40,000 salary for the head of a metropolis of eight million.

That would enter into the fields of politics and economics in both of which I am a complete ignoramus.

I shall instead use the story of that $6,000 automobile to illustrate something much more familiar to all of us men.

* * *

A few days I suggested a little holiday trip to my wife.

I figured we both needed a change. This trip would have taken us — and may still take us — to a place which advertises a New Year's Eve dance.

That started it.

A New Year's Eve dance! Naturally she had nothing to wear—absolutely nothing.

It seemed to me that her closets were bulging with clothes. But what woman ever has anything to wear for whatever occasion is being planned by her husband?

I don't know yet what the outcome is going to be and whether or not we are going on that trip.

But a half hour ago I saw my wife sitting at her desk with a large sheet of paper and a pencil.

I don't have to tell you what she is working on — a long list of things she will need for the affair.

* * *

Fortunately, as you know if you are a husband, in the end wives usually manage to get together enough stuff to make them look sweet and presentable with what they already have.

But what wife can refrain from exclaiming "I have absolutely nothing to wear!" the moment a trip or even a little party is planned.

By the way, speaking of Norwich, my wife did buy a new hat the other day and when she got into our car the feather stuck up so high that she has to sit hunch-back.

I wish we had someone to vote her a new motor car for her hat.

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Psalm 90

Although we speak of the Psalms 'of David,' other authors were concerned in the composition of these 150 Hebrew poems comprising the hymnbook and prayerbook of the Hebrew Temple. The 90th Psalm, our assignment for today, bears the name of Moses who lived at least four centuries before David. The 137th Psalm came out of the Babylonian captivity over 400 years after David's time. his Psalm may have been selected for this, the last day of the year, to impress upon us the rapid passage of time. In v. 12 we are advised to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. There are those who will do so. They will likely find their way to a watch-night service in some church this evening. Quite a different type of folks will spend the last hours of the year carousing, acting foolish, or getting drunk, with no thought of God, no thought of the brevity and seriousness of life. The years are coming on us—three score and ten, v. 10, perhaps 80, and then shall we have to give an account to our Creator for the way we have used our time.

New Year Quiz

By HENRY McLEMORE

It never happened to me because I invariably spend New Year's Eve in the nearest Carnegie library brushing up on my favorite subject—medieval mule racing—but I have heard enough fellows talk to know that most of them catch the Old Ned from their wives on New Year's morning.

I have also heard sufficient number of fellows talk to know that of all mornings in the year that New Year's is the one on which they feel the least like answering questions or entering into heated discussions.

Why this is I don't know, because the morning of the New Year always finds me chipper as a cherrystone, fit as a ferryboat, vibrant as the Volstead act, and a general bore all around. All I want to do is find someone as interested in medieval mule racing as I am and talk over what I learned the night before.

I imagine it is my feeling so good on New Year's morning that causes me to sympathize so deeply with my comrades in holy matrimony who catch that holy you-know-what that I euphemistically referred to as the 'Old Ned" upstairs in this column.

Set of Answers

So I have prepared a set of answers for husbands to use on New Year's morning. They can simply type them out and hang them on the foot of the bed where the little tyrant — pardon, I mean the little woman — can read them as she quizzes.

Here they are:

Wife: Harry, are you going to sleep forever?

Answer: I'd like to, but I don't suppose I have a chance.

Wife: Don't you feel all right?

Answer: Yeah, grand, just like Custer did, but he was lucky enough to die.

Wife: Will you please wake up just long enough for me to ask you one simple question?

Answer: Can't it wait a while?

Wife: No, it can't. It certainly can't. You'll just listen to me for a minute. Where were you at twelve o'clock? Don't answer me. Don't say one word to me. I know. You were with Tom and Joe and Jim and all those other characters you say are such great friends of yours, down in the locker room, and didn't know what time it was. Mary, Pauline, Charlotte, and I were the only wives whose husbands weren't there when the lights went on and the horns stopped blowing. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Can't you behave five minutes out of every year?

Answer: Honey, you know I'm sorry, and you know I love you with all my heart. Just give me one more hour's sleep and I'll explain everything to you.

