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TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:

BETHLEHEM: 809 Main St.—Phone 7-9711

CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 108

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

The pursuit of truth shall set you free—even if you never catch up with it.—Darrow

An Old Christmas Tree

There is something pathetic about an old Christmas tree. It lies disconsolate on the curb in the January fog and rain. The ladies give it a wide berth lest its needles tear their nylons, and children homeward bound from school barely give it a glance. Only a stray piece of tinsel twisted about a drooping branch remains as a reminder of the happy days just passed when the Christmas tree in all its ornate glory was the center of the yuletide celebration.

Only a few weeks before that the now faded tree was a growing thing in a far away forest. Birds played in its branches and sang sweet songs there. And animals of the woodland frolicked on the soft blanket of needles around its trunk. During many seasons, for a Christmas tree is old in years, it sent roots deep into the earth for strength and nourishment in order to grow round and symmetrical against the day when the woodsman's axe would fall so its mission in life could be fulfilled.

All those years for just a few days of glory; all those winters of forest loneliness for just a brief season of laughter and jollity and friendship and kindliness and good will in the haunts of men.

And now it lies there on the sidewalk, awaiting the trash collector's truck and the oblivion of a city incinerator.

But before it is reduced to ashes, the old, worn-out Christmas tree is going to have one last proud fling. There will be just a tiny crackle at first, and then a glorious burst of flame, and in that flame will be some of the blue of the sky and the bright radiance of a thousand sunsets and the gorgeous colors of autumn and the pale green of springtime, and the shimmer of tinsel and the glow of incandescent lamps and the dancing lights of plastic angels. And if anyone is there to listen closely he will hear the soft echo of Christmas laughter, and surely he will feel a special radiant warmth as the last tongue of fire flickers convulsively and subsides into nothingness.

Why shouldn't it go to its end proudly? After all, this is a Christmas tree.

Fewer Marriages

Statistics showing a drop in marriage license applications from 3,055 to 1,927 in 1949 pretty well follows actuarial predictions of recent years, but they do not solve the many problems that accompany a sharp increase in the marriage and birth rate.

As always happens in time of war, the marriage curve takes a sharp swing upward as does the birth rate curve. Officials are alert to take cognizance of such developments and plan for them accordingly.

The increased births of the early forties have already made their impact on the primary school system. The full effect will be felt in the first grades by about 1951 and will continue into the higher grades and colleges proportionately for another decade or so.

However, as the marriage and birth rate decreases, the need for school facilities will also decrease, all of which adds to the complications in planning intelligently for the future, and in addition places additional responsibilities on those in charge of such things as public education.

But that is for the planners to worry about. What we hope is that nothing has happened to the fine, old institution of marriage. Seriously, we don't believe anything has happened, except that young folks are not rushing to the altar with the abandon of war times, when romance was the fashion and the responsibilities of marriage got light consideration. This has its advantages, too. If young folks are giving more thought to the seriousness of the marriage vow, there are going to be fewer divorces and broken families in the years to come.

Harvey Kincaid at 80

Harvey M. Kincaid, who celebrated his 80th birthday yesterday, probably knows as many people as anyone in Allentown, as would be quite natural for a man who spent 52 years as motorman, conductor, inspector, dispatcher and toll collector for the Lehigh Valley Transit company. Most of those thousands, we date say, are joining us in wishing him many happy returns of the day.

For while Harvey Kincaid never achieved great fame or fortune, he has developed a mighty precious asset in the respect of a large number of his neighbors. Many, many things have happened during his fourscore years. There have been wars and depressions and economic and social upheavals and drastic changes in thinking and habits. But he has come through them all unscathed by bitterness and cynicism.

He has done this by being a good citizen himself, and his life is pretty fine testimony to the fact that the treasures a man treates cannot be measured in terms of tangible things. Circumstances might have been such as to have made Harvey Kincaid a man of great wealth, he might also be sitting alone in his fine home. As it is, he can stand at 8th and Hamilton Sts., his favorite corner, as we saw him the other day, and know the greetings he receives are sincere and from the heart.

We doubt if Harvey Kincaid, at 80, would swap places with anyone else in the world. And that is about as far as any man can hope to get in this life.

Education and Government

Several years ago a federal government agency took a census. It showed that there were at that time ten million adults in the United States, twenty-five years of age or older, who were illiterate. They could neither read nor write.

It was news that stunned many people. An analysis of the figure is even more shocking.

The census - takers found that nearly half of the total, in the neighborhood of 4,200,000 were native born Caucasians, or whites. More than two million were foreign born whites and the others were members of races other than whites.

The figures are appalling for several reasons. One is that in a highly competitive society the illiterate have little or no chance to get ahead.

The other is even more vital to the well-being of the nation as a whole. For an illiterate person cannot take his or her rightful place in society, or participate in the affairs that directly concern them.

In a democracy it is the people who rule. An illiterate person is not capable of ruling.

No one seems to dispute the need for more financial aid for education. The point in dispute is who is to pay the bill and to whom.

Whether federal aid is the answer is also being disputed in some quarters.

In the last session of the congress legislation was proposed which would permit the federal government to render assistance in the sum of $300 million per year.

Before the measure could be brought up for passage a religious angle developed which successfully blocked it.

A similar measure is certain to be introduced at this session. It is one move on the home front which deserves the careful consideration by every member of Congress. Centralized government is digging deeper and deeper into every phase of our lives. Do we want Washington to start taking over this very important function of state and local government"

Educational problems, it seems to us, are something the states should try harder to solve on their own.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Reality has a strange way of beating down theory in international affairs. For two-and-a-half years the United States government has proclaimed, and has spent billions to support, a policy of stopping communism in the world.

Now the United States says it will stop communism only in Europe.

For two-and-a-half years the United States has said that the aggressive aims of the Soviet leaders and their threat to engulf the world in communism justified America's policy of affording military aid to Western Europe and even of risking war over the Berlin blockade.

Now the United States declares that no risks of a military or naval demonstration are to be taken in connection with the emergence of communism in China even though evidence is available that the Communists of China and Moscow are in an alliance on world policies.

It would apparently be just as logical now for the secretary of state some day to issue a statement saying that the United States, because of its traditional position since the days of George Washington, will not entangle itself in European internal affairs. Such a statement would not be less surprising than the sudden return to the "Open Door" policies and hands-off doctrines of a half-century ago pursued by Republican and Democratic administrations in formulating American foreign policy in the Far East.

Clearly the "Truman Doctrine," which was intended to influence the outcome of a civil war inside Greece, was no different than the policy of sympathetic help sought from us by the Nationalists in China in their fight against communism.

But it is obvious that this glaring inconsistency has arisen because expediency is the true base of American policy. Being confronted by British recognition of Communist China, the United States government cannot presumably carry on an active policy of support for the Chinese Nationalists without messing up the British program of helping to preserve their property and business interests in the Far East, the selfish protection of which has swept idealism out of London's Labor government.

These inconsistencies and contradictions will rise to plague both Washington and London throughout the world. The public inside the United States will have difficulty accepting an unbalanced budget in order to support Marshall plan aid and high armament expenses to thwart Russian communism, while the Soviets are given a green light to take over all of Asia and to build naval bases along the Chinese coast.

Means Scuttling Pacific

From a purely strategic point of view, the new policy means scuttling the Pacific. It means an invitation to further friction in the Far East, because the United States, after extending recognition to Russia's satellite states, has nevertheless encountered a series of vexing incidents with nearly every one of them.

The Chinese Nationalists are quite capable of producing embarrassing situations for America and so are the Communists.

When a great power manifests military weakness, it finds itself subjected to insults. The fact that the United States has revealed itself afraid to make any show of force in the Far East could be construed by Russia as meaning that a similar withdrawal from the arena in Europe could also come any day.

Certainly the American policy will be interpreted, even in Europe, as one of timidity and as tending back to the isolationism of the 1920's. The Republicans are in the curious position of urging a form of intervention in Asiatic affairs while protesting the expense of helping the Western European allies in both a military and economic way.

Actually, the strategy of the Republicans as an opposition party is complicated by a division in their own ranks. It would not be surprising to see some Republicans arguing that, if Russia is going to be left alone in Asia and there is no danger in this, then the Soviets might as well be left alone in the Mediterranean and other areas where traditional American policy has been departed from by introducing American military power.

Policy Impaired

The so-called bi-partisan policy — which means that the Republicans refrain from criticism after decisions are made on foreign policy—is gravely impaired by the administration's unwillingness to allow the Republicans to have a part in making such policy. Certainly, just a day after the president says things are rosy in the world, it is disillusioning for the scuttling-of-the-Pacific to be announced, thus making the American people realize that the "state of the union" isn't as good as it is supposed to be.

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Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Luke 6:39-49

There are several unrelated well-known statements throughout this passage of Scripture which are worth noting. Verse 40 says that the disciple is not above his master; but every one that is perfect shall be as his master. At another place, Jesus, applying this thought, says that, as the world hated Him, so would it hate His followers. This still holds true today. The closer one walks with one's Lord, the less use will the world have for that one. Again, in v. 44, we learn that every tree is known by its own fruit. If the heart is right, the life will be right. If the heart is unclean, one's vocabulary will be unclean. The passage as a whole closes with the same figure as Matthew's account of the Sermon on the Mount. He that heareth and doeth what the Lord commands is building the structure of his life on a solid rock, which rock is Christ, as His church is built on Him (Mt. 16:18). But he that heareth and doeth not Jesus' commands, is building on sand without a foundation. Such a structure cannot stand against the stresses and strains of life, much less in the face of the final judgment.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Harold Ross, king bee of the New Yorker Magazine, takes a peculiar delight in shifting partitions and moving departments from one end of the office to the other. St. Clair McKelway returned from a six-month stay in California, looked about with some puzzlement, and asked, "What's become of White's desk?" "I don't know," admitted Raoul Fleischman, one of the directors, "but if you stand right where you are for ten minutes, I'm sure you'll see it whiz by."

If you don't believe college students still lean to romance, consider this bit of verse that appeared in a recent issue of the Pennsylvania Punchbowl:

He kissed her in the garden.
It was a moonlight night.
She was a marble statue.
He was a little tight.

There's been a traffic detour in Rome, Wisc., for some weeks. Motorist Frank Beaver, crossing a bridge, cut his wheel sharply to avoid hitting a mongrel pup. He missed the dog all right, but knocked over the bridge.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Jan. 7, 1925, a Wednesday

Mrs. Ida V. Lawfer, president of the senior auxiliary of the Allentown hospital, was honored by members of the organization for ten years of service as auxiliary president. Laura V. Keck, treasurer, reviewed the work done by Mrs. Lawfer during her term of duty. Mrs. Blanche Mattern served as chairman of the meeting.

A crossword puzzle party was held by members of the Four Square club at their third anniversary meeting. The puzzles, which related to club members and their activities, were designed by J. Fred Kratz and G. R. Ottinger.

Horoscope

Practical matters get under way under the helpful influences of Uranus, Mercury and Jupiter. A pleasant year seems in store for you. More than average good fortune should be enjoyed by the child born under these aspects.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Half-Century Year—IX

Baron Holbach wrote in 1774: "In all the countries of the world the lot of women is to submit to tyranny. The savage makes a slave of his mate, and carries his contempt for her to the point of cruelty. . .While we refuse them a sensible education, while we feed their minds with tedium and trifles, while we allow them to busy themselves only with playthings and fashions and adornments, while we seek to inspire them only with the taste for frivolous accomplishments, do we not show our real contempt, while we mask it with a show of deference and respect?"

And his cry was taken up by Mary Wollstonecraft, who, in 1792, published her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," a book that startled a century. Certainly in 1900, women had nowhere achieved political, economic or social equality or even legal emancipation. The first 49 years of this century therefore may be regarded as signalizing the recognition of an equal role for women in all phases of life—in education, in business, in politics, in the professions. This has, in a short historic period, worked a revolution in the habits of human beings, particularly in the United States.

In 1900, the typewriter was a new device and the telephone was not of universal usage in the United States. These two industries which have since given employment to millions of women, to say nothing of the newer service industries, such as beauticians, elevator girls, laboratory assistants, saleslades, nurses, receptionists, newspaperwomen, opened new possibilities for that economic independence which must precede social independence. When father pays the bills, he inevitably is the master; when a young lady pays her own way, she has a freedom of choice as to her conduct which she can make good.

True, women have in the past earned their living as teachers, governesses, maids, laundresses, cooks and so on. But in the first half of the 20th century, particularly after World War I, they stepped into every vocation and every business, even into such masculine environments as steel mills. Women are presidents of corporations; they own, publish and edit newspapers and magazines; they are even taxi-drivers. In a word, the American woman is not dependent upon her father, her husband, her brother, or a generous lover.

Hold High Office

Politically, the Pankhursts fought their good fight and achieved women's suffrage. In the United States, this took an amendment to the Constitution (the 19th), and by 1950, women hold high office, one of them, Frances Perkins, actually having served in the Cabinet of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They have been elected to both Houses of Congress; serve in administrative and judicial positions, not only in the federal government but also in state, county and municipal governments. They also play a vital role in party organizations.

Eleanor Roosevelt has achieved a political leadership unequalled in her generation by any man, which even those who dislike her must recognize. As a matter of fact, it is not impossible that the record of the past 20 years, when it is all in, will disclose that she was really the architect of that amalgam of disjointed groups known as the New Deal.

Alterations in Mores

The economic and political equality of women has appeared simultaneously with vast alterations in the mores of our country. "Free marriage."—that is, marriage without parental consent—has become customary. In 1900, a young man asked father's permission to wed the daughter; in 1950, the daughter announces her intention. Divorce has become so usual that it is almost an institution. Certainly, such a word as, divorcee, has no deleterious meaning. Birth control is widely practised and openly discussed. Illegitimacy has been abolished by law in various places and newspapers discuss sex, using precise rather than euphemistic language.

The marketing of many commodities is focussed upon the woman buyer, who dresses to suit her own tastes. Housework has similarly changed its nature to meet the increasing necessity of women for more leisure, less drudgery and the combined functions of wife, mother and earner. This concept has never before appeared in history on such a scale and its development in so short a time to its present characteristics is unassimilated in the morality of the western world.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ARYIE SHLOCHTERREI:

Doh net long tzurick wor aeland im haichda grawd wie der Stanley Hawk shlochta hut wolla fer sei bruder Floyd, on Kresgeville. Wos noch mainer is, sie hen aw g'shlocht, ow'r so'n tzeit. Mohl fers aller airsht, hut der Floyd moryets yusht ken fire in der gong griega kenna fer bree wosser hitza, un hen mohl gaglawbt sie mista die si drucka bolvierra. Endlich hut er ow'r koleale unnich der kessel galairt, un hen kochich wosser grick'd so uhra nina.

Fon da airshda sow wor net fiel tzu sawga, 's wor mit da tzweta woh der druvel g'shtart hut. 'S fire uf kours wor aw widder ous, ow'r sel wor yusht 'n glaenichkate wos noch tzu kumma hut kot mit da tzweta. Sie worra tzu fiert on ra fer sie ous da ben driva, un der Marvin Yarrick hut sie sheesa wolla ow'r die flint is net ob gonga. Noh hut der Floyd sei glick gabroviert ow'r ra yusht darrich 's ohr g'shossa—ebbes os die sow net gaglicha hut.

Noh hut 'm Floyd sei boo Ramie g'shossa, un sie gons in die welt nei 'erfail'd, un 'n grosser shtae g'shmissa noch ra, woh er ols noch shure is os die sow galaig'd het won er sie gadroffa het. Der Marvin Yarrick hut noh 'n balla hommer ganumma un da sow uf die shtarn g'shloga os der shteel ob gabrocha is, ow'r ols is sie net g'falla, un is shtarta shpringa. Der Marvin hut sie noh on da ohra gagrabb'd, won sie musick kotta hetta, het m'r denka kenna sie weara om waltza. Ol die weil is der butcher Stanley hinna noh galoffa mit 'm shtech messer, ow'r 's wor net bis middawgs wenich noch da tzwelfa, os ers messer gabreich'd hut. War die sow g'shossa hut kenna m'r net sawga—ow'r ebber hut sie nunner grick'd.

Ol die weil os die hoova frolick kotta hen mit da sow, hut 'm Floyd un Stanley ihra Mam, die Emma Hawk g'shtonna worta uf die darm, un 'm Floyd sei fraw die Cora hut g'shtonna worta mit 'm middawg essa. Tzwae socha os weibsleit griddlich mocha iwwer 'm shlochta, is worta uf die darm, un worta mit 'm middawg essa. Endlich noch dem os sie die Cora tzwae shtun worta hen mocha mit 'm essa sin sie nei on der dish, un bis sie tzurick nous kumma sin, ferhoftich sei wons fire net widder ous wor, un die kessel kalt.

Wies middawg essa feriwwer wor, sin sie tzurick nous on die shlochterrei, un der Stanley wor so imma huddle fer fartich mocha os er sich in aim hoar der dauma ob g'schnidda hut. 'S Floyds' dochter wor 'n gutie nurse, un hut 'm glei der fergribb'ld dauma ei gabunna kot, un er is widder on der chob. Allas is noh gonga wie g'shmiert, un sin endlich fartich werra wenich fer da halb nocht. Der Stanley un sei Mam die Emma hen noh noch hame tzu gae kot, ow'r sie worra froh os die shlochterrei feriwwer wor, uns Floyds' kenna mohl fer 'n gutie weil in Kresgeville run: lawfa mit shmutzzicha meiler.

GLAWWA' ODDER NET, OW'R

Die nagshd woch tzaila m'r 'n lot fon unserra freind un laiser widder tzu sehna om Farm Show in Harrisbarrick—won m'r eich net sehna, yohla uns.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

NOT DOOMED

What's the old world coming to?
Wish y... knew?
There's a generation new
Almost due.
Boys today, but soon to be
(Dare I say like you and me?)
Who ... 'll follow on when we
Say: adieu.

We were once the doubtful lot
O'dsters feared.
"This old world will go to pot,"
Oft they sneered.
"There's no brave youth coming on.
Pluck will vanish when we're gone,
Every hope we've built upon,
Disappeared."

We the last to love the right?
No, we're not!
When our souls have taken flight,
Truth forgot?
Following us are boys who've set
Dreams on goals we couldn't get.
This old world they'll never let
Go to pot.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Today I shall deal with a subject that, to most of us, is more important and certainly more interesting than the atomic bomb.

The subject is: "Who is the ideal husband?"

There are two schools of thought on this.

One is the viewpoint expressed by the 260 girl students at the Green Mountain Junior college of Poultney, Vt.

A poll made among them brought out that their choice is "A six-foot, blue-eyed businessman with a $5,000-a-year paycheck."

Businessmen outranked doctors three to one, doctors being their second "ideal." Lawyers ran third. Newspapermen weren't even mentioned.

That is one school of thought.

The other is the one expressed by Vera Vague, the radio comedienne.

When she was asked about her requirements for an ideal husband, she answered:

"He must be a man.'

I have looked around among my relatives, friends and acquaintances, and I am sorry to have to disappoint the young ladies of the Green Mountain school.

They are much more apt to get a husband according to Vera Vague's specifications than one who meets their own "ideals."

Every once in a while I watch my wife when she reads her newspapers or magazine, or when she makes comments about some movie or television performer.

In all the years of our marriage—and they seem to have been happy years—she has never for one moment stopped at the picture of anyone who resembled me in the slightest.

Nor do I know more than one couple the male part of which consisted of "a six-foot, blue-eyed business man."

And that one couple is a couple no longer. The female part recently obtained a divorce from her "six-foot, blue-eyed businessman" spouse, because much of his business turned out to be monkey-business.

It would be a very nice thing, of course, if all young ladies with matrimonial intentions or ideas could order their mates from Sears or Montgomery-Ward.

Or still better, prospective husbands could be chosen like automobiles, by body, size, color and horsepower, by which I mean income power to support a wife.

However, the best looking cars are not always the most reliable ones.

For instance, a very sleek and attractive convertible may not at all do in a storm if something is wrong with the mechanism and the top won't come up.

However, this thing is getting entirely too scientific for a newspaper column. So why not let it go with Vera Vague's advice?

Only let us spell "MAN" with CAPITAL LETTERS.



Haerrliche Grischtdaage

Es iss am duschber waare in der Kich. Der Disch iss noch gedeckt, sie hen yuscht Supper gesse ghatt. Es Feier iss rechtschaffe am Brenne. En guder Geruch geht darrich die Kich. Wann es net fer des waer, dann wisst mer net, ass es schier Grischtdaag iss.

Die groo Katz hockt datt varm hoch Schtiehliche uffem Boddem. Der schwarz Schepp hot sich newich der Offe, varm Feierhaerd hiegelegt. Es iss alles so heemlich un doch schpiert mer, es fehlt ebbes. Die Tilina geht ans Disch Abraame. Mer kann sehne, ass ebbes letz iss. Sie laaft so schtarrick. Der Hen hockt uff em Schockelschtuhl un iss eifrich die Zeiding am Schtudiere.

Der Hen: O ya, nau sin die Grischdaage widder do. Ball iss widder Neiyaahr. Wie die Zeit vergeht.

(Die Tilina geht ans Gscharrwesche)

Die Tilina: Des weess ich, awwer, du weesscht, des Yaahr hett ich gaern en Grischtbaam. Es brauch gaar ken grosser sei, awwer en Baam will ich hawwe. Ich hab der's schunn en paar Woche zerick gsaat.

Der Hen: Geh mer weck mit so dumme Sache. Ich hol ken Baam. Geh mer Weck. So alde Leit—en Grischtbaam! Mer sin doch ken Kinner. Ich hol kenner, des iss mer zu dumm.

Die Tilina: Dumm odder gscheit, des Yaahr gebt's en Grischtbaam. Ich will aa mol widder ebbes vun de Grischtzeit hawwe. Iich kaaf eener, wann du kenner bringscht. Ich duh gewiss.

Der Hen: Ya, die Grischtdaage sin widder do, awwer sehn yuscht emol, wie es bei uns do iss. En Grischtbaam, fer was dann? Mer sin yo olde Leit.

Die Tilina: Mer iss yuscht so alt wie mer fiehlt. Ich fiehl net alt. Mer wolle mol lewe, wie die annere Leit duhn.

Der Hen: Mer hen die Kinner khatt, awwer wu sin sie nau? All sin sie fatt. Drei sin im Grieg gebliwwe. Es anner hot die Gripp mitgenumme, un es letscht iss fatt, naus in die Welt, zu fremme Leit—Paepp un Memm vergesse!

Die Tilina: Vergesse, verleicht doch net. Mer kann net gut vergesse, wann die Leit lieb zu em sin. Des waaren die Leit, all, dorum. Der Henry waar gegliche dorum.

Der Hen: Ferwas iss er fatt? En gleener Hitzkopp waar er schunn, die Zeit ass er sei Schpielsach vum hoche Schtielche gschmisse hot.

Die Tilina: Un du es allfert widder ufghowe hoscht.

Die Tilina: Un du hoscht en verwehnt. Well iss nau 's Arrickscht?

Der Hen: Weesscht du noch wie er uns es erscht Mol Grischtkindelcher kaaft hot vun seim selwart verdient Geld? Was waar er so schtols!

Die Tilina: Er hot 's hehl ghalte. Mer waaren verschtaunt un froh. Wie er annere Hinkel haawe hot welle, un mer hen es net verwillicht, hot er uns scheene weisse Hinkel gebrocht fer neier Schtack ziege. Was waare mer verzarnt driwwer, weil er unser alder Schtack, verdarwe daet. Selli hot er aa selwert verdient. Wie er die Ben gemacht hot un mer yunge gezogge hen, waaren sie viel schenner als unser alde. Mer hen yo heit noch vun selle scheene weisse Rocks.

Die Hen: Weesscht du, es iss heit zehe Yaahr, ass der Hitzkopp fatt iss.

Die Tilina: Weess ich sell net? Du waarscht schuld draa. Hettscht net so harte Warte saage brauche. Sie waare alle zwee yo yung, awwer sie hetten waarte kenne. Mer dutt net zwee so liewe, yunge Leit vun enanner halte, wann sie en anner so gleiche duhn un mit enanner uffgezogge sin, wie die zwee.

Der Hen: Es iss awwer so, un ich kann 's gaar net annerscht mache.

Die Tilina: Wann mer wisst wu er iss, waer es em doch besser.

Der Hen: Mich wunnert 's eb er alsemol noch 's Alfred Markse geht. Sidder die in Oklahoma sin, heert mer net viel vun ihne. 'S iss gsaat warre, ass sie reich warre sin, un ihre Dochter hett gheiert. Es hot net lang genumme fer der Henry vergesse.

Die Tilina: Ach loss yuscht gut sei, Paepp. Unser Haerrgott macht emol ee Daag alles widder recht.

Die Tilina: Heit iss Samschdaag un letscht Nacht hawwich so sonderbaar gedraamt. Ich hab der Henry gsehne, un en Fraa un zwee gleene Kinner. En schennerer Grischtdaag kennt es gaar net gewwe.

Der Hen: Sie saage, was mer als Freidaag nachts draamt, waerd waar.

Die Tilina: Des waer awwer mol ebbes, wann der Henry, unser Bu, heemkeemt. Des geebt en scheener Grischtdaag.

Der Hen: Du un dei Zeeche! Guck mol der Schepp, der geht uff un ab—weess net was er will. Hoscht 's Feier ausgeh losse. Es iss mer bissel kalt do. Ich sehn, du duscht aa dei shawl nuffziege.

Die Tilina: Es Feier iss noch recht gut; awwer es brauch meh Hols do druff. Ich duh graad en paar Schticker druff lege.

Der Hen: Ich muss nochmol in der Schtall. Die Muhli hot ihr nei Hammelche vielleicht nau recht gschleckt. Denoh duh ich es aabinne.

(Der Hen geht naus. Die Tilina schwetzt zu sich selwart.)

Die Tilina: Ich wott es daet ebbes gewwe wie mei Draam. Wann der Henry aa es Bewi waar un verwehnt, er kann doch Glick ghatt hawwe. Er kann gut aakumme. Hab yo viel fer ihn gebet. Wann en Kind so hinnenoch kummt, un mer ziegt es uff, iss es net gut, wann es fatt geht un mer weess net wu es iss.

(Der Hen kummt rei. Er dutt sei Rock aus.)

Die Tilina: Iss die Muhli all recht.

Der Hen: Ya, awwer ich saag dir, es iss kalt drauss. Der Schnee knaerscht unnich em sei Fiess. Marye iss Grischtdaag. Nau geh ich ins Bett.

Die Tilina: Ich wott, ich hett en glee Beemche. Es waer so schee. Es daet vielleicht helfe en bissel Grischtdaagfreede bringe.

(Der Hen geht nooch de Deer, macht sie uff, langt naus un bringt en gleener Schprussbaam rei.)

Der Hen: Well, nau loss mich mol schwetze. Do iss en gleener. Den hawwich ans Gehmans kaaft. Der iss schee awwer yuscht glee. Heit duh ich dir helfe mit denne dumme Sache.

Die Tilina: O du liewichi Zeit! Hen, der Verschtand—bleibt mir yo schier schteh. Ich hab allfert gewisst, ass du gut bischt, awwer ass du mich so rumnarre daetscht fer dei gudi Seit weise, hett ich doch net gedenkt. Des iss awwer schee vun dir. Nee, des iss awwer schier zu viel vun re Freed. Ich hab awwer en guder Mann.

Der Hen: Nau geh un hol mol dei Sache bei fer der Baam.

Die Tilina: O, ich hab noch vum Henry seine Schtarne. Die sin noch schee. Guck, do hot er den gleene Engel drin. Den hot er grickt vun de Gremmemm. Der kummt uff der Dippel.

Der Hen: Ei, des macht dich yo so froh, mer kennt dich schier nimmi.

Die Tilina: Schtell en yuscht do in der Kohlekessel, odder besser noch, graad in der groess schteene Haffe. Duh Kohle drumschidde, mer kenne aa Wasser draa schidde, des halt en lang frisch.

Der Hen: Nau schteht er, un ich hab aa Lichter grickt fer draa. Ei, ei, ei, du duscht dich awwer bliessiere. Hoscht schunn lang ken so rode Backe ghatt. Ich hab net gewisst, ass des dich so gut fiehle macht. Mer hetten des schunn frieher duh solle. Des macht uns alde siwwezich-yaehriche Leit yo recht yung fiehle.

Die Tilina: Wann des der Henry sehne kennt.

Der Hen: Es iss schunn ball zwelf Uhr, nau geh ich awwer ins Bett.

Die Tilina: Nau iss er fattich, mer duhn es gross Licht ausmache un losse yuscht die am Baam brenne. Die Lichter riechen so gut. Un der Schprussgeruch, macht em yo gans annerscht fiehle, as wann ebbes scheenes, feierliches um em rum iss.

Der den: Wann der Henry des yuscht sehne kennt, so en Plessier.

Die Tilina: Wann er yuscht do waer. Do iss noch en scheener, roder Abbel fer ihn. Den duh ich noch draahenke. Des dutt er gleiche.

Der Hen: Witt net aa ebbes draahenke fer die Fraa un gleene Kinner, wu du devun gedraamt hoscht?

Die Tilina: Schpott du yuscht. Des kann ich un duh ich aa. Do iss en silwerner Fingerhut vun deiner Memm. Wann sie net achtols iss, dann gleicht sie den aa. En Kuchebopp fer es Meedli un en Kuckebelsnickel fers Buweli. Mer kennen nau yuscht so gut mache, as wann sie am kumme sin. Es dutt yo ken Schaade.

Der Hen: Harch, drauss iss en Zucht. Was gebt's yuscht? Es iss alles hell. Guck, 's iss en grossi Maschin, Dabber, mach meh Feier.

Die Tilina: Ferwas dann mehner Feier. Mer weess yo net, wer es iss. Geh un guck mol.

Der Hen: Well—die wissen was sie duhn. Sie gehne graad an der recht Blatz fer schtoppe.

Die Tilina: Ei, du yo! do kummt ebber mit me Grischtbaam, der iss awwer schee. Un die Fraa hot en Bobbli uffem Aarm. Datt iss noch en Fraa un en Mann un en Buweli. Sie duhn graad, as wann sie do deheem waere.

Der Hen: (er geht an die Deer un macht sie uff) Memm, er kummt-graad wie in deim Draam, bringt sei Fraa un kinner, un noch die Schwaerleit mit. Die Carrie un der Alfred sin aa debei.

Die Tilina: Iss des en Freed! Henry, Carrie! O! Betsy was bin ich so froh. Un die Kinner, was bin ich so froh! Freidaags draame, dreffi alsemol zu.

Der Hen: Mer hen gewiss viel an eich gedenkt den Owed. Des iss awwer gewiss en Freed.

Die Tilina: Nau missen mer awwer singe.

O was iss es doch so schee
In der Grischtdaagszeit,
Fer unnich der Grischtbaam schteh
Bei unser liewe Leit.
Lichter scheine hell un klaar
Un die Freed iss gross.
Wann es Grischtkind kummt zu Aerd,
Sin mer yo all froh.

Grischtdaag Bresents deelen mer aus
In daere Friedenszeit,
Un danken Gott fers Jesu Kind,
As gebore heit.
Gebortsdaag gebt es alle Daag
Wu die Sunn hiescheint.
Em Grischtkind sei Gabottsdaag iss
Fer die gans Grischtenheit.

Locus Daal — ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

ZWEE PUND ROSEINE

Roseine Boi ans Ballets Haus
Waar immer uffem Disch.
Graad wie bei unnerschiddlich Leit
Gebt's Freidaags immer Fisch.

Die Mammi Balliet alle Woch
Backt ihr Roseline Boi.
Un schtellt sie uff der Kellerhank,
En dutzend in en Roi.

So kummt en Woch ans Ballets Haus,
Waar'n ken Roseine meh
Wie Backzeit widder kummer iss—
Muss ebber hole geh.

Dann schickt die Mammi ihre Ed,
En Schpringer zwelf Yaahr alt,
Zwee Pund Roseine hole geh
Beim Gottlieb Greenawalt.

Der Ed, der waar ball zwee Schtunn aus,
Un wie sie ihn mol seh,
Kummt's graadeswegs der Mammi vor,
Der Pack waer ordlich glee.

So legt sie 'n uff die Budderwog—
'S waar graad wie sie erwaart—
En halb Pund karz—un helt sie'n ghatt,
Den Gottlieb hett sie gschwaart.

Sie waar so falsch, sie iss graad naus
Un packt den Gottlieb aa;
Sie heesst ihn alles, das sie weess,
Un deel noch newe draa.

'Was hett er vor' un 'seiter wann,
Wu waer sei Ehrlichkeit?
En halb Pund karz in zwee, bei Gosch,
Waer er dann net gans gscheit?

Gaar ewich hot die Mammi ghaust,
Er zittert wie en Blatt;
Un wie sei Zung mol widder schafft,
Hot er der Mammi gsaat;

"Zwee Pund Roseine hawwich gschickt,
Bedriege duh ich net!"
No hot er schlau gewinkt un gfrogt:
"Wiegscht alsemol der Ed?

Allentown, Pa. —RALPH A. FUNK

AUS UNSERM BRIEFKASCHTE

The following seasonal expressions arrived too late to be included in our Christmas and New Year issues of the ECK, but we believe they will still be of interest to some of our readers.

EN NEIYOHRSWUNSCH

Ich winsch der 'n glicklich neies Yohr
Un immer blendi Gschpass;
Wann's reggert drauss, kumm dabber rei,
Schunscht warrscht am End noch nass.
Wann's kalt iss, bleib du schee im Haus
Un hock dich an der Offe;
So'n gleener Ebbel 'jack' waer net so schlecht—
So'n gleener macht net gsoffe—
Un denkscht an all dei gude Freind,
Dann hoschde 's gut gedroffe.

—JOHN BIRMELIN

Liewer Editor:

Geschtrowet hawwich sell Schtick 'Grischtdaag wie mir klee waare" im Deitsch ECK gelese un sell hot mei Gedechtnis uffgschtarrt. Es waar graad meine Schtross nunner.

Wie en Bild hawwich widder unser alt weiss Blockhaus gsehne, lang un nidder, mit em Grischtbaam in de Kammer. En paar Daag devor hot der Papp als die Ax grickt un ich bin hinnenoh ghuppst wie en Haas, fer der schenscht Grischtbaam im Busch zu finne. Noh hawwich die Blessier ghatt fer en zu "drimme" gans alleenich, Engel un Schtarne aus Gold un Silwer Babier gemacht, glitzeriche Balle, Schtreng un vun 'tinsel' un 'popcorn' un Eiszappe in gschmolze Inschlich gedunkt. Noh unnich em Baam waar en gleeni Bauerei mit Haus Scheier, Vieh un Fense, Felder, weiss mit baamwollner Schnee, un Schtrosse vun Seegmiehl. Es waar wunderschee!

Var Grischtdaag hawwich als Seibarschde gschtreehlt un in gleene Bindel gebunne. Noh hen mir sie in der Schtor genumme un verschwappt uff Grischtkindelcher. Es hot mich immer gewunnert wie sie so schee geel un rot 'candy' aus Seibarschde mache kennte.

Owels var Grischtdaag hawwich selwert, als der Belsnickel, mei gleener Bruder bsucht un hab ihm un em Papp un de Mamm all ebbes gebrocht. Un es hot net viel genumme fer Blessier zu bringe zu seller zeit.

Ich gleich 's ECK. Mach als so fatt.

Stella Grube Chisholm

Liewer Editor:

Mich wunnert's was des fern Grischtdaag widder gebt. Grischtdaag sett en grosser Gebortsdaag sei, awwer wu ass mer hieguckt, iss en Raase fer die greesschte Bresents kaafe, eh Geld do iss odder net.

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TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 108

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President | David A. Miller, Vice President | Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally begets reward. —*Basil.*

Commission's Just Request

It is a very reasonable and a highly just request which the Allentown Recreation Commission has made to the County Commissioners. It asks for an appropriation during the current year to the work and activities of this body.

The County Commissioners presently are preparing their budget so the request comes at the proper time. And no doubt Allentown folks, who are as much a part of the county population as the people in any township or boro, will approve such an appropriation.

It can be said that there is excellent precedent for such action by the County Commissioners. During some of the early years of the Commission's life and work the County cooperated with City and School governments in the financing of the Recreation Commission's activities. During that period the County was represented in the makeup of the board by reason of such contributions.

But the justice in any such appropriation lies in the fact that the county derives the major part of its tax upon real estate from Allentown and a good deal of it can be spent upon matters affecting the lives of the people of this city.

Then there is the added fact that not only are all recreation facilities in Allentown open to all persons in the county but they are availed of by very many persons who live outside the city's limits. There never is any question at any of the public recreation spots as to the name and residence of a person. Hundreds of people from all parts of the county during the summer come to the pools, the parks and the playgrounds that are city-owned and operated. And they are just as welcome at all times as anybody else. In fact, Allentown takes pleasure in the being able to entertain its visitors. It is glad that they like to come here. And the charge to them is the same as to Allentonians, which is exactly nothing.

So the County Commissioners well can support the Commission which has so much to do with providing a lot of the facilities which people from all parts of the county are able to enjoy. It will be mere justice to the people who live in the city and are taxpayers to the County. And it will aid the commission in doing even better work for all the people of the County.

Polio's Crushing Load

How important it is that the people of this community should give their heartiest support and largest possible contributions to the current campaign, known as the March of Dimes, is indicated by the Board of Health's figures as to infantile paralysis cases in this city and surrounding area during the past year.

This report shows that 69 cases were treated in this city. This was the highest figure in all the recorded history of infantile paralysis and society's battle against it. Therefore a new record in contributions is not merely logical. It is highly necessary if the many new victims of this disease are to receive the long and careful treatment that society wishes them to have in order to achieve the highest possible degree of recovery.

Of the 69 cases that were reported in this city, 27 were residents and 42 non-residents, most of them from Lehigh's rural areas. Seven of the 69 died. Therefore there is a carry-over into this year of 62 cases. These must undergo careful, almost daily treatment until they have completely recovered or no further progress in their rehabilitation can be hoped for. This may be a matter of months. It may even run into a year or more. Then there is the need of money for care of polio victims who are carry-overs from 1948 and even before that. Added to this is a deficit of several thousand dollars from last year.

None of all these cases is forgotten by the Lehigh County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. This chapter diligently finances the cost of the treatment and care that all infantile paralysis victims receive.

The year 1949 brought a terrific burden of expense, as any one can believe and calculate. The only way in which this expense can be carried by the local Chapter — your chapter — is by bigger and more numerous contributions to the March of Dimes.

Get That License Now

While the State authorities never become harsh early in the year in the matter of the licensing of dogs, it is the part of prudence on the part of owners of these pets to recognize the fact that 1949 licenses expire during the weekend and that new ones should be secured promptly.

The number of dogs in Lehigh County subject to licensing probably nears 15,000. It can be imagined what furore would be created if all the owners were to descend upon the County Treasurer in the course of a few days for the purchase of licenses. So it will be wise for dog-owners to attend to this matter at their earliest convenience and not await the days when the State undoubtedly will announce intention to "crack down" on unlicensed dogs and their owners. Then comes the big annual rush at the Court House, plus interminable delays, annoyances and often embarrassments for owners.

As in other matters that ultimately must be faced and disposed of: Do it now.

John Bull to the Polls

Britain's general elections, called for Feb. 23, may mark a turning point in English history and will decide the immediate future of British Socialism.

If the Conservatives win, they won't return the coal mines, the public utilities and the Bank of England to private ownership. But they will halt further nationalization of industry.

Nationalization of steel and iron is now held in abeyance, pending the election's outcome.

Many observers believe, however, that large numbers of voters are less concerned about Socialism than about such things as food supply, government controls, taxes and pay envelopes.

Betting odds forecast another Labor victory, although Labor's 1945 leads may be sharply reduced. Statisticians estimate that, since 1946, some 2,500,000 voters have died and about 3,500,000 new voters have come of age. Thousands more have moved to new homes in dominions and colonies.

Only the elections can tell whether these changes in the electorate will help the Laborites or the Conservatives.

One thing sure: the vote will be much heavier than an American national election ever brings out.

In our 1948 Presidential election, only about half of the citizens eligible to vote went to the polls. In Britain's last seven general elections, 71 to 77 per cent of the eligible citizens voted. Increased party activity and high public interest may boost that to 80 per cent or more on Feb. 23.

N. Y. World-Telegram & Sun

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

State Farm Show,
Harrisbarrick, Pa.,
da 13d Yanner, 1950.

My Lieva Laiser:

Ich wase net ebs der dawg is. - Fridawgs, der 13d Yanner, odder die widdering, ow'r sis aryads ebbes lose. So wenich bakonta leit wie heit wissa m'r net won m'r g'sehna hen-mohl darrich 'n blizzard etlicha yohr tzurick. In gons'm, is heit der glansh'd dawg fon da woch, un 'm Midwoch wor der graish'd. So gross os der Midwoch wor, hen m'r ow'r shun fiel graiserra g'sehna, un kenna alla weil noch net glawwa os 155,000 leit doh worra. M'r hen mohl shtarta tzaila, ow'r wie m'r drowwa worra on 107,998 hen m'r g'shtopt, un da boove ihra wert ganumma 's weara so fiel doh wos sie g'sawt henos doh weara.

M'r worra yusht forda im grossa arena, un hen die 4-H baby beef boova un maid watcha ihra uxa ob weissa fer "showmanship." Sel gleicha m'r immer tzu sehna, uns worra bardicha indressa fer uns des yohr, weil finf boova fon Northampton kounty dabei worra. Die boova worra der Franklin un der Clair Reichard fon da Hecktown kerrich drin, der Edgar Fehnel, 's Roscoes' boo, der Roy Fabian un der Robert Hester fon nagshd on Bangor. 'S wor 'n blessier wie sie ihra uxa ob gawissa hen un wie die grossa rinshticker g'folick'd hen. Grawd wie sie hen fers "championship," so hen sie die uxa g'shtrick'd, g'shtrail'd un gagrull'd. Sie hen na evens die auga ous gabutzt, un die fees shwartz gapaint.

Der Edgar Fehnel is airshter rei kumma, un der Franklin Reichard dritter-ous bout 'n dudsend. Der Edgar hut 'n grossie "fitting" box grick'd, 'n box fol holfterra, shtrail, shtrigle, barshda, un aenich ebbes un allas os es nembt fer 'n prize winner ous ma ux mocha. Der Franklin hut 'n bond shlup grick'd ols drit prize.

Ich wot ihrhetta 'm Franklin sei shweshter, die Paul Hower'n drowwa im arena hoerra kenna blotcha wie sie g'shena hut os der Franklin ainer fon da drei winners wor. Bei ra wor ihra mon der Paul Hower, 'm Paul sei bruder Aaron, un ihra Pap, der Earl Reichard. Uf da onnera side 'm arena is gons unnerra sitza, hut 'm "Buff" Coleman sei fraw k'huck'd, mit da Elwood Buss'n bei ra fer kumpany.

Wen sotta 'mr aw dreffa im arena wié der Brooke Ball, wón ols 'm kounty agent Al Hacker sei mithelfer wor. Der Brooke is now kounty agent fon Jefferson kounty, un secht 's Pennsylfawnish Deitsch wear so tzimlicn ous g'shtarva in selra gagend. In da tzeit os er drous is, hut er yusht ae mohl Pennsylfawnish Deitsch k'hoert. Noh sin m'r heit aw der Sam Lewis, assistant kounty agent fon Northampton kounty bakont werra. Hen shun fiel k'hoert fom in da drei yohr os er doh is, ow'r 'n dafor net aw gadroffa fer blauderra. Der Sam kumt fon Erie kounty, un fershtaid ken Pennsylfawnish Deitsch.

Geshter noch dem os m'r g'schriva hen kot, sin m'r barich'd werra 's William Beltza fon nagshd on Palmerton hetta gaguck'd fer uns, ow'r hen sie net aw gadroffa. Noh hen m'r geshter aw der Edgar Miller un sei Beulah un kinner Ruth un Earl aw g'sehna. 'S Edgars' worra 'm ledshda summer mit der Hudson nuf, un kenna ols noch net driwwer kumma, iwwer die gute tzeit os m'r kotta hen. 'S Mosby Heinlys' fon Schnecksville un kinner, un 'm Mosby sei mam Helen Heinly un boo fom sama blotz, hen m'r aw aw gadroffa shpote im nommy dawg. Die Helen tzailt fers nagshd yohr 'n shtand om Show howwa her leit weissa wie konkrete tzomma bobba mit chewing gum. Net long tzurick wie 'n shtick payment ob gabrocha is farna om hous, hut sies sella waig fosht gabobb'd-maint 's wear net yusht handich ow'r aw wolfel, un is shure os onner leit die sama socha duh kenna, won sie numma wissa wie aw tzu gae.

Der Warren Schwartz fon nagshd on Kreidersville, un der William Roth fon Northampton sin damorya mit nonner rous kumma-mohl's aller airsht fer 'm Warren seinra fraw Myra, un shweshter Margaret ihra gakann'd socha hame nemma, s un aw der der Ed Seiple fon Bath hame hola. Der Ed wor die gons woch doh hous un hut 'n boomerawlishie gutie tzeit kot. Oh yar, die Margaret un die Myra, 'm Warren sei Mam Annie Schwartz hen gute gaduh priza gawinna mit ihr'm gakanda socha. 'S Curtis Newhards hen m'r aw g'sehna, un wolla wetta os sie bol net worta kenna bis ihra bavy alt ganunk is fer aw mit rous noch 'm Show kumma.

Yar wel, 's Show is so tzimlich feriwwer, 'n yaders blauder'd fon hame gae, un sel is wos mier duhn grawd now, ferol os die uhr airsht tzwae nommy dawgs weiss'd. 'S wor 'n grossie woch, hen 'n lot leit g'sehna, un hoffa die os m'r ferfail'd hen, ferdenka 's uns net, so fiel kon m'r duh un net may. Wie immer,

der Pumpernickle

Horoscope

Mars and Jupiter are helpful in making this period one of good work and beneficial results. Unexpected events are likely to make interesting the life of a child born today.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Nature's Boy, John L. Lewis, is not always grim. Once at a supper table he turned to some of his "advisors"—some miners' officials, his economist, the erudite Jett Lauck, and his treasurer. What did they think of some strategy he had devised, he asked them benevolently. One official said: "I think you were wrong, Mr. Lewis."

Even the coffee froze as Old Shaggy's smile dropped. Lewis slowly raised two fingers, regally wiggled them at the head waiter, and when the overwhelmed matre d' hurtled over to the Great One, John intoned in that famous royal bass of his, pointing disdainfully at the officer who had dared say he was wrong:

"Remove this man from the table. He's no longer eating here."

Then, turning to his treasurer, Lewis glanced at his watch and remarked casually:

"Make out a check for this man as of 9:20 p.m. He's no longer on the United Mine Workers' payroll."

And that obsession, which doesn't permit him to face any opposition, any contradiction, any hint that other men are his equal, is the issue in the coal crisis.

Real and Frightening

This isn't something I speak of merely in wrath. It's a thing I've seen and touched. It's real and it's frightening.

Only a few hours before this was written, I went out to see the Uniontown, Pa., coaldigger, big, ruddy-faced George H. Livengood, who has sued the Miners' Welfare Fund trustees for an accounting of the $100,000,000 spent by John Lewis' lieutenants. Big George a miner who lost two fingers in the pits and dear friends in the old Herrin massacre of non-union men by irate coaldiggers back in the 20's, has now been kicked out of the miners' union and is asking for an open hearing by the union's officials.

Livengood told me that no charges had been preferred against him—that the union never informed him of the grounds for his expulsion. He just was dropped. Then he showed me the certificate which had once authorized the welfare fund to pay him $90 a month as a disabled or sick coaldigger. With the fingers on his mutilated hand, he pointed out the rule (No. 2) which gives Lewis power over the welfare millions. It had never been revealed before. And it bluntly said:

"This grant is subject to withdrawal or termination at any time by the trustees for any matter, cause or thing of which they shall be the sole judges and without assignment of reason therefor."

Controls Fund

Since John L. controls the welfare fund, is chairman of the board of trustees, refuses to give them the full details of its multimillion dollar operation and virtually directs the expenditure of $1,000,000 a year in salaries to run the fund, he therefore, through his lieutenants, "without assignment of reason therefor" can spend $100,000,000 a year and more—as his whims of iron move him.

The coal mine owners take a very unenthusiastic view of all this, because the $2,000,000 a week comes out of their pits. They want a voice in the management. They'll not sign a new contract without it.

And another thing. Let's say it right out. The operators want to know just who'll run their mines—they or John Lewis. And there is nothing in the philosophy of trade unionism which says that one union chief, in the name of honest working men, even such men as the miners who face hideous death each sunless day, shall tell a businessman when he will or won't produce his product.

That, too, is the issue. You see, Lewis is really fighting for renewal of the 1947 miners' contract, which carried over into 1948. This pact not only gives Lewis the right to shut down the pits in a fight for wages—by deciding when the miners are "willing and able" to work, and by determining when they will have a "memorial" period—but has even been purged of all penalties for no-strike and wildcat-walkout violations.

No Obligations

In other words, the union has no obligation of any kind under this pact. And, though he always could shut the mines, this contract gives him the legal right, before the public, to tell coal businessmen just when they can operate. So the operators have hit back. They won't sign such contracts again, they say.

And since their experts know that Lewis is sensitive and allergic to walking into courts, they've thrown a score of legal actions against him. They know, for example, that in the spring of 1948, violence was committed in southwest Virginia against nonstriking workers at a strip mine. Action was taken against the union, although it was doubtful that the United Mine Workers could be involved.

But Lewis was anxious to settle and rushed in $40,000 to make peace out of court. So the operators are harrassing him with this technique, while awaiting Robert Denham's move in Federal court to force John L. to end all strikes.

It's a war of nerves against the biggest nerve of all.

(Copyright 1950)

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

John 2

Cana of Galilee is noted as the place where Jesus perfomed His first miracle, according to the Gospel records. It is a short distance from His home in Nazareth. The miracle, as is well known, was the turning of water into wine (contrast this with the first plague in Exodus—the turning of water into blood. At a wedding feast, attended by Jesus; His disciples, and His mother, the wine having run out, when they seem to have told Mary, His mother, about it, she ventured to tell Jesus. But He rebuked her, whereupon she told them to go directly to Him, as she would do today. He then graciously told them what to do, after which they had abundance. We call it a miracle, but the good Lord does this same thing every year in the course of a few months, transmuting the rains of spring into the juice of the grape in fall, and no one else but the Creator can do that. I was in Cana in '28 and '30, and saw children selling small clay waterpots to tourists on the streets for a nickel, as mementoes of the miracle, and as souvenirs to take home.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Rain of Ashes, a lush novel of high life in New Orleans, by James Neugass, contains a story about the Cajuns that is very popular in Louisiana. (The Cajuns, as you probably recall, are the descendants of the French colonists who settled in the bayou country. Evangeline was one of them)

Well, it seems that Didi and Alphonse were out seeking crawfish in their flat - bottom boat on a bayou. At night they tied up their boat — or pirogue, as it's called down there, lit a fire, and went to sleep. During the night the boat drifted away from shore and came to rest on the opposite bank. When the two Cajuns woke up they looked across at their boat in astonishment. "We ain't heah no mo'," says Alphonse. "That's right," answers Didi, pointing to the pirogue. "We mus' be ovah theyah!"

Today and Tomorrow

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Sen. Connally came out of the closed meeting of the Foreign Relations committee on Tuesday and reported that Secretary Acheson had said that "the line Japan-Okinawa-Philippines was our line of defense that on this line the United States had an impregnable defense in this area." The secretary had also said that "in Southeast Asia, including Burma, India, Siam, Indo-China, Indonesia about the most we can do is to encourage them and give them some aid under Point Four."

Great Departure

These statements of high policy mark a very great departure from the Truman doctrine which Mr. Acheson, then the under-secretary of state, had such a leading part in formulating nearly three years ago. His position on Tuesday was that the American line of defense is in the Pacific ocean, but that on the line where communism is pushing forward the most we can do is to encourage the non-Communists and give them some technical and financial aid.

This is a very long way from the 1947 "policy of firm containment, designed," as George Kennan described it in his celebrated paper, "to confront the Russians with unalterable counterforce at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and a stable world."

Mr. Acheson's difficulty today in dealing with his Republican critics, with Gen. MacArthur and Sen. Knowland and the others, is that while they are still the true believers in the Truman doctrine of firm containment, Mr. Acheson, confronted with the realities, has had to backslide. His trouble in Congress is that while teacher has changed his mind, the pupils still believe and repeat what he taught them. They have been oversold on a theory which, because it rested on a miscalculation of American military and economic power, has proved to be unworkable and is, in Asia at any rate, being scrapped by its authors.

New Policy Required

As a result a vacuum has opened up in our policy wherever the line of American defense does not coincide with the front line of the Communist advance. What is to be our policy in the areas beyond the lines of our own defense? We do not propose to make these areas impregnable. We do not wish to surrender them to the Soviet Union. What then do we do?

Is it not evident that as the policy of firm containment at the frontiers of communism has broken down, a new policy is required for the areas which we cannot promise to defend and yet cannot afford to surrender?

Though the problem of defining a policy of this kind may appear to be novel and at first thought insoluble, the problem has often been solved before. The classic solution for nations which wish to be independent but cannot be defended is neutrality. That will, I believe, be the solution sought by more and more of the nations of Asia and Europe which lie in the disputed and threatened borderland between the two giant powers — each capable of devastating their lands, neither capable of protecting them against devastation.

That should be, I believe, the solution we offer them in place of the "containment" which we now admit we cannot enforce. There is no other solution—once we realize that we have no decisive military power on the mainland inside Asia. Nor is there any other solution for Germany, for Austria, for Scandinavia, for Eastern Europe, once we recognize the consequences of the Soviet achievement of the atomic bomb.

The only alternative to an indecisive war in which they can hope for no security against devastation from both sides is the progressive neutralization of a great buffer belt from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean.

An Impossibility

The policy of containment, which is one of military encirclement up to the frontiers of the Soviet Union, is a military and political impossibility. We cannot give adequate military support to all the nations around the circle. And they will not long stand there unsupported, undefended, but provocatively, on that circle. They cannot be the frontier posts of a military system which cannot insure their security in case of war. They must do something else. That something else is to dis-align themselves, to disengage themselves no matter what their ideological sympathies, and to seek security in as much neutrality as the balance of power among the great nations enables them to maintain.

This is the way the world is going on both sides of the Iron Curtain. This is the way India and Pakistan are going. It is the way all but the most unregenerate and reactionary Germans are going. It is the only way Tito and all the countries infected by Titoism can go without risking the utter disaster of civil war. It is the way Japan is bound to try to go, now that it is subject to atomic attack from Siberia. It is the way a wise and enlightened policy might induce Red China to go.

It is the way we shall have to encourage them to go, once we recognize honestly what the limitations of our own military power mean.

(Copyright 1950)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

It must be great to be a statesman and to have the fate of the world as one's chief interest.

It must also be great to be an economic authority and to issue such important statistics as the expected increase in production of safety pins in 1989, based on the estimated increase in population.

It must be great—to be great.

As far as I am concerned I don't expect ever to be great in anything—and I am kind of glad that I am destined to remain a mediocrity.

It helps my sleep and my digestion.

Trying to be great has caused a lot of heart trouble and goodness knows how many millions of ulcers.

I ought to know. I've had both.

I had a busy day in New York City today and had occasion to watch several big executives with their multiple telephones, their push buttons, their secretaries and their bicarbonate.

"Gosh darn it," I said to myself, "when I get home tonight I'm going to show my wife that I'm as smart as these New York tycoons."

So, on the home-bound train, I skipped all the interesting stuff in my evening paper and read only the BIG things.

I didn't read the story about the little boy's pup who walked hundreds of miles back to his little master after he had got lost on an automobile trip. I only glanced at the headlines.

I passed right over another human interest story about neighbors taking up a collection for a poor little crippled girl, one of 11 children, so she could get medical care.

No, instead I read about Russia and Korea and Israel and world imports and exports and what Secretary Snyder said to somebody or other about the financial interdependence of different countries the names of which I forget.

So, at dinner, I started to talk to my wife about these important things I had read on the train.

I started off with the terrific New York water shortage.

"Oh, that reminds me," she interrupted, "the plumber has been over at Mrs. J.'s all day. Broken oil burner."

Then I went on to China.

"I wonder how soon we will recognize the Chinese Reds," I remarked eruditely.

"I'm glad you mentioned it," said the wife. "You know, I am very much dissatisfied with that laundry of ours. I understand there is a new Chinese laundry in Norwalk. . . ."

That settled the Chinese question.

Next subject was a wonderful new medical discovery in the treatment of arthritis.

This from my wife:

"Mrs. G. told me that little three-year-old Judy is out of the hospital. Third time with bronchial pneumonia.

"When they took her to the hospital she struggled. Didn't want to go in. 'I don't like those prickly nurses', she said. Remembered the penicillin injections. Isn't that cute?"

No, I'll never be great—thank God.



AM SCHPUNDELOCH

By ASTOR C. WUCHTER

The original manuscript is among the literary remains of the late Rev. Astor C. Wuchter (1856-1933) now in the possession of the Muhlenberg College Library.—ED.

Im Tippleton im Lebberdaal,
Dart schteht en Waertshaus alt;
'S iss eigericht far Bisniss duh,
Eb's warm iss odder kalt.

Hoch uff em Poschte hengt en Schild
In so me eisne Yoch;
En prechtich Bierfass druffgemalt,
Un driwwer: "Schpundeloch."

Ken schenner Haus in Tippletown,
Wie's Schpundeloch am Eck;
Dart treibt die Kunschaft Daag un Nacht
Ihr Darscht un Elend weck.

'S iss ewwe lonesome bei der Fraa,
Die Owet sin so lang.
Noh gehn sie noch 'm Schpundeloch,
Wie Hinkel nooch der Schtang.

Die Fraa gebt uff die Kinner acht,
Sie vescht un flickt un schtoppt;
Sie blogt sich ab, sie macht un sargt,
Bis dass es Haerz re kloppt.

Wer hett gedenkt am Hochzichdaag,
As Lieb so falle kennt;
Devor war's alles Engelboss,
Nau iss die Supp verbrennt!

Sie blaudre vun der Politick,
Vum Wetter un de Crops,
Un meene wann's aa drucke waer,
So hett mer doch sei Schnapp's;
Dem Prohibition sin sie feind,
Wie Hund de Lewwerwarscht;
'S iss ewwe lang so zwische Drinks,
Un guck; den grosse Darscht!

Der Schtoffel Zopp iss graad der Mann,
Far'n Haus wie's "Schpundeloch";
Er dreht en Graahne, 's iss 'n Luscht
Far'n watsche 'n gansi Woch.
Er dutt's so schee, sie gucke zu—
Of course, er waerd getippt;
Sie hewe sich am Balance-rail,
Wie's Falter-Gaul as gnippt.

'S iss wunnerbaar, so'n Waertshaus ziegt
Wie'n Krug mit Wasser drin,
Wann Buwe summers uffem Feld
Am Hummle schtarre sin.
Fliegt eener iwwer's Loch, was brummt's!
Un wapp! dart geht er nei;
Er kann net annerscht, 's reisst en schepp,
Nord geht's net, weescht, varbei.

Die Hummle dart im Wasserkrug,
Die waere liewer draus;
Die ann're dart im Schpundeloch
Gehn liewer nei wie raus.
'S iss ordlich, sell, 's iss ebbes dart
As ziegt, bigosh, as reisst;
'S iss schur net's Wasser, no-sir-ee!
'S iss ebbes schunscht as beiszt.

Es geht ne, deeich, wie'm Billy Schrepp,
Beim alte Henni Zehm;
"Wann ich ins Waertshaus aeryets kumm,
Do bin ich wie deheem.
Mer hot sei commodation dart,
Kannscht kriege was du witt,
'S iss alles hendich eigericht
Far Darscht un Abbedit."

'S iss ewwe so gemietlich dart,
So'n aagenehmi Luft;
Ich wees net wie mer saage sott—
So'n Bier un Brandy Duft.
Sell ziegt, 's iss awwer ebbes schunscht
Noch unnich sell debei,
Schunscht gengt der Billy schur mol net,
Var'm Brekfescht schunn dart nei.

Er hot do maryets mol gemeent:
"Drei Dinge misse sei—
Die Karrich, 's Waertshaus un die Miehl;
Do muss mer ewwe nei."
"Ya", saagt der Schtoffel, "Sell iss so,
Sell macht die Redder geh,
'S nemmt Wind un Wasser, noh geht's rum.
Was nemmscht de Marye? Heh?"

Der Joe, der Billy un der Sepp,
Sin kaerzlich uff en Schprie;
Zum Schtoffel geht's, der waart schun lang,
Wu gengt mer schunscht dann hie?
Dart hen sie g'hockt de ganse Daag—
'S waar'n Himmel uff der Aerd;
Noh fangt der Billy 'n Liedel aa—
Der Schlickser hot's em g'schtart:

'N Siffer Lied
(Melodie: "Im Mai hot's die Keffer")

Du schwarzbrauni Bottel,
Du liegscht mir am Haerze;
Wann'd voll bischt, wie freehlich,
Wann'd leer bischt, was Schmaerze.
Kumm, loss dich mol dricke,
Was warrscht dich dann wehre;
Du kannscht so schee gluckse—
Kumm! loss dich mol heere.

Gluck, gluckerdi gluh-gluh!
Guck, nau iss es drunne;
Was wott ich—duh waerscht doch
So dief as en Brunne.
Was daet ich net gewwe—
Fraa, Heemet un Kinner,
Die Geil aus 'm Wagge,
Die Kieh un die Rinner.

Dum diedel dum dei lo!
Wie herrlich un freehlich;
Was wott mer im Himmel
Un doch yuscht halbseelich?
Dart hen sie nix schtarkes—
So gaffe die Parre;
Wer wott dann dart anne?
Do waer mer yo Narre.

Kummt, Buwe, recht luschtich,
Wer lebt, muss aa schtaerwe;
Iss alles versoffe,
Brauch nimmand nix aerwe.
Mer saufe, beim Dunner,
Bis alles verloffe;
Noh rugt mer im Graawe
Schwarz himmelblo g'soffe.

* * *

Der Joe hot in die Hend geblatscht,
Un uff der Boddem g'schpaut;
Der Sepp schpringt uff un danst eens ab,
Wie'n Kuh im Buhnegraut.
"Bei Cracki! sell waar'n Vaertel wert,"
Fangt noh der Schtoffel aa,
"Do Buwe, nemmt eens fiat uff mich;
'S waar bully, hip hurrah!

Hot's aryets in der Nochberschaft
En Picnic odder'n Fescht,
Noh sargt der schlau alt Ketzer aa
Far Feddre in sei Nescht.
Er macht en Cake-walk odder'n Dans,
Un laad noh alles ei;
Was gebt er drum wann's Geld yuscht kummt,
Um all die Seierei.

Er gleicht wann's ewwe hurrah geht,
Die Earschtubb g'schtoppte voll;
In sellem geht's em graadement
Wie'm alte Parre Schtoll;
"Wie veller as die Karrich iss,
De leichter geht's vun Hand,
En Breddich duh un nix vun Leit!
'S waer, liewer Drosch, en Schand.

'S geht schier as wie im 'Schpinnelied'
Mit sell're aarme Mick—
"Ach! kumm mol in mei Parlor do
So'n gleener Aageblick,
Der schenscht glee Parlor"—Well, die Mick
Iss ewwe schtols dart nei.
Sell waar aa's letscht, der aarm glee Dropp
Fallt nimmi in der Brei.

AN ENGLISHMAN OBSERVES

The chronicles of early travellers through our colonies are sometimes valuable and always interesting. The following is taken from:

The Travels of that well-known pedestrian, Robert Wilson, of March, in the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire: Being A Relation of Facts; containing his Remarkable Adventures, his Extraordinary Sufferings and Wonderful Escapes, during a Peregrination over a considerable portion of the Globe. Written by himself. London: Printed for the Author: 1807.

His travels brought him to Pennsylvania in the fall of 1781. He rode through Lancaster County and commented: "The land in many parts of the provinces through which I had travelled was very good; but particularly in Maryland and Pennsylvania, where, I think, it was as fine even for graising (grazing) fat beef, mutton, etc., as any land in England."

From his observations made among the Germans in Maryland, we quote: "I do not recall that anything further occurred worth mentioning, till I had arrived at the Dutch settlement in Maryland. Stopping one night at the house of an old Dutchman, who was gone to bed, I was ushered into an extensive room, in the middle of which was a large Dutch stove. The family were seated round the fire, and I was desired to sit down with them. Endeavoring to repay their kindness by entertaining them with a relation of circumstances that had been presented to my notice, I was repeatedly answered by a voice from the farther corner of the room. I looked toward the part whence the sound seemed to arise, where stood a bed, but it was made, and no one on it, nor any person to be seen. I then said to the people seated about me, "There is a voice comes from that corner, I can perceive nothing but the bed, and that appears to be made; however, there is certainly nobody on it." Looking more attentively at the bed, I saw the head of the old Dutchman, the master of the house, peep out: "No," said he, "there certainly is not anybody **on** this bed—You English people are fools! You lie **on** the bed to keep you warm!—The best way is to have the bed on you." I solemnly declare, the old Dutchman lay under a feather-bed! What he had between his carcase and the bedstead I do not remember; I probably enquired, but have forgotten."

AUS DEM MORGENSTERN

The following little dialog is from the DOYLESTOWN MORGENSTERN for February 5, 1845. It is printed here as one of the earliest attempts to use our dialect in one of the newspapers of the day. The spelling of the original is retained, but for the "umlauts."

Herr Drucker:

Leizte Woche war ich ans Caspers, und ueberhoerte folgendes Gespraech zwischen ihm und der alten Suse.

Suse—Casper, unserem Nachber sei Meik kommt anfangs alle Woch' die Balle sehne, ich glab dass er im Sinn hot zu heire, und doch mehn ich dass sie noch schier zu jung waer.

Casper—Ach so ebbes glab ich net, du west noch ganz gut wie mir jung waren, da hen mer a gern Vergnuegen gehapt, ohne gerade daran zu denken um zu heirathen.

Suse—Ja dess waes ich woll, aber jede Woche sell iss der G'spass zu stark getrieben. Ich kann so weit in ein Muehlstein sehen dass der wu ihn hackt, und kann a net glawe dass die Sach ganz leer ist.

Casper—Ich habs a schon gemerkt dass er sich gewaltig ufschleckt.

Suse—Well es mag sein wie es will, der Meik is en schoener schmaerter Bu, un hat a ebbes Geld—wenn ich noch e mol jung wer, ich het selber fraed an ihm—un do verdenk ich es der Balle a net wenn sie ihn gleicht.

Casper—Sapperlot und Buttermilch, es werd doch net Ernst aus dem Ding werre wollen—die Balle is zu jung; un noch ens, wenn sie heiren thut so muss sie a ausgesteuert sey, un sell kost zu viel. Wenn mir die Balle nau gehen lassen, naechstes Jahr will dann die Sophia a ghen, und so kann es fort gehn, bis die Bewwe, die Raetschel und unsere sechs Maed alle fort sind, und jede wot dann en Kuh und andern Hausroth haben; auf diese Art wuerden alle unsere Kueh aus dem Stall gehen, und das Geld aus der Tasche um Tochtermaenner auszusteuren. Sell kommt zu dick, des kann mer net staenden.

Suse—Du guckst zu weit voran—so dabber wird es net mit alle unsern Toechter gehen. Ich hab aber noch en Ursach warum dass ich em Meik gut bin; du west er hat far Clay gestimmt und is en guter Whig. Wenn mir die Balle em Meik net gewe, so schnappt uns ein Loco Foco vielleicht am Ende sie noch wek—un sell kennt ich erst net leide.

Casper—Well, wie die Balle es macht so ist mi, es recht—wie sie ihr Nest fettert so wird sie schlafen.

Suse und Casper hielten auf diese Art Rath miteinander bis Mitternacht, und mir wurde die Zeit zu lang, so dass ich ins Bett gieng und bey mir selbst dachte:

Der ganze Gram
Ein eitler Traum

EIN UNSICHTBARER

LOCO FOCO—this term (in the form of Loco-Focos) was first applied to the radical or Equal Rights faction of the Democratic party in New York State in 1835. It then came to be used generally by the Whigs in the 1830's and 1840's as a term of contempt for the entire Democratic Party.

Der Schtoffel weess es, never mind,
Wu's Kraut im Himmel wachst;
Eb's Hinkel odder Haahne sin,
Wann's hinnerm Heisel gackst!
Die alte Topers schtaerwe aus,
Was gebt's wann's Gscheft verfliegt?
Do fangt mer an de Yunge aa,
Wie'n Bauer Kaelwer ziegt.

Wann ebber aryets willkumm iss,
Do geht er gaern als hie,
Un wammer mol vernaddert iss,
Wie schnoke iwwer's Vieh.
Do brauch mer net lang peife, weesscht,
Sie kumme selwer bei,
Wie Buwe owets nooch de Maed,
Geht's uff die Freierei.

Die Alte hen's schunn unnerschtitzt,
Die Yunge halte's uff,
Wer wott dann unni Waertshaus sei
Un alsemol en Suff?
Mit travling waerd net viel gemacht,
So hie un haer im Yohr;
Waer's net noch far die Nochberschaft,
Der Schrief waer lengscht am Dor.

Wie g'saat, 's iss so gemiethlich dart,
So'n Owet geht doch rum;
Iss nix abbadich Neies uff,
Dann schwetzt mer ewwe dumm.
Mit Dice un Kaarte kammer aa
Dart hocke 'n gansi Nacht;
Un wann aa alles dart deheem
Meh driwwer heilt as lacht.

So'n Waertshaus iss'n scheeni Sach,
Waert's g'halte mit Manier;
Wer travelt sucht sei Uffenhalt,
Waerd's Nacht far Mensch un Dier.
'S iss awwer net far'n Nochberschaft,
Die hot ken Bisniss dart;
Un's gebt aa ken so Deiwelschtreech,
Wann's ehrlich g'halte waerd.

O Schpundeloch! O Schpundeloch!
Un du, O Schtoffel Zopp!
Ihr hett schunn mann'ch Elend g'schtifft
Die weit Welt uff un ab.
Far wie viel Kummer, Angscht un Not
Hett ihr Kredit im Buch?
Ee Daag kummt mol die Rechenschaft
Un owwerdrei der Fluch.

Wie oft iss Haab un Gut bei eich
Zum Schpundeloch schunn nei?
Un doch kummt nix zum Kraahne raus
Wie Schand un Armedei!
Wer eich mol in die Kluppe fallt,
Brauch net zum Gschweier geh;
Der Wille iss schunn lengscht gemacht—
Der Schtoffel grickt's allee!

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS
Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

He has learned much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered that most strict and necessary connection, that does and ever will exist between vice and misery, and virtue and happiness. —Colton.

A Home for Work of Blind

That praiseworthy institution, the Lehigh County Blind Association, promises to take its most important forward step in its history within the coming year for a [illegible] planned for it under the sponsorship of the seven large and active Lions clubs in Lehigh County.

Tho handicapped by very poor or no eyesight at all, the blind as a rule are self-sufficient people. There are many experts among them in fact in a limited number of lines of handicrafts. They have energy and ambition for plodding tasks. They have the training and capacity for excellent work which they have been carrying on in a building inadequate for their numbers and for the range of work which they would like to perform.

The Lions, who have been outstanding in support for the work and welfare of the blind ever since these clubs were formed, again have taken the initiative in a matter that has been pressing upon the association for a number of years.

With the support of the many hundreds of men in these flourishing civic clubs, and their constant encouragement, the beneficial influence upon the blind and their work will continue. It will grow to splendid fruition in a building adequate for the expansion of their work and the better performance of work in quarters that will be designed specifically for the functions of the Blind Association.

Ready for Old Home Week

Get ready for Old Home Week which is to be observed during the week of August 13, according to decision reached yesterday by Mayor Hock's committee which considered the idea in general and unanimously determined to embark upon it.

No Allentonian will wish to be away from the city during that period. In the arrangement of vacation plans those days should be marked at once on the calendars as "Stay-at-Home Week."

In anticipation of summer visitors, residents may well inform their prospective guests, especially if they be former Allentonians, that there will be a lot of stirring in their beautiful and hospitable old home town during the second week of August. They will be able to tell them that a visit at that time will almost certainly be more interesting than at any other period of the summer.

Snowy Owls Here for Food

The recent reports of the sighting in this community of snowy owls and the excitement among bird lovers by reason of the rare visits by this bird of the Arctic is not a localized experience. In fact, there appears to be a considerable invasion of the Eastern States by this large and attractive species of its family.

The Department of the Interior reports that a larger number of these owls have been seen in Washington and vicinity than during any winter since 1926-27. In the Capitol City they are being welcomed because they feed upon starlings and that bird long since lost its popularity there. In the surrounding country, the welcome is just as hearty because the birds eat quantities of small rodents. And unlike most owls, these birds are diurnal, which is to say that they hunt both by day and by night.

These huge birds, which nest on the tundras of Alaska and Canada, do not fear man whom they probably have never seen before their migrations into the United States. This accounts for their being sighted so often in the larger cities and towns.

The biologists are changing their opinion as to the cause of these migrations. Formerly when the big white birds arrived anywhere it was taken as a forewarning of severe winter weather. Today they associate the migration entirely with food supplies in their native country. Inasmuch as there was recent abundance of lemmings — an Artic rodent that just about every four years multiplies to exceeding great numbers and then dies off just as startlingly — snowy owls this past summer reproduced in great numbers. Now that the lemmings are scarce, rodent-eating animals and birds get hungry. The animals cannot move very far in a hunt for food. But the sky is the limit for the great wingspread of the snowy owl. So southward he flies for new foraging grounds.

The ornithologists and biologists expect that just about every four years, or coincident with the cycle of abundance in lemmings, people all over the northern and central United States henceforth can expect this bird to visit them in considerable numbers.

They will go back to the far north of Canada and Alaska in the spring unless curious hunters and others with guns kill them off.

Help Campaign at Once

Workers in the Sacred Heart hospital's campaign for $300,000 cannot help but be heartened by their opening meeting at which the active women and men who do so much untold hard work in advance of such campaigns reported $113,500 "already in the pocket", as one of the leaders put it.

It was an inspiring opening meeting, one calculated to raise confidence in the outcome of the campaign and stimulating as to its pressing need.

In this campaign, as in all others for worthy causes, let the fact be stressed that this campaign is the community's campaign, that it is in the public interest. Furthermore since it is the community's campaign it should not be necessary that everybody be solicited, personally. Thousands of people must be as much convinced of the need as are the workers who are giving days and days of their valuable time. The former can lighten the burden of the workers by sitting down at once, writing their checks or sending their cash in some way to the campaign headquarters. For these, no solicitation, no time-consuming salestalk should be necessary.

A. B. C. Out of Line

Last spring the American Bowling Congress voted down an amendment to its constitution, proposed by the Rev. Charles Carow of Brooklyn's Catholic Youth Organization, that would have opened its tournaments to all comers. The decision was taken in face of increasing public protest against discrimination in the country's sports. The Bowling Congress has a million members, picks a national champion each year and sets national standards governing competitions in bowling which it would be first to term a national sport.

Attorney General Nathaniel L. Goldstein's move to bar the congress from activities in New York state is, we believe, strictly in line with popular feeling here. The A.B.C.'s "white male" rule goes contrary to the state's public policy and contrary to the concept of sportsmanship that says "May the best man win." Mr. Goldstein's request for a permanent injunction is based in part on incidents involving Negro members of American Legion teams.

The bowlers' policy is likewise under attack in other parts of the country. The State's Attorney of Cook County, John S. Boyle, started court proceedings last October to revoke the A.B.C.'s Illinois charter on the grounds that the organization promotes racial discrimination. New Jersey officials held that the tournament-convention in Atlantic City last year violated that state's anti-discrimination laws. Mayor Frank Zeidler of Milwaukee, where the A.B.C. has general offices, declared that the convention's refusal to alter an outmoded rule puts every city extending an invitation to it "in the position of segregating sports competitors."

The bars are going down in the whole sports field — fast. It would be a timely move were the bowlers to follow baseball, another great national sport, in yielding to the wholly legitimate pressure that stems from folks who want to see fair play.—N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

While we were in Richmond, Va., on our holiday trip, a delicious dessert came on the table at one of the meals.

I ate it. I smacked my lips. I wanted more, but good manners forbade.

I asked the waitress "What do you call this wonderful dish?"

"That is a Syllabub," she said in a matter-of-fact way, just as if syllabub were something ordinary like apple pie or cup custard.

After dinner I consulted my wife.

She didn't know what syllabub was.

When we came back home I asked some of my Yankee friends and neighbors.

They had never heard of syllabub.

But it was so good, I made up my mind that I would find out about syllabub, tell you about it, and make it part of our own menu.

So I wrote to the restaurant where we had it and confessed my ignorance.

"You have made me a syllabub fiend," I wrote, "Unless you tell me what it is and how it is made, I shall perish from syllabub starvation."

A few mails later came the reply in the form of a Richmond newspaper, which contained a whole article about syllabub, of which I give you the gist.

After you read it, do make a syllabub for your family.

They'll enjoy it.

* * *

The origin of the word "syllabub" seems to be unknown, says the article. But apparently the dish came out of England during the time when the first settlers made their homes in Virginia.

In the Virginia State library there is one of the few existing copies of an old cook book entitled "The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy," by a Mrs. Glasse, who seems to have been the Fanny Farmer of the 18th century.

In this book is the first known recipe for syllabub, among such other delicacies as "French Flummery" and "Moon Shine."

Here it is:

"TO MAKE A FINE SYLLABUB FROM THE COW.

"Make a syllabub of either cyder or wine, sweeten it pretty sweet, and grate nutmeg in; then milk the milk into the liquor; when this is done, pour over the top half a pint of cream, according to the quantity of syllabub you make.

"You may make this syllabub at home, only have new milk; make it as hot as milk from the cow, and out of a teapot or any such thing pour it in, holding your hand very high, and strew over some currants well washed and picked, and plumped before the fire."

There you are. Sounds good, doesn't it?

Personally I don't understand the recipe very well. But my wife tells me it's all very clear. And she wants me to call your attention to one admonition in the article: Syllabub should have the foamy consistency of freshly drawn milk rather than stiffly whipped cream.

Prosit! Gesundheit! Skol!

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

The last time John Lewis laughed in public was back in 1947, when, at a small dinner in San Francisco, he turned to a group of us newsmen and rollickingly related how the Russians had wire-tapped, with hidden microphones, the bed of his good friend—the original Mission to Moscow ambassador, Joe Davies. With hands characteristically resting on his stomach, Lewis roared gaily: "And you should know how Joe talks in bed." Then John L. charged that he was being subjected to the same kind of tapping by the U.S. government.

Why? Because, said Mr. Lewis, coal had won the war for the democracies, and he, John L., had been responsible for the terrific production of this fuel, without which no army and navy could fight. In effect, what John was telling us was that he, more than any single man, had helped defeat Germany. And, that the government fearing this great influence of his, was spying on him.

All of us in the room saw that Lewis believed this—and you too must understand the fullness of this majesty with which Lewis beholds himself, if you want to understand the man-made coal crisis of today.

Incapable of Retreat

Lewis is almost biologically incapable of retreat. If he bows, he must be able to tell himself that it was a cataclysmic force to which he yielded. Yet he must give way. And he's known it for some time.

He knew of the detailed information on President Truman's desk. He knew that the "little fellow," shrewd poker player from away back in court house days, held all the cards—and could stand pat.

Lewis realizes that Mr. Truman knows that there is only about three days worth of coal in the nation's retail bins at this moment. One good storm and within a week coal-burning householders across the land would look at bundled-up kids, infants and besweatered wives in icy kitchens — and start screaming at John L.

At the same time Lewis knows that Mr. Truman's truly expert coal specialists have reported that there is about 75 days' worth of coal in the electrical power utility field—and that in the event of emergency in any one city, coal could be rushed, or power piped in from those plants with mountains of the black stuff. The basic steel industry has some 50 days' supply; the steel and rolling mills, some 40 days'; the railroads some 20 days'; other industries some 25 days'. So the experts know that the home owners and their families would be hit first—and Mr. Lewis would be blamed.

Within a day or two after your home would freeze, schools, hospitals and other institutions, according to surveys, would be without fuel in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Missouri, Minnesota, New York, Michigan, Iowa, Indiana and Illinois. Only mild weather has staved off such complete catastrophe—but not the state of emergency which has already been declared in some areas.

Furthermore, Lewis knows that the economic climate is bad for him. The coal industry is sick. Fuel oil is taking over. The Union Pacific Railroad, for example, has just announced that it will immediately convert 40 coal-burning locomotives to oil "to insure operations. . .against continued harassment and shutdowns in its Wyoming coal mining properties. "In general, our industrial production is lower than it's been in years. Less coal consumed. Our coal exports to Europe have been cut in half—with English mines now back to normalcy and to their traditional role of supplying Europe with fuel.

Thus the operators were jittery about increasing their costs. Furthermore, Lewis no longer has a single friend amongst them. Why should he? He had [illegible]ch good will, for example, in Illinois, among such big operators as those who run the Old Ben mines. What'd he do? He crossed them up and pulled a strike amongst his friends, just as they considered dealing with him. Now they're off him—and there isn't a single operator of substantial production ready to deal with him individually, as was always done in the past.

Now they're so furious that they will even cut off their payments to his welfare fund. Which leaves him with just the handful of virtually unknown coal operators who have signed, but who have working forces of only three to five coaldiggers.

Trying Own Tactics

As important as any other factor in John Lewis' weary isolation is the fact that 80,000 of his followers have decided to ignore him for the moment and try their own tactics. Most of those 80,000 coaldiggers in "revolt" are the men who can get five or six days a week at about $75 a week if the crisis is settled.

The miners who haven't revolted are the men who know that once there's normalcy in the fields, they'll stay on three days, or [illegible] go back to one [illegible] two days' work. So the "rebels" decided to start wildcat [illegible] spread strike fever, flush out the "three-dayers," force a full crisis, provoke government action, get it over with, and go back to work at a decent wage again—and soon.

Lewis hadn't counted on that. He feels his loneliness more and more—and it'll be a long time before he's good humored again in public. Samson needn't be trimmed. His flowing mane's losing its magic.

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—The Truman administration would like to have the business world believe that it sincerely wants to help business men make money.

As one Cabinet officer expressed it — the social welfare programs and the major items in a present-day budget are so expensive that they cannot be met unless business does make money.

An appreciation of that simple fact becomes of transcendent importance as the president ponders the various recommendations that have been made to him for the forthcoming message, to be sent to Congress next week, on changes in the tax laws.

The people as a whole, of course, never like increased taxes. It's a political hazard. The smaller business men in particular are pressing hard for a repeal or reduction of excise taxes which have become a barrier to increased retail sales of many consumer products. How to make up the loss of revenue from the excise taxes without imposing somewhere else new taxes that might discourage business is the real problem which the president is trying to solve.

Three Plans

Three different tax plans are before Mr. Truman. They have their advantages and disadvantages. In theory, there has been much support for some new proposals that might be classed as incentive taxation. This, however, involves certain losses in revenue for the time being—that is, until the incentives can take effect and bring in a larger volume of receipts. It is unlikely, therefore, that at this session of Congress the administration will press for incentive plans.