Space prevents the carrying on of this conversation to its conclusion. After all, this is a column, not a book.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Herbert Bayard Swope, editor of the famous old New York World, is generally considered the all-time long distance, nonstop talking champion of the country, but John Wheeler swears that Hurry-Up Yost, Michigan's immortal football coach, had Swope lashed to the mast. To prove his point, he cites an evening at Grantland Rice's house. Swope made the mistake of clearing his throat. Yost seized the opening and went on talking uninterruptedly for three hours.

By confining his remarks exclusively to football, which is one of the few subjects of which Swope himself admits he knows nothing, Yost kept him completely silent for the unprecedented stretch of two hours and nineteen minutes. Finally Swope could stand it no longer, and rose to leave, though he usually stayed hours longer. Fate had one further indignity to bestow upon him however.

That very morning, he had purchased a nobby new fedora at a Fifth Ave. haberdashery. As he was twirling it in his hands, glaring at the victorious Mr. Yost, that gentleman had just reached a description of the longest kick he had ever witnessed. "Eckersall grabbed the ball like this," he declared excitedly, and seizing the new Swope chapeau, he neatly booted it into a bowl of whipped cream on the dining room table. Swope rescued it—and believe it or not—stamped out without saying another word.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

CELEBRATING FAHER

That's your father, little chap,
In that silly paper cap
Blowing on that husky horn.
Do not look on him in scorn.
Watch him closely and you'll see
Just how playful he can be.
That's your father — do not grieve—
Celebrating New Year's Eve.

That's your father dancing round
Making such a fearful sound;
Clinking glasses with the men;
Kissing women, time again;
"Making whoopee!" as they say,
Celebrating New Year's Day.
If you watch him you will see
What a comic he can be.

That's your dad who frowns on you
When some mischief small you do,
And when you are having fun
Shouts at you: "Pipe down, my son!"
Morning comes — say nine or ten—
When from slumber he awakes,
His will be the head that aches.

(Copyright 1949)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

GOOD-BY '49, UN HOWDY DO 1950: Wos die tzeit doch flieg'd. 'S sheind wie geshter os es yohr 1949 aw g'fonga hut, un now wohrhoft is es shun widder shier feriwwer. So wie m'r tzurick guck'd iwwer die tzwelf fergongna mohneta, wase m'r shier net wos tzu denka. Tzu fiel wors 'n yohr fon harlichkate un glick, un onnerra 'n yohr fon dreasbsahl un aeland. Ow'r och wos, ferwos blauderra fon sella socha—'s yohr '49 is sheir feriwwer un wolla duh wie sie ols sawga, "Lus der dote ruga."

Tzum alta yohr is es "Good-by," un tzum neia, "Howdy-do." 'S nei yohr is now wos tzailt, 'S yohr woh m'r sei hoffning drin hut fer allas gute un allas recht. Tzwelf mohnet werra gewwa, tzu duh mit imma grossa waig wie m'r wolla. 'S alt yohr hut m'r im sin, uns sot 'n richtsheid sei fers nei. Wos m'r wase os m'r letz gaduh hut im alta, sot m'r recht duh im neia, un war kon sawga os es net alsa mohl uf ra letz pawd wor. Menscha weara net menschlich won sie net don un won socha dada os sie hinna noh ride—socha woh sie 'n onner mohl onnishder dada.

'S alt yohr is 'n shpigel, uns nei yohr 'n uffa fenshter woh m'r nee mohls wase wos m'r 's nagshd sehnt. Fiel socha im kummenda yohr sin net tzu ferheeda, ow'r die gross mehrtzahl fon druvei un aeland is in unserra aigna, hend—wie m'r 'is bed mocht so leit m'r drin. Sis 'n kunshd om awfong fon ma neia yohr on hunnerda waiga denka wie sich tzu ferbesserra uns lava shanner mocha wies wor in da fergongenheit. Ow'r yusht tzu denka, odder ewwa "resolutions" mocha un sie net ous fiehrra, maint so fiel wie 'n shuss in die luft—odder ewwa blose gore nix. Neimond kon lava fon yusht denka, ow'r so long os 'n mensch willins is fer shoffa—fer brovierra fer socha os es wase os net recht sin annerra, darta is hoffning.