To make up the loss in revenue from excises, the principal formula before the president is one that would increase the rates of corporations by a few points. This is described as "moderate." But even as much as four points in the percentage scale represents an increase of about one-tenth in the amount of taxes that would be collected on every thousand dollars earned by corporations.

Can all corporations readily absorb such a tax? Will prices have to be raised? Should the smaller businesses be spared the increase so that it applies only over a given amount? These are the issues presented as the president attempts to choose between various tax plans.

Entirely apart from tax rates, there's a possibility of a break for business and individuals. The treasury department has long recognized the need for clarification of the so-called administrative provisions of existing tax laws. It is long overdue. In the 80th Congress, which the Republicans controlled, there was a fair measure of agreement between the treasury's representatives and both parties in Congress as to what ought to be done. Many of these provisions affect the nature of business [illegible] personal deductions, partnerships among members of the same family, interpretation of gift and estate tax rules and a host of other items that could mean a decrease in taxes for many people — if not a saving in the expense of litigation.

It could happen that the advantages to be derived from the changes in the administrative provisions would be very helpful to business men and thus win support for the tax bill as a whole.

But it is to be borne in mind that, whenever a tax bill is opened up for amendments, a demagogic element can bring in extreme amendments which can prove embarrassing for other members to [illegible]e down. A tax law cannot be forecast merely by reading a president's message thereon. The temper of the majority in Congress is the deciding factor.

Congress has been impressed of late with the fact that it is fatal to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs — and the administration realizes it needs a whole lot of golden eggs to maintain its spending program and bring about a balanced budget. Only an increase in tax receipts can balance the budget if spending is not going to be curtailed much. So the Truman administration looks to business to make more money and thus help bring in more and more tax receipts.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At the Brae Burn Country club in Houston, Fred Beck watched an Amazonian creature stride over to the first tee, her pint-sized caddy loaded down with a huge leather bag containing at least 20 different clubs. She found fault with the youngster continually for seven holes, then on the eighth, about a hundred yards from the green, wheeled on him and demanded, "Boy, do you think I can get home with my number seven iron?" The caddy replied fervently, "Lady, ah doan even know wheah you live!"

Horoscope

When the major Pinto-Neptune reaches the exact degree of sextile, it is a good time to wind up matters, and put finishing touches on plans. Concentrate on business expansion in your next year. Look for originality in a child coming into the world on this date.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

KON SIE NET RECHT FOHRA: Aenich ebber os maint der Charlie "Boob" Stewart fon Northampton wear base weil er alla gabut 'n double gabiss mocht won er shwetzt, is gross ordich badroga. Der Charlie "Boob" is on ra neia set tzae ei bracha-un wos 'n tzeit. Won er maint er het die ewwershda in roy werra die unnershda 'm shtreidich, un wie er "gee-haw" greish'd tzu da unnershda, kumma die ewwershda owwa runner. Des wor d'r shun 'n aeland mit seim folsha gabiss im kaller fon da Allentown posht offis woh der "Boob" in ra cement testing labratory shaft.

Won sei Eda 'm dahame sup koch'd fer supper kon er net tzum moul nei mit 'm leffel weil die tzae im waig sin, un won sie domp-noodla, odder shpeck un bohna koch'd, kon er sellie aw net kowwa. Er is now shun tzwae wocha on seim gabiss ei bracha, uns sheind er un die tzae weara weiter ousa nonner wie der dawg woh er sie grick'd hut. Im shtart hen sie gute gaboss'd,—hut gamaint er ken grundniss un popkorn essa noch allerra ort, ow'r now harberts ols os er middawgs die budder brode un kase sandwiches nunner griega kon woh die Eda 'm moryets mit gebt. Wos noch mainer is, der Charlie "Boob" mus alla mohl airsht paar mohl shlucka eb er shtarta kon shwetza.

Ow'r ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Charlie "Boob" die socha aw net hous howwa, un besser sawga don nix may weiter so os sie yohr net rous kumma darrich uns.

'S HUT G'SHTAWBT: Ich kon eich sawga os es da onner owet gahairich g'shtawbt hut wie der Clarence Stein un sei Mamie fon da Mountainville gagend, uf die Susquahanna shtross worra korta shpiela beim Jacob Klimek un seinra Anna. Der Clarence un der Jake hen tzomma g'shpielt, un so aw die Mamie un die Anna. Die monsleit sin finf mohl haas nuf gonga, un hen die weibsleit ols noch gross ordich gabutta.

Oy duh tzushtund un glaina fishelcher, wos wor 'm Clarence sei Mamie net uf gatzoga, un wos huts net g'shtawbt im longa huls. Die Mamie wor so base os sie sich selwar bol nimmy gakent hut, un die Anna hut galocht os sie bol fershprunga is. Die barichda sin, die Mamie het ihra korta evens nimmy ruich ganunk hava kenna fer sehna wos sie in die hond kotta hut. Die jacks un koenich hen ol gleich gaguck'd, un die ganummerda korta sin in nonner rum g'floga wie won sie der shlatterup donsa wotta. Die Mamie wor fer 'n weil bol fon sich, ow'r endlich wie der shtawb sich g'sett'ld hut kot, hen sie widder shtarta shpiela, ow'r die weibsleit hen yusht tzu nix kumma kenna. 'Naryie Mamie, net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Leit breicha nimmy wunnerra ferwos oyer so wolfel sin—der George Somich fon da 9d shtross doh in da shtadt, hut hinkle rei grick'd in seim nick-nack un gracker shop, os fier oyer hand run laiga.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Luke 4:16-44

Jesus attended the synagogue services regularly. On one such occasion in His home town, Nazareth, He was asked to take part in the service by reading the Scripture lesson from the prophet Isiah (61:1), which was as follows: 'The Spirit of the LORD is upon Me, because He has anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor—to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.' He closed the book (scroll) at a comma, for He could not then read 'and the day of vengeance of our God,' for that concerns His second advent. When He had finished reading, He began to say: 'This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears,' meaning that He was the One of Whom Isaiah wrote. The people wondered at the gracious words which He spoke that day. But they also were startled at His claims, asking, 'Is not this Joseph's son?' meaning, how dare He presume to talk like that? In fact, they took Him out of the synagogue, and out of the city to the brow of the hill on which the city was (and is today) situated, in order to throw Him to His death. But He withdrew from them, left His home town, and went to live in Capernaum.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

COUNSEL

My son, beware the old and wise;
Beware their point of view.
They know too much for enterprise,
Too little of the new.

They're fearful of ideas strange.
They're settled in their ways.
For risk or hazard they won't change
Their comfortable days.

They love the pleasant twilight sun,
Though long it cannot last.
You'll find them each and every one
Admirers of the past.

My son, of all their books beware
And of their counsel wise.
Beyond their knowledge now, somewhere,
Tomorrow's triumph lies.



BOOK NOTES

ROSANNA'S BOYS. A Sequel to Rosanna of the Amish. By Joseph W. Yoder. The Yoder Publishing Company, Huntingdon, Pa. 1948. Pages 345. — $2.50.

Those who have read and enjoyed Joseph W. Yoder's Rosanna of the Amish (1940) will be interested in the sequel, Rosanna's Boys. In the first book the author presented the life story of Rasonna McGonegal, born Irish Catholic, but adopted and reared by an Amish woman Elizabeth Yoder, and thus herself became an Amish woman. Into that narrative about Rosanna McGonegal, in reality the author's mother, he interwove many of the customs of the Amish people. In his sequel, the author is less concerned about presenting a connected narrative and more about setting forth the facts about the Amish religion and the practice of it. The author even becomes involved (as he states in his preface) in the twentieth century struggle between Amish conservatism and the greater freedom in dress and modern conveniences of the nearby Catholic relatives of Rosanna's boys.

Those who have wished for a more detailed consideration of the Amish, their origin and history and their ways of life today will find all this in Rosanna's Boys. Chapter I, "Big Valley," sets forth the story of the arrival of the Amish in Pennsylvania and their settling in the Kishacoquillas Valley, commonly known as Big Valley, in central Pennsylvania. In Chapter II, "Forebears," we are taken back to the remote European origins of the Amish and their predecessors, the Waldensians, Anabaptists and Mennonites. The remaining chapters are rather loosely held together mainly by biographical narrative concerning the various members of the Yoder family and the author's autobiographical material. But through it all much valuable information about the Amish and the customs and traditions is scattered. Those who do not know the author's valuable book "Amische Lieder," devoted to a study of that strange music which has been handed down among the Amish by ear or rote for centuries, will find Chapter XVII "Amish Music" very enlightening. Chapter XV, "Lonesome Clearing" relates a story, interesting enough in itself, but quite extraneous to the theme of this book. The next to the last chapter, "Rhythmical Reminiscences," contains the author's attempts at writing Pennsylvania German dialect verses and their literal English translations, together with some original English verse. It is apparent that the author's forte is not poetry, nor does he lay claim thereto. The book on the whole lacks the literary quality of Rosanna of the Amish, but it is laden with valuable information about the Amish. It is a pity that the many interesting German words and phrases pertaining to Amish life scattered throughout the book could not have been properly edited before it went to press. The author has promised his readers another work "Amish Traditions," to be published soon.

* * *

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. — Volume 27. Two Hundred Years of Pennsylvania Dolls. By Marie Ketterman. — Pages 36. — $1.00.

We are happy to welcome a new booklet in this interesting series, after a long lapse of time, due to the illness of the publisher. — Childhood dolls of long ago speak to the heart. They are in a sense human documents. The dolls described in this booklet with many illustrations come, most of them, from York and Lancaster Counties, and cover a period of two centuries. They range from the early ones of 1740, carved from pine or maple (do you remember the interesting old German character in Elsie Singmaster's A High Wind Rising, whose dolls carved from wood so intrigued the Indians?) down to the 19th century luxury dolls of wax and China, the glamour dolls of the Victorian period. One short chapter is devoted to that interesting Pennsylvania German doll maker, Ludwig Greiner of Philadelphia, who was the first to patent a doll (1858). He was proud of his creations — "the heads are painted with oil paint, so that children may not suck off the paint." Although this booklet offers in the main only the history of doll-making in Pennsylvania, it ends with definite instructions and patterns for making those regional dolls of the "Plain people" of Lancaster County, so much admired in our day.

* * *

We call the attention of our readers to The Mennonite Community for October, 1949, a monthly magazine published by the Mennonite Community Association, Inc., of Scottdale, Pa. It contains an excellent article about the famous book, **Der Maertyrer Spiegel**, published at Ephrata, Pa., in 1748. The article by Daniel R. Heatwole is entitled **The Ephrata Martyr's Mirror — Past and Present**. It contains a full page facsimile of the title-page of this most pretentious publication in our American colonial history, also an illustration of the press on which it was printed, besides a number of other illustrations of the Ephrata Cloisters. — It is interesting to note that a new printing of 2,500 copies of **The Martyr's Mirror** in English is about to be put out by the Mennonite Publishing House at Scottdale, Pennsylvania.

* * *

In the March, 1949, issue of that smartly groomed publication, The Beacon, published monthly by the Industrial and Public Relations Division of Black, Sivalls & Bryson, Inc., Kansas City, Missouri, is an article "Pennsylvania Dutch" by Ray C. Winningham, more interesting for its magnificient set-up than its content value. Here again, as so often, the "Plain people," not at all representative of the larger population of Pennsylvania Germans, are seized upon as colorful material by a writer who saw an opportunity to serve up a sellable article, assembled largely from the published material upon the subject plus some fancies on the part of the author. We find that the Mennonites are credited with having done wonders in the musical field, whereupon the author immediately passes on to a consideration of Moravian trombone choirs. The article is handsomely dressed up with Fraktur motifs in color and numerous charming pen and ink drawings by David Hunt and photographs by Frank Carder. But it seems a bit curious to see Amish men, women and children among the decorated barns of Lehigh County, or the like of them. The Amish do not paint "hex" signs on their barns. There is a lovely photo of our intimate little Distelfink giftshop, on Route 22, just outside of Allentown, but it bears this caption: "Gift shop in Middlesex (wonder where that is?) has utilized the Pennsylvania Dutch hex motif with gratifying results."

* * *

The Philadelphia Forum for January, 1950, contains an article, **The Influence of the Pennsylvania Germans** by Dr. Arthur D. Graeff, author of "A History of Pennsylvania," editor of Scholla in the Reading Times and a constant contributor to the Eck. Toward the end of this all too short article, richer in what it implies than in what it says, the author considers briefly the integrity that characterized the Pennsylvania German craftsman of earlier days and then introduces the provocative thought that many of the virtues of those intrepid Pennsylvania German craftsmen have been transferred to the present industrialized age. "It would be interesting, indeed," he writes, "if time and space permitted, to expand upon the thesis that the industrial leadership which eastern Pennsylvania enjoys today is, in part at least, due to a tradition of nobility in craftsmanship which has evolved from our agricultural life now adjusted to our technological age." — P. A. B.

OUR FENCES

The fence (shortened form of defence) seems to be largely an American creation. The following verses, hardly to be called poetry, are taken from a curious but interesting little book: PENN STATE RURAL As Told by SAM, A Sixty-year-old Farming Man, Lebanon, Pa., 1941.

THE WILDERNESS AND FENCES

Say, did you ever think, my friend,
How great the need was to depend
On fences long and good and strong
So their cattle would not go wrong?
Sometimes the catamount got some.
(The mountain lion, cougar, same one.)
The bear and wildcat were not kind
To cattle's young, or sheep and kine.
So if they had not fenced their land
In fields, in farms, for good grass stand,
To plow, to cultivate, harrow,
Or other things like roads, narrow,
They oft would have had more trouble
Than hunting in fields of stubble,
Because to hunt in forests, deep,
Meant places where you'd hardly creep
Because of briars, brush and stuff;
And as if that were not enough
Some trees there that had fallen flat,
With criss cross trunks this way and that.
How do you think that they could find
Their lost livestock through paths that wind
Up hill, down hill, left hand and right?
Paths often narrow, but then 'twas wide:
In wilderness where good, strong men
May e'en be lost until which? when?
Or how? why? now therefore again!
In wilderness by these same men,
When finally they come out right
Except lost time when in their plight.

Poisonous reptiles, nice and fair,
To these new men are also there.
The copperheads and rattlesnake
And few others may some life take.
Dangerous serpents! Don't step on them.
Enemies they are of us, the men.

The Wilderness was long and wide.
These men often a horse would ride
Through narrow ways, being rough and long.
The travel speed was not so strong
As we today generally apply
Unless the road is rough; awry.
The wilderness! It has some lore,
But of the kine we must say more.
The population did increase:
The wilderness would then decrease.
Ways out of woods then, bear in mind,
Were not so difficult to find,
Hence sometimes men would take a bell
And hang on neck of Bossy Belle
So they could find them where they are,
And not miss them; at least not far.

But now the fence we'll let men know.
Stone fences they built long ago.
They built some long and high and strong
But these took time and men and long,
But some were here for century long
Built of the stone which here belong.
The limestone was the kind here used.
While sandstone some elsewhere had choosed.
The other kind which took less time
To make, to build, to stake, to twine,
Among the trees of different kind
Was the worm-fence we have in mind.
They needed fences; long and high.
The trees were plentiful and nigh,
So they used wood to build much fence
Which reached so far and wide and thence.
This fence they built of rails, twelve feet.
Sometimes straight benches filled the need;
Or if from logs, heavy and fit,
They could be remedied by split.

Say Dad! How is this fence begun?
How can I tell? I'm just young.
Yes Son! The digging iron we choose
To loosen earth; then shovel use.
When we have dug the hole two feet
It is just right, it is but meet
To set one post to hold the ends
Of each end-rail while fence now wends
Its zigzag course along the line
Of farms which are here John's and mine.
Now we will start to lay this fence.
Now John you may fetch them from thence:
The wagon get, the team, and Jake
May go along, the other end take
Of rails, the which you load now high;
Then bring the load and haul nearby;
Then make some heaps along the line
So we can get them in short time.
So now we start this new worm-fence,
Or stake-fence, if you call it thence.
So now you make the post take hold
Of one end of the rail, we've told;
The other end on a stone lay;
Continue this a zigzag way.
When you have done this for some run
You then back to the post will come;
Continue this eight times, this while;
Now, pair of stakes o'er the first pile;
Now put a rail right on these stakes
And on next pile; now pair of stakes
On the next pile; now rail on stakes
And on next pile; now all it takes,
As far as you will want or wish
But put an extra rail on this.

Now you have learned this old style fence,
And you may work and yes, go hence
To put up this new, old style fence
For some one who will choose it hence
But as for me I have no use;
The wire-fence I rather choose.
The stake-fence corners will adore
Briars, weeds, thistles galore,
And also will take too wide a strip
Of this good land that we must skip.
In olden times this land was cheap
And wood there was so many a heap,
To clean the trash from off the line
Post rail fence was so real fine,
Made from abundant chestnut wood
While it still lived and grew and stood.
The blight attacked the chestnut trees;
It killed the sprout, the branch, by these.

The wire-fence now came in use;
Less wood is needed for this ruse.
Electric fence we sometimes use
Which does quite well sometimes to choose.
While both may keep cows from recall
Some use no fence, no, not at all
Along the highway, wide and long;
Some years ago this was all wrong
For cattle driven many a mile
In droves and singles, rank and file.
If fence then lacked along the road
The cattle slacked; in field they trode.
Times changed so much from what has been
That large trucks cattle now will bring.
Fences are good in their good place
To keep stock going beyond their pace.
Call stockmen now if you will choose
For they haul stock by many twos.

Samuel S. Shenk (1879-1942) lived all his days on the old Shenk homestead three-fourths of a mile from the village of Fontana, Lebanon County. In PENN STATE RURAL, begun during his convalescence from a long illness, he wished to record the earlier ways of rural life in Pennsylvania, which would be lost to the younger generation unless there were records of them.—The booklet can be got from Annie B. Shenk, R. F. D. 4, Lebanon, Pa.

91

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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only inconsequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is ample reward. —Seneca.

Revival of Iron Mining?

That Bethlehem Steel Co. is looking for iron in the Morgantown area of Berks County must be welcome news to that area particularly and to this entire section of the state in general.

Some of the most prosperous days in this section were those when iron was being taken out of the earth and shipped by cart and rail to blast furnaces that lined the East Penn R. R. from this city far westwardly toward Harrisburg and the Lehigh River from Mauch Chunk to Easton.

Today the iron industry is centered in Bethlehem where a comparatively small number of furnaces annually turn out many times the amount of iron and steel that all those ancient furnaces produced in sum total, and even tho the number of furnaces in the ancient group were said to be the equal of the mileage from Easton to Mauch Chunk, or about 48 miles.

Bethlehem, like other big steel companies, constantly must be on the search for more and, if possible, larger and better supplies of ore than they already have in hand. None of the world's iron bodies are inexhaustible altho they may be great enough for many years of supply. All the companies like to have their sources of supply of raw materials as close as possible to the processing plants, for transportation costs which have always been an important factor have become greater and greater as the years go on. So, if new ore bodies can be located fairly close to the furnaces, problems of supply are solved for some time.

Presumably Bethlehem has studies on any ore that remains in the area just west and northwest of Allentown. This was mined in the palmy days of the iron industry in these parts. There is ore there, without doubt, but its estimated volume, value and cost of extraction probably makes its mining prohibitive. The same may be true as to the magnetic iron ore that was mined 75 years ago on the south side of South Mountain from Hellertown to Vera Cruz. Those ore bodies, of igneous origin, long attracted the attention of Thomas Edison who planned to reduce the low iron content ore by crushing the magnetic extraction. Discovery of the vast iron bodies in Michigan and Minnesota before the turn of the century caused him to abandon his plans.

Bethlehem very evidently wants to increase its sources of raw materials, so much of which now must be brought thousands of miles by ship. If it can get such supplies near home and at reasonable cost, there will be revival of the iron mining industry not so many miles away, to the economic benefit of this entire area.

Coal Crisis in Ten States

While the White House has done nothing positive toward easing the coal situation, and there is contention that a national emergency has not yet been developed, some testimony adduced early in the week before a congressional committee suggested that "emergency" is a matter of definition in which the White House differs from the people who best ought to know—the coal consumers.

Dr. Boyd, leading coal expert in the U. S. Bureau of Mines, gave rather cautious testimony before the committee. In it he came pretty close to admitting that there is an emergency by reason of coal above ground being inadequate for any spurt in need. It is far lower in quantity than that which manufacturers and others have liked to keep on hand and not have constant headaches as to when they will have to shut down their plants.

Dr. Boyd believes the emergency is near. He is corroborated by reports of a survey by the National Chamber of Commerce in ten States where domestic heating, as well as manufacture and transportation are dependent upon the soft coal which the miners are refusing to bring up out of the earth.

Six of the States report the situation "critical to desperate". Illinois has adopted rationing in some areas. Indiana says industry will be crippled if cold weather comes. In Iowa supplies are being pooled and rationing is planned and may already be in effect. Michigan fears sudden cold, as does Minnesota. Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin.

Wisconsin and Missouri and New York report the situation as to coal to be very serious in the rural areas. The dealers report that even if the miners suddenly were to decide to go upon a five-day week, it will be impossible to supply home needs in many sections for a long time to come.

Some sections report the imminent closing of schools. Hospitals and other institutions, while being given preference where there is any supply, are deeply concerned. In some areas a state of emergency has been declared as to coal and everything is on a hand-to-mouth basis.

So the Government says there is no emergency. The public, which knows better, says there is.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lewis has accepted an invitation from the operators to resume negotiations February 1 on the contracts that the miners demand. Meanwhile the people in ten states are at the mercy of the industry whose product they need and wish to buy but which will not give them anything more than occasional crumbs of comfort.

Tests for Drunken Drivers

The menace of drunken driving continues and more and more cities are resorting to the use of chemical tests to determine whether motorists suspected of intoxication are drunk, or "sleepy," or "confused by car lights," or "stunned from a bump" in the course of an accident — the alibis so commonly heard in court rooms.

According to the International City Managers' Association more than 125 cities now use chemical tests of three kinds — of the blood, of the urine and of the breath. The latter test is given by the so-called drunk-o-meter.

Eight additional states last year enacted laws setting up percentages of alcoholic content of the blood which are presumptive of "under the influence" or not "under the influence." This brings to 12 the number of states with such laws. Passage of these laws reduces the need for employment of expert witnesses by cities to interpret the chemical test results by establishing standard interpretations of various degrees of blood-alcohol concentration, the National Safety Council points out. States with such laws include Indiana, Maine, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and Wisconsin.

Definitions of intoxication by percentage of alcohol in the blood as set by the states are: If there is less than .05 per cent of alcohol in the blood, the subject is presumed not under the influence of alcohol. If the amount ranges between .05 and .15 per cent, he may or may not be under the influence, and it's necessary to present other evidence to prove him so. If the amount is .15 or more, the subject is presumed to be under the influence. Translated in terms of bar ounces, the top score may be made after six beers — 12-ounce bottle size, or six ounces of 100-proof whiskey.

Large cities using chemical tests for intoxication include Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Washington, D. C. In Detroit, where use of the drunk-o-meter in all cases involving suspicion of intoxication was inaugurated in 1945, drunk motor law cases filed rose nearly 300 per cent in the first year and a conviction rate of 90 per cent was maintained.

Prisoners of Dreams

Some of the men who have paid the highest price as casualties of war are those whose wounds were not of the body but of the mind — for whom the emotional stresses were simply beyond endurance. If these former soldiers were held as prisoners of war in a foreign land, there would be great agitation for their return. But they are prisoners of fears, hallucinations, disturbed imaginations.

This does not mean they are lost to the world of their rational friends and relatives. Many of them are being rehabilitated, and more, according to report, could return to normal society if their families had the needed kind of interest in them and confidence in their recovery.

This is indicated by a statement from the United States Veterans Administration, which appeals to relatives and friends of mental patients in the VA hospitals to visit these "forgotten" men. It seems almost incredible that one-third of these patients have not received visits from friends or members of their family in a year or more.

One should not be hasty in condemning the families of apparently neglected men, since in some cases outside contacts are not always helpful; but VA physicians say that to the vast majority of patients visits are beneficial, not only immediately but sometimes in ultimate reestablishment in the community. — Christian Science Monitor.

Today's Text

By DR. R.R. FRITSCH

Luke 7:36-50

Jesus was invited to dinner one day by a Pharisee. While at the table, a woman, called a sinner, brought an alabaster box of ointment and poured it on His feet as He was reclining on the oriental couch at the table. Overcome with emotion, she poured her tears on His feet, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. This interruption the Pharisee, Jesus' host, did not like. In fact he said that if Jesus were really a prophet, he would have known what kind of a woman was thus paying her attention to Him, since she was known around the town as a sinful woman. Jesus takes the occasion to explain to Simon, the Pharisee, why she had been doing what she did, by a story in vs. 41-43, teaching him that they who have experienced the love of Christ in their heart and the forgiveness of their sins, have every reason to express their emotions of thanks and gratitude. Those who do not have this experience not only do not show any emotion (Simon had not), but actually find fault with, and criticize, those who do, as Simon had done.

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

The old saying that the right hand sometimes does not know what the left hand doeth would seem to apply in something more than an ideological sense to what is going on nowadays in Washington with respect to the administration's attitude toward business.

At a time when President Truman is speaking soothing words to business so as to achieve a momentum of great production of tax dollars, there are serious misgivings and apprehensions among business men about possible attacks on them from the direction of the Department of Justice.

Recently the department has been denying that it is prosecuting bigness as such. Nevertheless certain other statements are issued which could intensify the fears in the business world that the Department of Justice intends to break down many an industry where three or four companies happen to have leadership.

Significant Declaration

A significant declaration has just come, for example, from Assistant Attorney General Bergson, who is the chief of the anti-trust division and the man who really makes anti-trust policies nowadays. He said in a speech this week carefully prepared for an audience of lawyers at the annual meeting of the section on anti-trust law of the New York State Bar Assn.

"Those of our pending cases which have given rise to the assertion that we are attacking bigness are directed against traditional restraints of trade and monopoly power and its abuses and not against size.

"The existence of this monopoly power, even though it may not have been exercised, is a violation of the Sherman act. As the Supreme court said in the American Tobacco case, 'neither proof of exertion or potential competitors is essential to sustain a charge of monopolization under the Sherman act.'

"In this connection, I might caution you that although we have never found a case involving monopoly power which had not been exerted, you may be sure that if such a case should come to our attention, it will be brought."

View Challenged

At the very same meeting, this view was challenged in part by Prof. S. Chesterfield Oppenheim of the George Washington university Law school, who said:

"It must be emphasized that neither the Supreme court nor any lower federal court has yet ruled that the mere existence of an oligopoly structure in an industry is a violation of the anti-trust laws. The American Tobacco case decided in 1946 certainly did not set forth any such holding."

The "oligopoly" doctrine holds that, because there is fewness in an industry—three or four companies doing a preponderant amount of the total business—this means that, by following each other's production price in what is known as "price leadership," competition is avoided and monopoly power is potentially exerted.

"There is basis," said Prof. Oppenheim, "for the alarm of many business men and their legel counsel who feel that the agencies of anti-trust enforcement will pursue this new thinking about the economic effects of bigness until the distinction between oligopoly and single-firm monopoly will become a matter of such small degree as to be reduced, for all practical purposes, to legal and economic semantics in procedure and proof."

What is emerging is a threat to the continued operation of large-scale units in business and the possible filing of anti-trust suits, not for the actual exercise of any monopoly power but because of a theoretical possibility that their economic behavior—even though independent of one another—could add up to monopoly.

The business executives in the large companies argue the opposite — that stability of price levels is in reality a truce between competitors which changing conditions may upset at any moment. They insist that to break down the big companies and force their volume of sales into the hands of smaller companies will afford nobody an incentive to expand and thus the growth of American business as a whole will be stifled.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM TROXELL

OUS DA FERGONGENHEIT:

Sis g'shpassich wos fer socha os alsa mohl iwwer hol'd werra won alta freind tzomma kumma in da bar shtub. Ungfare doh is die erfohring os der Irvie Landis fon Hancock mohl darrich gamocht hut long tzurick-un now locht er driwwer.

Der Irvie wor drous yawga, uns glick wor weit fon wos hunder glick sei het solla. Allas os uf is hut er ferfail'd, un wos hucka gabliva is hut er net g'sehna. Endlich is er onna alt bauers hous kum.ia woh sie 'n ei galawda hen fer nei kumma cider drinka.

Won ebbes is os der Irvie gleich'd tzu drinka, don is es cider-bardich won er nimmy krotzich is. 'S foss wor drous aryads on da shire, un hut sei flint drin in da kich shtae lussa bis sie widder tzurick nei kumma sin. Uf ma kicha shelf nava on da wond hut 'n glaenie altie uhr g'shtonna, un hut in aim shtick fert gagnacker'd wie wons ra allas ains wear, eb der Irvie hawsa het odder net.

So in da dumhata hut der Irvie sei flint ganumma, un gatziehlt noch da uhr. Iwwer sel'm duh, hut er noh galocht un g'sawt, "Golly, won sellie uhr 'n haws wear, dade ich sie sheesa grawd wie des," un hut ob gadrick'd. Die flint uf kours wor net galawda-ebbes os der Irvie gawist hut, un hut die flint noh widder onna g'shteld un sin widder nous noch 'm cider foss.

Die weil os der Irvie ous da kich wor, is 'n onnerer woh yusht fom foss rei kumma wor, gonga, un hut 'n shuss in die flint g'shteck'd, un sie hee g'shteld won der Irvie sie ferlossa hut. Wie er tzurick nei in die kich kumma is, hut er widder die uhr sehna shtae, die flint ganumma un gatziehlt, un g'sawt, 'Now won sellie uhr 'n haws wear, dade ich sie sheesa grawd wie des," un hut widder ob gadrick'd.

Imma auga blick wor die kich dick fol pulver shmoke, un uhra radder sin alla waiga in da luft rum g'floga. Die dier wor shier net gross ganunk fer ol so shtarrick nous os wie sie gaglicha hetta fer sich ous 'm shtawb shoffa.

Yar, sei sin fon da socha os m'r alsa mohl iwwer hoert won m'r so drous rum kess'ld un hut die ohra da rechda waig gadray'd.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R: Shwetza fon alta g'shichta, kenna m'r aw net helfa os wie tzu denka on selar alt Grawbshtae hocker in Neffs, woh sie yohra tzurick weiss gamocht hen 's dade 'n haws hinnich ma alta grawbshtae hucka uf 'm alta kerrich hofe.

Der Grawbshtae hocher is uf hand un fees hinna bei gagrod'ld fer der haws onga, un hut 'n aw grick'd-'n hawsa houd ous g'shtopt mit graws un blechna konna.

Wos der Grawbshtae hocher g'sawt hut wor weit ous blotz, uf ma kerrichhofe, un dade gons un gore ous blotz gucka in shwartz un weiss.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of Jan. 28, 1925, a Wednesday

Members of Trinity U.E. church choir braved a snow storm to present a musicale at the Rescue Mission. Solos were given by Mrs. Homer Berky, Mrs. Lloyd Hawk and Earl Berky.

Members of the Four Square club entertained the women at a Ladies Night program in the Hotel Allen. Appearing on the program were: George DeLong, pianist; La Verro Roberts, banjo-player; Pauline Snyder, Pianist; Pauline Quier, dancer.

An Allentown girl, Bernadine Brady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Brady, was acclaimed by Kansas papers for her work as leading lady in the musical comedy, "Blossom Time." Miss Brady, for a time an understudy, took over the lead when the leading leady became ill.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

The Russian empire is our problem not because the Russian economic system is based upon Marxian Dialectics but because the spread of Russian power closes an increasingly large part of the world to intercourse with the United States except on terms authorized by the Kremlin.

The involuntary isolation of the United States is not only a Russian aim, amply proclaimed, but it is a necessity at the present stage of the development of the Russian empire. It is a necessity, because in the building stage of this empire, outside influences, both material and intellectual, may be destructive. The crime of Titoism, upon which the Kremlin lays such emphasis, is precisely that—the conflict between Kremlin and western thought upon the Yugoslav people.

Tremendous Growth

In the incredibly short period of 10 years, the Russian empire has increased its population from 180,000,000 to 800,000,000. The latter figure may seem over-simplified on the assumption that all the components of that empire are not entirely and wholly part of the new universal state. That argument, however, would have held true of Caesar's world or Napoleon's world. Even in the earliest stages of the formation of an empire, resistance appears and continues until the empire collapses. The British empire, the loosest and most liberal of empires, always encountered resistance.

Nevertheless, the components of the Russian universal state are, even at this stage, definable. To state the case in terms of nations that were free at the end of 1938, this is what Soviet Russia has been able to incorporate in its empire since that year:

Eastern Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Lithuania Estonia, Latvia, Karelia (part of Finland). This brings the Russian empire in Europe to the Elbe river on the west; to the Adriatic sea on the southwest; close to the Aegean, with only a narrow strip of Greece as a barrier, on the south. The present position of the Russian empire in Europe makes the Scandinavian peninsula indefensible.

In Central Asia, Russian influence has moved southward toward Pakistan, Afghanistan being a weak and unimportant barrier. Both Turkestan and Mongolia have been separated from China and China itself has been added to the Russian universal state. Tibet will in due course be added and Indo-China and Burma are in a state of flux. All that remains of independent China is the island of Formosa. Korea is divided at the 38th parallel and part of Japan, that is, the Japanese half of Sakhalin and the whole of the Kuriles, have been added to the Russian empire.

Acquires All Ports

To get a picture of this enormous gain, this point can be made: In 1938, Russia possessed a port on the Sea of Japan, Vladivostok; today, Russia possesses on the Pacific, all the ports from Vladivostok to Canton.

To many, these may only be names, but the names embrace 800,000,000 human beings, a third of the total population of the earth. Territorially, it includes, as part of the empire or swiftly conquerable by it, all the land in the north temperate zone in Europe and Asia.

(No military authority of standing would deny that Western Europe is incapable of defense in the initial stages of a war, and therefore the extent of this empire must be calculated not only on what is included now but what could reasonably be expected to fall to it under the pressure of war.)

Even the smaller worlds of Alexander, Caesar and Genghis Khan could not long survive resistance, but it must be recalled also that it took the Roman empire about 400 years to die and that the last remnants of Genghis Khan's world have only recently been absorbed in the founding of India and Pakistan.

Imperialistic Problem

The central problem that faces the United States is not communism, but Soviet imperialism aimed at the isolation of the United States. To offset this isolation, the United States has developed two regional blocs of uncertain unity. One is the loose union of the American countries from Canada to the Argentine; the other is the North Atlantic alliance.

In the formation of these unions the policy and implementation of the United States has been weak and unfocussed, as was the prospect of a similiar union in Asia, centering on China.

(Copyright 1950)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

After having considered myself an average decent citizen for these many years, I have just found out that I am a "pathological liar."

This discovery would probably be of no interest to you if it did not include the possibility that, after reading this column, you might discover that you, too, are a pathological liar."

* * *

At the Alger Hiss trial, Dr. Carl A. L. Binger, called "a Park Ave. mental specialist," was a witness for the defense.

As you know, Hiss is being tried for perjury, and the principal witness against him is Whittaker Chambers.

Hiss's lawyers are aiming to prove that Chambers's testimony isn't worth anything, because in their opinion he does not know the truth from a falsehood.

So they got Dr. Binger as their authority on lying.

* * *

Dr. Binger called Chambers a "pathological liar" and the way he tried to prove it is what has me worried.

I have all the symptoms of a "pathological liar". Many of my friends have the same symptoms.

That is why I said that you, too, may find yourself afflicted with this pathological condition.

* * *

Dr. Binger makes a distinction between a plain liar and a pathological liar.

If you are invited to some affair you don't like, and you decline on the ground that you have a previous engagement when you haven't, that is a plain or ordinary lie.

If you tell your wife that you have to work late at the office when, as a matter of fact, you have a date with a blonde, that also is an ordinary lie—a very ordinary one.

But a pathological lie is something altogether different.

"Pathological lying," said Dr. Binger, "is living out or playing out a lie as if it were true."

"Persons so afflicted," the psychiatrist added, "are under the influence of their imaginations, which may have no relation to reality."

There you are.

Right offhand I can think of a hundred people or more who comply with Dr. Binger's definition of a "pathological liar" including, as I said, myself.

For years, for instance, I have tried to impress my wife with my manly and mental qualities although they may have "no relation to reality."

All over the country you see people who seem to imagine that they are rich or powerful or clever and try to impress others with the same idea.

Thousands and thousands of aging and aged women bedeck themselves with youngish clothes and costume jewelry, dye their hair and paint their faces, thus desperately living the "pathological lie" of eternal youth.

* * *

However, don't take all this too seriously.

The other day a friend said to a psychiatrist, "Don't you get awfully tired of listening to all the complaints of your patients?"

Whereupon the psychiatrist replied:

"Who's listening?"

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Horoscope

Another time for accomplishment. Be up and doing, promote your interests in any way suitable to your ability and training. Born today, a child is apt to be fortunate and healthy.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

Only Free Men Talk

I know a man who knows the way
To run the government, and he
Knows everything that's wrong today
At home and far across the sea.

If he were running things today,
Pay would be high and prices low.
To get this done he knows the way.
I know because he's told me so.

He has no college high degree.
I've heard he's failed in business twice,
But fewer problems there would be
If statesmen followed his advice.

Oh happy man, so sure, so wise!
Here in America to be,
Where all are free to excerise
The precious right of liberty.



Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, North and West

By HEINZ KLOSZ

(This is the first of a series of three articles by the most eminent European authority on the subject f the Pennsylvania Germans.)

I

JOHN ADAM RITTINGER

UNDER the aspect of the dialect's use and survival as a medium of oral or literary expressionfi emigrants form the home area of the Pennsylvania Germans in eastern and central Pennsylvania may be roughly divided into four main categories:

1.—Scattered individuals or families who settled down among a linguistically "alien" neighborhood. Among those we find some of the most significant dialect authors like Calvin Ziegler, who became a Missourian, and Astor C. Wuchter, who went to Ohio for good. Yet, these men are not representative of Pennsylvania German group life outside of Pennsylvania and I shall omit them in my further discussion.

2.—Small groups forming little Pennsylvania German congregations and communties but undergoing the full impact of either the frontier or the urban milieu and therefore unable to perpetuate the dialect beyond the Pennsylvania-born generation. These small groups may be expected to have produced, occasionally, dialect-writers representative of Pennsylvania German group life. At the same time we may be certain that these were themselves Pennsylvania-born and that their writings were addressed to the folks back home, there being no sufficiently numerous constituency of dialect speakers to warrant attempts toward dialect literature in the new settlement.

3.—Larger groups forming distinct language islands and therefore able to keep the dialect for several generations. From these we may expect occasional dialect writings, even by men who were "outborn," i.e., born in the outlying daughter-settlement. But the settlement will, as a rule, not be sufficiently populous to form an independent constituency for dialect authors; these will be compelled to address the reading public of eastern Pennsylvania whenever they feel the urge to publish something in the mother tongue.

4.—There are, however, a few dialect areas outside of Pennsylvania sufficiently strong not only to produce "outborn" authors, but also to supply them with a reading public of their own. It is here that we may look for something approaching, at least from far, a literary tradition in the dialect.

Two sections seem particularly fit for independent literary developments: Ohio and Ontario.

In Ohio such evidence as exists is scanty and does not warrant definite conclusions.

In Ontario, on the other hand, a literary succession is well ascertained and easily traceable. It all began in 1890, when John Rittinger published his first dialect letter, which I shall presently submit. Precisely as in Pennsylvania, writings in Pennsylvania German were preceded by a considerable body of writings in High German, beginning in Nova Scotia, where in 1787-89 appeared the German edition of Anthon Henrich's "Halifax Gazette" and c. 1788-90 "Der Neu Schottlaendische Calender," and transplanted into the soil of Ontario, where the Mennonite bishop (since 1812) Benjamin Eby published a German hymn book and his son Peter Eby edited several German books and a High German newspaper (since 1841.) Ontario's first High German newspaper had been founded in 1835, the last one went out of existence in 1918 and it is to the files of these old-time weeklies that we have to turn in our search for dialect writings.

Who was John Rittinger, Ontario's first dialect writer?

John Adam Rittinger was born in Berlin, now Kitchener, Ontario, on Feb. 6, 1855. His parents were Friedrich Rittinger (d. 1897), one of the founders in 1859 of the "Berliner Journal," a High German weekly, and Elizabeth, nee Geiger (d. 1916.) Both were born at Michaelis in the district of Sinsheim, Baden, Germany, in an area where the Palatine dialect is in universal use. After attending the public school John A. Rittinger took a business course at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario. He then learned the printer's business under his father, after which he worked at his trade in Guelph and Toronto, Ontario, and also in Buffalo and Chicago. Early in the seventies he went to Walkerton, the seat of Bruce County, Ontario, where in 1875 he formed a partnership with Dr. A. Eby, scion of the Pennsylvania German Mennonite family, and bought the "Glocke," a German weekly founded in 1869. In 1878 Rittinger, better known as "der Glockemann," became the sole owner of the paper, which he published until 1904, when he removed to Berlin with his business and united it with the "Journal," published there since 1859. He died on July 15, 1915, in Berlin, Ontario, and was buried in Walkerton.

John Adam Rittinger is described as a man of winsome personality, who was hospitable, extremely witty and a ready story-teller. Although only 20 years of age when he became the editor of the "Glocke," he soon proved to be an able publisher, an untiring newsgatherer and a writer of spicy editorials. He started writing dialect letters in 1890 and by them he made the "Glocke" more popular than ever. He kept on writing them, irregularly though, until 1915. After the First World War, Ontario's German language press having in the meantime disappeared, many of the letters were reprinted in the English-language press of Berlin-Kitchener. Among the readers of the Walkerton "Glocke" in Bruce and Grey counties there was probably a majority of non-Pennsylvania Germans; but these people had either brought over with them the closely related Palatine dialect or had picked up the Pennsylvania vernacular in the employ of Mennonites in Waterloo County before they moved up into the Saugeen country. The constituency of the Berlin "Journal" on the contrary consisted largely of genuine Pennsylvania Germans.

Further on in this article we shall read, in the original spelling, the very first letter written by Rittinger in the dialect. It is dated Jan. 22, 1890, and already shows two characteristics which were to become permanent features, namely, the signature "Joe Klotzkopp," and the topic of Klotzkopp's marital relations with his Irish wife. Since Rittinger, in his actual life, had in 1877 taken a wife of non-German descent, Miss Mary Regerson, there can be little doubt that in describing Joe's and Sally's shortlived pleasures and long-lasting mutual quarrels he has drawn to some extent on his own experiences.

In Ontario Andrew Schumacher, one of Rittinger's employees, became his disciple as a dialect writer. In Pennsylvania the Klotzkopp letters seem first to have been mentioned in 1909 in The Pennsylvania German Magazine, Vol. VIII (No. 4, p. 211), where the letter "Mei Experienz im Circus" is reprinted. In 1924 a Rittinger story had been reprinted in Germany by Karl Mueller-Grote in his book "Onkel Karl. Deptschkanadische Lebensbilder" (Bremen,) and from there it has been taken over by H. Klosz into articles appearing in "Der Trifels. Beilage z. Pfaelz. Rundschau," Ludwigshafen, Feb. 3, 1929 ("Pfaelzer Humor in Pennsylvanien") and in "Die Neue Zeit," Neu Ulm & Chicago, Sept. 7, 1929 ("Proben aus dem Pennsylvaniadeutschen Schrifttum".) Thus our author has been brought, in former decades, to the passing attention of US-Pennsylvania Germans, of other German Americans, of Palatines, and of other Germans. But now to our present specimen which constitutes a little landmark in the history of Pennsylvania German dialect literature.

January 22nd, 1890.

Allerlei aus unserer Nochberschaft.
Mister Drucker!

Du muscht mich excuse, dasz ich Dich ah en mol mit ener Correspondenz baddere duh; as regert awer draus, dasz mer ken Hund naus jage mag un do ich es net mach wie manche vun meine Gekannte, die sich am helle Dag bei so Wetter uf die Schofhaut hinne de Ofe lege un schnarcher dasz die Galke fascht die Schwerenoth kriege, so bin ich zu der Conclusion kumme, dir emol e dehl Neiigkeite zu melde. Mei Schreibart is net was der Hochdeitsch "en classisches Deitsch" nennt, sell is ah net nothwendig; ich schreib wie mir der Schnabel gewachse isch un wer's net veschteht, brauch's net zu lese.

Well um Dich in en gute Humor zu bringe, schick ich Dir en neier Subscriber un will Dich ah informe wie ich den gekaetscht hab. Letscht Dunnerstag Owed war mei Nochber, der Chaerly, bei mir un hot gsaht, dasz eens vun seine Buwe die Grippe hot un hot mich um Roth gfrogt. Ich war grad dran Dei Zeiding zu lese un hab ich gerothe er soll emol selle Zwiewelkur browiere. Er hot mich ausglacht, is awer doch bald druff heimgschnickt. Am annere Morge haw ich ihn in Neuschtadt angetroffe un hot er gsaht, dasz sei Jacoble widder allright sei. Die Zwiewele hen's geduh, Mr. Drucker, die Zwiewel. Ich hab ihm dann explehnt, dasz er vielleicht des Lewe vun seim Kind der "Glocke" zu verdanke hot; er hot angebisse un so schick ich Dir nau. Er will awer ah en Breisbuch, wenn Du noch eens iwer der "Schinnerhannes" hoscht so schick ihm sell. Ich hab immer groszer Glawe an die Zwiewel g'hot un hab meiner Fraa, der Saelly, schun oft browiert zu explehne, was for heilgraeftige Kreiter die Deitsche hen.

By the way, mei Fraa is irish un wie ich schun ghert hab, is Deine ah, so ebbes. Well, well, wer het sell nau ixpect! Do sin mir jo, wie die Hochdeitsche sage, Leidensgenosse. Well meenscht Du net ah, dasz es sunnerbar is, dasz so viel junge deitsche Kerl englische Weiwer heirathe? Ich bin jetzt siwe Johr im Ehschtand (fast haett ich Wehschtand hingekritzelt) un hab schun oft driwer noch simuliert, was for en kurios Ding die Lieb is. By Jinks, sie fallt manchmol uf kuriose Blaetz hin. Die englische Maed hen wohl ah ehre gute Points, awer im Durchschnitt gnumme mehn ich, dasz sie doch net so gut koche kenne wie mei Mutter als gekocht hot, wie ich noch daheem wor. Certainly, die deitsch Kocherei nent ah meener Zeit wie die englische Kichewerthschaft, un is deszwege ah besser verdaulich. Nix macht der Saelly meh Freed als wenn sie Beefsteak brot. Um ¼ bis 12 kummt die Pann uf de Ofe, des Fleesch werd neigschmisse un e poormol rumgflappt un kummt dann uf de Disch mit Grumbiere, mit dene man oftmols ganz gut Baseball schpiele kennt. Wann ich dann brumm, so macht sie en brotzig Gsicht un sagt: "Why didn't you marry a Dutch wife?" Do hot mer dann die Bescheering un losz ich als mei Wuth am Beefsteak aus, dasz als manchmol so zaeh is, dasz mer ganz gut Scheierdohrbaender davun mache kennt. En annere kuriose circumstance is, dasz deitsche Dienstmaed in der Familie, die englisch Kocherei blitzschnell lerne, awer ah ken Wunner! Sie nemmt net so viel Zeit weg, des bissel Gscherr was dazu gejuhst werd, is schnell gewesche nochher butze sich die Maed raus wie die Pingstochse, gehne uf die Schtrosz, um ehre Fellers ufzusuche. Ah met de Kinner hot's sei Naube, die sin meerschtedehls net deitsch un net englisch. Uf den Punkt will ich awwer an annermol zerickkumme. Beschur die englische Weibsleit hen ah ehre gute Points, des wersch Du hoffentlich ah wisse.

Geb mich jusch net weg, sunscht gebts Pruegel in mener Shanty. Es is mir net wege der Schlaeg, sunner wege dem Beseschtiel: Du weescht die Zeite sin hart un kann ich net afforde all poor Woche en neier Bese zu kaafe.

Mei Nochbor, der Michel, is boss iwer mich un bisch Du gewissermasze Schuld dran. Seit de letschte Sechs Johr pumpt er mei "Glocke" un hab ich ihm letscht Woch gsaht, dasz selle Business ufheere musz un dasz wenn er die Zeiding will, so sott er sie beschtelle. Er kann's mache, is awer so geizig, dasz er en Warz hinne an seim Hals fer en Knopp juhst, juscht um die Koschte zu spare, dasz er keen Krageknobb zu kaafe braucht. Des Zeitingsborge kummt mir juscht ebaut vor wie's Weiwerschwappe un obgleich mei Alte irish is, so gleich ich sie doch, un will sie ganz aleenig in meim Haus hawe.

Ich musz jetzt stoppe, die Saelly will mir heit Owet Krumbierepannkuche backe un do sell en deitsche Esserei is, musz ich mich beheefe un's Bobbi hiete, sunscht —gebt's widder en scene.

Dei Freind,
JOE KLOTZKOPP.

N.B. In sellere Zeiding wo Du fer mich drucksecht, losz mei Name haus, net dasz ich Bang hab for der Saelly, awwer ich meen juscht es waer vielleicht doch seefer fer mich. Mer weesz doch net was passiere koennt. Es is schun manch Flint losgange was net gelade war.—

J.K.

MARY'S LAMM

Die Mary hot en Lemmel ghatt,
Sei Woll waar weiss wie Schnee,
Un wu die Mary hiegange iss,
Des Lamm waar schur zu geh.
Es iss emol mit noch de Schul,
Sei Keepers dart zu mache,
No hen die Kinner in de Schul
Aafange laut zu lache.

Die Meeschtern hot sich no verzarnt,
Un hot ihr Schtecke grickt,
Un hot die Dier weit uffgemacht
Un hot 's Lamm nausgekickt.
Sie hot zu ihre Schieler gsaat;
"Un ihr verbrecht mei Rul;
Ich hab schunn zu viel junge Schof
In meine gleene Schul."

Des Lamm iss no ums Haus rumgschprunge,
Hot sich im Graas verweilt,
Die Mary hot im Schulhaus ghockt
Un hot en paar Schtunn gheilt.
No wie die Schul ausgange waar,
Iss sie graad uff un fart,
Un hot ihr Lamm mit Heem genumme
Un hot's noch sell'm eigschparrt.

Sie hot's gut gfiedert alle Daag,
Sei Drog waar allfert voll;
Es iss no schtarrick uffgewachse
Mit scheener, weisser Woll.
Die Mary hot ihr Scheer no gsucht—
Sie hot sie als verlore—
Un hot des Lamm uff Riggel gschnallt
Un hot sei Woll abgschore.

Sie hot no gschafft an ihre Woll,
En Woch schier Daag un Nacht,
Un hot sich vun de schenschte Woll
En neier Frack gemacht.
Un wie der Frack recht fartich waar,
Hot sie sich Nodle grickt,
Un mit de Woll, wu iwwrich waar,
Hot sie sich Schtrimplen gschtrickt.

Wie's Lamm noch yung waar, waar's so schee
Wie'n scheener Blummeschtock;
Wie's awwer uffgewachse waar,
No waar's en wieschter Bock.
Die Mary hot ihn no verkaaft
Zum alde Budscher Kamm;
Der hot ihn gschlacht un des, ihr Leit,
Waar's letscht yun Mary's Lamm.

DAVID B. BRUNNER (Goethe von Berks)
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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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Editorials

Thought for Today

Conceited men are a harmless kind of creature, who, by their overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.—Beecher.

Aid for Heart Campaign

The greatest toll of human life is being taken by heart disease. More than 600,000 persons annually are cut down by various diseases affecting this vital human organ—the mainspring of our physical being.

Even the young, whose childhood diseases very largely have been conquered, are not immune for rheumatic fever appears to be becoming more and more common. It accounts for 90 per cent of all heart troubles in children and leaves a vast number of them virtually crippled for life while many of them, in the present state of medical knowledge, are doomed to death far before the average years of life expectancy have been attained.

So the determined battle which the American Heart Association is waging for wider study of the diseases of this vital organ and discovery of remedies for its various afflictions is one in the interest of the entire American people. All, from the cradle to the grave, are concerned with the prospect that determined and intelligent attack upon these diseases will bring cures or at least ameliorative remedies.

Inasmuch as the problem is national and local for every community, people with wide vision and great hearts in every community of every state are organizing to secure the funds for the wide scientific work that it is believed can do so much for victims of this disease.

In Lehigh County, as in thousands of American counties, a branch of the great national association has been established. This body, in co. mon with its fellows thruout the nation this month is conducting a campaign that is modest far beyond the importance of its mission.

It is a campaign that is deserving of wide aid for its purpose is to give wide aid, to remove the shadow of fear and threat which hovers over us all from the cradle to the grave.

True to Old Traditions

It is a night of rare fun which some seven hundred dyed-in-the-wool Pennsylvania Dutchmen give themselves when on Groundhog Day they assemble as they did on Thursday night for their annual "Versommelung."

It is a night when the common tradition of communication in a distinctive dialect is enjoyed to the fullest. Inasmuch as the dialect is particularly adapted to expression of the keenest humor, these meetings are occasions of merriment. It is the leading local occasion for demonstration of the well-known fact that when the Dutch get together and talk Pennsylvania German, or Pennsylvania Dutch, they are sure to have a good time.

But thruout all these sessions there is a deeper vein and the expression of an entirely different tradition, namely the innate industry and thrift of the Pennsylvania Dutch and the possession of other virtues that have served Pennsylvania so well for more than two hundred years and that have served the nation at the same time. Never at these meetings is it forgotten that the ancestors of the Pennsylvania Dutch, who came to these shores two centuries ago, did so to gain and maintain the fundamental freedoms that Americans cherish. But more than that, the Pennsylvania Dutch are loath to see any of those freedoms disappear or even be reduced.

They are deadset against the "isms" that are creeping into our American system of government and of thinking. They are alarmed by them and see a dangerous road ahead unless the present course is sharply altered. They said so in no uncertain words again at their fourteenth annual meeting on Thursday night.

Cold War Rushing to Crisis

The American people will hope that America's preparations for military defense are as good as Secretary Johnson apparently believes they are, as expressed in his boast in Washington on Thursday that if the only prospective aggressor nation in the world today starts anything, the U.S.A. will "lick hell" out of her.

The American people know full well that prospects for a world crisis are mounting by the minute. The U.S.A. and Russia both have the Atomic Bomb. How well Russia has developed her version is not known but it is guessed that it is effective. Nor do we know how far development of the A-bomb has gone since the days of Hiroshima and Nagasaki except that in a general way it seems assured that bigger bombs have been built and that there is a substantial stockpile of bombs on hand.

Added to this is the order of the President to the scientists to go full steam ahead on productio of a hydroge bomb, a thousand times more powerful than its monstrous predecessor. Belief is that Russia is embarked upon a similar program whose general outlines are no scientific secret.

Russia has many times the number of submarines that the United States has in service. Since the war she has put former German shipyards and German scientists and mechanics to work on construction of an enormous fleet of these commerce destroyers.

For almost five years this race to develop the machinery of war has been in progress, all under the cloak of peaceful intentions.

Past experience has been that in such ..ces there comes inevitable clash. Preparing against the occasion of such clash, Mr. Johnson says that the American military house is in good order. Furthermore the clash is almost being invited for there is announcement that counterblockade of all Eastern Germ..ny will be adopted if the Russians continue to interfere with normal commerce into and from Berlin with Western Germany; that the Pacific fleet is to be strengthened and that Alaska, where Soviet airmen constantly are hovering, is going to get increase in its military defenses.

There no rhyme nor reason to the entire sorry state of affairs but who, or what, can bring the two greatest powers in the world today to their senses and prompt them to call off the disturbing cold war and prevent the catastrophic shooting war that the former is bringing on so rapidly?

Idols with Feet of Clay

It is just as nauseating to the newspapermen who are making up your daily papers as it is to most of our readers to record the sordid tales of so many of our film stars, including the latest chapter in the life of the young woman who appeared a saint in the production of Joan of Arc. But the entire development of the story of this actress, packed tho it was with illicit love or infatuation, was featureful and merited news presentation. Accordingly the denouement on Thursday in a hospital in Rome could not be ignored nor casually handled.

The entire messy thing assumed stature from the importance of the principals involved, from its changing scene and international angles. It had kept tongues wagging around the world for the better part of the year. And tongues will wag, whether the papers seek to give all the truth or studiously ignore a racy story.

Certainly it all can be held up as a bad example of how people in high and respected, almost revered, position should act. All too many of our film idols have feet of clay and it is a terrible letdown for the worshipers to have such fact revealed.

Equal Rights

From the women's angle few things ought to sound as attractive as a guarantee to them of equal rights set forth in the federal constitution.

Yet more than 30 national women's groups don't want that kind of a guarantee without a big proviso attached. And labor leaders are on the same side of the fence.

They all wish to be sure that no equal rights clause shall in any way endanger the rights, benefits and exemptions now enjoyed by women under existing state and federal laws.

What this means is that while they believe the principle of equal rights should be proclaimed, it should be recognized that women actually are in need of extra privileges and safeguards. The feeling is that a woman's physical nature and characteristics are enough to justify special status.

On the books today are a wide variety of laws governing wages, hours and conditions of work for women. These include protections for those needing maternity care. In addition, wome enjoy alimony rights, dower rights and similar legal advantages partly in recognition of their problems as mothers.

Labor and many women's groups know many of these statutes were won only after bitter struggle. They hesitate, therefore, to endorse an unqualified equal rights clause that might furnish a legal basis for the ultimate destruction of these safeguards.

The Senate has now approved, 63 to 19, a constitutional amendment guaranteeing equal rights to women but stating that the guarantee shall not be construed to impair any present rights women have.

The equal rights' proponents, sensing victory after 27 years of fruitless trying, want the House to kill the extra proviso and leave just a flat guarantee. Offhand their chances don't look too bright, for the weight of labor and the same 30 women's groups will fall upon House lawmakers when they begin debating the proposal.

It seems safest to spell out assurances to women that they will not lose their hard-won protection both at work and in the larger social setting. Maybe this would make the term "equal rights" sound a trifle empty, but we think something would be gained by its mere assertion in the constitution. Many good principles are madified in practice. That doesn't lessen their value as principles.—Reading Times.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Bing Crosby is convinced that the only way some Hollywood glamor girls can remember whether or not they are married at any given moment is to count up all their husbands and all their divorces. If the tally comes out uneven—they're married!

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Conscience — that invisible and intangible force which pursues man at every turn — has bobbed up with a penetrating question here.

Does the United States really mean to use the hydrogen bomb some day or do we merely intend to threaten its use so as to force an agreement assuring international control of atomic weapons?

Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, Republican, reveals the pin pricks in a nation's conscience when he proposes that the president notify the United Nations of our intention to stop making hydrogen bombs the moment Russia submits to an effective form of outlawing atomic weapons of all kinds.

The president said, before the subject of the hydrogen bomb came to public notice, that he would not hesitate to order the dropping of atom bombs, if necessary, in wartime. This was done evidently to let the Russians know that no reasons of humaneness would govern if war came.

Position Altered

Historically the position of the United States has altered considerably from the days in 1939 when the late President Roosevelt made a plea to all belligerent nations not to bomb innocent civilians and to confine bombing strictly to the battlefields or to military installations behind the lines. The decision by President Truman in 1945 to drop the atom bomb on two heavily populated cities in Japan without specific warning in advance is now American policy.

Assuming that the Russians some day allow full and frank discussion of the hydrogen bomb in their press, what will the average mother and father in Russia say when they learn that the United States has ordered the making of the most destructive bomb in all human experience? Will they feel more kindly toward the United States and the American people? Will they be less or more likely to believe the charges of the Kremlin leaders that the American government is "warmongering?"

Hardly anyone here disputes the wisdom of going ahead to make the hydrogen bomb. But the government's responsibility unfortunately isn't confined to that simple point. Talk is astir again, of course, about renewing the negotiations for agreement with Russia to control the making of atomic weapons. With the existing state of suspicion and distrust, however, on everything else in the relations between the two countries, it seems improbable that any agreement can be readily reached. Instead, the Russians will naturally decide to concentrate more than ever on finding ways of making a hydrogen bomb and building up their atomic stockpile.

What is happening today has happened throughout all history — one nation gets a larger quantity of armament and threatens the other. The temporarily weaker nation, if it possesses the necessary resources, promptly responds — and an armament race is on. Usually war has come because of the fear, accentuated by military strategists, that if the first blow isn't struck to stop potential aggression, then actual aggression will ensue.

Unexampled Opportunity

The president has an unexampled opportunity to call for a re-examination of Russian-American relations in every aspect. The defeatist notion that everything has been done by us that can be done to avert war is widespread, but moral force has often removed the causes of human friction and solved disputes where there is a manifestation of give-and-take and a spirit of true accommodation.

If the acts of the Kremlin have forced America to make the hydrogen bomb, it is a safe bet that the Russian people do not know it. The facts in the case have never been assembled — outside of our own official state papers — either before the United Nations or elsewhere in a judicial manner. Has our diplomacy always been fair and just? Is it really helpless to find even an unorthodox approach to a solution? Is ingenuity confined solely to the laboratories of nuclear physics?

The conscience of a Christian world may soon begin to press for the answer.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 52

The opening picture is that of Judah in captivity in Babylon, prostrate, apparently hopeless and helpless, when a cry is heard: "Awake, put on they strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem. The Gentile Babylonians shall not again invade thee. Shake off the dust; loose theyself from they bonds." The Lord refers to their bondage in Egypt, and to their oppression by the Assyrians, as well as to their captivity in Babylon in order to say that all that is over and that they will be coming home. What a glorious message; what good news! How beautiful upon the mountains of Judah are the feet of the messengers with such good tidings, proclaiming peace and salvation, since God in Zion is to reign over His people. The watchmen of v.8 are the prophets of God who will now see 'eye to eye' what they had been proclaiming afar off. Jerusalem is to rejoice because Hehovah is thus comforting His people. Even the Gentile nations are to see the wonderful things He is going to do for His people and their land. And in the last days,now coming on apace, this will be still more manifest.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM TROXELL

'N MASHINA SHUB IMMA HUDDLE: Sawg, hen ihr shun k'hoert fon ma mashina shub os gabout is werra imma dawg? Wel, won n'r net hen, hetta n'r da onner dawg in Long Swamp sei solla kartz noch dem os der yung Earl Walbert un sei Jean tzurick hame kumma sin fon ihra Florida hochtsick trip.

Der Earl un die Jean Schaeffer sin doh 'm onnerra mohnet mitnonner inwer der basem shteel gajump'd, un sin uf ihra hochtsich trip mit 'm Earl seim neia "Olds." Wie sie tzurick hame kumma sin, is es 'm Earl ei kumma os er now nimmy in Topton dahame wear, un os er ken mashina shub het in Long Swamp. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er is der gons blotz ous g'shprunga, uns wor ewwa yusht naryads ken larer blotz tzu finna gross ganunk fer der "Ols" nei sheeva.

Endlich wie ken onnerer waig wor, hut der Earl ous gamocht er kent sich aw noch sei aigner shub baua uf seim shwar seim lond, un hut mohl shtarta huls hame shoffa. Wie der haufa gross ganunk wor os er gadenk'd hut 's dade longa fer 'n gabei uf duh, hut er sei bruder "Woody" grick'd fer helfa, so wohl wie aw der Johnny Mazurie, un uf kours sei Shwar-dawdy. Sie hen moryets g'shtart, uns hais'd 's wear shun fer 'n longie tzeit ken so'n hammerrei un yocht in Long Swamp gawest wie sella dawg.

Die boova sin druf nei wie bulla uf ma hoy shtuck, uns hut g'sheind der mashina shub gang'd fon selwar in die hae. Bis middawgs wors gons g'shtel waisa uf, un bis owets hen sie so wohr os allas, 's gons waisa fartich kot-ol wies doch net gons druf. 'S wor 'n glorer dawg, un denk won die notes erfotter'd het, hetta sie 's doch aw noch druf duh kenna eb die shtarna rous kumma sin.

Der Earl un sei gang haisa sich die "Speedy Kunstruction Kumpany," un hen im sin fer ferarnst in bisnis gae mashina sheb uf duh. Un won sie mohl 'n rechtie halt darta hen, shtarta sie ferleicht ei mit heiser un onnerra gabeier ol in aim dawg. So wie m'r fershtain, hen die boova net gabodder'd fer ihra airsht gavei awshtreicha da airshda dawg, ow'r sel denk ich kumt aw noch mit nei — 'm Earl sei Jean wil darta iwwer nemma.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis net dawert fers hale halta, die Grundsow is ous 'm loch gabliva — hut ihra shodda net g'sehna im Lechaw Dahl, uf grundsow Dawg ferol os der Kongressmon Franklin Lichtenwalter g'sawt hut, die sun het da gonsa dawg hel un glore g'sheind in Washington, D.C.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

An attempt is being made by the State department to give the impression that Stalin is squeezing Mao Tze-tung very hard and that he might rebel. The New York Times gives considerable stress to the tendentious stories on this subject. Although the details of these accounts are historically incorrect, they present the picture that the State department wishes to prevail in this country. The object is to save Mr. Acheson from criticism.

Mr. Acheson, to keep alive the myth of Mao Tze-tung's "Titoism" upon which he has gambled the future of the United States—and even Tito remains a gamble—emphasized the fast that Soviet Russia is demanding the separation of Mongolia, Manchuria and Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) from China. The impression that Acheson wishes to convey is that these are new separations, new demands, new pressures, something that has just arisen.

Separated Since 1921

That, of course, is not true. Mongolia has been separated from China since 1921. In that year, the People's Revolutionary government of Mongolia was organized. This government and Soviet Russia entered into a secret treaty, now available, which excluded China from Mongolia. By the Sino-Soviet treaty of 1924, the Mongolian People's republic became among the first of the Soviet satellite states. Acheson can answer that by saying that what he means is not Outer but Inner Mongolia—a distinction, but not important, as I shall show.

For Inner Mongolia has been part of the Japanese areas associated with their conquest of Manchuria in 1931. Eastern Inner Mongolia, as it used to be called, is the old Chinese province of Jehol and adjacent territory. For years, prior to 1931, the Chinese and Japanese vied for control of this area, and eventually the Japanese took it. This area is so situated that it is either part of Mongolia or of Manchuria. Therefore, it must be dealt with as such.

At Yalta, it was agreed between Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill, as follows:

"The status quo in Outer Mongolia (the Mongolian People's republic) shall be preserved; . . .

"It is understood that the agreement concerning Outer Mongolia and the ports and railroads referred to above (Dairen, Port Arthur and the Manchurian railroads) will require concurrence of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The president will take measures in order to obtain this concurrence on advice from Marshal Stalin."

So, it was not only fixed that Mongolia should be required to remain part of the Soviet system, but that Roosevelt would coerce Chiang Kai-shek to agree to it—to like it.

Treaty Attempt

(T. V. Soong, shortly after Yalta, went to Moscow to arrange a treaty between China and Russia—a 30 years treaty of peace and friendship.)

As for Manchuria, the Japanese had certain rights in Manchuria—which Russia had tried to steal from China in 1895—by virtue of the Portsmouth treaty (1905) ending the Russo-Japanese war. Those rights were incorporated in a series of agreements with China, some bona fide, some accomplished by bribery.

From 1915 to 1931, the relations between China and Japan were disturbed on the issue of Manchuria, leading eventually to the seizure of the country by Japan in 1931. The Chinese claimed Manchuria as Chinese territory; the Japanese and Russians had demanded special rights.

Yalta Agreement

At Yalta, Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill (1945) agreed:

"The former rights of Russia violated by the treacherous attack of Japan in 1904 shall be restored, viz:

". . .(B) The commercial port of Dairen shall be internationalized, the pre-eminent interests of the Soviet Union in this port being safeguarded, and the lease of Port Arthur as a naval base for the U.S.SR. restored;

"(C) The Chinese-Eastern railroad and the South Manchurian railroad, which provide an outlet to Dairen, shall be jointly operated by the establishment of a joint Soviet-Chinese company, it being understood that the pre-eminent interests of the Soviet Union shall be safeguarded and that China shall retain full sovereignty in Manchuria; . . ."

(Soviet Russia got the policing; what then was China's sovereignty worth?)

In other words, Roosevelt and Churchill agreed to give to Stalin all that Japan had claimed in Manchuria from the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 to the seizure in 1931. We, the United States, gave Stalin in 1945 what Acheson says that Salin is now demanding of Mao. Why does Acheson avoid the truth so diligently?

I shall refer to the Sinkiang problem at another time.

(Copyright, 1950)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A few days ago my wife celebrated her umptieth birthday. Or, rather, I should say she observed it. After a woman gets to be 35 she sees nothing to celebrate about a birthday any more.

In commemoration of the day I took her and two friends to dinner in a nice restaurant.

This particular bistro specializes in steaks and chops.

So, when we sat down to order, one of the friends, (the lady) looked at the menu and exclaimed "Oh, no lobster?"

The waiter explained politely that they had nice steaks and chops—and delicious roast beef.

So we ordered.

The lobster-loving lady chose roast beef—"but it must be very well done" she said to the waiter. He nodded and wrote "1 RB w d" (I was looking over his pad).

My wife, too, wanted roast beef. But hers would have to be very rare.

My male friend and I agreed on steak.

They had, the waiter said, a delicious tenderloin for two." That sounded good.

But, unfortunately, my friend wanted his steak "medium toward rare," while I eat only "medium toward well done."

So we had to order two single steaks—one for each of us.

I wanted Bearnaise sauce with mine. They didn't make any Bearnaise sauce in this place, said the proprietor, who had, by this time, joined the waiter.

But he could make me a wonderful sauce of garlic butter with mushrooms chopped up in it. His eyes went heavenward, as he described it. His synthetic ecstasy was contagious and I ordered his "wonderful sauce."

My friend couldn't stand garlic. He wanted his steak just plain.

Now the waiter wanted our vegetable order. One wanted beets and French-fried potatoes. The next one Brussels sprouts and mashed potatoes. I chose mixed salad and baked potato. The fourth selected salad and beets.

The waiter, by this time, was perspiring and writing faster than a bookie one jump ahead of the police.

* * *

We ate. It was delicious. Then the dessert order. No use going into the whole process again. Suffice it to say that everybody ordered a different dessert.

My wife wanted large coffee. My male friend had tea. His wife milk. And I a demi-tasse.

* * *

The night before we had had dinner at home. No menu. No waiter. Just corned-beef, creamed cabbage, apple pie and coffee. Delicious.

* * *

I wouldn't want to be a restaurant keeper for all the money in the world! I'd go crazy.

But wait a minute. How about a writer?

Don't we have to satisfy a million different tastes?

Doesn't one reader like humor, the next gossip, a third inspiration, and so on and so on?

Is that why so many restaurant men and writers go crazy?

(Copyright 1950)

Horoscope

The time is fairly good for the usual weekend interests. You may expect your next year to proceed on an even keel, with some good fortune eventuating. Look for alertness in the child born under these vibrations, with perceptive and reflective faculties well developed.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

HOME INSURANCE

Laughter keeps the home aglow.
Love the spot insures.
Where these treasures are to know
Long the home endures.

Stout the walls where children play.
This we live to learn:
When they've grown and gone away,
Often they'll return.

Shelter from the storms alone
Little holds to win.
All in vain are brick and stone,
Save there's love within.

Safe the spot where loved ones meet,
Glad at home to be.
Laughter, song and dancing feet
Home will guarantee.



Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, North and West

By HEINZ KLOSZ

(This is the second of a series of three articles by the most eminent European authority on the subject of the Pennsylvania Germans.)

II

ANDREW SCHUMACHER

John Adam Rittinger's example (see last issue of the ECK) seems to have encouraged others to the use, occasional or regular, of the dialect in print. When Ezra E. Eby, a man of genuine colonial stock, published in 1895 his "Biographical History of Waterloo County" he concluded it with the touching lines:

Wo sin jetzt die alte Doddys
Vun die gute alte Zeit?
Wo sin die gute alte Mommies,
Die scheene gute alte Leit?
Ma sehn sie nimme bei uns do,
Die scheene gute alte Leit.
Im Himmel sin sie jetzt so froh
Un frehen sich in Ewigkeit.

More directly a disciple of Rittinger was Andrew Schumacher. A farmer's son from Formosa, Bruce County, Ontario (b. March 3, 1855), where his parents had settled after emigrating from Ramstein, district of Landstuhl, in the Palatinate, he had very little formal schooling and spent the early years of his manhood in the Middle West, working on farms during the summers and in the woods during the winters. In 1885 he moved to Walkerton, Ontario, and in 1893 became an employee of John Adam Rittinger as an agent for the "Glocke." Since 1913 he lived in Berlin. It was under Rittinger's influence that he started writing dialect stories for the newspapers. As such he seems never to have adopted a pen name. In 1930-32, while I exchanged letters with him, he was a regular contributor to the "Daily Record," edited by Wm. J. Motz, who from 1905-1915 had been a partner of John Rittinger as an editor of the Berlin Journal. With pride Mr. Schumacher pointed out that only recently he had received a letter from Minnesota offering "to pay liberally" for a copy of his story "Der Schwarzkopp" which had just appeared in the "Record", subscribed to by a friend of the letter-writer, who would not part with it. Schumacher did stick to the German spelling. The custom of spelling the dialect in the English way in English language papers, established by men like Rauch and Harter in Pennsylvania, seems never to have taken root in Ontario. For also the late Elias H. Good, the third author of dialect letters in Ontario, who for a number of years conducted a dialect column "Der Dahde un sei Buh" for the Kitchener Daily Record (see files of the ECK for 1936 and 1937 for frequent contributions from Mr. Good) patterned his spelling after the High German. To Andrew Schumacher this was the more natural, since he wrote, besides his letters and occasional poems in the dialect, also a number of poems in High German. Some of these are not without a certain value as pictures of folkways, e. g. "Zuckerkochen in Kanada." But for the readers of the ECK I shall rather subjoin a poem Schumacher wrote in the dialect, though I admit that but for its being a linguistic document its merits are doubtful. But first let me submit Schumacher's interesting story:

DER SCHWARZKOPP

Mister Editor,

Der ald Hannes Kubberdroht un sei Fra, die "Schtasi," wu newich der Grundsauleek wone, sin juscht ebaut so feine ardliche Leit wie mer in Wadlo (Waterloo) Kounty otreffe kann. Sie hen juscht e Kind greest, der Hen, wo die ald Homestead hot solle iwarnemme enicher Dag wo er reddi war. Nadierlich hot er heire solle un sei egne Scho ronne. Awwer der Hen hot net obeisze welle. Er is wohl iweral rumgschniekt awer er hot nix gfunne was gsuht hot.

Seine Leit is die Zeid lang warre un hotn emol e Dag sei Mam in die Hechel gnumme un gfrogt ob er nau net bal obeisze wett un sich e Fra oschaffe. Es wer nau schier gor Zeid. Mer hent doch plenty brafe Meed um uns rum un ich wees du kannscht dei Pick hawe, hot sei Mam gmeent.

"Well, Mam," secht der Hen dodrufhie, "ich weesz dasz es net an braafe Meed fehlt, awer ich nemm kee annere wie eene wo krabbeschwarze Hohr hot. Die Helle sin zu zimberlich, die Braune zu sweet for e Bauer, un wann ich juscht an e Rothe denk nott krieg ich schun die Scvhiwwers. Die schwarzhohriche sin die eenziche wu Willpower hen un e Konstituschon so toff wie Juchtetedder."

"Ach, Hen," secht dodrufhie sei Mam, "sei doch net so labbich. Was hot dann die Hohrfarb mit eme brafe Meedel zu dhu? Em Pete sei Fra hot helle Hohr un em John seine hot rothe Hohr, un wu kannnscht du zwee bessere Weibsbilder otreffe wie selle Zee? Du selwart hoscht helle Hohre, awer zimperlich bischt du doch net."

"Alright, Mam," secht jetzt der Hen, "ich will dir dei Wille dhu, inseid vun drei Munat haw ich e Fra, awer e schwazkeppiche un ke annere."

Uf des hie hot der Hen jede Owed sei Dreiwer ins Boggi gschpannt un is fat gjagt, wohie hot nimmand gwiszt. Bis awer drei woche rum ware hot er e Marje zu seine Mam gsagt: "Mam, ich hab jetzt gfunne was ich gsucht hab. In drei Woche due mer heire. Sie is e recht ardlich un brav Baueremaedel: Ehre Vadder is e reicher Bauer, un hot juscht zwee Kinner. Sie is drei Johr jinger wie ich bin, schtark un gsund un die Hauptsach is awer dasz sie arich schee is un Hohre genug ufm Kopp hot for drei Weibsbilder auszzumache. Un die sin net juscht bechschwaz, sie sin for e fact blue-black wie Dinte. Ich meen der Schdamm wo so a schwere Gibbel sopporte kann musz ah gsunde un feschte Wazle han."

Des Ding wor gut. Eb die drei Woch rum wore kriegt der Hen e Brief vumma gude alde Chum in Alberta, was mit achtzeh Johr naus west is un e Fortschen gmacht hot mit Rihlestet. Grad um die Zeid hot er en imprufte Bauerei vun 5000 Acker kaaft un weil er gwiszt hot dasz der Hen e guter Manager un Schaffer is hot er ihm gschriwe er sott grad kumme un die Farm haendle for en. Er miszt sich awer verbinne for e Johr un for sell hot 'r em $1200 un's Reesgeld hie un her verschbroche.

Des hot awer e Monkey wrench in die Hochzich nei gschmisse, so dasz sei schwazkeppicher Schwazkopp bang kriegt hot wann er e ganz Johr fat is dernot kennt er am End ganz ausbacke. Der Hen hot awer e Dodesangscht ausgschdanne es kennt'ener kumme un sie ihm wegschnappe weil er fat is. Der affer wor awer zu tempting for rifuse. Es wor em net alee um die $1200, awer wie er gmeent hot, die Chance for Expierenz zu kriege, wer ihm e grosser Benefit for sei Lewesdag. Sie hen ausgmacht, dasz sie ke Hochzich mache wette, weil die Zeid zu kaz wor.

Well, wie dernot der Dag kumme is sin die Zwee zum Breddicher gfahre un hen en de Ehknobb verknibble losse, die Fies bezahlt un grad widder hehm zu der Betsy ehre Leit. Es war schun arranged, dasz die Betz sollt daheem bleiwe bis er widder zurick kummt. Zwee Dag druf hot sie de Hen an die Station gfohre un wie er sei Ticket im Sack un de Grib getscheckt hot ghatte, sin sie hinnich die Station un hen enanner verboszt dasz es gschmatzt hot, wie wann die cutoffs vun e pohr Rocky Mountain freight engines in operation were. Der Hen hot sich ganz in ehr blue-black Hohr verkroche ghatte, dasz mer net viel meh gsehe hot vun em wie sei Fiesz. Ersetzt wie der Kondokter grufe hot "All Aboard" is der Hen uf die Train getschumbt un "Hopla" fat nach Alberta.

Well, wie des so Steil is bei junge verheierte Leit, hen die Zwee enanner schier alle Dag gschriwe. Er hot nie vergesse zu mentschene wie glicklich dasz er is weil er de scheenscht Schwarzkopp im ganz Wadlo Kaunty jetzt egent, usw. Wie ebaut dreiviertel vum Johr rum ware hot em Hen sei Baas die Bauerei verkaaft. Der nei Egner nemmt grad Possession. Der Hen is voll ausbzahlt worre fors ganz John un e paar Dag druf hot er de Prairiesschtaab vun seine Fiesz gschittelt un is "Hopla" uf Ontario zugfohre. Vun all dem hot er awer der Betsy nix gschriwe. Er wollt sei liewer Schwarzkopp emol recht surpreise.

Der Hen is oweds schpot bei der Betsy ehre Leit okumme uns erscht Wat as er rauskriegt hot for Eckseitment wor "Wo is dann die Betsy? Was macht mei Betsy?"—"Ei geh juscht dat nei, du wersch sie wohl finne." Well, der Hen is grad in die Schdubb neigschtormt wie wann a Kunschdawler hinnich em her wer. Awer wie er sie gsehe hot, hot er so gschwind gschdabbt, dasz sei Hut vanne nunner gedrabbt is. Er is net grad zu Salz warre wie em Lot sei Fraa awers neckst Ding dazu. Es wor ah ke Wunner. Im Blatz vumme bechschwaze, blue-black Schwazkopp find er e feierrother Fuchs. Er hot juscht sofiel raus kriegt: "Excuse mich Betsy, ich muss grad hem zu meine Leit. Marje kumm ich widder, gut neit!" Die arm Betsy hot sich schier dot gheilt. Sie hot jetzt erscht rieleist was sie ogschtellt hot, awer sie hot sich heilich vorgnumme, wann er zurick kummt un ehre verzeiht, not wott sie alles dhu was e Weibsmensch dhu kann for ihm e gude, gedreie un ehrliche Fraa zu sei.

Wie der Hen daheem okumme is wor juscht sei Mam im Haus. "Ei Botzdausich, Hen, bischt schun zurick vun Alberta" hot sie gfrogt. Der Hen hot glei verzehlt was ghappend hot dasz er schun zurick is.

"Weesz die Betsy schun dasz du zurick bischt?"

"Jo, sie weesz es, ich war schun dat."

"Ich denk sie hot sich arich gfreit wie sie dich gsehe hot, net wohr, Hen?"

"Ich weesz net ob sie sich gfreit hot odder net, awer ich bin verdollt schur dasz ich mich net gfreit hab."

"Ei der dausich, Hen, was hots do gewe."

"Du weescht Mam, dasz ich gsagt hab ich heier ke annere wie e Schwazkopp, un des haw ich ah gedhu. Awer wie ich heit hie kumme bin hot sie feierrothe Hohr."

Ich fiel schur dasz sei gude Mam ah gschackt war weil die Betsy des geduh hot, awer der Kehs pruft emol widder was e gude, gedreie, verschtenniche Mam net alles dhu kann. "Hen," hot sie gasgt, "jetzt harch emol. Die Betsy het des net grad dhu breiche, wenn sie for dich ausgekott wor noht het sie dich doch kriegt uhne sell. Sei hot wege sellem nix schlimmers gedhu wie die Meed heitzudag schier alle dhu wo uf Menner aus sin. Why, ich hab selwert schu gesehe dasz ene nix wie falsche Hohr ghat hot un der Mann hots net genotist bis es zu schpot war. En annere hot's gepackt met em Maul voll falsche Zeh un wie die Mehd die Freck noch recht lang gwohre hen, hot aa hie un do ene gepackt met eme kinschtliche Fusz. Nee Hen, die Farb vun de Hohr macht e Fraa net gut un aa net schlecht. Wie ich hehr soll die Betsy e recht brav schaffich un ehrlich Weibsmensch sei un du hoschts Glick ghat e gute Hausfraa zu kriege. Dann losz die Hohr roth odder schwaz sei. Wann e Weibsbild sunscht nix daugt is sie in schpeit vun schwaze Hohr doch ke Schusz Bulfer werth. Wenn die Betsy reddi is nott bring sie her un fang oh haushalte. Mir winsche eich Glick un ich un der Dady duhn eich mithelfe wos fehlt."

Wie sei Mam fertich wor hot der Hen gheilt wie e Nordwind un hot ere verschproche dasz er der Betsy jetzt schun verzeiht hot un dasz er in allem uf de Mam ihr Edweis geh will. Des hot der Hen ah gedhu un sie lewe jetzt schun manch Johr beinanner un kumme recht sche forwarts.