'S mocht nix ous in wos fer 'n gagend os m'r guck'd,— ins familia lava, 's lava fon ra shtadt, shtawdt, 's lond, odder die welt, sis ol iwwer blotz fer annerringa mocha. In da familia fer shporesomer un freedlicher lava, lava wie wos 'n mensch is un net wie wos er maint os er sei sot 'N shtadt ols 'n hameta fon familia, wie aw die shtawdt die hamet fon shtedt, un londschofta; 's lond als die hamet fon shtawdta sotta, immer shoffa fers beshd fon ol da eiwohner—un net fer die blessier fon paar. Tzu fiel leit heit tzu dawg in hocha bletz sheinds, hetta ferdrayda brilla—brilla woh socha gucka mocha wie sie maina os sie sei sotta, un in fiel hee sichda net fers beshd fom lond. So wie m'r "Howdy-do sawga tzum neia yohr, wolla m'r hoffa os ol woh tzu duh hen mit unserra socha fon shtedt tzu welt, neia brilla griega maiga, un os es uffa fenshter fon 1950 'n fenshter sei mawg, un net 'n fergraisering glaws.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Unser winsch tzu ol, is 'n glick saeliches neias yohr, tzu gross un glae, weit un nagsht—tzu yader'm 's beshd yohr os noch wor.

Horoscope

Welcome the New Year with enthusiasm and optimism. Your next year should bring you many opportunities to improve your position. Born on this last day of the year, a child is apt to be clever.



A NEWSPAPER EDITOR PRAYS

Would our American reading public of today be pleased, amused or alarmed if, on opening the first issue of the newspaper to be published in the new year, it found there a prayer offered by the editor of the paper?

A century and a half ago Christian Jacob Hutter, editor of DER LANCASTER CORRESPONDENT published the following prayer in his German paper for Saturday, January 4, 1800. It was the editor's way of extending New Year's greetings to his readers. The translation from the German into the English was done by Max Whiteman in 1941.—

"FOR MY HONORED READERS at the entrance into this new Year I wish from my heart happiness and good fortune, and I know of nothing better to wish for them than the fulfillment of the following prayer which I am sending up for myself to the throne of Grace:

"I call upon Thee! God let me constantly grow in goodness upon this earth, constantly come nearer to perfection; for this good work lend me Thine own light and strength.

"May Thy Word (whether I read it or hear it) daily by its teachings lift my sluggish spirit, that I may never waver in Thy Path.

"Grant that I regard Thy Word earnestly, gladly and often, and faithfully heed the impressions of Thy Truth and oft renew them, to guard me against danger!

"Grant that I keep Thy Word deep in my remembrance, that I let myself be led by it daily; and ever more nobly feel more hatred against every sin!

"Help me often to think of what Thy Holy Word condemns, of what kindles a zeal for virtue, of what comforts and refreshes, when I am afflicted.

"That, strengthened by every good impulse, daily wiser under Thy Guidance, and guarded against every fall, I may constantly come nearer to my goal!

"Grant too, O God, that I may feel how close Thou art to me, that from Thy Presence I may draw strength to fortify my heart for noble deeds!

"May the image of Jesus be ever before me, that I may be ready for all good deeds, and for the glory of Thy Name, to imitate Him!

"And whatever I think and see or hear, let me use for betterment; teach me, impel me, to choose only what is right and never to fail!

"Let this consolation strengthen me [the expectation] of receiving before Thy Throne the crown of him that overcometh, and this thought: some day God will judge you for all duties [performed.]

"So, Father, I shall daily grow in goodness upon this earth, become ever more faithful, and receive more strength, more light, for my good work!"—

"I commend myself to the support and friendship of every true American, also (as in the past) in this year newly begun."

From The Lancaster Correspondent, Jan. 4, 1800.

NEIYAAHRS ZEIT

Neiyaahrs Zeit, Winsche Zeit,
Halten eich fer Gescht bereit;
Sin sie yung odder sin sie alt,
Versaryen sie gut, drauss iss es kalt.