Eb der Hen awer die rothkeppich Betsy heemgholt hot is er noch Guelph un hot sich e ganz abbadich extra Brill kaaft for $25. Alles was roth war hot selle Brill kohlschwaz gmacht. Em Guckelhah' sei Kowel, rothgeferbte Backe un Lippel un rothe Schnapsnase hen schwarz geguckt darch selle Brill. Der Betz ihr Hohr war a widder blue-black. Wann sie der Hen gfrogt hot for was er selle Brill wehrt, hot er als gsacht: "Ich hab wehe Aage kriegt vun Schneeblindheit in Alberta un der Aagedoctor hot mich g'ardert die Brill zu wehre bis mei Aage widder schtark sin."

Der Hen hot schun lang widder gude Aage un die roth Farb baddert en ah for kammen nimme. Die Brill juhst er juscht noch wann er helft Sei butchere. Net dasz er chicken-hearted is, awer die Seit vum rothe Blut macht en immer zurick denke wie er vun Alberta heem kumme is un fors erschtemol e rother Schwazkopp gsehne un die riel Schiwers kriegt hot.

The reader will see that Schumacher's diction and the way he adapts his spelling to the sounds of the spoken tongue renders his Pennsylvania German more idiomatic than that of Rittinger. It must be remembered however that our specimen of the latter's prose dated back to his beginning as a dialect writer and that he had much time left to purify his style. Schumacher is not always consistent. His usual form e.g. for "seen" is "gsehe" but in the last line he slips into standard Pennsylvania German "gsehne." The head-word he spells "Schwazkopp," everywhere but in the headline and two instances in the text where he (or the typesetter) has added an "r."

And now one of Schumacher's poems transscribed from the manuscript.

Schneider un Seegmiller

Es wor emol en Schneider gwest,
Hot Kittel, Wescht un Hosse gneht.
Er hot alsfat sei Bescht's gedu,
Un hot doch alles gmacht verdreht.

Die Knepp die wore viel zu gross,
Es Knopploch ganz un gor zu klee.
De Kittel wor for schur zu kaz,
Un viel zu eng die Hossabee.

Es allerschlimmst wor, dasz die Seck
Hen nunner greecht bis an die Knie.
Des Silwer hot sich drin verschluppt,
De Schinner hot net gewisst wohie.

Er hot en alter Kunne ghat.
Dem hot er gmacht en neie Suht.
Un weil sie hot gar net gebasst,
Do hot der kriegt en Deiwelswut.

Glei is er hie zum Schneider gschtermt,
Un hot en fescht beim Wickel kriegt;
"Do hoscht dei Schund, gebs Geld eraus,
Sunscht sehnscht wohie de Schneider fliegt.

Du weescht ich gleich mei Gleeder weit,
Un so viel Duch hoscht du verlangt,
Des haw ich dir doher gebrocht
Un Cash-Bezahlung hiegeblankt.

De Kittel is mer viel zu eng,
In'd Hosse kumm ich gor net nei.
E verdel Duch hoscht weggebutzt,
Ich peif dir in so Schneiderei."

De Kunne hot e Seegmiehl gronnt
Un hot e Bank ghat in de Schtadt.
Dem Schneider hot des grad gebasst,
Sei Anser hot er reddi ghat:

"Du dreibsch en Seegmiehl for Brofit
Un seegsch de Baure ehre Bleck.
Met ehrem Seegmehl machsch du Schtiem,
Die Schwarte peilsch for dich aweg.

E verdel nemmsch vun jedem Block
Un kriegsch ah noch de Seegerloh.
E Schneider b

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CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Too many people are so busy trying to get something from those who have more that they will not listen to those who know more.—Boetcker.

Parkland's Progressiveness

Formation of the Parkland School District by the people of its well-populated and beautiful area was evidence in itself of the progressive spirit of the people and their educators. All felt certain that a better educational job could be done for the children of North and South Whitehall townships by a merger of the two boards of education.

Every step that has been taken by the new district in its brief life has been intelligent and progressive and motivated by a single consideration—the welfare of the young people of the two townships.

Now another step has been proposed and adopted — establishment of a summer playground system under supervision of teachers trained in recreation work.

Frankly, the program that has been adopted and will be supported in considerable measure by State appropriation, is going to move slowly. Initially it was proposed that school buses, idle thruout the summer, be used to transport the children from distant parts of the townships to the playgrounds adjacent to their four school buildings in the same manner that they are brought to school every day. However the program has been whittled dov.. to the preparation of the play spaces and the providing of teachers to educate and train those children who can walk to or be brought in private cars to the playgrounds. Thus it will be learned very speedily whether or no bus business is desirable or even necessary.

That decision undoubtedly will be influenced by the reaction of parents of children not within fairly easy walking distance of the four playgrounds. If they want the routine of bus collection that prevails during the school months to prevail during the playground season, they undoubtedly can get it from the new and vigorous School Board that was chosen at the most recent election. This board certainly is striving mightily to make Parkland one of the finest school districts in the country.

The Mr. Hyde of Scientists

There is no guesswork about the authenticity of the spy for Russia who worked in England on atomic physics, was sent to the United States to collaborate with our scientists on the A-bomb in 1944 and since 1942 has been selling or giving atomic secrets to Russia.

Conscience-stricken, Dr. Klaus Fuchs has confessed all to British intelligence officers and will be prosecuted in British courts.

The details of the scientist's confession reveal some interesting mental processes and as he calls it himself, the voluntary and conscious development of a split personality with two loyalties—one to his work with the British government and his employers who apparently were kindly and considerate to him, and the other to Russia and the Marxist philosophy. When the Dr. Jekyll side of his personality got the uppermost of him recently, he was ready to make confession as to what he, as a Mr. Hyde, has been doing for almost eight years, or since 1942 when he got paid a measly $400 for atomic secrets he handed over to Russian agents in London.

The British now know, and we know, that when Fuchs came to England from Germany, he had a suspicious background. But his rare scientific ability appeared an asset which the British could not pass up. He was adopted and put to work in the field where he had proven brilliant. In the United States there appears to have been no reason for suspicion as to his work and his movements for was he not a trusted British scientist? Thus he appears to have moved about freely from the big atomic plants at Oak Ridge and elsewhere to New York, Boston and Los Alamos. There Russian agents were awaiting him and his information, which doubtless went to Washington for speedy transfer in inviolable diplomatic pouches to Moscow and the German and Russian scientists who were already working on the A-bomb.

After the horse is stolen, we lock the stable. Aroused by the discovery of a Klaus Fuchs in the very midst of American atomic developments, there must be nationwide demand that no other spies be permitted near them.

So this raises again the question as to what to do with some five hundred German scientists who were imported after the war, first to take advantage of their knowledge and training and second, to keep them out of Russia's hands. It is understood that their contracts have expired and that they now are free to return to a home that looks more promising than when they left it.

These men are said to have contributed much to development in the fields of supersonic planes, jet engines, guided missiles, photography, meterology and textiles. But they also know a lot of our military secrets which, it is hoped, have not leaked to Russia as was the case with atomic secrets.

The plan was that these men should be released to American industry if peace terms could be arrived at with Russia and the cold war were ended. But the cold war continues apace and, if anything, upon a greater scale than before.

It is to be hoped that there are no Klaus Fuchses among this group; that they are safe men to have around the country, that they will be encouraged to remain here and forget, if they ever knew and were moved by the Stalin brand of Marxist philosophy, that any iota of loyalty was due to Russia.

Controls Grow Like Cancer

Americans are pretty well roused by now to the dangers of expanding government control over private business operations and the natural craving of any bureaucratic government to expand its power until such power is all-embracing.

This fear is voiced in a letter which Donald D. Conn, executive vice president of the Transportation Association has directed to farm, trade and civic organizations and to the executives of all forms of transportation concerning the threat implied in a bill known as "The Safety Bill" which now is before Congress.

This bill obviously is aimed at the railroads, but the principle involved, if adopted by Government, speedily could be extended to other forms of transportation.

"It is," he said, "a drastic example of the trend toward taking over private enterprise by the regulatory device. We move toward state socialism, paternalism, the welfare state, every time we permit one of these maneuvers to succeed."

The bill in question gives the Interstate Commerce Commission great power to control internal affairs of railroad operations, and under the guise of safety, gives it power to lay down rules for operations, equipment and facilities.

"The power - hungry bureaucrats who sponsor this bill," Mr. Conn said, "have made it clear that they want to extend its powers so the government could dictate how trains should be run, how tracks and bridges should be built, and how the whole business of the physical operations of railroads should be handled.

"Next moves would be to order expensive installations, with a bureaucrat in Washington deciding what is needed on a division in Montana. Management would have no voice, but would foot the bill.

"Then would come make-work schemes — train-limit and full-crew bills, and all the rest.

"That would be followed, of course, by higher rates to pay the waste of government regulation.

"In the process, efficiency and discipline would disappear, and dwindling sources of private capital would dry up."

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

It may surprise you to learn that the real Reds in CIO owe their allegiance to the great white father, Philip Murray. They're full-blooded Indian tribesmen. Pawnee, Osage, Cherokee and Quapaw—out in Pawhuska, Okla., who went to work in the local shirt factory after their oil lands dried up. Now they are followers of Jack Potofsky, chief of the men's clothing workers union.

The only tomahawks they'll be throwing this year will be political, when they and thousands of others of all races and creeds in this crackling political labor outfit—including Chinese laundrymen, Italian pants pressers and Jewish jacket cutters swing into the sprawling campaign to elect a pro-labor Congress this fall.

Labor's political action committees are in full swing and would ordinarily be crashing the headlines. But the strike crisis is absorbing the public's attention so much that Milton Berle almost won the Nobel prize for stolen literature the other night—by reporting he got a coal cinder in his eye and immediately was followed by four pickets.

Never before has labor—all labor, AFL and CIO—woven so brilliant a series of stratagems to convince the public that unions are part of the mainstream of American life. And, therefore, that a laborite victory in 1950 would not be a seizure of power by a minority coalition.

All-out Drive

Everything in the way of modern propaganda techniques and communication media is being thrown into the drive. This is the year, for example, for the building of the legend of Sam Gompers, the poor little son of an impoverished cigar maker, who built the AFL. This is the Horatio Alger tradition being skillfully draped about labor's giant shoulders. Disk jockeys are telling the story; daily news commentators, sponsored by labor, are broadcasting for constantly expanding networks and budgets; baseball games will be used in New England. And my jovial movie friend, Eddie Arnold—a Republican, no less—has just cut a radio platter for the hatworkers, in which he plays the role of the AFL's now almost mythically heroic Sam Gompers.

Rupert Hughes has just completed Gompers' biographical novel and skilled AFL publicists are talking to important Hollywood studios about producing a full-length movie—doing for Gompers what Don Ameche did for the telephone and a man called Alexander Graham Bell.

The U. S. Post Office has printed 75,000,000 stamps commemorating the late AFL president. Mr. Truman, and even Mrs. Barkley, came to the resplendent Washington banquet, which was the first of hundreds of Gompers rallies, from Texas to the East Side of New York.

Of course, all this is motivated by the sincere desire of AFL chiefs to honor the little Jewish lad who made good and built their federation—but basically it is tied up with the '50 political campaign for 1,000,000 new members and the Democratic-labor control of Congress. At all these rallies, it was as obvious as when President Truman, flanked by Bill Green and George Meany, spoke at the first Gompers banquet at the Statler in Washington, and said Gompers was "as good a Democrat as any of us here tonight."

If, for the moment, the AFL drive is more colorful than the CIO's campaign, it's no more intense, no more active and no better financed than the CIO's strategy and activity.

National Conference

This, Gov. Tom Dewey himself could have discovered these past few days, if he had gone to the top of a knoll on his wondrously modern farm, and looked. Indian fashion, at the smoke curling out of nearby "Holiday Hill", the YMCA camp in Pawling, N. Y. There he would have observed some 50 to 60 of the CIO's most brilliant men—the educational directors of all its unions, called together for their first national conference.

Called together by Phil Murray's national office, they split their time up discussing every phase of educating and coordinating their 5,000,000 followers—and tightening them into a streamlined political machine as well. They listened to the CIO Political Action committee's assistant chief, Tilford Dudley, and developed further techniques for the '50 campaign.

Amongst themselves, the labor leaders talked as though they had Sen. Taft beaten, and that their big problem is to crush the machine of the Southern Democrats who threaten the Truman-labor coalition. In labor circles, there is much concern over the re-election of Sen. Pepper in Florida, and the threat of ex-Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes' machine in South Carolina.

The Goal

There you have labor's real goal—defeat of the Republicans such as Taft, and smashing of the "Dixiecrat" machines within the next six months before the southern primaries, to prove that labor can deliver anywhere.

And the drive will be as grass root as a frank on roll or a hamburger joint's roadside carhop.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Across the center of Asia, from the Dardanelles to Pakistan, lies a Mohammedan world. This Moslem world extends itself along the entire coast of North Africa, with spurs as far as the Philippines and Indonesia. Altogether the Moslems include a population of at least 200,000,000 human beings.

In Europe, Moslems are found in Russia (the Crimea and Caucasus and the environs of Odessa) and in the Balkans, particularly Albania. Although Turkey is now regarded as an Asiatic state, it is as European as many countries that are geographically included in that category. Turkey is the only Moslem state which is fully in the political orbit of Western Europe, although the United States is hopeful that Iran will remain politically in our corner.

China contains a considerable Mohammedan population, particularly in the Sinkiang, Kansu, Shensi and Shantung areas. These people are often not Chinese racially, being of Persian, Turkoman, Uzbeg, and Mongol origin. They were often lumped together erroneously as Tatars (often mispronounced Tartars).

Dominated by Russia

A large part of this Moslem world is now under the political domination of Soviet Russia. Iran, the Arab and Syrian peoples are not under Russian control but they feel the pressures from the north. Pakistan feels that pressure from Afghanistan.

The whole of this area, except Pakistan and Western China, was once held by the Osmanli empire—often referred to as the Ottoman Turks. This empire was so potent that it reached into Europe as far as Spain and was actually moving into France and might have established a Moslem empire in Western Europe but for Charles Martel who defeated the Saracen at the Battle of Tours in 732. The Ottoman empire was finally stopped in its advances into Eastern Euorpe at the gates of Vienna by John Sobieski in 1683; and by the calamitous war with Russia which ended in 1774 in the unfavorable treaty of Kuchuk Kainarji.

Decisive Battle

Arnold Toynbee regards the Battle of Tours as one of the most decisive in history, for had the Moslems defeated the Christians, the history of Europe—not only the political but the religious and philosophic history of the western world—would have been altogether different. Mosques rather than churches; Mohammed rather than Jesus would have dominated the life of the people.

In the battle for power which is now being fought throughout the world, three forces vie with each other: the Christian, Moslem and Marxist.

It is not altogether as simple as this, however: Turkey, a Moslem country, is allied to the United States, a Christian country; the United States is seeking to hold the good will of Iran and all the Arab countries; Israel, a Jewish state, is an enclave within the Moslem world and for political purposes is wholly dependent upon the United States for continued existence.

(Even if only the private contributions from American Jews are considered, this is obviously true.)

In a word, the lines of relationship are not absolutely clear. Even such areas as Sinkiang and Pakistan are uncertain as to their positions and Iran lives in constant terror of being conquered by Marxism. Only Turkey stands out as aggressively anti-Marxist, although it borders on Soviet Russia.

It is clear from Soviet plans and tactics, that they do not regard Western Europe worth the powder. The Kremlin apparently feels that the will to resist is not in the European heart and that they can take any European country whenever they want to. But Asia is now their central problem and they are organizing to take the whole of it.

Turkey an Objective

And in that program an immediate objective is Turkey. There they have so far been stopped by the United States. It must be assumed by them that if they seize Turkey or Greece or Japan, the United States will, or even might, go to war. As they wish to avoid war for the present, they do not make the thrust at Turkey.

The United States has missed the significance of the huge Moslem world. It can be a barrier between the Christian and the Marxist world. It can throw its strength to either the Christian or Marxist worlds. Today, the Moslems are as split as the Christians in their attitude toward the Marxists. Should the Moslems acquire leadership and unity, they could take the balance of power.

(Copyright, 1950)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

1 Kings 17.

Elijah is called the Tishbite from the name of his village, located probably east of the Jordan in Gilead. Without invitation he suddenly appears before Ahab, the very wicked king of Israel, announcing no rain except according to his word (James 5:17 says that it did not rain for three years and six months). Now Ahot worshipped the Baalim, nature gods which were supposed to control the weather and crops, hence Elijah's prophecy was blasphemy to him. The Lord therefore orders Elijah to take refuge by the brook Cherith, where he would be fed by the ravens. As the drought came on, he was told to go to Zarephath in Phoenician territory (a town in New Jersey is named after this city). In the New Testament it is called Sarepta, Luke 4:26. He meets a poor widow gathering sticks to make a fire for her last meal, asks her for some bread from her meager store, which she gives him. As a reward, her oil and flour did not fail her. Later her son dies, but Elijah restores him to life, which proved to him that Elijah was God's man, and that He was His mouthpiece, speaking the truth.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Rockwell Kent dined one evening at Elmer Adler's home in Princeton. Adler is a fine printer, a great music lover — but has never learned that many people enjoy a snifter before sitting down to eat. On the evening in question, Adler entertained Kent with a series of classical recordings. Kent, hungry and thirsty, suffered in grim silence.

Finally, Adler proposed, "How about one small sonata before dinner?" "If you expect me to live till then," said Kent grimly, "you'd better give me a trayful."

The late Crosby Gaige was a "joiner" in his youth, and sported enough society emblems to cover his shirt front. When he proposed marriage, his girl asked him point - blank, "How many lodges and what not do you belong to, Crosby?" Gaige counted for a few moments, and answered, "Thirty one." "Well, if you expect to marry me, you'll resign from thirty of them immediately. I'll not be married to a husband who goes out thirty-one nights a week!"

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call of February 11, 1925, a Wednesday

A neighborhood theater devoted to the presentation of photoplays will be erected at Hanover Ave. and Hamilton St. by Raymond W. Reichard.

With Distriet Attorney Orrin E. Boyle as the speaker, Allen Camp No. 6, S. of V., will celebrate Union Defenders Dy, at its meeting on Thursday night.

There was an enrollment of 225 in the various classes when the second session of the Community Training School for Religious Workers was held at St. Paul's Lutheran church Tuesday night. Rev. William F. Curtis, president of Cedar Crest college, director of the school, was in charge.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Frankly, I haven't much use for psychiatry.

But neither do I have much use for lie-detectors or for macaroni.

Strange to say, my violent dislike of macaroni is what the modern psychiatrist would call a fixation.

I may have told you this before. If I did, I forgot — and the psychiatrist would have a Latin or Greek name for my forgetfulness, too.

* * *

I have always been passionately fond of asparagus.

So once, when I was a kid, Mother gave a dinner party at which asparagus was being served.

I was all keyed up for it, but apparently they ran out of asparagus in the kitchen.

We children were at a special table right near where the grown-ups sat.

When my plate with the "asparagus" came in, I noticed, with the first bite that it wasn't asparagus at all but macaroni laid out to resemble asparagus in appearance.

Mother didn't want the guests to know that she didn't have enough asparagus, and had put the macaroni on our plates to hide the shortage.

My sister and my little brother ate their stuff like the good girl and boy they were.

But I let out a terrific yell, was led out of the room and got a good spanking.

Ever since then I have hated macaroni.

* * *

But back to psychiatry.

Whenever I read about psychiatrists being called in to testify at criminal trials, my dislike for that so-called science increases.

When they get through testifying, one wonders who is crazy.

I visited one of the country's really great psychiatrists a couple of days ago to discuss this subject.

He admitted to me that psychiatry is not an exact science, that much of it is guesswork based on psychological deductions and ever in a state of flux.

We talked about psychosomatics, that new ten-dollar word describing the 25 - dollar-a-visit "science."

They used to call it "neurosis," the psychiatrist told me. But people didn't like to be called neurotics. It made them think they were mentally unbalanced.

Psychosomatics is an adaptation of that age-old principle, "a sound mind in a sound body"—and of another long known theory that you can think yourself into sickness.

* * *

I asked the doctor about lie-detectors.

"Do they really tell whether a person is lying?"

"No," he said. "Lie-detectors merely register a person's anxiety reflexes. In other words, a hardened criminal may well appear as an innocent person and a truth - teller on a lie - detector, because he has learned to control his anxieties.

* * *

I din't tell the psychiatrist about my macaroni complex. He might have called the wagon.

(Copyright, 1950)

Horoscope

Several good aspects encourage philosophical, metaphysical and philanthropic interests, also good for business and personal affairs. An exceptionally successful and happy year should lie ahead. This prognostication also applies to the child born today.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

ENTERPRISE

With enterprise the factories rise,
Inventors methods new devise.
Where genius to work is free
Some day its dreams achieved may be.

With enterprise the cities grow,
To better schools the children go,
And all the years ahead await
The things that free men may create.

With speech and print by threat denied,
Soon lost are dignity and pride,
For men, no matter what their skill,
As slaves must serve some tyrants will.

With enterprise ambition thrives
And men may plan and shape their lives.
Where all dictators must obey
Come degradation and decay.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HARD UNNICH 'M WEDDER:

Won sei labdawg ebber 's nei mashina fever kotta hut im Schmidta Eck nagshd on Rockdale, don wors der Frederick "Freddie Fritz" Schmidt doh net long tzurick. Noh wies mashina fever noch im aller haichda grawd wor-hut 'n hitz fon ebbes wie 'n hunnerd un siva kot, wor 'n fendu nagshd on Kempton woh sei shwar, der Charlie German from Bloe Barrick, nagshd on Slatedale, howwa hut wolla os er gae sot 'n graws mashine kaufa.

Wie 'n gadreier dochtermon sot, is der "Freddie Fritz," noch da fendu, un hut net yusht glei die may mashine baguck'd kot, ow'r aw 'n blug g'sehna os er selwar yusa het kenna. Ow'r wie g'sawt, 's mashina fever huts beshd fom kot, un hut net mohl evens ous g'funna wię die graws mashine ferkauft is werra, un der blug hut 'n noch 's aller arrickshd gagrabb'd. Der blug hut 'n funkle nei wen-bred kot os nine dahler unna halb kosh'd, uns gons waisa is ferkauft werra fer finf dahler. Ow'r 'm "Freddie Fritz," sei gadonka worra net on da fendu, sie sin in da luft rum g'shwaibt hinnich 'm shteer rawd fon ra neia mashine, un is net tzu sich kumma bis der blug weil ferkauft wor.

Yar wel, won er aw die graws mashine un der blug ferfail'd hut - hut evens ken gabut nei grick'd, is er tzurick hame kumma mit ra neia mashine. Sellie hut er ow'r net kauft on da fendu, der Osville Fritz in Nei Schmidtsville hut grawd kot wos der "Fritz" howwa hut wolla, uns hut aw gore ken lang ganumma fer 'n barya mocha. So shtoltz os er now is mit seinra neia mashine, so arrick grabb'd selar finf dahler blug 'n mit 'm nine dahler unna halb wen-bred. Un der Charlie German-wel won der Charlie mohl widder 'n graws mashine howwa wil besser gait er selwar noch da fendu fer sie kaufa. 'N aryer "Fritz," net wohr?

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der shtorekipper Eli Wiesner fon Steins Corner hut 'n neier waig ous g'funna fer kustomers fom kandy halta.

Wie er sehnt os ebber gait fer 'n shtick nemma fers fersucha, shtart der Eli aw shwetza fon chocolate badeck'd rotta gift, un neimond huts hartz fer's kandy fersucha.

DE HOFFNING IHRE NACHTIGAAL

Inspired by the sunset and afterglow of Monday, Jan. 16
See the Allentown Morning Call for Tuesday, Jan. 17

Wie schee! Wann die Sunn unnergeht,
Schpinnt sie, wu doch ken Hende hot,
Fer Mensche all—ach! was en Freed—
En siess "Aufwiedersehn" vun Gott,

Der Englisch heesst 's en "afterglow,"
Un 's iss all sell un doch viel meh;
Der Deitsch, der yubelt's besser so:
"Aufwiedersehn" fer gross un glee!

O net in Warde watt 's uns gsaat,
Die Sunn verkinnt 's meh dief un glaar;
Haerze lese un wisse 's graad,
Was lieb so dutt—doch Wunnerbaar!

Schtill kummt die Nacht un schtill der Dot,
Doch schwebt zugleich en Maryeschtraahl—
Es iss die Auferschtehungs Not—
De Hoffning ihre Nachtigaal.

Die varsch hot die Buschamschel gsunge wie sie sell schee Owedrot Bild Dienschdaag, Jan. 17, im Allentown Morning Call gsehne hot.



Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings, North and West

By HEINZ KLOSZ

(This is the third of a series of three articles by the most eminent European authority on the subject of the Pennsylvania Germans.)

III

PENNSYLVANIA Germans have settled in nearly all parts of Ohio, but a majority of them will be found within three groups of counties comprising: (a) Stark, Wayne, Ashland, Holmes and Tuscarawas in the Northeast; (b) Franklin, Fairfield, Licking, Muskingum and Perry in the center; (c) Montgomery, Darke, Clarke, and Preble in the Southwest. These sections constitute part of the hinterland, respectively, of the cities of Canton in the Northeast, Columbus in the center, Dayton and Cincinnati in the Southwest, all of which cities have had a large Pennsylvania German admixture since their beginning.

The dialect as spoken in Ohio seems never to have been thoroughly investigated. The "Penn Germania" (No. 2, 1912) printed a dialogue in what was said to represent the dialect from Perry County. The dialog was carried on between two men, one on the top of a hill, the other at the foot of the hill. It began thus:

A (on the top of a hill): Gudda Mira, dot drunna.

B (at the foot of the hill): Gudda Mira, dot drovva.

A: Ve sin all de leidt?

B: O, yusht so tzimlich, de alt is vitter om grexer. Se hut noch may colt gafanga und se iss garbarmlich gritelich.—Und ve sin di leidt?

A: Net irk gute. De Ket iss alendich und ich hop des faflums rumatics.

B: Vas far glick hust do cot hunda?

A: Recht gute. Ich hope drimole chusse and hope dri schawl gadrickt. Sell iss net so schlecht faw an alter mon.—Ve var di glick?

B: Ah do yemmer, gar nix, hop drimole chusse un hop yader mol gar ken gut gadue.

This dialogue is remarkable, as can be seen from these few lines, for its wide departure from standard Pennsylvania German. Whether this was due to actual differenes in speech-forms or merely to the inaccuracy of a careless or inexperienced observer remains to be investigated. There is in existence a body of orally transmitted folk-literature.

In a letter dated April 4, 1931, Mr. John R. Mumaw, then a student at Virginia University, asked for my opinion regarding linguistic research work among Pennsylvania Germans in Ohio, and wrote of himself: "Being a Pennsylvania Dutchman though born in Ohio I am intensely interested in my mother tongue." Out of the three possibilities mentioned by him, namely: (1) collection and study of individual Pennsylvania German literature in Ohio; (2) compilation of some author's uncollected works; (3) collection and study of Pennsylvania German folklore in Ohio—I suggested that he should follow up the third-named. In a letter of Nov. 30, 1931, he reported about his field work which had required a trip from Virginia to Ohio. "My trip was quite successful in this that I found the collecting of Pennsylvania German folklore quite fascinating. I have enough material on hand to meet the requirements of a Master's thesis at the University. I feel, however that I have merely begun my work of collection. I have gathered in alliterations, various types of beliefs and superstitions, proverbs, riddles, gnomic verses, miscellaneous and proverbial rhymes, several stories, signs and traditional customs as well as a group of familiar and characteristic expressions." So far as I know Mr. Mumaw who in the meantime had become Instructor of English at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Va., has never published his material. At any rate, there can be no doubt that Ohio has a Pennsylvania German folkloristic tradition deserving further research work.

But what about individual literature, about authors, newspapers and books? Certainly Mr. Mumaw has not been the only native Ohioan to stick up for the dialect. Judge Peter Grosscup of the U. S. Court of Appeals in Chicago (b. in Ashland, Ohio, 1852), in a speech delivered at Bowers, Pa., Nov. 7, 1909, and quoted in the "Pennsylvania German Magazine," declared that in his opinion a speedy disappearance of the dialect was neither probable nor desirable. He hoped that it would persist as the French language does in Canada, and that it would become the vehicle of historical novels that would accomplish for the Pennsylvania Germans what Walter Scott did for Scotland. "It has conveyed many a message of love out in Ohio where I heard it spoken among the neighbours."

What then was the role of individual dialect literature in Ohio? I shall restrict myself to a number of hints and a single extensive quotation. Cincinnati has, at all times, harbored a good many Pennsylvania Germans. In 1844 a play "Der Amtsbewerber" (The Office Seeker) by L. A. Wollenweber, a native of the Palatinate and a resident of Pennsylvania, was produced at the German Theatre in Cincinnati. Part of the dialogue was written in Pennsylvania German, or rather in what Wollenweber, who sometime confused Pennsylvania German with its twin dialect from the Palatinate, believed to be Pennsylvania German. The plot dealt with a political election in a small town in Pennsylvania ("Volksblatt," Cincinnati, Sept. 3, 1911.) Prof. Ralph C. Wood, to whom I owe this communication, wrote me in 1932, that he has found in the 19th century files of the "Volksblatt" and of the "Freie Presse," Cincinnati's leading German newspapers, a number of letters written in genuine Pennsylvania German. While the performance of Wollenweber's play does not imply the presence of Pennsylvania Germans in the city—the audience might have consisted of German immigrants—it is different with these letters. Professor Wood is himself a native of Cincinnati, who speaks and writes the dialect. I am quite confident that a thorough searching of old-time newspapers in Southwestern Ohio would unearth many specimens of Pennsylvania German letters, though we might not be able to weave them together into the fabric of a coherent tradition of dialect-writing. Germantown, in Montgomery County, Ohio, has long been a center of Pennsylvania Germandom, where in 1937 I found that the dialect was still being used by many old folks especially from the countryside. (About linguistic conditions in Germantown, Ohio, in 1911, see J. P. Hentz in The Pennsylvania German, Vol. XII, 1911, pp. 655-664.) It is quite possible that the old-time newspapers of this and similar small towns in Southwestern and central Ohio would yield a harvest of at least sporadic dialect texts.

Yet it is to northeastern, or should I say mid-eastern, Ohio that we have to look in the first place. Here the four counties of Tuscarawas, Holmes, Stark and Wayne have been called in the 19th century the Pennsylvania German quarter, and it is here that I discovered, in 1937, the temporary existence of a dialect column in the weekly "Budget" of the small town of Sugar Creek. It had been written during part of the thirties by William Horner, a Dunkard living in East Canton, who used the pen-name Fritz Schnitzer. His last letter which was published in the "Budget" of Feb. 28, 1935, has been reprinted in the ECK of Nov. 26, 1938. During the twenties the "Budget" had reprinted the Boonastiel letters of Thomas Harter. When Mr. Mumaw called on the office of the "Budget" in 1931, Horner's letters were not yet and Harter's no longer being published.

The question now arises whether there had been in the press of the "Pennsylvania German quarter," earlier dialect columns, the "Budget" thus having followed, unconsciously perhaps, an older tradition. Harry Hess Reichard, in his "Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings (1918, p. 398) lists the "Canton Repository" among the newspapers which were, or at one time had been, publishing dialect selections. When E. H. Rauch in 1873 brought out his bi-lingual monthly "The Pennsylvania Dutchman," the "Repository" introduced the editor with the remark "Mr. Rauch is best known to our readers under the title of Pit Schweffelbrenner" (Reichard, loco citato, p. 80.) Thus Rauch's newspaper letters had been reprinted in Canton around 1870, just as Harter's were in Sugar Creek more than 50 years later. But were dialect columns restricted to the "Repository" and did they include original contributions? We can answer this question at least in part from a clipping I found in 1931 on the desk of the State Archivist in Harrisburg. The name of the paper was not given, but here is the text:

En Story vun der Lektschen wu wahr is

Conton, Ohio, Dec. 2, 1868.

Der Jaeck Trumpaus uf Shippenas kummt in Canton zu er Croud Shippenoser, just so schwarz wie er selwer, un hoert vun der Hochzeit der alt Schwarzgreth "Repository" un dem scheckige Afrikanischer "Republikan." Well, sie hen vor lauter Frehd iwer die Lektschen Aage gemacht so gross wie Buggyraedder, un ihre Meiler un Nase ufgeblosse wie en Bullfrog sei Hinnerdehl uffblosst wann er en Elephant seht, un hen exactly ah wie die Bullfrogs gebrillt. Sie hen verzehlt, wie (sie) Votes gemacht un wie (sie) vier vun selle Greenbaecks, wu sie gestohle for Votes kahfe, gespent hen. En Schuhflicker-Bockledder hot en alte schwache Mann zu der Hinnerthuer neigeboxt un ihn vor Grant vote mache un ihm noht en Paar geflickte Schuh davor gewe. En Klehderpfuscher hot so enem fromme klehne Schneiderriesle Stoff vor en Paar Hosse zu mache gewe, un ihm weissgemacht, der Seymour sei en Freimaurer un mit dem Deifel in Partnerschip, un der Grant sei en Engel. Jaeck Trumpaus der arme hot enem Mann en Load Sand vor nix gefahre un en Hafe voll Latwerch un Stinkkaes versproche, wann er das raedikel Ticket vote daet, awer Jaeck Trumpaus is mit Herzbauer an der Presiden (sic!) —Lektschen abgetrumpft un gefuhlt worre. En annere hen die Radikels mit Whisky gekaaft un ihm weissgemacht Grant sei en Demokrat. En Blackschmidt, der in der Foundry schafft, hot vor Grant un Colfax gevot, weil er gefercht hat er verliert sei Platz, selle Blackschmidt suht Colfax, den Knownothing, wu die Auslaenner, un apartig die Katholische, Rindvieh heesst un zum Land nausjage will, exactly. En annerer hot sei Vote for Grant for en stinkige Worscht hergewe, un der Mauschel Herzel un dem (sic) grisslich Thom hen Hochzigkuche backe losse un Votes geketscht. Uf seller miserablige un niedertraechtige Weg hen die Radikels Grant elect un nau aus Frehd sin die zweh Wullyheads vun der alt Kratzbirst Repository un dem schmuhlig Republiken mit Haut un Woll in en Nest geschluppt un sin nau Paertner in ehner Maschin for Luegen un for Blackgarde un die fette Brocke vum Public Haffe zu ketsche un ihre Dickbeich an der Public Kripp noch mehner zu fuelle.

Saxon Tom un Herzel Schmuhl
Aus der Abolition-Schuhl
Lieben sich wie (Kater) Katzen
Die vornen lecken, hinten Kratzen.
Es werd geschmiert nach raedikel Ruhl
Vom dicken Tom un Herzel Schmuhl,

Trump uf Shippenas.

I need not here analyze the national and local background alluded to in this letter, which betrays a distrust for radical abolitionism, not unfrequent among Pennsylvania Germans of that period. The paper from which the clipping was taken cannot have been the "Repository" so heavily abused by "Trump uf Shippenas"! The German spelling suggests that it was a German language newspaper, but this argument is by no means conclusive since it is uncertain whether dialect contributors to English papers used English spelling prior to the letter by Rauch which began to appear in Lancaster in the same year, i.e. 1868.

Our letter tells us a twofold story regarding the dialect. We learn that during the reconstruction period other papers in or near Canton besides the "Repository" have published dialect letters. And it is now a certainty that besides reprints from Pennsylvania papers, there were original contributions, written by and for Ohioans. William Horner's letters, written in the 1930's have had forerunners, whether he knew it or not. This finding may some day serve as a starting point for somebody to delve more deeply into the past of the dialect in the former "Pennsylvania German quarters."

KARZE REIME

Wasever du saagscht,
Wasever du duscht,
Duh niemand ken Schaade,
Noh iss ken Verluscht.

Wann Elend mol kummt
Un alles guckt schlecht,
Dann halt yuscht dei Mut,
Un alles kummt recht.

Wann blanse sie Bohne,
Kumme Hinkel un Haahne;
Des macht ne nix aus,
Sie scharre sie raus.

Die Crischtdaag sin veriwwer
Un die Nei Yaahr aa dezu;
Der Beisnickel iss widder heem,
Nau grickt mer bissel Ruh;
Die Kelt iss aa nau widder do,
Der Winder iss nau reif—
Nau hockt mer um der Offe
Un schmokt die Grutzepeif!

1950 —D. GEO. KNOCHE

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

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Editorials

Thought for Today

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.—Cotton.

Joker in Oleo Repeal Bill

Altho the fight to get oleomargarine out into a free market, where it can be sold with the coloring already mixed into it and where housewives can buy it at a lower price because of removal of tax, appeared to have been won thru passage of the repealer bills by the Senate during recent weeks, the issue has not yet been decided. An amendment, a real joker if ever there was one and one that deserves the sneers and condemnation of the American people, was tacked on to it in the Senate by Senator J. Allen Frear of Delaware.

The amendment would require that all retail packages of yellow margarine be in "triangular" form. With that amendment it has gone to a conference committee consisting of representatives of both Houses of Congress and, unless it be stricken from the bill, the situation will be just about as bad as before.

Why? Because if this amendment be part of the law, it will be years perhaps before the American housewife can get tax-free yellow margarine whereas she wants to get it at once and and deserves to have the opportunity to buy it now.

There is no machinery for packing margarine in triangles. Therefore new machinery will have to be designed, built and tested. That will take a long time. Estimates by manufacturers range from 1½ to 5 years. Meanwhile no yellow margarine would be available and when the manufacturers have readied themselves for packaging it in triangular form, it will undoubtedly cost more because of the cost of new machinery.

We believe that consumers should be able to purchase tax-free oleo by July 1, 1950, the effective date of the bills which have been passed by both Houses of Congress and now are in conference. The bill looks good because it provides that:

1. Margarine is to be continued under the drastic labeling and packaging provisions of the Federal Food, Drug & Cosmetic Act.
2. Margarine must be "conspicuously and prominently" labeled oleomargarine.
3. The presence of artificial color must be declared.
4. The presence of Vitamin A must be shown.
5. Margarine must be manufactured in accordance with the standard of identity promulgated by the Federal Food and Drug Administration.
6. Restaurants serving margarine must post prominent and conspicuous notice (on menu or wall) that margarine is being served, and each separate serving must be either labeled as margarine or served in a triangular shape.
7. The product will continue to be subject to the various state oleomargarine and state food and drug laws.

Even after the margarine bill becomes effective, consumers in the following states will not be able to purchase yellow margarine until existing state restrictions are lifted: Washington, Oregon, Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Delaware, and Connecticut.

So our own Legislature has a job cut out for it when next it goes into session in 1951. Housewives and others well may gird themselves to wage another early battle in Harrisburg.

Give Us Natural Gas

It is to be hoped that the Public Utility Commission will act favorably upon the petitions of the Allentown - Bethlehem Gas Co. and three neighboring gas manufacturing companies to be permitted to build supply lines from their existing plants to the Big Inch pipe line which now is bringing natural gas from Texas oil fields to the Atlantic seaboard.

Natural gas began flowing from Texas about ten days ago and is now within 2½ miles of the Allentown - Bethlehem plant of Didier for the main passes thru Lower Saucon township of Northampton County. What the company desires is permission to lay a main that distance and connect its plant with the natural gas supply.

Hearings have been held in the matter and the petitions have been opposed by coal interests, coal-carrying railroads and the miners' union. Favoring it have been industries which would like to get the enriched fuel which natural gas, added to locally manufactured gas, would supply and the public, which likewise believes it will get a hotter fuel. Only three communities, of all the cities and towns affected by the four petitions, would use straight natural gas. All others would use a mixture.

So it is up to the PUC to decide between the interests of the public in general and their industries, and the mining and railroad interests which see loss in coal production and the transportation of the fuel. The public, which is never certain whether it can get any coal and knows that the railroads cannot haul it if the miners do not dig it, is prompted to say to both mining and rail interests: "Plague on both your houses."

Abundant Life Possible

Prophets of doom and Americans despairing of the future will find some compelling reasons for altering their views in an article by Dr. Harold B. Moulton, president of Brookings Foundation, in the February American Magazine.

America's potential achievements in the next hundred years are rosy indeed, says Dr. Moulton who adds that "the unfilled desires of the great bulk of the American population provide the essential foundation for an almost limitless economic expansion."

While making it clear in his article that he is "depicting the kind of life we can have, not what we necessarily will have," the noted economist declares:

"Our resources in sight are abundant enough to permit us to double our population in the next 100 years—and at a plane of living eight times as high as we know today.

"We can achieve this kind of future, however, only if our nation adheres to wise policies. Our nation must show greater care in conserving our remaining natural resources. . .we must take advantage of every scientific and technological advance to increase our productivity. . .we must encourage, rather than snipe at, large-scale businesses. . .we must get the U. S. on a sounder financial basis. . .we must increase the spending power of the average American as fast as expanding productivity permits. . .and, most important of all, we must protect and promote free enterprise in America."

Such things as plastic yachts, personal planes, power from the sun, far greater abundance in food, homes, clothes, health and education can be ours if our way of life and the free enterprise system from which it stems is preserved, says Dr. Moulton.

Thorough study has convinced those at Brooking Institution, Dr. Moulton explains, that our resources should permit us—in the coming century—to expand our spending in this manner: 1.—Shelter and home maintenance—about 16 times; 2.—Attire and personal care—about 20 times; 3.—Health and education—about 30 times; 4.—Recreation and travel—about 33 times.

Furthermore, he reports, a study of communism, state socialism, free enterprise, and hybrid types where the latter operates under the overhead control of a government leads to this conclusion:

"The only economic system sufficiently dynamic in character to assure us of enjoying a century of great abundance is free enterprise, modified by government regulations designed to establish 'rules of the game,' but not to take over the role of management."

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington—

In the final hours of the St. Valentine's Day massacre (political) of CIO Communists behind closed doors here, the clangorous lefties paid thousands of dollars for the privilege of unloosing some parting speeches at Phil Murray and company.

The Comrades got up tens of thousands of dollars for back dues so they could get into the CIO high command session and sound off — at the hydrogen bomb in particular. That they seemed to take as a personal insult. Sleek Don Henderson, the pro - Commie ex-Columbia prof, who now leads food canners, peanut pickers and tobacco workers, said something about outlawing the Hell-bomb.

Stalin Loses

Phil Murray sighed, said it was unfortunate, but apparently hydrogen was here to stay. (Later Murray told a group of us that he hated anything which took men's lives, even down to the lowly pistol). Henderson retorted — yes, but who's responsible? Murray said in effect, Brother Stalin was responsible, and a vote was taken. Stalin lost, by count of 51 CIO executive board members to six. Then came a blast against "the new Soviet Imperialism." Obviously, the unhappy six didn't get their money's worth in their final moments as CIO members.

And thus, after 14 bloody years, the saga which began when John L. Lewis took Communist cadres off their $8- and $10-a-week relief jobs and made them $75-a-week CIO organizers, was almost over. The tense, white faced, little pro-Communist band, led by a huge lefty who had lost one eye in a fight with non-Communists, walked out on the street, crossed Jackson Pl.—and it was all finished.

But they had fought bitterly and schemingly to stay inside CIO. They had used every technique of the "capitalist" courts they so frequently spat at. They had gone into federal courts for injunctions under the Taft-Hartley law, no less, to enjoin Phil Murray from throwing them out of CIO. They had asked for "injunctions," of the kind they abhor, to restrain the ouster. They had charged the CIO leaders with conspiracy — all of which the Comrades have frequently denounced as "union-busting."

Use Loyalty Oath

These pro-Soviet leaders had even used the loyalty oath technique against which they've screamed so loudly when invoked by the U.S. government to protect itself. In city after city, such Commie-led unions as the office and professional workers (whose members aren't permitted to work in many CIO offices for fear no headquarters' secrets would be safe) would suddenly call local membership meetings. At these sessions, the Commie officials would call on the rank and file to take a loyalty pledge to them and to the lefty union—but not to the CIO. This had to be done right on the public floor or in writing.

But the pro-Commie crowd which really fled to the "capitalists" for aid in their fight on CIO was the truculent leadership of the United Electrical Workers (UE). And the weird thing that occurred was the detached calmness of the federal judges who treated this cabal as though it were an ordinary union instead of a political invasion of certain strategic defense production areas. In fact, there are instances on record where a federal judge or two in the New York district, where much of the legal wrestling is on the mat right now, even bawled out sincere right wing lawyers for attempting to speed up this battle. Some of these judges have actually asked CIO to delay ousting the Communists — judges from the very section of the federal court which was picketed, placarded, hissed and jeered at by wild Communist demonstrators during the trial of the American politburo.

Here's an instance, just to amuse you, although it wasn't funny to the ardent and patriotic workers at a key defense plant. The anti-Communists there were suddenly sued by the pro-Commies, who asked the court for another of those capitalist devices called a receivership. The Comrades wanted the court to appoint someone to take over the local and its $200,000 treasury.

Since the right wingers believed sincerely that they were battling forces basically evil and basically allied to a foreign ideology, they scooped $165,000 in securities out of the union treasury and rushed it to Washington. Here in a few hours, they incorporated a firm called "The Committee to Support CIO and Combat Communism." And they just couldn't recall where the $165,000 was.

The few Communists in the local, drooling over such a bundle of gilt edges, rushed into the capitalist federal court, demanding that the money be returned to them. And the court issued a temporary order restraining the anti-Communists—who are in a majority—from using the union's assets until the decision comes down.

I, for one, agree with the CIO leaders who say — damn the legal niceties. Whose side is the government on anyway?

(Copyright 1950)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

President Truman seems to have found himself on the defensive in the political arena. His speech at the Jackson-Jefferson dinner reveals for the first time that, while the leader of the Democratic party doesn't like to admit it, he realizes how vulnerable his administration is on the big federal deficit.

The president implied that it would be easy to dispose of the new cry of "socialism" by a simple denial that any Democrats are Socialists. He pointed to the prosperous-looking diners, intimating that those who pay $100 a plate for dinners aren't believers in socialism but rather the exponents of "a firm faith in the strength of free enterprise."

What the president omitted to mention was that the diners were, for the most part, job holders on the big federal payroll or persons directly or indirectly benefitting by the largess of the Democratic administration.

Unemployment High

Mr. Truman revealed that he felt somewhat the sting of the recent Republican platform with its "liberty or socialism" slogan, which he referred to as "scare words." He went back to 1933, as all Democratic stump speakers do nowadays, to remnd his hearers about the unemployment of those days and the reconstruction job done by the New Deal in the '30's. Unfortunately, the unemployment figures have just reached a new post-war high and the deficit is the largest in any peacetime year.

Mr. Truman devoted a large part of his speech to explanations as to why expenses couldn't be cut and accused the economizers of being willing to weaken the security as well as the domestic economy of the nation. The group in Congress which is demanding economy includes many Democrats so, in that sense, Mr. Truman was perhaps more nonpartisan than he realizes.

The speech undoubtedly will be regarded as a keynote. It will, unless circumstances change before the autumn elections, furnish the main line of political campaigning.

Mr. Truman's words which were directed at the status of the deficit sound as if he knows already the attack that is coming from the Republicans. He says:

"At the present time, they are spreading the mistaken idea that we can save money by going backward. They advocate slashing our expenditures for peace and for our domestic programs. These people are blind to the problems that confront us. . .

"It is true that our present expenditures are large. But the Democratic administration is working toward a balance in the federal budget. I wish we could balance the budget immediately by the simple expedient of cutting expenses. But that is out of the question."

Mr. Truman then repeats the old wheeze about 70 per cent of the expenses being for past wars and for peace in the future. He says: "I would like to cut expenditures further, and I intend to do so at every opportunity."

Increases Recommended

But the answer to this is that the administration has recommended increases in spending nearly every year since the war and, notwithstanding a severe decline in receipts due to a business recession, the expenses for this year and next are scheduled at a high level.

The Republicans have a real chance to influence the whole course of government policy by fighting it out on the economy issue, showing the proposed cuts that the Hoover commission recommended and economy proposals that Democrats like Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia have offered. Maybe the Republicans hope to blend the word "socialism" with something akin to "communism" but "isms' are rather abstract things to understand, whereas a government running in the red by billions is something everybody can understand. Much more descriptive than a "Welfare State" or a "Socialistic State" is the "Bankrupt State which develops when political spending becomes a habit.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, according to Richard Marshall in the Harvard Law Review, read two books a week or more except when court was in session, and made notes in his diaries about over 5,000 different volumes! One of the reasons he had so much time for books was that he seldom bothered reading a newspaper—and when he did, confined himself to one a day.

He read Freud in German in 1915, and Proust in French in 1920. When his eyes began to go back on him, his secretaries read aloud to him. Two of the secretaries, incidentally, were Alger and Donald Hiss.

* * *

Guy Kendall has discovered one Chicago merchant who is optimistic about the current business picture. He is an old scissors grinder who makes his headquarters near the McClurg warehouse, and he told Kendall happily, "I'm having my biggest season. I never saw things so dull."

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Feb. 18, 1925, a Wednesday

Phaon Fenstermacher, B. J. Bloss and Thomas Hamm, road supervisors of Heidelberg township, petitioned Lehigh county courts to increase the township tax rate from 10 to 14 mills. According to the supervisors constant repairs and improvements were made necessary as the result of the construction of the Pleasant Corner-New Tripoli highway.

Atty. William L. Bower was the principal speaker at a meeting of the Men's league of First Baptist church. The program included selections by LeRoy Faust, baritone soloist, as well as instrumental music.

Horoscope

Planetary indications favor new, original and time-saving measures. Good fortune and happiness due to your own self-control and energy, are likely. Born today a child is apt to be too good-natured.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N HUNNERD YOHR IN BISNIS: Sawg, hen n'r aw shun ob g'shtopt ons H. Leh & Co., ihr'm hunnerd yairicha fesht woh sie alla weil om gae hen. Sis ae hunnerd yohr os der shtore om gae is-un ol die weil in da sama familia. Sie sawga uns, sie weara now om ready mocha fers tzwet hunnerd yohr in bisnis sei, un sin aw shure os sie sin. Ow'r sis net fon da Leha os m'r blauderra wolla, ow'r so gore fom shaina exhibit alt socha os sie uf hond hen- socha gawissa bei da Lehigh County Historical Society, socha woh har shtomma g'shwishich 1850 un 1950.

Der exhibit is tzu sehna uf 'm tzweta shtuck fom Leha neia gabei, niver gaeich da Sivat shtross. Sis hard tzu sawga wos ol darta is- 's beshd is fer gae die socha sehna. Ow'r 's sin wenich socha fom ledshda hunneid yohr os net aryads tzu finna sin, uns mocht nix ous eb m'r guck'd fer housrote socha, g'shar fer der dish, odder hondwaricks g'shar, glaider, bilder, shule bicher, daufshein, kinner shpiel socha-un wos net. Sis allas darta shae in arder, un woh leit die socha bagucka kenna so long so sie wolla.

Noh sin aw net yusht die alta socha tzu sehna, ow'r 's sin maid dabei fer leit fertzaila fon unnershittlicha soch-yunga maid aw gaduh in shaina alta kadoonicha frocka, wie maid gawora hen fuftsich un noch mainer yohr tzurick. Sis laenich 'n trip wert noch da shtadt yusht fer der exhibit sehna, un hoffa 'n yaders os gleich'd alta relicks tzu sehna kumt ains gongs rei fers alt relick "show" ei nemma.

Der awfong fom show is ow'r net uf 'm tzwet shtuck, ow'r so gore in da grossa fedderra show fenshterra woh sie bilder weissa 'n hunnerd yohr alt, wie der shtore in der gong kumma is, un woh fer yohra bakont wor ols der Lava Shtore, odder ewwa "Lion Hall." Ae fenshter weiss'd 'n mon, sei fraw nous nemma fohra mit goul un wogga; 'n onner fenshter der rigel waig station mit ma policemon fraw un kind: noh aw woh der mon fert wil mit da train, un hinna noh shpring's mit satchel in da hond fer druf groddla die weil os die train shun om gae is.

Ow'r och wos, ferwos fertzaila wos ol tzu sehna is, shtoppa rei ons Leha un sehna 's airsht die fenshterra, un gaina noh nuf uf der tzwet shtuck fer die alta socha sehna os die Lehigh County Historical Society tzu weissa hut.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET,OW'R

Leit woh alta socha hen os sie net wissa wos tzu duh mit-oft mohls wie sie maina dreck- kenna net besser duh os wie die Historical Society wissa lossa dawaiga, un woh die socha in ehra halta so os die woh noh kumma, sehna maiga wos mohl wor, ow'r nimmy is.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Kings 6:8-23

The king of Syria is again contemplating an invasion of Israel's territory. At a military council he announces the points which he expects to take, but in each case the king of Israel refuses to be caught in his trap, as though knowing his plans perfectly. The Syrian king suspects a spy in his camp who is giving the king of Israel secret information. But he is told that that is not the case; that Elisha the prophet is able to tell the king of Israel 'the words thou speakest in thy bedchamber.' Learning that Elisha was staying in Dothan (Genesis 37:17), he sends his army to surround the town. The servant of Elisha is frightened, and wonders how they may escape. But Elisha calmly prays that his servant's eyes might be opened to see the chariots and horse men of fire sent by the Lord of hosts to defend His prophet, Elisha. He then prays that the enemy might be punished with blindness, which happens. They are helpless, guided to Samaria, fed, and because of such kindness, they return home without doing any harm or injury.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

May I express my deepest apologies to all my readers of French, Italian, Greek, Arabian, Spanish, and other descents.

I am afraid I have, unintentionally, hurt their feelings.

When I recently printed the recipe for Syllabub, that delicious Southern dessert, I ended it with "Prosit. Gesundheit. Skol."

So, today, I received a letter from Charles Eberhard, proprietor of the Travelers Rest in Hampton Falls, N. H., in which he calls me to order.

I pleased the Germans twice, he said, both Prosit and Gesundheit being German words. But I left out the French "A votre sante"—which, being a Swiss, he thinks I should have included.

* * *

However, Mr. Eberhard is not really mad at me.

"You gave me a laugh," he writes, "so I'll give you an idea."

Then comes his idea about life.

Frankly I don't quite get it.

But I showed it to my wife and she thinks it is very good. A neighbor who was visiting at the time, concurs.

So here it is.

I hope you'll understand it.

"You get out of life what you put into it," says Mr. Eberhard.

"How many of us remember that this principle applies to the smallest details of our life?

"It's just like walking into a self-service grocery store.

"We go around and collect all the things we want for our pleasure, needs and satisfaction. Then we come to the cash register in front and have to pay the addition of all the items we have collected."

Would you believe it? I just got Mr. Eberhard's idea.

He really says, in a one-page handwritten letter, about all that Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his "Compensation" for which he used up 19 printed pages.

* * *

It just goes to show you that you need not be a great philosopher to have horse sense. The main difference seems to be that the philosopher gets most of his knowledge out of books and studies — while the fellow with horse sense can get his in a grocery store.

Which brings me to what I consider a sound bit of philosophy. I overheard it in a delicatessen store in White Plains, N. Y., the other day while having a sandwich.

A woman came in with a little girl, about five years old. Both apparently knew the fellow behind the counter, who was slicing some bologna.

The little girl walked up to the counter and said: "I want to tell you a secret. But you mustn't tell it to a soul."

Whereupon the delicatessen man looked over the counter and replied:

"I don't want to hear it. What good is a secret if you can't tell it to anybody?"

(Copyright 1950)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE ROUNDED LIFE

From money comes the food we eat,
The shoes and clothes we wear;
For winter, comfort of the heat;
For summer, rest from care.
But, having these, there's more to gain
Than skill or shrewdness can obtain.

Who truly would in life succeed
Man's varied roles must fill
And many calls for service heed
Which merely prove good will;
Their one reward, the friendly grip
Which seals the bond of fellowship.

So many roles a man must play
A rounded life to live.
Successfully to close a day
There's much to share and give.
It takes, to work the good Lord's plan,
Both heart and mind to make a man.

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THE CURE THAT FAILED

This story is reprinted from Harper's Magazine with the kind permission of Harper's and the Author. The scene of the story is Millerstown, the "Millerschtedtel" of an earlier generation, known today as Macungie.—ED.

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

SITTING on the broad bench against the front wall of her house, Sarah Ann Mohr sighed heavily. The Millerstown STAR lay unopened beside her, her eyes were dim, her round face was pale.

Presently, with another long sigh, Sarah Ann opened the paper. Usually she read with many exclamations, now an amazed "Ei, ei!" to herself, now a call to one of the Kuhns family who lived next door.

"A snake crawled out of the pulpit in the Zion Church, Susannah!" she would cry. "What do you think of that, say!"

Or,

"Can this be, Susannah? It says a preacher in Allentown ran off with the collection!"

On the inner pages were much more remarkable announcements. Here a German professor had succeeded in planting hair on bald heads by means of tiny gold wires; here a man attempted to commit suicide because he had grown so fat that his wife no longer loved him.

But vainly Sarah Ann tried to become interested. Even the account of a woman who put glass into her husband's pies brought from Sarah Ann only a slow shake of the head. Sarah Ann folded the paper and clasped her hands and closed her eyes. The thought of eating was not pleasant. For it was doubtful whether Sarah Ann would ever again in all her life have a full meal.

It was two weeks since the old doctor had been called in for the first time in twenty years. He had a short, sarcastic way of speaking. He looked down upon Sarah Ann as she lay on her bed.

"What did you eat, Sarah Ann?"

Sarah Ann answered with a weak "Not much."

"But **what?**" insisted the doctor.

"Ach, some corn and fried tomatoes and sliced peaches and some doughnuts and a little pie. I have often eaten that much already, doctor."

"But you never were as old as you are today. And you take no exercise, Sarah Ann."

Upon this first visit the doctor gave only medicine, upon the second he gave advice.

"You must eat only the simplest food, and little of that."

"But I don't eat much, not what **I** call much." Sarah Ann's appetite was returning. She thought of the ripening corn in her garden. "And the pies and cakes I make myself, and the things that you make yourself, they are always all right."

Even as she spoke, Sarah Ann made up her mind to disobey. When the doctor had gone, she crept downstairs and cooked a little lunch for herself; she made herself coffee and fried a few corn fritters. In the afternoon the doctor came again to look down upon Sarah Ann as she lay in her bed.

"You will be worse before you are better, that I can promise you," said he. "And if you do such a dumb thing again, you may die."

Now life was sweet to Sarah Ann. But though she did not wish to die, neither did she wish to live in a state of constant staravation. When she was able to rise once more, the doctor limited here to soft-boiled eggs, soup, toast, and the like. Drearily she looked down upon her garden with its nodding tassels of corn, its scarlet tomatoes, its tall vines of lima beans, its heavily laden peach-tree. This year her cantaloup and eggplant were unusually fine, and they would go to waste with the other fruits and vegetables.

Sarah Ann preferred to sit on her back porch, but now she could sit there no longer and be tortured. Each evening, hungry and discontented, she went to the front of the house. The doctor promised her that she would become accustomed to smaller rations. In the mean time she longed for a meal of fried chicken and cucumber salad and boiled corn and sliced tomatoes, a meal fit for a grown person.

Sitting on the bench, now thinking with closed eyes of her own misery, now gazing idly down the street, Sarah Ann saw presently a strange man approaching from the direction of the station. The sight of his tall, thin figure diverted her for a moment.

"Who is he, then?" she asked herself. "Where is he going? What is he doing in Millerstown?"

Her questions were promptly answered. The tall, thin man approached nearer and stopped before her.

"Is this Mrs. Mohr?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," answered Sarah Ann.

The gentleman sat down beside her.

"My name is Simpson," he explained, as though he had heard Sarah Ann's mental questions "I came to see if you could give me board. Tomorrow evening I am going to deliver a lecture in your hall. After that I have nothing to do till next Monday. I should like to stay here till then."

Sarah Ann considered. She would recover all the faster if she had something to occupy her time. She could board the strange gentleman without any cost, and his money would help to pay the doctor's bill. She and the strange gentleman came speedily to terms.

"Yes, well," said Sarah Ann. "I guess you dare stay."

The strange gentleman was sympathetic; it was not long before Sarah Ann told him of her illness, and her hunger, and her prospect of being hungry forever.

"He says I dare never eat, never." said Sarah Ann, mournfully. "And what is it to do but to eat? I used to couldn't leave a speck of dust lay, but now I can leave a little lay sometimes, and so I could have more time for cooking. I—"

The strange gentleman turned and gazed for a moment at Sarah Ann.

"Oh, sister!" cried he. "You are foolish indeed! Not eat! Why, eat everything you want to! You have within yourself the means for your own cure. Let no doctor persuade you that you can't eat."

Sarah Ann had always had great confidence in the doctor.

"He says I have a weak heart."

"Did weakness ever grow to strength from starvation?" demanded the stranger, triumphantly. "Food, plenty of good, nourishing food is what you need, sister. Tomorrow"—the stranger turned more squarely toward Sarah Ann—"tomorrow in your town hall you will hear what you shall do. I have come to bring a message to Millerstown, a message which will banish sickness and pain from this ideal community, which will—"

"You mean that I will dare to eat anything I want to?" cried Sarah Ann, excitedly.

"I mean that."

"Corn?"

"Of course."

"And cantaloup? And tomatoes?"

"To be sure," said the stranger.

Sarah Ann could have wept. Instead, she rose solemnly and went to her garden and cut her best cantaloup for the stranger. She wished that he would tell her his message now, so that she could have a little lunch before she slept, but she supposed he would wish to keep his good news to tell all the village.

Early in the morning, Sarah Ann set about preparing the stranger's breakfast. She had fine ham; she fried a generous slice and half a dozen eggs and some potatoes to go with it. She remembered having heard that in some places people eat warm bread for breakfast, and she baked a batch of biscuit. But she still confined herself to her boiled eggs and toast, tantalizing as were the odors which rose from the various skillets and pans on her stove. The stranger praised her cooking until she blushed with pleasure.

When breakfast was over, Sarah Ann planned a dinner over which her guest went into ecstasies. At supper she fed him even more generously. He was pathetically thin; she determined that if good food and plenty of it could make him fat, he should have every chance.

Millerstown had not many diversions. Even today no moving picture show has cheapened that blessed village, and at the time of Mr. Simpson's lecture on Electrotherapy Millerstown was glad to assemble for any sort of entertainment.

Sarah Ann sat on the front row in the crowded hall. Her good spirits had returned, the prospect of being fed once more had made her well. For breakfast and dinner and supper of the next day, Sarah Ann had planned three feasts which would make yesterday's meals seem like nursery diet.

The stranger opened with a magic-lantern entertainment. He exhibited a few pictures of Niagara Falls, then he recounted the mournful story of some one named little Christie who got up in the middle of the night to play a barrel organ for an old Mr. Treffle. At this pathetic recital Sarah Ann's tears fell.

Then the stranger stepped briskly to the front of the stage. With oratorical eloquence he declared that the day of doctors was past, that doctors were old fogies. He said that a recent marvelous discovery was to make a self-healing possible in nearly all diseases. There were in the body, the stranger explained, electric currents. He reminded each one present of how he or she had as a child lighted the gas with a spark from his finger generated by swift walking about a carpeted room—an illustration which was lost on Millerstown, since Millerstown had no gas-lights. He then mentioned the terrific power of the lightning, and Sarah Ann and the other ladies present looked at one another in some alarm as though they might momentarily flash like summer clouds.

Having proved the power of the electric current and its existence in the human body, the stranger lay down upon the floor of the high platform and crossed his ankles. He then rubbed his hands rapidly together.

"The electric current is thus produced," he explained. "The crossing of the ankles prevents its escape from the body. When the hands are moved directly above the spot effected"—the stranger indicated an imaginary trouble which might have come from too free indulgence in corn and tomatoes and sliced peaches and doughnuts and pie—"when the hands are moved directly above the spot effected, the electric current, working powerfully upon that part, brings about an immediate cure.

"I have been eating three large meals a day," boasted the stranger, springing to his feet and bowing in the direction of the pleased and blushing Sarah Ann, "but I have no fears of indigestion."

Having finished, the lecturer took up the collection and the entertainment was over. Millerstown had been interested, but its citizens seldom suffered from illness of any sort, and it did not feel drawn to contribute very generously. Only Sarah Ann put in as much as a quarter, and there were many more pennies than nickels.

Sarah Ann walked home as one in a dream. She believed the stranger—she had felt the electricity snap from her finger to the spigot in her kitchen in winter, and she had often been frightened by the summer storm. She walked rapidly, thinking of the cantaloup in her refrigerator. When Mr. Simpson arrived, they would feast together.

When she had almost reached her gate, the doctor called her from his porch. The doctor had not gone to the lecture.

"Better, Sarah Ann?" said he.

Kind-hearted Sarah Ann could not help a pang of sympathy for the old man whose business was to be taken from him.

"I am well," she answered.

Then Sarah Ann's pity changed to mild exultation.

"Obey my directions," commanded the doctor in his unpleasantly dictatorial way. "You'll be laid out again if you don't"

Sarah Ann smiled.

"All right," she answered, complacently.

With the greatest impatience Sarah Ann awaited the return of Mr. Simpson. She cut the fine cantaloup at once and put the halves on two plates, and, with each, two pieces of black chocolate cake.

Mr. Simpson entered the gate with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. In the darkness Sarah Ann did not see that the expression of Mr. Simpson's countenance had changed. It may have been the ridiculously small collection which troubled him, or it may have been that he was subject to spells of melancholia. He did not seem to wish to talk; his hostess's questions about electrotherapy seemed to afflict him with great weariness, her starved condition to have become a matter of indifference.

"Do you use it every night?" asked Sarah Ann. She did not venture to try the name of this wonderful remedy.

Mr. Simpson yawned.

"I use it when I need it!"

"Say you were only **afraid** that everything was not right, would you use it then?" asked Sarah Ann.

The careless "I guess so" with which Mr. Simpson answered planted the first seed of doubt in Sarah Ann's mind. She began to tremble. Suppose all her hopes were vain!

With knit brows Sarah Ann went into her kitchen. There with great longing, but with greater fear, she put both pieces of cantaloup and all four pieces of chocolate cake on one plate and carried it out to Mr. Simpson, who ate it in grim and ungrateful silence and went up to his bed.

When he had gone Sarah Ann sat still on her porch. She could hear the old doctor laughing, and it reminded her of her sufferings; she could see Mr. Simpson's empty plate, and it reminded her of her miserable hunger.

"I could eat the crumbs," said she, wretchedly. "And tomorrow I am going to cook all these good things, and I am afraid to eat them."

Again Sarah Ann reflected. Mr. Simpson had been short; he would not answer her questions about the new cure. But (it was not until long after the old doctor had gone to bed and the street was quiet that Sarah Ann's mind worked to real purpose) it was possible still to test the cure.

For breakfast, Sarah Ann gave Mr. Simpson ham once more, since he seemed fond of it, and with it she offered him pie, cake and doughnuts. At noon Sarah Ann gave him fried chicken, fried as only Sarah Ann in all the world could fry it. As accompaniments she served the lima beans, the tomatoes, the corn, at which she had been staring hungrily for days. For dessert Sarah Ann baked fresh peach pie. For supper Sarah Ann made chicken salad and fried eggplant and sliced cucumbers. For dessert Sarah Ann had ice cream.

Of all these Mr. Simpson ate heartily and in rude silence; at them all Sarah Ann only gazed hungrily. She asked no more questions; she only looked at Mr. Simpson with curiosity.

"Tomorrow," said Sarah Ann, with joy—"tomorrow I will eat."

It was eleven o'clock that night before Sarah Ann, moving slowly, was ready for her bed. Once, after Mr. Simpson had had his evening lunch of cantaloup and cake, and had gone upstairs, Sarah Ann had opened her refrigerator door. But she closed it at once. An observer might have thought that Sarah Ann had a listening air. But all was quiet.

At twelve o'clock Sarah Ann sat up in her bed. She was conscious of having heard a sound. But she could not tell from where it came. She was about to lie down when she heard it again, a peremptory call in a man's voice. Were the Kuhnses in trouble? But Oliver Kuhns would not address her as Mrs. Mohr.

Drowsily at first, then vividly, Sarah Ann remembered Mr. Simpson. She went as rapidly as she could to her door and opened it.

Then Sarah Ann's heart stood still. Mr. Simpson was moaning.

"Ach, what ails you?" called Sarah Ann. "What is it? Where do you have it?"

"I am ill," groaned Mr. Simpson.

"From what?" asked Sarah Ann, stupidly.

"From your food!" shouted Mr. Simpson.

"From my food?" repeated Sarah Ann. Mr. Simpson spoke as though she had poisoned him. "I didn't give you nothing but a—little—a little pie and some ice cream and some tomatoes and—" Then Sarah Ann was silent, remembering with terror that she had listened for sounds from Mr. Simpson's room. Sarah Ann began to cry and to call to Mr. Simpson.

"Why don't you cross your ankles?" she wailed. "**Ach**, why don't you rub your hands? Why—"

Sarah Ann was rudely interrupted. Mr. Simpson pounded upon the head-board to compel her to listen.

"Be still!" yelled he. "Stop your nonsense! And fetch your doctor!"

With faltering steps Sarah Ann crossed her room. She was too frightened to remember the great hopes which had vanished, or to realize that Mr. Simpson's voice was that of a very angry rather than a very sick man. Trembling, she lifted the window and called a wild "**Ach**, doctor, doctor, come once here quickly!" out into the quiet night.

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Editorials

Thought for Today

From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend.
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.—Johnson.

Widening the Iron Curtain

One by one the few remaining ties which the United States has maintained with countries behind the iron curtain are being broken and it will be a matter of but short time before all normal media of communication between the peoples on both sides of the curtain will have been disrupted.

The latest country with which diplomatic ties have been cut off is Bulgaria. Our diplomats in that country have been ordered home and Bulgaria's diplomats in this country have been invited to leave. Henceforth any business between people in this country and those in Bulgaria will be transacted only with great difficulty, if at all.

Thus an American businessman may have the very best reasons for wishing to go to Bulgaria and his visit to that country may be mutually advantageous. Or a naturalized American citizen of Bulgarian nativity may wish to see an aged and ill parent, perhaps for the last time. To get visas or permits to enter the country, visit must first be made by such Americans to some foreign country where Bulgaria continues to maintain consulates. Even then it is doubtful whether permission to enter the country would be accorded.

Vice versa, a Bulgarian who may have the very best of reasons for a visit to the United States, will have difficulty in getting a passport or find it impossible to get a passport and leave his country, especially if it be known that he wishes to visit the USA. While American consulates in other European countries might be ready to grant visas for entrance to the country, an element of doubt would be in the visitor's head as to whether he could obtain in some foreign country what was not available in his own.

Judge Gearhart recently illustrated the difficulties as to other dealings with people behind the iron curtain when in a calm, well-considered legal opinion he figuratively "threw up his hands" in complete despair about a case that he and a battery of lawyers have tried to untangle for several years.

And a strange thing about this case is that a Court in the United States is trying to give money, a considerable sum of it, to people living or believed still to be alive somewhere in Russia. If effort were being made to extract money from Russia, the denseness of the iron curtain could be understood.

It has been like trying to do business with a stone, or a stump or some other inanimate, immovable, impenetrable object. Our orphans court learned this with respect to Russia herself. As the curtain is drawn down even more tightly upon the satellite countries, the division of the peoples on this planet into two worlds will come nearer to completion.

It is all so different from the ideal of "One World" that blossomed in so many breasts immediately after the war. It all is so disappointing and disillusioning. And it is all so menacing as well, for there is no telling how those forces behind that curtain are building up and getting ready to burst like atom and hydrogen bombs and emit another avalanche of Asiatic terror such as wrote many of the blackest pages of European history.

'Oldsters' Security Plans

Despite many discouragements, the old-fashioned American virtue, thrift, continues to be practiced and the major objective of most individuals' savings programs—security and financial independence in old age—is being earnestly striven toward with varying degrees of success by a surprisingly large proportion of present generation of "oldsters."

A recent survey of consumer finances by the Federal Reserve Board gives a pretty fair idea as to how the oldsters have prepared for years along the sunset path.

More than half owned life insurance. Nearly seven out of every ten possessed some liquid assets, defined as bank deposits, U. S. Government securities, and savings and loan shares. Approximately six out of every ten owned a home or a farm. And one out of every ten was the owner of corporate stock, consisting of common or preferred stock open to investment by the general public.

This tabulation obviously does not cover nearly all the resources of the 65 and over age group, such as pensions, a business of their own, a professional practice, ownership of currency, etc. Nor does the Federal Reserve tabulation determine any value for the savings or assets selected, small or otherwise. However, it does indicate that a majority of the present group of "oldsters" has accumulated some means of its own for its later years, and by its own efforts as well.

The Federal Reserve tabulation likewise provides an interesting indication of the logic as well as the persistence with which the average American carries out his thrift program once he gets started.

It is generally recognized, for example, that the need for life insurance is greatest when the family responsibility is at its maximum. For most people, this is generally found in that broad period starting in early maturity and running through the middle years of life, from the twenties to about age 55. And it is just in this group that ownership of life insurance is highest in the Federal Reserve tabulation, with more than four out of every five spending units between the ages of 25 and 55 carrying such protection.

More "oldsters" of 65 and over have a bank account, U. S. Government securities, or savings and loan shares than any other of the financial resources compiled by the Federal Reserve. The figures show a gradual and steady growth in such ownership from the 18 to 24 age group on up, reaching a peak in the group 55 to 64 years old when three out of every four spending units in this bracket had some liquid assets. The proportion is nearly as high in the 65 and over group.

Ownership of a home or farm is found to be the exception rather than the rule at the younger ages. Less than one out of every ten spending units had such ownership in the 18 to 24 age bracket. There is a marked increase with the older age groups, and the peak of approximately six out of every ten owning a home or farm is reached at age 55 and thereafter.

Automobile ownership, on the other hand, reaches a peak in the age group between 35 and 44, at six out of every ten spending units, and the proportion drops nearly in half by age 65. As for ownership of corporate securities, the peak ratio of approximately one out of every ten spending units is reached between the ages of 45 and 54 and changes very little thereafter.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

LUFT BILDER MASHINA DRUVEL: Leit maiga sawga fon denna luft bilder mashina-odder ewwa "Television" sets wos sie wolla, sis net allas blessier. 'S airsht mohl os m'r so'n waisa im Fegelskoshda kotta hen, wohrhoft wons net shun dumhata gewwa hut.

'S wor geshtrovet 'n woch tzurick os der Mike Held fon Kutztown ob g'shtopt hut, fer sehna wie die g'shicht shoffa dade imma Fegelskoshda. 'S airsht hut er so'n gawitter ruda waisa tzomma nei g'shteck'd in paar eisna wesh poshda, uns gons waisa hoch nuf in die luft g'shova. Noh wie er paar mile drode un bandle waisa rum g'shpont hut kot, hut er die luft bilder mashine ins hous ganumma uns aw k'hank'd on die leck-trick line. Golly reich wos sin die Fegelcher net awfonga in da shtubba rum flotcha bis sie mohl g'sehna hen wos om aw gae wor. Noh hen m'r sie wohrhoft shier net weck halta kenna fer selwar sehna wie die g'shicht shoffa dade.

M'r missa sawga os die luft bilder gute rei kumma sin, uns wor net bis gons om end os m'r druvel grick'd hen. Der Mike hut die mashine nava on der glaws shonk g'shteld, un alls wear ol recht gawest won er sei finger fom roller derby galust het. Oy wos sin die yunga net im gringle rum uf rollers-wohrhoft wons em net recht darmlich gamocht hut fer tzu gucka. Un dabei hen sie alla gabut nonner linx un rechtses nei k'hock'd, un woh der awfong wor fon unser 'm druvel.

Eb ebber da yunga der foos g'shteld hut, odder eb ains fon da shkater ra tzu'n hardas ous gawish'd hut, kenna m'r net sawga. 'S nagshd os wor, is longs g'shtrack'd g'shtartzt, hut ae foos mit ma roller shkate tzu da mashine rous g'shtrack'd un uns 'n grossie del in der glaws shonk garent. Ich kon eich sawga os sel uns gore net gaboss'd hut-un denk der Mike huts aw g'sehna. Er hut aenicha waig g'sawt sel wear 's end fom show fer der owet, sei socha uf gapock'd un is tzurick nous hame noch Kutztown allas os er gae hut kenna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis noch 'n longie tzeit bis der 5d Augusht, doch net tzu long farna nous fer blawna fer mit unserra Pennsylfawnish Deitscha exkursion der Hudson owwa nous gae-des yohr uf 'm Peter Stuyvesant, 'n boat os shier 3000 passengers nembt.

Des yohr nemma m'r aw unser aigna shpiel leit mit-tzwae orchestras fer die wohret tzu sawga, so os ol woh wolla, sich sot donsa kenna.

25 Years Ago

(From The Morning Call of Feb. 25, a Wednesday.

Completing the last lap of a 13 months' trip during which they covered 26,000 miles, Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Warford, 216 S. St. Cloud St., returned home. Their trip took them to such places as the Belgian Congo, Africa, Zanzibar, Italy, France, Portugal, England and Belgium.

Members of the Four Square club heard the story of the development of illuminating gas which had lost its potency for lighting purposes because of the inroads of electric lights. Howard F. Fry, assistant treasurer of the Allentown Bethlehem Gas Co., told the story.

Annie M. Morris landed in this country after crossing the Atlantic ocean to marry John C. Granger, who preceded her from Scotland by two years.

Members of the Allentown Field club gave their first annual dance, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the soccer fund. Music was furnished by Joe Cook's Bohemians. Althea Rohrbach presented a song and dance act.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Washington—

President Truman's private phone calls are matters that shouldn't be pried into. But some of them are being discussed in small informed circles, and it's no threat to the security of the state to report that he does personally telephone labor's political chiefs to ask that a candidate or a project or a campaign be bolstered immediately, as a "personal favor" to him.

In turn, these labor leaders have gone to the White House and, as political partners, have asked Mr. Truman to use his power for some of their projects. They have never been brushed off. If the president gave his word, he delivered. If he couldn't deliver, he'd look squarely at the visiting labor politico, point a finger, and explain in that sincere way of his just why he could not come through. But never the brushoff, never a phony promise.

Mr. Truman has, in effect, promised to these men—in private — he would help labor's campaigns industrially and politically as much as possible.

That aid was given during the recent big steel strike, and it will be given again when Mr. Truman swings into Ohio to help labor try to defeat Sen. Taft. The union chiefs have his promise.

Intentions Apparent

And the president's intentions were apparent too during a confidential talk he had recently with top labor chief Phil Murray and Bill Green, who asked him not to smash John Lewis' coal strike by heaving injunctions and heavy fines at the miners. Mr. Truman said he would try not to —and he's keeping that promise. Little over a month ago, he and the Cabinet agreed that the time had come to move against Mr. Lewis. Ever since then, Mr. Truman has moved—cautiously. He could have slapped heavy multi-million-dollar fines on John Lewis and the miners' $20,000,000 treasury. Everybody on the inside here knows that the Justice Dept.'s wishes have been respected by the Federal court in every judicial move against the coal-diggers. The Dept.'s lawyers frame the action and the court approves—but it's all decided in the White House.

Mr. Truman is aware that such loyalty to labor is risky politically. He knew a delay in fining the miners would so pinpoint the crisis that unless his steel-nerved panoramic political poker-playing won for him, he'd find the nation with literally two or thee days' coal supply left—and no alternative but to seize.

He also knew that the miners would work only if there were a real seizure of the coal operators' profits as well as their pits. And he knew that he might be forced to move the army's engineer corps in to dig—unless he wanted to be blasted by the nation and his political opponents for defying the private enterprise system.

But he has ordered two delays, and so has kept his word to labor.

It's been a tough word to keep. After all, John L. and the mine owners are only some 30 cents a day apart—about three and a half cents an hour. The operators are sitting tight for their $1 a day package. Lewis now wants some 90 cents a day in pay increase; 10 cents a ton to add $50,000,000 to his $100,000,000 welfare fund; and about 30 or 35 cents a day more in vacations and holidays. That should be easily compromised.

Tough Pattern

Undoubtedly Mr. Truman has cut himself a tough pattern. Undoubtedly he has decided his party is as much a labor party as a traditional Democratic party. And undoubtedly he has determined to take on other such headaches.

Other Crises

The next crisis looming may paralyze the auto industry not too long after the coal strike is settled. Chrysler, already struck, may be shut down for weeks longer.

And you need only know that General Motors' workers in Defiance, Ohio, waded in leg-high water during a small flood to vote for a union shop in GM plants; and that in upstate New York, where the weather and snow have been razor-cold, Walter Reuther's auto union provided heated trailer trucks at the voting gates. Thus their members could keep warm while waiting to cast ballots in the government's poll of 300,000 GM workers, who were asked if they wanted a union shop. In Lansing, Mich., the union provided free taxi service to "Olds" workers from their plant parking lot to the union hall, where the labor board set up 30 booths.

Point is to get up a huge vote for a union shop in preparation for asking GM to grant it to the union—and GM is not so inclined. The union chiefs are seriously talking strike here, and that means, unless Chrysler is settled first, that some 65 per cent of the auto industry may be shut down in 60 days.

The rail union leaders are equally serious in their nation-wide strike plans—and in November, there'll be steel to worry about. A lot of people will be wild about Harry before the year ends—and he knows the enthusiasm will be far from unanimous.

(Copyright 1950)

David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

There's a drive on to augment armament expenditures by about $4,000,000,000, which would further increase the deficit and postpone indefinitely the time for a return to a balanced budget.

President Truman and Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson are standing firmly against the drive, which apparently is coming from outside the armed services.

Unjustly Criticized

The basic claim being made in an effort to induce Congress to expand appropriations is that the United States is weak and not prepared for war. Much of the criticism is rather unjustly concentrated on the secretary of defense, who, after all, is given by the director of the budget the amount that the president, as the final authority, decides shall be spent by all the armed services.

The question of whether the armament which the United States now has is sufficient is one that depends for its answer on a definition of the meaning of the word "adequate." From the viewpoint purely of military theory, it would take from $25,000,000,000 to $50,000,000,000 a year to be prepared in every sense for an outbreak of war.

What a democracy, however, with a limited amount of money available out of a peacetime economy, must do is set up a defense establishment capable of immediate expansion. If that definition is applied, then the United States is ready for instant warfare and for the immediate expansion of each service in the months that ensue.

Air Force Ready

Certainly the U. S. Air Force, which is the main instrument of instant retaliation, is in readiness to deliver retaliatory blows. No nation in the world with a government in its right senses will wish to invite the kind of retaliatory action of which America is capable today.

But, along with the U.S. Air Force, there are retaliatory blows which can be struck from the seas as well as from bases across the oceans. To follow up on such moves in succeeding weeks, it will be necessary to reactivate ships and planes now in "moth balls." The manpower for such recommissioning of World War II ships and planes is available because reserves are steadily being trained for that purpose.

It is true that Russia is building ships and planes, but the United States has in reserve far more aircraft and ships than Russia is now building and enough anti-submarine strength to cope with any menace to shipping.

Reserves the Key

The key to preparedness lies in the kind of reserves trained for each of the three armed services. America has always depended on its regulars to form the nucleus of wartime operating forces. The public has been led to believe that next time there will not be time to mobilize armies and navies. There wouldn't be if the counterattack from the United States were not effective. But nothing has happened to our defense forces which in any way justifies the assumption that our retaliatory blows would not be effective. The power of the potential enemy to wage war would diminish from the day war broke out, as American strength would begin to grow.