Do kummen en Deel, sie duhn lache,
Un die Flinte duhne krache;
Sie schiesse yo es Neiyaahr ei
Un bringen Glickwinsche bei.

Hausherr un Fraa eich soll waerde
Vieles Glick auf dieser Aerde;
Gott segne eier Haus un Gut,
Bis in de Aerd ner ruhen duht.

Eier Frucht un Hoi soll wachse,
Ass es Freed macht in eier Harze;
Nur Gutes soll bei eich sein,
Bis ner gehn zum Herren ein.

Nau kummt do en yungi Schaar,
Sie hen Schneeflocke in de Haar;
Sie duhn lache un duhn yohle,
Fer sie iss es Lewe yusht fer fuhle.

Mit Lache sollen ner die Zeit verbringe,
Haerrliche Lieder sollen ner singe;
Ner sollen yuscht haerrlich sei des Yaahr,
Allen Wart, as mer saage, soll warre waahr.

Un so geht es alte Yaahr verbei
Mit Gsang un Lache un Bete debei;
Un 's Neiyaahr kummt bei so gschwind,
Schee un sauwer wie in gleenes Kind.

Neiyaahr! was duhn mer do nei?
Verschpreches as ghalte sott sei?
Odder duhn mer es all glei vergesse
Un halte net was mer verschpreche?

Yuscht des iss was mer breichen heit,
Unserm Haerrgott sei Gelcit;
Deweil wann mer bleiwe in sei Hut,
Waerd 's Neiyaahr gans vun selwer gut.

Local Daal — ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

1950

Neinzeh hunnert fufzich!
Denkt emol draa, dihr Leit,
Mir sin gaar net luschdich,
Zu schtarrick geht die Zeit.

Neinzeh neinunvarzich
Iss nau schier gaar rum;
Wer net draa denkt ernschtlich,
Der iss gaar wunners dumm.

Krieg hen mir kenner ghatt,
Zeide sin zimmlich gut;
Schtreiks sin all ball fatt,
Es Geld kummt wie en Flut.

Amerika iss schee,
Yedermann kann lewe wohl;
Genunk fer gross un glee,
All griege es Mos voll.

So waar 's im letschte Yaahr,
Viel Sach iss gewachse;
Mir hen all gut gesse
Newich all de Taxe.

Neinzeh fufzich kummt nau—
Was gebt es in dem Yaahr;
Alle Satte Sache:
Was kann mer duh defor?

Loss uns in Gottes Naame
En Fortschritt noh nemme;
Alle Wilde un Zaame,
Bekannte un Fremme.

Der lieb Gott helft uns all,
Der recht Paad zu laafe;
Neinzeh hunnert fufzich
Gheert yuscht zu de Braafe.

Gschriwwe beim PIERCE EDWARD SWOPE.

ES NEIYAAHR AACHIESSE

There are but few today who remember the pleasant old custom of shooting in the New Year, that once prevailed among our Pennsylvania German forefathers, a custom which had its roots in the German fatherland. Preceding the "shooting in" was the "wishing in," or recitation of riming verses. This ancient custom is well described by the late Dr. John B. Stoudt in his "Folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans" in which he writes in part:

"Well does the writer remember how on New Year's eve preparations were made for the reception of the **Neujahr Wuenscher** who were sure to make their appearance towards morning...The party usually consisted of the **Wuenscher (the reciter)**, and the shooters, five or six in number. The latter carried guns, usually old war muskets, and fired a volley at the conclusion of the greeting. The party assembled at the home of the leader and at midnight, after having wished well to the head of the house, they set out for the homes of the friends and neighbors. The **Wuenschers**, as the party was called, upon the arrival at a homestead would arrange themselves at the window of the **Kammer**, where the head of the house slept, or beneath the window of the bed chamber in case he slept upstairs, and would call him by name. Upon receiving an answer the reciter would begin to repeat the greetings. By this time the whole house was stirring, for everybody was anxious to hear the **Wuensching** and to witness the shooting. If the shooting was not agreeable to the family it was not indulged in, for permission always was asked before the volley was fired. Those to whom the salutations were conveyed usually recognized their indebtedness to the kind purveyors, by inviting them into the house to a warm stove and by "handing around" refreshments. Sometimes hot mince pies and brandy or rum were added to the customary cakes, apples and cider. After the luncheon the party wended their way, ofttimes through storm and snow, to the next farmhouse. To have been passed by the **Wuensching** party was a mark of unpopularity and accepted by the family as an affront."