The president has authorized approximately $13,500,000,000 for all three armed services for the current fiscal year. This is a large sum, and the armed service chiefs are well aware of the necessity of staying within their budgets. It is gratifying indeed to note the acceptance of budget limitations within all three services. The attitude toward economy and maximum use of the military dollar has undergone a remarkable improvement in recent weeks.

Reductions Aimed

The secretary of defense has accepted the task of holding the budget to the limits set and is striving to make economies in overhead and auxiliary services. Cutting expenses in government always produces repercussions and criticism. But it is significant to note that the reductions which have been made are in line with a definite policy which assumes a continuance of peacetime conditions for the next few years at least. Even if a war arises, however, the scheme of our defense organization is such as to permit of instantaneous expansion.

The veterans of World War II are not yet too old to have lost their skills, and a refresher course of a few weeks will bring a manpower strength quite comparable to war conditions.

The drive to unbalance the budget by $4,000,000,000 in the name of national security will not succeed unless a war crisis develops. Then appropriations, of course, would naturally skyrocket far beyond any such figure. The outlook is for peace—and for the continuance of a military budget that the national economy can stand.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

If the spot in your paper on which this column appears is somewhat damp it is because of the tears of mortification and humiliation I have shed.

* * *

All my life I have been a most terrible card player.

No matter what game I tried I was always the loser. I took lessons in bridge. I practiced Oklahoma and Gin Rummy for hours and hours. No good. I kept on losing.

It got to be so that no one who knew me wanted to be my partner. If, by chance, a person I had never met before had to sit opposite me for inevitable disgrace — that was the end of a budding friendship.

As a card player I was a leper.

* * *

Then came Canasta.

I started to play it. I learned to like it. Soon I was crazy about it.

At last I had developed card sense, I thought with joy in my heart! At last I could make them stop laughing when I sat down at the card table and started to play.

I won frequently. People were inviting me to their card parties again. My wife could once again hold her social head high.

* * *

Then, out of a clear sky, comes a news item from Toronto, Canada.

It is an interview with Oswald Jacoby.

He made a public apology to the reporters for having turned to Canasta from bridge, in which, as you know, he was the tops.

"Canasta is the only game," said he, "that my wife and I can play with some of our half-witted friends.

"It can be enjoyed by every one, unlike bridge, when a poor player can spoil the game for others."

* * *

Now do you know why your paper is wet?

How would you feel if after losing your self-respect you had regained it, only to be called a "half wit" by the country's outstanding authority?

After reading the news item I looked up Oswald Jacoby in "Who's Who" to see whether I might know anything at all that he knew besides card playing. I wanted to regain some of my confidence in myself.

But — Oswald Jacoby isn't listed.

* * *

By the way, I just read about Bing, the 17-year-old-cat who died a few days ago and whose ashes were scattered over the rose garden behind its owner's home.

Bing had quite a record. He was only an alley cat, but he won many prizes in pet shows for the devotion to his young owner.

For four years Bing went to Harvard with his master and became known as the cat with the college education.

But, from what I hear, all his four years in college did not do him any good.

He remained just a cat.

He couldn't even play Canasta!

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

During one of the last Indian uprisings, which took place in the Southwest, the colonel of a crack regiment was dispatched to put it down. With him went his wife and young son. The Indians made a surprise attack. At its height, the youngster dashed out of his room with a wooden gun and began running after the Indians. A cavalryman scooped him up in his arms just as he got into the open and restored him, mad as a hornet, to his mother's arms. His punishment was confinement to barracks for one solid week. His father explained to him, "Douglas MacArthur, this will teach you in the future to obey orders."

* * *

"Look, Elsie," said Mrs. Manges sternly to the new maid, "I declare I can write my full name in the dust you've left on this piano." "Well, bless mah soul," exclaimed Elsie with delight, "It's sure nice to be workin' fo' a lady with a education."

Horoscope

Much good work should be accomplished under present vibrations. In your next year you may gain much pleasure from intellectual pursuits. As today's child develops, look for a love of pleasure and a happy nature.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 7:15-29

Having anticipated vs. 24-29 in yesterday's comments on this chapter, let us confine ourselves to vs. 15-23 today. Wherever there is the proclamation of truth, Satan, the father of lies, will seek to counterfeit it. Therefore we are to beware of false, that is, as the Greek has it, pseudo prophets, fifth columnists, who bore from within; false teachers who turn up in sheep's clothing (never, as Satan is wrongly portrayed, with horns, hoofs, and a tail), with smooth and apparently orthodox vocabulary, but denying the fundamental truths of the Gospel. All false cults do not understand the person of the divine Son of God, deny the reality of sin, and therefore deny the need of salvation through the blood of Christ shed on the cross, which is the heart of the Christian Gospel. Not every one who names the name of the Lord, v. 22, is one of His. And of many He may some day have to say: 'I never knew you,' v. 23. Truth or falsehood can always be determined by their fruit — spiritual life or death, v. 17.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

WONDER WORLD

It must be a world of wonder to
a little boy of two
With such dazzling things to look
at and such daring feats
to do.
To see on every table precious
things he wants to cluth
And forever hear the warning
from his mother: "Mustn't
touch!"

His eyes are full of wonder and
that mind of his is clear.
There are things his hands will
reach for when his mother
isn't near;
Things that fairly fascinate him
that his fingers must attack,
And he'll get them in a second if
his mother turns her back.

He's a wily little plotter with a
cunning all his own.
He will surely get that inkwell
when his mother's at the
phone.
"Not for little boys to play
with!"
What a futile thing to say!
He is scheming now to get it
when his mother looks away.

(Copyright 1950)



MORE ABOUT BARN SIGNS

In the ECK for last December 10 we published Mrs. Lila Lerch's article "Hex Signs or Fire Marks?", in which the author set forth the novel theory that the fire mark of early American Fire Insurance Companies may be the ancestor of the so-called Hexefiess painted on the barns of eastern Pennsylvania. Although this theory is not that of the Editor of the ECK, he believed it only fair to his readers to open the ECK to whatever material, no matter how controversial, as long as it is related to our Pennsylvania German people and their ways of life. The following reactions to Mrs. Lerch's article may be of some interest to our readers:

Dear Mrs. Lerch,

Your interpretation of the barn signs in Lancaster, Lehigh and Northampton Counties is novel, but I am sorry to say improbable. The leaders of the Amish and of the Mennonite sects preached against insuring their lives and properties. Their people were told that the best insurance was order, vigilance and frugality. Flames and storms were an act of God to test their faith and to give their "Brothers" a chance to contribute by labor and material to the replacement of the lost property.

I was born in Strasbourg, in Alsace, and you may therefore be interested in my own interpretation.—The Reformation drove the Protestants persecuted for their break with the Catholic Church out of Germany. Their natural flight was to the Rhine, to the French border—Alsace was the distributing line, and Holland, through the Palatinate and from Switzerland to the South. Their only place of worship was the barn (the Amish still use the barn). The Protestants, already divided in different sects and being iconoclasts, used biblical symbols to direct their religious followers. In Alsace and probably in Switzerland and in the Palatinate, only the Protestant villages had painted symbols on their barns and houses. The Catholics built niches in their walls to place therein the statue of the Saint they invoked to protect the dwelling. Why the arched doors and windows? Why the appealing effect of stained glass windows? Why this response in our hearts to the living testimony of the suffering and the heartbreak of a courageous people who triumphed over intolerence and absolutism?

Accept, please, my most sincere greetings—

Marie A. Kopp

(Mrs. Kopp no doubt also knows that the signs she saw on barns and houses in Alsace and the Palatinate were used also before the Reformation and that some of their basic designs go back to pre-Christian times.—It must also be pointed out in justice to Mrs. Lerch that she does not refer to barns in Lancaster County, for she well knows that the "Plain people" do not, but for very rare exceptions, paint signs on their barns.)

We quote further from a very interesting letter written by a native of Upper Lehigh:

"In my opinion Pennsylvania German barn signs are neither hex signs nor firemarks, but simply decorations. As to firemarks: I have lived all my life in eastern Pennsylvania, where the barn signs are very common. In all my "antiquing" in this region, I have never seen a fire mark and had not ever heard of them before reading Mrs. Lerch's article. It would certainly seem that the barn signs are most numerous in the country areas where the barns are and the fire signs most plentiful in the cities where fire insurance companies were operating. One sign on a barn between Washington, D. C. and Fairfax, Va., is not impressive nor convincing. Six-pointed stars, and stars of any other number of points, even the most elaborate, can and could readily be made with a square and compass. Any painter could make them and apply them. The nearest claim to proof for this "new theory" rests on this 6-pointed star of the Insurance Company of North America, which was used by that company for only two years, 1794-1796. A farmer about to decorate a barn would not be likely to go 90 miles to Philadelphia to copy a star, if he could go to his own bedroom and find an authentic Pennsylvania German dower chest from the ends of which he could copy a 16-inch, 6-pointed star in color and that from a chest dated 1782! Such a chest I have in my own home and it antedates the fire sign mentioned above by 12 years. In my opinion this theory is not worthy of credence.

As to "hex" signs: In my 75 years of existence I have known only one man who believed in witchcraft. He came out of the insane asylum and was mentally off. He had no barn and never put up any signs. Just where or how this idea came into vogue I cannot make out. If anyone outside this region really wants to find out the reason for these barn decorations, he needs only to ask the owner. He ought to know, for he probably put them there himself. A few years ago a friend of mine and I drove through the country side. He made some remarks about "hex" signs. When we came to the hotel I said "Here we stop. I want to ask Ida, the landlady, about the meaning of those stars on her barn." On being asked, she replied that she and her husband had had them put there—"for nice." Then you did not have them put there to keep the witches away?"—"God, no!" There was a sworn answer that would hold in court!

James M. Fetherolf.

Since receiving the above letters we have had a communication from Mrs. Lerch, from which we quote:

"In further substantiation of the belief that the fire mark is the ancestor of our Pennsylvania German barn signs, as presented in my article published in the ECK for Dec. 10, 1949, I wish to cite here some excerpts from Harrold E. Gillingham's article "The Fascinating Fire Mark" published in "Antiques" magazine for December, 1923:

"It was no uncommon sight, thirty years ago, to see, in country districts, these painted "signs" tacked on barns and outbuildings, for many ignorant farmers thought such decoration was necessary to guarantee them proper insurance."

"Thirty years before 1923 would place the time mentioned at 1893. It verifies the statement that after fire marks were discontinued in 1870 to denote insured buildings, they were continually displayed in country districts.

"In the same article Mr. Gillingham also mentions that one unscrupulous insurance agent of western New York, each year nailed a new sign on a man's barn and collected the premium, but delivered no policy contract. When the fire occurred and the fraud was discovered, the agent left for parts unknown."

EM MARK TWAIN SEI KAMEEL

An episode in "Innocents Abroad," translated by H.W.K.

Emol, wie ich in Syria waar, hot en Kameel Possession genumme vun meim Iwwerrock un hot en alliwwer so knapps unnersucht ass wann er en Notion hett er wott sich aa eener mache losse. Wie er mol faddich waar, den Rock zu begucke ass en Schtick Kleed, no hot er 'n g'exemmint ass en Schtick zu esse.

Er hot sei Fuss druff gschtellt, hot eener vun de Aermel uffghowe mit de Zeh, draa getschaat un getschaat un en langsam gschluckt. Alldiweil hot er die Aage uf-un zugemacht, so vergniegt un zufridde, ass wann er sei Lewe noch nix so Gutes gschmackt hett wie en Iwwerrock. Dann hot er die Lefze gschmatzt un gschleckt un niwwer gelangt fer der anner Aermel.

'S Naegscht hot er der Velvet Collar gebrobiert un so freindlich gschmunselt, dass es pleen gewisse hot, er deet meene, der Collar waer 's Bescht am ganse Schtick Kleed. 'S Naegscht hot er der Rockschwans aagepackt mitsamt Pulwer un Schrot, Zuckersache, Feige un dergleiche, wu drin gschtocke hen.

Derno sin mei Zeitingsbrief raus gfalle, wu gschriwwe warre fer die Zeitinge deheem, un er hot sei Glick gebrobiert an denne. Nau iss er awwer uff gfeehrlicher Grund kumme. Er hot aagfange mei grossi Gscheidheet in selle Babiere zu tschaae, un sell waar hart uff sei Maage. Alsemol hot er in eppes Gschpassiches gebisse, un des hot en gschittelt bis die Zeh geglebbert hen. Es waar gans bedenklich mit em, awwer er hot als Kuraasche un Hoffning ghatt un als aaghalte.

Endlich iss er an Sache kumme, wu even en Kameel net schlucke kann unni Gfaahr. Er hot aagfange zu warrickse, schwer zu schnaufe un hot sich gans graddelich hiegschtellt. In re Vaertel Schtunn iss er umgfalle, so schteif wie en Howwelbank, un iss en schrecklicher Dod gschtarwe in unausschprechlicher Schmaerze. Ich hab em des Babier aus'm Maul genumme un hab ausgfunne, dass er verwarrickt iss an eens vun de schenschte un zaartschte Sache, wu ich gschriwwe hab fer die Leit zu lese.

(From The Pennsylvania German for July, 1906)

DER DAED

Der Daed, so hen sie'n als genennt,
Wer weess schunn wie viel Yaahr;
'S iss oft so'n Beiwart, 's waerd gebraucht
Hot eens paar grooe Hohr.
Im Elseschtettel wuhnt der Daed,
Un lebt uff Pension Geld;
So'n "souvenir" vum Niggerkrieg
Far Dienschte drauss im Feld

Der Daed hot viel schunn darch gemacht
In seinre Lebenszeit;
Die Rebels gfochte un der Schnapps,
Den fecht er 's liebscht noch heit.
Die Johnnies hen em 's Bee verhaust,
'S waar 'n Schand un bleibt en Schand;
Was will mer mit me Bee wann's schnappt?
Mer henkt's net an die Wand.

Kummt als die Pension unneruff,
No schafft's in sellem Bee;
Es zuckt un reisst wie Rummedis,
Yuscht 's dutt net gans so weh.
'S will in die Luft, no geht der Daed
Um's Eck rum mit me Schtock;
Es klippt-klappt iwwers Pavement naus
Un schallt: "en Bock, en Bock."

Beim Mickey dart am Alley Eck
Geht's schtracks zum "Bunney" nei;
"Good Morning, Daed," schallt's hie un har,
"Du guckscht verdollt sei fei."
"So zimmlich," saagt er, "yuscht mei Bee
Hot widder 'n "nervous" Schpell;"
Der Mickey blinselt hinnerm Bar
Un tappt die Tiller Bell.

Der Mickey hot sei Zeitvertreib,
Die Seidel in de Hend;
Die Bretzel gehn so zwische nei
Wie's Drumme bei der Bend.
"Wie iss dann 's Bee?" frogt eens der Daed,
Un guckt zum Fenschter naus;
"Bei Tschimni Greibs, ich schpier nix meh,
Ich hoff es halt so aus."

Die Wissel an de Seidemiehl
Blost Middaag iwwerdem;
No meent der Daed, "Bi Greibs, ich denk
Mer schtart mol ab far heem;"
Der Mickey warnt en an de Dier,
"Nau Daed, gebt acht uffs Bee."
So'n Martsches sehnt mer dann un wann
Am Decoration Day.

Die alte Tactics kumme raus:
Attention! forward! march!
Right face about! advance! retreat!
Take aim! now steady, charge!
Er tschartscht ums Eck, die Alley nei,
Bis an die hinnerscht gate;
Dart gebt's en grand performance aerscht,
Bis dass er inside schteht.

Er schteht un guckt der Walk so aa,
'S waar alles krumm un schraeg;
No secht er: "Greibs! des iss doch net
Der Kutztown Trolley Weg!
Er macht en 'Charge' mit Schtock un Bee
So newenaus am Shed;
's waar gut gezielt, yuscht wiescht verfehlt—
Er schtarzt ins Blummebett.

Die Cass kummt iwwerdem mol raus
Un sehnt en leie dart;
No secht sie: "Was! im Blummebett,
Un alles gans verscharrt.
Do mach dich raus, du alti Sau,
Mer meent es kennt net sei.
Do hawwich gschafft un mich geblogt,
Nau machscht mer alles fei."

Sie geht un holt der Schpiegel raus
Un secht: "Do, guck mol nei!
Do, sehnscht dich, Daed? sell Picter guckt
Verflammt sei awwer fei."
No geht sie uff die anner Seit
Un secht: "Nau guck mol, Daed.
Do gucksche noch schenner, guck mol rum,
So'n Sau im Blummebett."

Er hot no ebbes Wieschtes gsaat,
'S waar eckich, lang un rund;
"Was witt dann du? du Lumpezott!
Des iss mei eegner Grund.
Du Grafanola! schwetscht dir noch
die Zung am Zeppchi ab;
Geh, frog beim Sears un Roebuck aa,
Dart gricksche du glei en Tschabb."

"Du settscht dich schemme," secht die Cass,
"So'n alter Mann wie du;
Was denkt dei Fraa, schunn lengscht im Graab?
Du nemmscht re noch die Ruh.
Ich wott sie kennt dich sehne do,
Die same alt dreckich Sau."
"Du 'Sannigann' ", secht no der Daed,
"Yuscht schlawwer fatt un schpau."

Die Cass die guckt en driwwer aa,
Un geht zum Heisel nei;
Sie bringt en Eemer Wasser raus,
Un sausst en iwwer'n drei.
No secht sie: "Wann'd sell widder saagscht,
No grickschte 's nochmol druff;
Du hoscht mei Blumme all verhaust,
So'n Sau in so me Suff."

Der Daed iss als so hiegerutscht
Un schafft far uffzuschteh;
No saagt er ebbes zu de Cass
Vun aryets anne geh.
Die Cass, die grabbt der Eemer datt
Un fillt en widder uff;
"Do sehnscht en, Daed, wann'd's widder saagscht,
Dann gricksche en owwedruff."

Der Daed saagt nix, er hot yuscht gschafft
Far aus de Blumme naus;
Die Cass hot sich am End erbarmt
Un helft em uff un raus.
No secht sie: "Daed, nau guck mol datt,
Mei Blummebett guckt schee."
"Ya," secht der Daed, "'S waer schenner noch,
Waer's ewwe net far 's Bee."

No sin sie ab mit Schtock un Bee,
Un gehn die Treppe nuff;
'S waar'n schlo Parade, wie bei re Leicht,
Un gfaehrlich owwedruff.
"Datt leg dich anne," saagt die Cass,
"Un schlof die Pension ab;
Ich denk ich dress mich bissel uff
Un geh far seller Tschabb.

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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperses to nought.—Shakespeare.

Strike's Ending Indicated

The coal strike continues to be America's No. 1 problem and the state of the nation has been growing worse by the minute and thousands of workers in industries dependent upon soft coal already have been laid off.

But last night reports were coming from many sources as to a break in the clouds that have shrouded the industry and the nation. This time there was a good deal of substance to the rumors in the nature of hints as to the terms of a new contract. However, until the miners actually go back to the mines, whether because the Government has taken over or a contract has been entered into, the situation will be bleak for thousands of people outside the industry who have been affected by the strike. For them seeing will be believing.

Discussion will continue however as to Federal Court action in the matter of the strike.

Brought into court on charges of contempt, the miners have been freed by a judge who pointed out that while there may have been secret understandings and orders as to the strike, the Government attorneys did not show that the strike was anything but a simultaneous, voluntary act on the part of the more than three hundred thousand miners concerned. Judge Keech properly did not shape his opinion upon his own conjectures or those of the people at large. He decided according to the flimsy and insufficient evidence which the Government had introduced.

So the injunction was continued for sixty days but otherwise the legal situation remained the same.

Clearly the miners won a victory. While the Government is a minor loser, it is the American people who are the real losers. Huge numbers of them who already are affected directly by the strike are in our own locality. Thousands of Bethlehem Steel Co. workers are taking an enforced vacation of indefinite length and more will follow next week. Employment on the railroads is down to skeleton organization and one by one industries that use coal are falling by the wayside into idleness and unemployment for the people in their organizations.

We used to think that such a situation could not possibly arise. Mr. Truman, with characteristic optimism, idled along while the situation was growing more threatening. The American people with equal optimism believed that the problem would be resolved at least a little while before it had become too late.

We have been proven to be wrong and our optimism was poorly founded. The miners under Mr. Lewis recognized the power in their position and wielded it to a bitter end.

Tempest in Coke Bottle

It is rather ridiculous that the French government should even be thinking of barring the sale of Coca-Cola in France for retaliatory measures, whether instituted by our Government or by voluntary act of the American people, can be very severe for that country and also can be harmful to long-time friendly relations.

It appears that the Communists in the National Assembly have seen an opportunity to wave the French flag in the manner common to jingoes in every land. Hypocritically they pretend to be espousing the cause of the French wine industry, whereas all that Communists are interested in is causing controversy, confusion and strife.

The French wine industry has been induced to believe that the sale of Coca-Cola has or will cut into its business seriously. The Communists have found a new verse to sing to an old tune for they see an effort on the part of "imperialist U.S.A." to "Coca-colanize" the French people. Furthermore they suggest that the drink is a drug and harmful to health.

It all seems so foolish when it is reported that total sales of the drink in all of France today amount to under 1,000 cases per day. That is almost certainly an amount smaller by far than the consumption of this drink in Allentown alone in a single day. Compared with this is the daily consumption in the U.S.A. of French wines whose value certainly must be many times that of a thousand cases of Coca-Cola.

Furthermore, France cannot wish the American Congress to bar the import, sale and consumption of French wines on the grounds that Mr. Farley has suggested, namely that they "are seductive to American morals."

It is ridiculous and petty business, but there never is any telling what petty businessmen or scheming, plotting, hate-breeding Communists will do. Teamed as they are in this action in France the ultimate in folly can be expected.

Fuchs Case Points Lesson

From any point of view with regard to national security the case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, confessed and convicted spy, has been disturbing. One of the most amazing developments at his trial was the assertion by Derek Curtis-Bennett, chief defense counsel, that when Fuchs was naturalized as a British subject in 1942 he was known to be a Communist and "he had never pretended he was anything else." This disclosure is amazing because it indicates that it would have been simple for British authorities, and American also, to determine whether Dr. Fuchs was a Communist, this before he was permitted to operate on a high level in American and British atomic energy research.

The failure to label him and limit him accordingly has pointed a sharp lesson. We now hear that President Truman has decided to make State Department loyalty files available to a Senate subcommittee, this because a Senator has charged that Communists now hold or have held State Department positions. If these charges have a slim basis it is only just that the facts be developed; if they can be substantiated it is all the more important to establish the truth.

—Wilkes-Barre Record.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

FON HOY UN ROTTA: Ebbes os der Dan Paetorius fon nagshd on da Shtaina Kerrich noch immer shtoltz dafon wor, wor os sie bauerrei frei wear fon rotta. Rotta sin net yusht koshdbore uf ra bauerrei, ow'r sin aw bahoft fer leit so sonderbore fershracka won sie aryads bei g'shprunga kumma. Tzeita so wie won hoy gabail'd wert ous ra shire sin bardich g'fairlich fer die shoff leit fershracka-ebbes os der Elwood Mann, der Harold Ruch un der Joe Bueranic woh 'm Dan die ledshd woch helfa hen baila, gore net g'farrich'd hen. Evens 'm Dan sei boo Ray wor shure sie hetta ken rotta-ow'r liever lebdawg, so'n erfohring os sie kotta hen.

Die shawdhate wor os der Dan die g'shpass gons un gore ferseim'd hut. Er wor uf galaig'd im hous, un hut net nous gakent, uns het aw net fiel ganumma wear der Elwood Mann danava kumma. Der Elwood is 'm Mondawg noch 'm Allentown Hospital, un woh der Dr. Bob Schaeffer socha ous 'm ganumma hut os ken gute gaduh hen. Der Elwood is uf da ferbessering un der Dan aw, ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzu da rotta g'shicht, wors ebbes wie des.

Der Ramie hut yusht gabroll'd kotta sie hetta ken rotta wie der Harold Ruch un der Joe Bauerranic wohs hoy hinna rous gewwa hen, hefticha grisher ous galust hen. Hinna im eck hut ebbes k'huck'd un sie hen net aenich werra kenna wos es wear. Der Elwood, wohs hoy tzum loch nunner uf der bailer dish g'shova hut, is noh tzurick, sehna eb er ous mocha kent wos fer 'n gadierts os sie g'funna hetta dief unnich 'm hoy. Er hut grawd g'sawt 's wear 'n rot, ow'r der Harold woh'm Ramie gaglawbt hut os es ken rotta het, hut druf g'shtonna 's wear 'n yungie grundsow.

Die boova hen noh tzu drit drowwa g'shtonna un net aenich werra kenna wos sie g'funna hetta, un wie ken hoy may nunner kumma is fer baila, is der Ramie aw in der borer gagrodd'ld fer sehna wohs hanka dade os ken hoy bei kaimt. Fermuthlich hut er gadenk'd, die boova weara uf 'n maining kumma hoy ous 'm borer nemma wear 's same wie kola mina, un weara uf shtrike gonga. In blotz fon sel'm, hen sie ow'r um ebbes rum g'shtonna os er aw net ous mocha hut kenna wos es sei maich'd bis er drunner is mit ra govel. Noh ferhoftich sei wons net die graish'd rot wor os noch aenich ains fon na g'sehna hut kot.

Die rot hut all'm noh k'huck'd shlofa, ow'r wie sie shtarta hut greisha is der gons hoy borer lavendich werra, un bid der greik firiwwer wor, hen die boova siva fon da graishda rotta dote g'shloga kotta, os noch aenichie tzeit tzu sehna worra in da Shtaina kerrich gagend. Die rotta worra so grossa os die boova howwa ken wolla sie wotta 's 'm Dan ob tziega un er kent 's flaish g'friehra, un die hide ferkaufa fer mushkrutta, ow'r sie Clara hut sich gahairich uf die hinnerra g'shteld, un sie sin widder tzurick nous 's hoy fartich baila.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Clifford Hamm fon nagshd on Hynemansville mus 'n wunnerborer weedicher Chevy kar howwa-wohrhoft won er da onner dawg net die battery ferlora hut, un is ols fert g'fohra.

Horoscope

Generous and friendly attitudes are indicated by the conjunction of Saturn and the moon. Don't hurry matters, as Saturn moves slowly. Steady progress should be registered in your next year. "Make haste slowly" is also a good motto for a child born under these influences.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

A lot of people — movie stars and circus jugglers, clowns and cotton weavers, hay cutters and hat makers, men from the tall timber, and women from the tiny precision tables of watch factories, they and hundreds of thousands of others — are going jobless because they don't want to fight something they believe in.

These decent folk, and their strong unions, are soul searching today, wondering what can be done about hunger and pinched purses here without hurting good people abroad, without starving families in the world's free nations that we're trying to rehabilitate. Reluctantly, but steadily, behind the scenes, obscured by the strike thunder, unions are demanding that the government protect U.S. jobs against the toughest foreign competition in years.

Spotlight on Hollywood

The spotlight naturally swings to Hollywood. Movie labor leaders point to the production of pictures by American film companies abroad as typical reasons for disappearance of U.S. jobs —pictures such as the multi-million dollar spectacle, "Quo Vadis," amid Rome's historic wrecks, or the sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" with the debonair Walter Pidgeon, now on a British lot.

The movie colony labor leaders, recently in New York and Washington for special conferences, told me that they have some 30 per cent jobless on the West Coast — because production that's equivalent to the output of one major film studio has been moved to Europe. Others don't quite confirm this, but report that some $9,000,000 worth of American films are being shot in England, France and Italy, and then released here. This means work for the English, French and Italian technicians, but what about the Hollywood AFL technicians, prop hands, electricians and set painters? They want work, too. So naturally there's resentment.

But it's hit more than Hollywood. The AFL's Variety Artists have put the heat on Illinois Sen. Paul Douglas, of the Senate Immigration committee, for restriction of alien circus performers rushed into the U.S. during the big top seasons. The AFL farm labor union wants Congress to spend lots more money bolstering our Rio Grande border patrol, so an increased number of federal cops can keep out the "wetbacks" — Mexicans who swim into the U.S or are smuggled in to compete with our farm hands.

Has Problems, Too

The CIO has its problems, too. I'm partial to Emil Rieve's Textile Workers (CIO) because I believe it to be a clean and crusading union, as senstitive as any to European and Asiatic problems of feeding war-seared, uprooted people. Yet this union, too, wants some protection from textile competition.

Rieve has explained this to Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and has urged him to investigate the whopping prices charged our people by the Australians for the irreplaceable wool we must import from Down Under. The British can get this wool cheaper than we can. Therefore our clothing prices are higher — and U.S. firms can't compete with foreign goods in our own land.

Competition from Japan

Then there's competition from Japan's textile industry — and few are more aware than Rieve and his colleagues of the desperate necessity in world politics for rehabilitating Japan. Yet the Nips' exports to the U.S. are hurting our textile workers in a field where jobs already are tight and profits low. So, not so long ago, Rieve's brilliant carrot-haired economic braintruster, Sol Barkin, conferred with Minoru Takita, president of the Japanese Textile Workers union, when Takita stopped over here en route home from Europe. Takita has 250,000 followers, working in modern oriental factories, turning out tremendous amounts of material for wages almost infinitestimal compared to ours.

Needs Dollars

He revealed that Japan could absorb all the textiles it now produces, but is forced to sell across the world, and in the U.S., to get the dollars Japan must have to keep alive and help us bulwark Asistic democracy.

So the CIO textile union is faced with a dilemna: should it fight for restrictions on Japan and make jobs for its people but injure our global strategy? It's a tough decision to make.

One Decision

But there can be only one final decision — a fight for American jobs. That's how it'll be, even for the equally crusading AFL hat-workers, worried over the 300 per cent import increase in furfelt hat bodies, which has jerked thousands of jobs from under American unionists and for the lumber and maritime workers in Oregon, where the Canadians have cut into jobs by selling timber across the border.

With the closing of the Waltham Watch Co. in Waltham, Mass., last Feb. 4th, an entire community was brickbatted by the loss of 2,358 jobs (about 1,800 of whom still wearily searching for work are living on a state dole). Until then, only fear of foreign competition stalked U.S. labor. But the closing, speeded by the import of some 10 million Swiss watch movements, has swiftly stimulated scores of other unions into action. In Washington recently, they conferred and organized, and soon will launch an open fight against foreign goods.

For the moment they see no other way. Poverty is more poignant when it's close by.

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—Judge Keech, through his decision acquitting the miners' union of contempt, has put President Truman in a terrible spot, politically and otherwise. But he had a right to reject "conjecture" and insist on "evidence" of collusion by the leaders with the striking miners.

Whether the Department of Justice was over-confident and presented what it believed was an adequate case based on the precedents created when Judge Goldsborough uttered his now famous "wink and nod" doctrine or whether Judge Keech, who was a former White House assistant, leaned over backward to pronounce judgment on the basis of lack of proof will be debated for a long time to come.

Laws Too Weak

Certainly the Republicans have been handed a major issue on a platter. This would tend to refute any idea that the case was not pressed in good faith. For today, instead of a Taft-Hartley law that is "oppressive," especially in its injunction feature, the country suddenly discoveres that its labor-management laws are not strong enough.

Plainly nobody in the Democratic administration has wanted to see such a contingency arise, for it affords an opportunity for Republican stump speakers to put further blame on the Democratic party.

Most important is the blunt fact now dramatized beyond any doubt that there is no law on the statute books that restrains an economic group bent on causing suffering and impairing the national health and safety.

Discipline Not Lacking

Obviously, the mine workers' union could have gotten the workers back on the job if it wished to do so. There is no lack of discipline in a closed-shop type of union. Undoubtedly also the strategy to circumvent the injunction if it came was worked out in great detail long before the strike occurred. It is a question whether anyone can be tried for a conspiracy to take steps to to circumvent an injunction before it is issued.

But, on the other hand, there can be little doubt that the government, by using the resources of the FBI and serving restraining orders on every officer of local unions, could secure the necessary evidence of a concerted refusal to go back to work. As Judge Goldsborough said, many hundreds of thousands of men in a union do not operate as individuals but in unison when they disregard plainly worded orders to go back to work. If, in truth, there has been such a collapse of discipline, then the right of a national union to conduct an industry-wide negotiation can also be questioned. So can the effectiveness of any signatures that may be affixed to a contract by union officers who have lost control of their men.

Arbitrarily Handled

Seizure of the mines will not resolve the larger issue that has arisen—the arbitrary manner in which the public interest has been damaged. Nor will any one-sided seizure bill get through Congress. If profits are held up, so probably would wage rates and working conditions be frozen until such time as both sides agree on a settlement.

Demand for a general revision of the labor-management laws will be pressed, too, and Congress may find itself taking up the Taft-Hartley amendments which have been pigeonholed by the Democratic party at the behest of the union leaders.

Leadership Needed

The American people now are face to face with the fact that economic groups have arisen which are apparently more powerful than the government and which can make a mockery of court orders and the whole collective-bargaining process. It certainly calls for a leadership which thus far neither party in Congress has been willing to assert.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Mark 1.

Mark's Gospel is the shortest and perhaps the earliest of the four. It is sometimes referred to as the 'extra special edition' of the Gospel, because of its rapid action, as though it were recording the greatest news in the world, as, in fact, it does. Mark, called John Mark in Acts 12:25, was a companion of Paul on his first missionary journey, but returned home soon after they had started, which Paul did not like. However, Mark is in the good graces of Paul again, as we see in 2 Timothy 4:11. One of the Church Fathers says that Mark got his material for his book from the Apostle Peter. There is nothing said about Jesus' infancy in Mark's Gospel. It may be called the Gospel of Jesus the Servant, as Matthew is that of Jesus the King. We do not need to know the pedigree of a servant, if he is willing and able to do the work assigned to him. Here we find Him busy, going from one good work to another. The characteristic word in this opening chapter is the Greek adverb, translated straightway, vs. 10, 18, 20; immediately, vs. 12, 28, 31; forthwith, v. 29, and anon, v. 30, denoting rapid action.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call, March 4, 1925, a Wednesday.

An important real estate transaction was consummated on Tuesday, when Atty. Oliver W. Frey, law partner of the late Thomas F. Diefenderfer, purchased from the latter's daughter, Mrs. Miriam C. Sterner, the building at 506 Hamilton St. The consideration was $40,000. For many years the property had been in the hands of the Woolever family, one of which, Samuel, founded the Morning Critic, predecessor of the Morning Call.

By a vote of two to one, taxpayers of Upper Milford township, at a special election Tuesday, rejected a propose dincreae s day, rejected a proposed increase in the bonded indebtedness of the township school district. They also defeated a bond issue of $40.000 with which it was planned to erect a suitable school building.

Dr. J. A. W. Haas, president of Muhlenberg college, last evening addressed members of the American Legion, on the ideals of athletics in civic life. George Holstrum, recreation supervisor and sub-chairman of the Legion's civic affairs committee, presided.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

On the morning of a Derby Day in Louisville, sportswriter Red Smith crept into the pressbox, showing every evidence of a strenuous session the evening previous. Grantland Rice whistled, and gasped, "Man, you should see your eyes." Red replied wearily, "If you think they look bad from where you sit, you should see them from this side!"

* * *

Clarence Bleicher, president of the De Soto division of Chrysler, confesses, "When we have a tough job at our plant, and our experts can't figure an easy way to do it, we put one of our laziest men on it. He'll find that easy way in hours flat. Then we adopt the method."

Step up to the window and pay as you go.

Beware of fine gifts. They may not be for you,
But for something that's wanted which you shouldn't do.

My boy, unto others try helpful to be:
But ask for a favor, no longer you're free.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Oh, that I were a highbrow!

But try as I may, my tastes remain just a step above the gutter level.

What brought this misfortune so clearly to my mind is a questionnaire I received in the mail a couple of weeks ago.

I should have answered it by now. But unless I lie like a trooper, I cannot answer it. The findings are to be published, and I am certainly not going to have myself exposed to the world as an incurable lowbrow. (This here is confidential.)

One of the questions is "What opera do you like best?"

A truthful answer would be, "I not only do not like any opera 'best,' I do not like any opera. Period!"

Several times during our married life my wife has dragged me to the Metropolitan Opera.

You will never know how I suffered!

The only interesting feature was that I didn't understand a word they sang.

Always there was wild applause. Always a lot of people claimed to be enthralled by the majesty of the performance.

But to me it was just a mass of fat primadonnas and knock-kneed tenors in funny costumes shrieking their heads off.

Then, when one or more got killed — as they do in most operas — immediately after their demise they arose and with a happy smile bowed to the cheering audience.

Not that a lot of opera music isn't nice. I like any music that is melodious and touches my heart.

But opera as such is ridiculous to me and an insult to my intelligence.

If you resent my frankness, I apologize. But I still don't like opera.

Another question in the questionnaire is "Which of Shakespeare's works do you like best?"

There again I must confess that I don't like Shakespeare.

He was a great writer, perhaps the greatest of them all.

But I don't like him.

I prefer the simple telling of the doings of today and tomorrow to the curlicued and embellished narratives of days gone by.

To me there is more excitement, more entertainment, more information in today's newspaper than in all the volumes of Shakespeare.

And I can hardly wait for tomorrow's newspaper. I know there will be a thrill-packed hour of enjoyment in it.

I could quote many more embarrassing questions in the questionnaire.

But why abase myself still more in your estimation?

I should be thoroughly ashamed of myself.

But I am not. I know that there are millions of people who feel just as I do — people who were over-fed with classical music and classical literature and with museums and galleries when they were young.

So, as with anything that is crammed down our throats we get indigestion and don't ever want to taste it again.

WIll you excuse me please? My wife has the radio turned on downstairs.

Somebody is singing "Dear Hearts and Gentle People."

There is something I like. There is something I can understand.

(Copyright 1950)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

FAVORS

A favor is something that's good to bestow;
But ask one, and then it's a debt that you owe.

The favor you grant you should promptly forget;
But the favor you ask you may later regret.

If you seek admittance to ball game or show,



BOOK NOTES

LESSER CROSSROADS. Edited by Hubert G. Schmidt. From the Story of an Old Farm. By Andrew D. Mellick, Jr.—Rutgers University Press, 1948. Pages 402.—$5.00.

On the shelves of our town libraries one may see occasionally an old book published in 1889 at Somerville, New Jersey, with the unobtrusive title "The Story of an Old Farm." Not many looked into this ponderous book of some 740 pages, which, even in its younger years, never enjoyed a large sale. Few books live to be republished 60 years later. What then was it in this book that caused it to burst forth and to flourish once more in our own generation? The little prospectus issued in 1889 contains the secret: "a new semi-social, semi-historical work . . . an attempt has been made to survey New Jersey history from the human rather than the civic side, thus filling in many interstices left by greater historians, and producing pages attractive from their biography, gossip and local color." Here in this book we have one of the earliest of that long line of notable publications which have roused the interest of the layman in history as a living pulsating process rather than mere files of events and dates buried in musty archives. And yet Andrew J. Mellick (1844-1895) might never have written this book if he had not as a young man been thrown from his horse and left a hopeless cripple. He had received only a common education but had been stimulated by extensive travels in the far West, in Cuba and in Europe, and expressed himself with considerable ease. Although not even able to hold a pen and dependent upon his friends and relatives for research in libraries and among original manuscripts, he undertook to write "The Story of an Old Farm," in which the central theme is the migration to America of a typical German family, that of Johannes Moelich, who in May, 1735, arrived in the little port of Philadelphia on the good ship Mercury, and the adjustment of this German family to its new-world surroundings and their daily lives and activities through the succeeding three generations. Surely, some one may interject, this could have been done in less than 743 pages, but our author, whose grandfather was the grandson of the original Johannes Moelich, whose name in the course of time had become Mellick, is not only an historian and antiquarian who loves the truth and authenticity, but he is also a born narrator, who writes with charm and sentiment and love of detail. The story of this pioneer family through three generations is after all, as the author states in his Preface "but a gossamer thread . . . a silken clue to the labyrinth of historical research, and always as the continuous cord upon which has crystallized a mass of interesting facts, traditions, and incidents illustrative of times and customs now long bygone."

Some of our readers will wonder why we have stopped to give an account of this book in the ECK. Knowing its contents we believe we are justified in doing so. This book sets forth in charming detail the daily life of an 18th century pioneer German family that lands in Philadelphia and settles across the Delaware in New Jersey. It cannot have differed essentially from that of many 18th century German families that settled on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. And because such a book has never been written about the Pennsylvania Germans, nor at this late date can ever be written with such atmosphere and historicity; and because its pages everywhere suggest this kindship and similarity with the lives of our Pennsylvania German pioneer ancestors, it must be evident why this book is very valuable to us today. There are of course also reasons of minor degree: the charming pictures this antiquarian gives of Philadelphia in the years when our Pennsylvania pioneers arrived in its port; "that peculiar Pennsylvania institution," the big-blue-bodied Conestoga wagon; Johannes Moelich's membership in Zion's Lutheran Church, Lebanon Township, Tewkesbury, whose pulpit was occasionally supplied by the Patriarch Heinrich Melchior Muehlenberg; about redemptioners, or term-slaves as they were also known; about the big barns and the importance in the Middle Colonies of the Germans, "a people who in their own country had been disciplined in habits of industry, sobriety, frugality and patience, and were consequently peculiarly fitted for the many laborious occupations of a new land"; about methods of farming in those early days; about foods and activities in the kitchen; about spinning and the loom; about the Hessians, "probably the most abused people of the time"; some fine remarks about Benjamin Rush, the "Tacitus" of the Pennsylvania Germans; and some most interesting pages about that fiery patriot, General Peter Muhlenberg.

It was a fine idea to bring forth this altogether charming narrative in a new garb, carefully edited, with deletions of material less relevant to a larger general reading public, under the new name LESSER CROSSROADS, which well defines its nature.—

* * * *

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.—Volume 29. The Painted Tray and Free Hand Bronzing. By Elizabeth S. Hoke.—Pages 40.—$1.00.