The "wishing" verses were often religious in tone and were originally expressed in the High German literary language. Continued from one generation to another by word of mouth they not only took on dialect colorations in the course of time, but also now and then received accretions or interpolations of humorous verses. Many of them also suffered in meter and verse.

The following version, serious in its general tone, was copied from an old manuscript written in the German script, and lent to the editor of the ECK by courtesy of Dr. Wilbur H. Oda.

Ich wuensch euch un eurer Hausfrau, Soehnen
un Toechtern, Knechten und Maegden
und allen denjenigen die zu diesem Hause
aus und eingehen
Ein gluecksselig neues Jahr.
Wir wuenschen euch ein groszes Glueck
und alles Unglueck weit zurueck.
Weil jetzt das neue Jahr tritt ein
nun auf im Namen Jesus Christ.
Weil des neue Jahr vorhanden ist,
Das alte Jahr ist nun dahin,
Denn heute fangen wir ein neues an.
Gott Lob und Dank dasz diese Zeit
Erlebet ist in Ruh und Freud
und es komt noch ueber euch
und der ganzen Christenheit
und wir gehen dahin und wandern
von einem Jahr zum andern.
Wir leben und gedeihen
Vom alten bis zum neuen
Durch so viel Angst und Plagen,
Durch Zittern und durch Zagen.
Durch Krieg und groszе Schrecken
Die alle Welt bedecken.

Und weiter wuenschen wir euch
ein gluecksselig neues Jahr
dasz Gott euer ganzes Haus bewahr
Fuer Feuer und fuer Wasser Noth
Fuer Krankheit und fuer schnellen Tod.
Es hat uns zwar, O Herr und Gott,
dies letzte Jahr gedroht
Viele Angst und Noth.
Doch hat er alles gnaediglich
Von uns gewendet vaeterlich
und weiter wuenschen wir euch
das hoch gelobte neue Jahr
bis ihr bekommet graue Haar
und mit Ehren werdet alt
und hernach den Himmel erhalt
Himmels Lust und Gottes Segen
Gottes Geist bleibt euch bewogen
bis euer Seel mit der Zeit
kommt gen Himmel aufgeflogen
und euer Sitz der bleibt bereit
dort in der ewigen Seligkeit.

Der Herr der breite ueber euch seine Hand
und segne dieses Haus und Land
Es gebe euch auch Gott der Herr
Das taeglich Brod u was noch mehr gebricht
Voraus gedult durch Jesum Christ
So wollen wir hier allzugleich
O hoechster Gott im Himmelreich
Dich loben an dem neuen Jahr
und darnach werden es immerdar
Sowohl auf Erden in dieser Zeit
als dort in der ewigen Seligkeit

und weiter wuenschen wir euch
Ein gluecksseliges neues Jahr
Eine Friedens Zeit
Gott helfe euch all in Himmelreich
Dieses alles wollst du geben
O meines Lebens Leben
Euch und der gantzen Christenschaar
Zu diesem seeligen neuen Jahr
Nun will ich mit euch wachen
und euch in Ehren fragen
Ob auch das Schiessen und das Krachen
Heut an eurem Haus darf schallen
Den wir sind so fremd hieher gekommen
Das neue Jahr mit euch anzufangen
So behuet euch Gott wohl vor dem Schrecken
Wann wir euch so frueh aufwecken
Ich hoff es wird euch nicht verdrieszen
Wen wir euch das neue Jahr anschieszen
Wenns euch aber thut verdrieszen
So mueszt ihr es sagen ehe wir schieszen.

(We have believed it desirable to retain in the above the errors of the original manuscript as to orthography, rime and meter.—P.A.B.)