All those who have yielded to the pleasant home craft of painting tinware, whether coffee pots, cannisters, tea caddies, spice boxes, trays, or whatever, will find in this recent pamphlet by Elizabeth S. Hoke a most valuable aid. The larger part of this booklet is devoted to the subject of trays. Beautiful halftones of some of the trays show their original designs, but nonetheless interesting are the ones in which the author has indicated what can be done with repainting old tin with designs drawn from other sources. The booklet contains both practical instruction and much general information. The chapter titles will convey some idea of their contents: Living with Tin; Trays; Tin in the Kitchen; Tin in the Dairy; The Tin Shop; Gilding a Border; An Adventure in Free Hand Bronzing. The booklet contains numerous fine halftone cuts and some beautiful color plates. Very useful to the craftsman are the fine line drawings of old-time central designs of floral motifs, birds and fountains, as well as border motifs. This is one of the most beautiful of Mrs. Keyser's homecraft booklets. It will bring pleasure and inspiration to those who are working in this field.

* * * *

AMERICAN QUILTS AND COVERLETS. A history of a charming native art together with a manual for instruction for beginners, by FLORENCE PETO. With fifty-six reproductions in color and monochrome and fifty patterns and diagrams in line. Chanticleer Press. New York. 1949. Pages 64.—$3.50.

This beautiful book, devoted to one of our most widely practiced American folk arts, is one in a series published by the Chanticleer Press under the general title of AMERICAN CRAFTS. Part One, consisting of 44 of the 64 pages, presents an historical treatment of American quilts; Part Two offers a valuable manual of instruction. One is disappointed to find in it so little about the Pennsylvania German patchwork quilt. Excepting the Barbara Frick Spread, p. 17 and Plate 5, and the Pennsylvania Dutch Applique Quilt, Plate 21, with its "crude but vital designs expressive of the individualistic art of the early settlers of hardy German stock in Eastern Pennsylvania," we find nothing else pertaining to our own highly developed patchwork and quilting art. Perhaps it is because Mrs. Peto, well-known authority on quilts and coverlets, had already exhausted this portion of her field in her earlier book "Historic Quilts", published by The American Historical Company, New York, in 1939. In that book Chapter VII is entitled "Of Pennsylvania Provenance", consisting of two parts. The first part is given up largely to a consideration of the late Joseph P. Deibert of Schnecksville, Pa., who was known to many generations of Pennsylvania German children as a schoolmaster. In his last years he sought an avocation in the designing and making of quilts, one of which "God's Autumn Cover" is illustrated on Plate No. 45. Part Two in the same chapter considers a number of Pennsylvania German quilts and the family histories of their makers.

* * * *

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN DIALECT SPOKEN IN THE COUNTIES OF LEHIGH AND BERKS: Phonology and Morphology. By Carroll E. Reed. (Introduction in collaboration with Lester W. Seifert. University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1949.

This valuable work is the result of investigations begun in 1939 under the direction of Dr. Hans Kurath, then of Brown University, and Director and Editor of the Linguistic Atlas of New England.

It has long been recognized that our dialect is not homogeneous and that there are regional variants. The methods employed by Dr. Kurath in doing the Linguistic Atlas of New England were now to be applied to the eastern area of Pennsylvania. Two graduate students, Carroll E. Reed and Lester W. Seifert, were assigned to this task. Since linguistic geography differs from other branches of linguistics in the type of material used, in the method of collecting material and in the method of interpreting the collected data, the linguistic geographer has to go into the field and record specimens of the language spoken. Literary documents, the written speech, are only considered as secondary sources. A definitely worked out questionnaire had to be made and applied at each interview. The next step was to decided where, in what areas, the recordings should be made. It was finally concluded that Mr. Reed was to work in the western part of Berks County, in the Schuylkill River watershed known as the Lebanon Valley with Womelsdorf as his base; Mr. Seifert was to work in the western part of the Lehigh Valley, with his base at Fogelsville. The work done by these two men was only to be the initial work of a much larger and more inclusive survey, a Dialect Atlas of the entire Pennsylvania German area. The results are in part set forth in the book that lies before us. The introduction was prepared by Reed and Seifert jointly. Part 2, Phonology and Morphology was done by Dr. Reed, now of the German Faculty of Washington University. Part 3, Vocabulary, by Dr. Seifert, now a member of the German Faculty of the University of Wisconsin, is to appear in a subsequent volume.

* * * *

AN INDEX OF 'S PENNSYLFAWNISH DEITSCH ECK OF THE ALLENTOWN MORNING CALL, 1935-1945. A Thesis by Blanche Verna Weisel. Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of MASTER OF EDUCATION, January 1949.

This work was done under the direction of Professor W. L. Werner, Head of the English Department of The Pennsylvania State College. Professor Werner has in the past years repeatedly assigned to graduate students subjects in the field of Pennsylvania German for Master's theses.

We pay our respects to Miss Weisel for her fortitude and long-suffering in doing this thesis. It was a new experience for the editor of the ECK to look for a short time at his weekly column through the eyes of another person. It was like watching a passing parade or pageant whose figures had become somewhat dimmed with the passing of the years. He read that it was the desire of the editor of the ECK to publish from time to time such documents and works pertaining to the history of the Pennsylvania Germans, which are either very rare and inaccessible, or else have been published in the German language, which so many of our readers are no longer able to read; that the editor wishes to devote some space to related material in English; to encourage new writers in prose and verse; to include articles on the dialect, discussions on phonetics and on regional dialect differences and historical and biographical. He learned that the ECK had become a veritable storehouse of information and that scholars, folklorists and philologists in the world at large had taken recognition of his efforts. He further learned that during the first decade of its existence 75 books and pamphlets pertaining to the Pennsylvania Germans, their history, their dialect and their arts and crafts had been reviewed and was consternated to think that he had written most of them himself. In March, 1945, the ECK rounded out its first ten years, at which time, Miss Weisel points out, the Editor received many gracious letters and testimonials. Professor Werner, who later started Miss Weisel upon this task wrote on that occasion: "The ECK has a double appeal, being familiar enough to interest us 'Deitsche' and sufficiently erudite to interest students of our culture. Needless to say, this double aim is difficult to achieve and I can think of no other newspaper feature that compares with it."

In a concluding paragraph of her Preface the author sets forth the plan of her thesis as follows: "It has been the purpose of the author of this index to classify the material contained in the first ten years of the ECK in such a way as to be as helpful as possible to the average reader. It, therefore, contains an index of authors, titles, Pennsylvania German dialect material and book reviews. The list of authors contains all authors except those included under book reviews. The list of titles includes all English articles, poems and stories except the book reviews. All dialect material is indexed separately but it is subdivided into two groups —poetry and prose. The book reviews are listed separately also. These are indexed under the title of the book, followed by the author's name, and the reviewer's name appears in parenthesis after that."

For all this the Editor expresses to Miss Weisel his humble thanks and doubly so, since he himself had kept no record of the contents of the ECK. —P. A. B.

SCHLITTEFAAHRE

Hurrah fer der Winter! hurrah fer der Schnee!
Nau raus mit em Schlitte un zeehl mer ken zwee;
Do muss mer sich dummle schunscht geht der Schnee weck.
Verleicht bis uff marye hockt alles im Dreck.

Hurrah fer der Winter! der Schlitte muss raus,
Was will mer am Offe, was will mer im Haus?
Un druff mit de Belle, schunscht iss es ken Gfaahr,
Der Winter iss karz un die Schlittebaah raar.

Hurrah fer der Winter! nau geht's emol ab,
Wie sneller wie liewer, giddap! Sal un Bob.
Was rabble die Belle, was schpringe die Geil;
Des iss aa mol gfaahre, des geht yo wie 'n Peil.

Hurrah fer der Winter! die Luft iss so frisch,
Was mache die Leefe so'n lieblich Gegrisch!—
Mer hockt do im Schlitte wie Dauwe im Nescht,
Die Meed un die Buwe, wie immer—du weesscht!

Hurrah fer der Winter! so ebbes iss Gschpass;
Die Meed singe 'n Liedel, die Buwe der Bass;
Un geht's in die Schneebenk un schmeisst's emol um,
Geht's drunner un driwwer, was gebt mer yo drum.

Hurrah fer der Winter! mit Eis un mit Schnee;
Im Summer verschmelst mer un schafft sich ganz ree;
Die Warscht sin nau zeitich, die Eppel sin geel,
Do geht mer ans Bsuche, mer drefft's yo net fehl.

'S iss immer zu schaffe, yuscht 's hot ken so'n Eil,
Mer dutt's mit Maschine un schont no die Geil;
Die Owet sin lang un die Daage sin karz,
Do nemmt mer sich's gut bis der fufzehte Marz.

Hurrah fer der Winter! hurrah un hurrah!
Nau raus mit em Cutter un druff mit de Fraa;
Un loss es mol klingle bis alle Hund blafft.
Der Winter iss do un die Arwet iss gschafft.

Feb. 1897 —ASTOR C. WUCHTER

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CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 705

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

"Tis the mind that makes the body rich. — *Shakespeare*

Anthracite Settlement

Satisfaction over agreement on a new contract for the anthracite mines, particularly insofar as it concerns return to a five or six-day week, is by no means confined to the hard coal regions.

It's going to mean a great deal right here in Lehigh county, for whatever is good for our neighbors to the north is bound to be good for us in a great many ways.

Fortunately, the anthracite mines have not been closed down tight as was the case with bituminous coal, but three-day week operations over a long period of time did cause a pinch felt in many directions. The added days of work and fatter pay envelopes to come will mean much not only for the miners and their families, but to all business throughout the valley.

Under terms of the new contract, miners will receive 70 cents a day more, effective March 16 and their welfare fund payments will be increased from 20 to 30 cents a ton. The anthracite diggers have been averaging between $12.50 and $13 a day.

For the anthracite region as a whole this means a tremendous income boost. Some 78,000 miners will benefit by $10 million a year in pay, while their welfare fund will get a $4 million boost, providing they are able to dig an estimated 40 millions tons of coal within the next year.

Concurrent with this will, of course, come an increase in the cost of coal to the ultimate payer of all these bills—the consumer. It is expected the hike will be something like 50 cents a ton. The operators estimate the actual cost to them of the new increases in pay and benefits will run between 51 and 55 cents a ton.

Life Seems Cheap

Last week an automobile careomed over the guard rail on the highway between Mauch Chunk and Nesquehoning and rolled down a steep embankment to the railroad tracks far below. The score: One killed, several gravely injured and one automobile demolished.

In the last four years this same stretch of highway has seen a number of identical accidents. Three lives have been lost, a number have been crippled and considerable property has been destroyed.

The stretch is a straightway. It looks innocent enough.

It is when the road is covered with ice and snow that it is treacherous. That was the case last week.

On the side of the road where the guard is located, a retaining wall extends downward some feet then the embankment continues downward to the railroad tracks at a steep angle. All told the distance from the road bed to the tracks is 200 feet.

When there is snow, the state highway department plows come along and push the snow up against the guard. Snow and slush freeze into a solid ramp. When the automobile starts to skid there is nothing to hold it from going over the ramp.

The stretch is a part of the main arteries of Routes 209 and 309. It is heavily travelled.

These fatal accidents have been happening periodically at the same place. Locally the stretch is known as "The Liberties." Just why, no one seems to know. However it is evident that safety measures are far from adequate. To permit this dangerour condition to continue to exist is placing a bargain tag on human lives.

Where There Is Smoke

Charges that Doris Kenyon, a former U. S. state department employe, has been affiliated with at least 28 Communist-front organizations have been made by Sen. McCarthy of Wisconsin before the Senate Foreign Relations committee.

Mr. McCarthy says every one of these organizations has been declared subversive by an official government agency. None of them are on the U. S. attorney general's list.

If this is true, then the state department is mighty lax in its check of employes. Sen. McCarthy's charges seem to support indirectly the accusations of extreme indifference by the department as to the communistic inclinations of those on its payroll, an attitude Mr. Truman has supported in various ways.

On the other hand, Sen. McCarthy has his personal work cut out for him. Only a few weeks ago he charged 57 card-holding Communists were on the payroll of the State Department. To date Miss Kenyon's name is the only one he has brought out into the open, and she actually is no longer on the government payroll. If the gentleman from Wisconsin has the kind of evidence he says he has, then let him come forward with it. As a citizen, it is his duty to do so. But if he can't substantiate what he has said, it would have been far better not to have made the charges in the first place.

Vigilance in Our Schools

Dr. Francis B. Haas, state superintendent of public instruction, quite properly cautions against the introduction of subversive literature into our schools.

Warnings have frequently been sounded about certain literature issued by foreign nations, especially those within the Russian orbit, which though harmless looking contain dangerous propaganda. They are frequently used in all innocence.

"Children in public schools," Dr. Haas says, "should be presented with all the facts on any given controversial subject consistent with their ability to understand and comprehend the issues. "But," he adds, "safeguards must be developed to prevent the spreading of false and misleading information."

Because the state department of education has no list of subversive books and magazines and because under the law school boards have control over such matters anyhow, the importance of vigilance on the local level cannot be overemphasized.

Sensible

Just in case City Council wonders, we are in a position to heartily endorse the idea of microfilming.

For some years now the Call-Chronicle Newspapers have been using this process to preserve files of daily papers. Prior to that our bound volumes were crowding us out of house and home. Besides paper is perishable and easily damaged and many of our older volumes were showing serious signs of wear.

Today the Evening Chronicle, microfilmed way back to March 3, 1870, is stored in a single small cabinet. The Morning Call file goes back to 1895 and takes up no room at all by comparison to the old method.

The problem of preserving municipal records must be an acute one. No doubt hundreds of valuable documents — valuable at least historically — have been thrown out for lack of room or lost through the usual hazards of storage.

The new plan will provide city hall with an amazing amount of new space and put its record keeping on an efficient modern basis.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

ON DA FARM BUREAU FERSOMMLING: 'M Dunnershdawg worra m'r widder bei da bauerhen dié 12d yairlich fersommling ei ganumma fom Lehigh Farm Bureau Coop, on Champmans. Die fersommling uf kours is k'halta werra im Lechaw Dahler milich gabei uf da Nord 7d shtross, Allentown. Fon ol da fiela fersommlinga fon unnershittlicha orta os es unser blessier is ei tzu nemma, is naryads nix tzu-fer-gleicha tzu da drup bauers leit os doh tzu sehna sin. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie sin net bauers leit fer der dawg, ow'r bisnis leit drous fer ihra bisnis indressa noh gucka.

Der Farm Bureau is es yohr rum on da arwet, da bauer mit helfa uf alla waiga, un won die yairlich fersommling rum kumt, bleibt die arwet uf 'm long leia un ol sin drous fer 'n gutie tzeit. Sis ken ferlaidmeedichie minuta on ra Farm Bureau fersommling. 'S wor nadierlich ol bisnis fon 10 uhr farmie dawgs bis es middawg essa kumma is, un noh widder bis shpote nommy dawgs. A shwetzer noch 'm onnerra, un mit da Emmauser Hoch Shule band fer shpiela, un da weibsleit Guild ihra g'shpiel grawd fer middawg, -ich sawg eich, tzeit is g'floga.

Noh is es aw net yusht die bismis os so'n fersommling so aw ganame mocht, ow'r aw wie freind un bakonta woh ferleicht nonner fer 'n gons yohr net sehna. Doh wert noh gablauder'd darrich die middawg shtun, uns middawg essa in da grossa milich facktory ihra garage, hut em shier onna picknick gamohnt. 'N yaders wies nei kumma is hut 'n daller ganumma, un is on da roy nunner woh die Ameci kech g'shtonna hen mit grossa kessel un leffel fers middawg essa ous shanka. Shunka flaish wor drump, mit arabsa, gamashda grumbierra un gravy, fer tzurick noch 'm dish nemma. Longa dish worra g'setst mit allas shunshd os es ganumma hut fers middawg essa fartich mocha.

M'r worra aw froh die fiela fegelcher tzu sehna woh on da fersommling worra. Wos noch mainer is, sie hen aw gapifa, un uns dale fon da arrickshda socha fertzailt os yusht tzu denka sin. Ains so gore hut gawwunert eb der Ruvie Ringer fon nagshd on Neffs ols noch sei tzwae paar unner glaider uf nonner aw het, woh er shtarta hut weara wie er un die Coletta tzurick kumma sin fon Florida. Dart drunna klaima sie wears warm gawest, un doh howwa so dunners kalt. Aenicha waig, so wie m'r fershtaina, hut der Ruvie tzwae paar unnerglaider aw, der iwwerruck, shweara gums, ohra kop un fousht handshing, un sich hinnich der offa k'huck'd -uns wor 'm ols noch kalt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R M'r wolla gross donk sawga tzum Pennsbaryer Bausch Knibbel fer der shae brief woh er uns g'schriva hut, un aw fer der shae winsch fer glick un g'sundhate fer die nagshda 25 yohr.

M'r sin gore net geitsich mit unserra fegel, un wolla nomma hoffa selar bobagoy woh er secht os der Irvie Mensch 'm uf die oxel k'huck'd het, ihm so gute bei shtae mawg wie unser fegelcher uns immer bei shtain.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

On sleepless nights in Australia, they no longer count sheep. They count rabbits. Red Rabbits. Communist rabbits — the little beasts. And it may sound funny —but it certainly isn't humorous to the Aussie farmers who find millions of dollars worth of foodstuffs eaten each night by the creatures.

Part of the tale of those rabbits, strange as it seems, is the story of the totality of the world Communist operation. So if the senators who were bickering with each other instead of listening during the Senate's probe of the State Dept. will cease harassing each other for a moment, I'll give them a swift picture of this global operation.

Food Vital

Let's get back to those rabbits. Food is vital to the down-under continent, for it's far off and the world freight lanes are slow. Australia's scourge is rabbits, millions on millions of them roaming the colony. It takes tons of wire fencing and mesh to contain the four legged, big - eared hordes During the war, this fencing deteriorated and even disappeared in spots. The danger to food supplies was sharp.

It was as bad or worse than our dust bowl storms. But so tight is the comrades' hold on the Australian waterfront that her ports have become the world's longest "turnabout" docks. That is, it takes longer to get a freighter in and out of Australia than any other dockside. Which makes it so unprofitable for shipowners that now there's only about one freighter from the U.S. to Australia every month. Cargo holds are jammed and wire fencing is too bulky when space is at a premium.

What about local production? Well, some of the steel workers unions there are left-wing controlled, and they go in for typical lefty-led rolling flash strikes — day - long tie - ups over phony grievances in special plants. Result: shortage of wire fencing and mesh. Thus millions of dollars and tons of foodstuffs are lost to invading armies of furry little beasts.

Deliberate

It may sound weird, but it's deliberate. And planned to be costly to the Australian economy. Therefore harmful tc Great Britain, which is so short of food.

Other world action is more direct. Early in February, Soviet intelligence discovered that "a huge mechanism for the take-off of radio - conducted flying bombs," similar to the old Nazi V-2, was due in the port of Nice on Feb. 14. The machine arrived on schedule, heavily crated and strongly guarded by 150 members of France's new State Security force.

Word was flashed immediately to the Communist action squads to dump it in the Mediterranean.

And the orders were tough— for the missile machine they wanted misguided had been assigned by the French to Marshall Tito, upon whom Soviet satellite troops reportedly will be ready to march this spring. There was a flash riot. Members of the Communist portside union swooped down on the Security police and dumped the flying-bomb apparatus into the sea. It took the army three days and scores of tear gas bombs to restore peace, raise the contraption and ship it.

Plan It Here

Now, that's exactly the treatment the French Communist action squads are preparing for U.S. tanks and guns — which leave our East coast ports in a day or two, if my information from the State Dept. is correct. So there have been long discussions between U.S. State Dept. officials and the French Embassy on how to protect unloadings of advance shipments of the billion dollars worth of armaments we're giving them. And that's the reason for the riots in the French Assembly. Paris has promised that she would legally stop those "labor" riots. Therefore, the Communist deputies are trying to filibuster the new security laws, until our stuff arrives, is dumped by their squads and we lose face throughout the world.

But the Communists won't be able to portray this dockside battle as a fight between repressive police and "workers." Joe Curran, dynamic leader of CIO sailors, has just told me: "You can bet our seamen will defend themselves, especially in carrying out our nation's policy."

And, in a few days, Phil Murray and Bill Green will proclaim that the U. S.'s "16,000,000 working people" stand behind this nation's efforts to rebuild and arm a free world. Then it'll be our free Joes against their robots. We'll see who'll win.

Set for Showdown

Brother, if you think I'm waving the flag, I am. That's the kind of showdown they want — that's what they'll get. Right from our own workers.

For another flash view of their use of the labor movement right here at home, the senators can call for Mike Quill's recent testimoney before the CIO trial board. Mike's as tough as his gnarled shillelagh. He disclosed to the CIO high command that Communist Party Chief Eugene Dennis told him that it's "important" that the public workers' leaders don't "upset the applecart." They "must maintain the cloak of CIO in the Canal Zone."

I'll give you three guesses why, senators. Stop needling each other and take a good look. If you'll pardon the expression: "It's later —and livelier—than you think."

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David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

The House Armed Services committee has quite a problem now in determining how to protect its witnesses from punishment for giving testimony. The federal criminal statutes forbid it, and ten members of the committee have united in a request that the department consider prosecution of the secretary of the navy for having removed Adm. Denfeld as a "reprisal" for testimony he gave last October at the invitation of the committee.

The most important piece of evidence which hitherto has not been made public concerns a document filed with the House committee just before it issued its statement pronouncing the removal to be an act of reprisal.

Corroborates View

This document was transmitted to the Senate Armed Services committee on Feb. 9, with the request that it be made available to the House Armed Services committee. From members of the House committee comes the information that the document corroborates the view taken by the ten members who believe the federal law may have been broken. The document comprises testimony sent by Adm. Denfeld to the Senate committee in reply to statements made by Secretary Matthews on Jan. 30 before that committee.

The letter from Adm. Denfeld says:

"Because this is the first opportunity that I will have had to present my views to the Senate Armed Services committee on the circumstances surrounding my removal as chief of naval operations on Oct. 27, 1949, I desire to comment briefly in this letter, and more extensively in the enclosed memorandum, on the sequence of events which led up to said removal.

'Result of Testimony'

"Prior to Oce. 13, 1949, which was the day I testified before the House Armed Services committee, there was an intimacy and cordiality between the secretary of the navy and myself which supports my conviction that what happened after Oct. 13 was the direct result of my testimony.

"I have been in the naval service for 40 years. I could testify only to that which, in my honest judgment, appeared to be the facts relating to an efficient and effective navy. Under the unification law, the chief of naval operations, along with the other members of the joint chiefs of staff, is specifically charged with the duty of giving military advice to the secretary of the navy, or to the secretary of defense, or to the president of the United States. I would have been derelict in my duty in testifying before a congressional committee had I altered my convictions to suit the expediencies of the moment.

'Many Contradictions'

"There are in the record which you sent me many contradictions and inaccurate observations, revealing, I regret to say, the unfamiliarity of the secretary of the navy with the simplest proceedures of the office of the chief of naval operations. . .

'But all these minor circumstances have been magnified out of all proportion with the result that the real point in this case is beclouded, namely, that I was punished for having expressed my honest convictions before a committee of the Congress of the United States.

'Issue Remains'

"Stripping this question of all extraneous matter and circumstances, the issue still remains: Was I or was I not removed from office for my testimony before the House Armed Services committee? Knowing intimately as I do the circumstances surrounding this sequence of events, I am willing to testify before your committee under oath that I was never given any intimation by the secretary of the navy or by anyone else that my services as chief of naval operations would be terminated, until the day an announcement to that effect was made in the press, namely, Oct. 27. On the contrary, when through no culpability of any one in my office, the Bogan letter discussing unification policies was released for publication, the secretary of the navy told me that, much as he regretted the incident, he has weathered worse storms than this before and that he and I working together would weather this one. This, I may point out, was on Oct. 4 and prior to my testimony of Oct. 13.

"My career as an active naval officer is ended. What happens to me is of no great significance, but the decision on the two fundamental issues raised by my removal are vital to the security of the United States. These issues are whether the views I expressed before the House Armed Services committee on national security are sound, and second, whether or not an officer in the armed services can testify to the truth as he sees it without fear of reprisal."

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Mark 8

A second time Jesus feeds a multitude of people (4,000 this time), who had spent the day, more intent upon spiritual food derived from His teaching, than upon physical food. But He, realizing their need, multiplies, by supernatural power, the seven loaves of v. 5. They have seven baskets of fragments left over (contrast with the 12 baskets of 6:43, and read vs. 19-20 of this chapter). In vs. 22-25, He Who is the light of the world gives sight to a man who was blind. There are those who ridicule such miracles, forgetting the greater one by which the same Creator normally gives two good eyes to every child born into this world from day to day. How many of us thank Him daily for such blessings? In vs. 27 and 29, correct 'Whom' to 'Who', and read, 'Who do men say that I am?' Peter's confession. 'Thou art the Christ' (that is, the Messiah) is given more fully in Matthew 16:16. He announces His death at v. 31, of which Peter wanted to hear nothing, not understanding the significance of it. So Jesus rebukes him and says, 'Get thee behind Me, Satan'. In v. 34, whosoever is willing to follow Jesus, will have to bear his own cross, too.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call for March 11, 1925, a Wednesday

With such features as the new Juvenile band, Joe Cook's Bohemians and the Yo-Eddie Quartette, WSAN, the Morning Call's broadcasting station, presented one of its best programs to date. Evidence of appreciation of the program was gleaned from the avalanche of telephone calls that came to the office of the Call throughout the evening.

* * *

A large crowd attended a musocal at the Hotel Traylor, sponsored by the Sgt. Joseph Holveck post, No. 538, Veterans of Foreign Wars. The performers were Louise Lerch, soprano, Hazel Deitsch, harp, Lloyd A. Moll, violin, and Clarence W. Reinert, baritone.

Horoscope

Indications are that you should have revival of fortunes during the next months, but be cautious in all your activities. Today's child is apt to be fortunate and happy through life.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A week or so ago, you may remember, I proposed an amendment to the Constitution, whereby the age of the president was to be changed from a minimum of 35 to one of 21, and the maximum was to be 45 years of age.

Thus, as I was told by a well-meaning reader, I showed my political ignorance.

As you all know, ignorance of anything does not prevent the ignoramus from setting himself up as an authority on the very thing about which he knows nothing.

You can easily ascertain that by reading any copy of the Congressional Record that you may have handy.

* * *

Since, by the above irrefutable logic, it follows that the fewer subjects a person knows anything about the more he is an authority on (oh, what abominable English!), I shall now make another world - shaking suggestion.

This one will solve all of the trouble between Russia and ourselves.

The idea came from a picture sent to the United States by radio photo.

It showed Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vishinsky signing the 30-year friendship treaty with the Chinese Reds, alias the Chinese People's Republic.

* * *

I studied that picture carefully.

Whenever I have seen Vishinsky at the United Nations sessions at Lake Success, or at some function in New York City, he was dressed in ill-fitting, badly-designed, shabby-looking civilian clothes.

Sometimes he seemed to need a shave. Sometimes he made me feel like offering him my bathtub.

But now at this treaty-signing in Moscow.

There he was in a magnificent uniform with gold epalets, gold ornaments on his collar, gold braid on his cuffs. He was bedecked with medals, stars and crosses.

He looked like one of those neon signs on Times Square at night. Or he might have been mistaken for a Christmas tree with spectacles.

His aides also wore gorgeous uniforms. The inkwells looked as if they were made of onyx or marble, trimmed with gold.

The penholder was obviously made of gold. The chair on which he sat had gold embroidery all over it. The velvet table cover was edged with gold.

Stalin wore a uniform. Mao of China wore one.

And everybody smiled.

Why don't we try it that way with the Russians?

Instead of wearing drab civilian clothes at our conferences with them, let us wear uniforms —the more gorgeous the better.

It doesn't make any difference what they are — Elks, Shriners, firemen, anything at all.

Let us wear medals — any medal will do.

Then let us swap medals with them. They love medals.

For one of their Stars of Lenin, we can give them three of our trophies won at a dog show, a swimming meet, a bowling tournament.

* * *

Crazy? Perhaps. But we have tried everything else. Why not this?

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The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

THE PERFECT MAN

The man she married older grew
And changed a lot, as husbands do.
As time went on she learned that he
Had many faults she'd failed to see.
She wished when they were in a crowd
His laughter wasn't quite so loud.
He left his clothing tossed about,
And though his love she didn't doubt,
She'd ask him sadly now and then:
"Why can't you be like other men?"

Not so the man she might have wed.
If he be living still, or dead,
Or rich or poor or thin or stout,
He's still a man to talk about.
He kept the charm which once he had.

No faults has he to make her sad.
There are no wrinkles in his face,
Time has not left on him a trace.
He stays, when all is done and said,
The perfect man she might have wed.

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THE MAN WHO WAS NICE AND COMMON

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Like many of Elsie Singmaster's earlier stories, the scene of this story is "Millerschtedtel," the Macungie of today. It is reprinted in the ECK with the kind permission of Harper's and the Author.—ED.

Socrates and all his philosophic children recognize a certain "suspension" as the proper frame of mind for an inquirer. Of this Millerstown knows nothing. Millerstown's mind is made up long before the facts of a case are apparent.

Jacob Volk and the younger of the two young Fackenthals saw the stranger first from the high seat of their coal-wagon.

"Who is he?" asked Jacob.

"Where does he come from?" demanded Jim.

"What is he doing in the hotel?"

"What does he have in that satchel?"

"He is lame."

"He is thin as a switch."

"He looks dumb."

"I could blow him over with my breath." Jim pretended to strike his fat roans a mighty blow with the end of the lines. "Get up, ihr faule Dinger (you lazy beasts)!"

Jacob Volk prepared to climb down from the wagon.

"Let me off! I will see what he is doing in the hotel. I will see where he comes from. I will see—"

Jim Fackenthal laughed and drove on. Jacob Volk was the most inquisitive man in the universe; it was well to punish him. But Jacob, regardless of coal-dust and rheumatism, scrambled over the back of the seat into the body of the wagon and dropped to the road.

In the combination bar-room and office Jacob's low opinion of the stranger was fortified. He was even thinner than a switch, he wore glasses—ridiculous affectation of the school-teachers and preachers—he walked with a slight limp, he accepted without protest the charge for room and board to which the hotel-keeper added a dollar above the usual amount. Indeed—esel (donkey) that he was—he seemed surprised that it should be so low. He said that he might stay all summer. Jacob flew to tell the news.

"A stranger!"

"He will stay all summer!"

"What does he look like?"

"Do you think it is anything in him?"

"What will he do in Millerstown?"

"Perhaps he will start a new church."

"Perhaps he is a insurance man."

"Perhaps he will keep summer school."

"I won't send my children to summer school; he need not think it!"

The stranger apparently expected nothing from any of them. He kept his own counsel, and divided his time between his shady corner room overlooking the village street and the little mountain back of Millerstown. The hotel-keeper's wife said also that he took medicine.

"Pooh!" commented Millerstown.

Millerstown did its best to learn his business. Sarah Ann Mohr, who lived across the street, knew when he rose, and that was shamefully late, and when he went to bed, and that made Sarah Ann lose many hours of good sleep. The postmaster observed carefully the postmark of every letter he received, the address of every letter which he sent away. Most of them went to a lady by the name of Smith who lived in New York. Inasmuch as the young man's name was Smith, not much could be made out of this discovery.

The boys followed him in his walks on the mountain, but, like a famous king of France, he merely marched up and then marched down.

Ellie Wenner, who washed for him, could contribute only a single item. His clothes were mended, she said, as though he had a mother.

Presently Millerstown had recourse to plain questions. Had he a mother living? Yes, indeed! A father? No. Brothers and sisters? No. How had he heard of Millerstown? He saw the name on a time-table. Did he ever know any one from Millerstown? No. Did he like Millerstown? Very much.

But if the young man refused to divulge his own affairs, he was at least willing to listen to the affairs of others. He heard about Wenner's first wife's people, who wanted all the first wife's housekeeping things. Elias Bittner liked to tell all his private woes. Pit Gaumer dealt principally with church quarrels. Jacob Volk had a quarrel with the universe. Old man Fackenthal liked to talk about Elias and Pit and Jacob, especially in their own presence. All Millerstown liked to talk all the time.

And the young man liked to listen. When he went for his laundry he sat on the bench outside the kitchen door and heard all Ellie Wenner's woes. He held on his knee the clock which the relatives of the first Mrs. Wenner had tried to steal; he was shown the faded spot on the parlor wall from which they had torn her crayon portrait.

"They came in the window when I was off," declared Ellie. "What do you think of that, say?"

"I think it was shocking." The stranger was always kind, always sympathetic; he was, as Millerstown would have said, "nice and common."

He was also excessively polite. When he fell over Elias Bittner's foot, he said, "Excuse me," and then blushed crimson when Elias responded only with a loud, rude, and suffering "Ouch!"

By-and-by he began to get on Millerstown's nerves. They were sure there was "something wrong" about him. Perhaps he was a burglar or a swindler or a safecracker. Then they were equally sure that he was "a little off," and to this conclusion they clung. They began to laugh at him among themselves, once or twice children yelled at him on the street. They had names for him: "Der Frantz Hans," because his fine clothes and his professed inability to speak Pennsylvania German made him seem proud and self-important; sometimes "Der Ueberg'scheit," because he was overwise, sometimes "Der Simple," because he believed everything they told him.

Gradually from mornings until night Millerstown fooled him to the top of his bent. They did not begin with any concerted conspiracy against him; no one person agreed with any other to deceive him; they simply could not help themselves. The whole joke-loving community was similarly affected.

Ellie Wenner's husband's first wife's relatives no longer crept in the window; they broke down the front door, and one of them carried a gun. Sarah Ann Mohr's pigs no longer weighed four hundred pounds; they weighed five hundred, five hundred and fifty, one even seven hundred. The single wildcat which had haunted the minds of Millerstown children for generations, and which was really an invention to keep them from straying to the mountain, grew to a nest of wildcats, then to a herd. Eventually the herd descended upon the village and carried off a child.

"We could hear them in the night always," declared Jacob Volk, with bulging eyes. "Like lions, they shook themselves and roared."

The stranger was as excited as any story-teller could wish.

"'They gaped upon you with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion,'" he quoted from the Bible.

Jacob swung his feet from the top of the hotel-porch railing to the floor with a crash.

"You have right!" he cried. "That was it, exactly."

But it was not on Ellie Wenner's washbench or on the hotel porch that Millerstown did its best; it was in front of old man Fackenthal's. There were three maple-trees; against each one was propped a chair: in one sat old man Fackenthal, in another Elias Bittner, in the third Pit Gaumer. Jacob Volk sat on the door-step, and in the middle of the long bench sat "The Simple." On the curb and crowded round Jacob on the step were as many Millerstonians as could be accommodated. No one sat on the bench beside the stranger; from that angle the delightful expressions on his gullible face could not have been seen. The neighboring door-steps were crowded also: the rest of the village was almost forsaken. Had it not been that the stranger was pious as well as simple-minded, the Sunday-evening services would have suffered.

There was no order of speech: no one was called upon to open the meeting; no one practised beforehand. They behaved just as they always behaved.

"I remember—" Jacob Volk would begin.

"My pop told me—" Elias Bittner would interrupt.

"I wish you would be still," Pit Gaumer would say. "My uncle said—"

"You are all to be still," old man Fackenthal would command. "I want to talk."

Everybody talked, everybody invented, everybody boasted. Jacob Volk, who had bragged all his life, excelled himself; others who had never bragged now burst forth with incredible tales. There was no effort to make the stories probable or possible. Elias Bittner, caught beneath his overturned wagon when the horses ran away, had kept pace with them for two miles on his hands and knees, until, the wagon righting itself, he had leaped out, rushed to the horses' heads, and stopped their mad flight. Pit Gaumer, when a young man, had walked to "Philidelphy" and back in two days, and had killed thirty wolves on the way. Jacob Volk with his "good hickory gat" had driven off a while army of desperadoes who had set upon him on the mountain road.

Then Millerstown grew tired of its madness. They still talked—not till the stranger departed, at the end of the summer, did their play end—but the character of the talk changed. Farce took herself off and Comedy arrived. Millerstown had not dared to laugh before for fear of undeceiving the stranger; now it shouted with glee. Tales of apple-butter matches, battalions, family quarrels, old and delicious feuds—here were stories at which one could shout and roar. The Simple did not always laugh; he sat as though enchanted. But Millerstown did not care whether he laughed or not. Millerstown was enchanted with itself.

"So they fought and they fought and they fought," said old man Fackenthal, "Johnny Wock and Mrs. Johnny Wock.

"'You shall have the half,' yelled Johnny Wock, 'and I will take the half!'

"'And you will take the biggest half!' Mrs. Johnny Wock said back at him. 'You always do.'

"'Now,' said Johnny Wock, 'rage flies into me!'

"He took the ax and the saw and the hatchet, Johnny Wock did, and he cut the things in two, the tables, the chairs, the bag of flour, the sugar-kettle, even the vinegar-barrel he sawed from top to bottom."

"And then what?" asked a dozen voices.

"Oh, they made it up; they always made it up. They patched the table and shoveled up the flour."

"Oh, tell another!" cried The Simple.

Mom Fackenthal stood in the doorway. Even she was affected by this strange madness.

"You might tell them about the — "

Old man Fackenthal looked up at her and chuckled. He knew what she meant; because of her respect for preachers she had never let him tell it before; he told it now, for the first of a hundred times, his tale of "The Snorting Preacher." Afterward there was always some one who had not heard, whose mighty mirth it was a joy to witness.

"A couple of years back, when Jimmie was a little boy, we had a candidate in the church, and he stayed by us overnight. He was big and fat and dumb; he was no sort of a preacher. But we had had already eleven candidates, and none suited. This one they were going to take whether or no. Mom and I, we slept in the back room, and he in the front room because there was the strongest bed, and Jimmie, he was in the trundle-bed in the back room. The doors were open into the hall, it was so fearful hot. It wasn't a breath of air, not a breath. But pretty soon there began to be a breath. The preacher snorted something powerful."

"You mean snored, pop, said Mom Fackenthal.

"I mean snorted: it was snorting. Like an elephant or a tiger he snorted. It was like it began at the church and ended a mile out the pike. I tell you, I nearly jumped out of my bed. Mom, she was awake, and the preacher, he just snorted himself awake, and Jimmie was sitting up.

"'Mom,' Jimmie yelled — 'mom! The cow is coming up the steps!'

"Then Jimmie laid down and went to sleep, and the preacher went to sleep, but mom and I, we didn't sleep, I can tell you. It was like a corn-sheller, it was like a sawmill, it was like the end of the world. Three snorts he gave. And then he snorted himself awake. And Jimmie sat up in bed.

"'Mom!' he yelled out — 'mom! The cow is dying!'"

Millerstown ached from holding back its laughter.

"And then that preacher got up, and he said little Jimmie was so and so and so and so, and — "

"Pop!" warned Mom Fackenthal.

"And he slammed the door — I ain't going to say nothing, mom — and that was the end. We didn't know if he sneaked out then, or if he kept himself from snorting and sneaked out in the morning.. But he went. We didn't know if it was the snorting or the swearing that shamed him."

"That was like the time when — " began Elias Bittner.

"I guess you young folks never heard—"interrupted Pit Gaumer.

"I'm not done talking," old man Fackenthal would say.

Thus it went on, summer evening after summer evening, until, as the shadows began to fall earlier on the quiet streets, and the boys who had sat on the curb slipped into less cold seats on the bench beside the stranger, the mood of the Millerstonians changed again. They still talked, they still continued to pour out at the feet of this young man a rich burden of plot and sub-plot, a store of history and folk-lore. There were strange uses of prepositions, racy idioms, new words coined in the slow, careful mint of their isolated, introspective minds.

Now, suddenly, Comedy followed the way of Farce, and Tragedy arrived. Evil stalked about and was punished, for Millerstown, except for a few evildoers, is good and upright and clean; heroism was properly rewarded; religion, for Millerstown is pious, by turns inspired remorse and brought comfort.

These stories were not all true; they were pruned and polished, and each one ended exactly as it should.. They were told with awe and tenderness and horror. Each man became suddenly to his neighbor what he was to himself, a primitive creature, frightened a little by the darkness, peopling the world, especially the dear, safe little mountain back of Millerstown, with evil or uncanny beings, or even with ghosts.

Jacob Volk's wildcats became suddenly real, not only to the children, but to their mothers and fathers.

There were, Jacob Volk said, a man and a woman living on the mountain with their little baby. One night the man could not get home on account of a heavy snow, and the woman and the little baby were there alone. Hitherto the wildcats had never troubled the little household; now they realized that the master was away. They were mad with hunger, full of expedient. They gathered round the cabin; again they roared and raged. One howled upon the roof, one burst in the window, another entered at the door. There the mother sat with the baby in her arms. And suddenly she began to pray and sing, and the evil beasts slunk back. All night she sang, all the dear hymns of the fatherland, over and over again, "Nun danket Alle Gott," "Ein Feste Burg," "Oh, Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," "Allein und doch nicht ganz Allein." When, exhausted, she stopped to catch her breath, the beasts came a little nearer, and again she drove them back. Finally the dawn broke, they stole away, and her husband found her unconscious, but living and safe.

A man on the mountain—again the stage was set upon the mountain—robbed and murdered a stranger who had stopped with him, and buried his body near the house. He made the spot smooth; no one suspected him, nobody missed his poor victim; he was perfectly safe. But across that spot he could not walk without stumbling. A branch from a tree fell upon it and tripped him; a very small stone became suddenly an obstacle which no visitor could see until he had fallen over it. the long shoot of a blackberry vine made a snare. And when the man had removed the branch and the stone and the blackberry vine, he could not refrain himself from crying out, "Be careful, be careful, you will fall!"

His visitors laughed at him; they said there was nothing there; he must be crazy. And then he opened the grave to show them that there was something there.

He d-dug it open!" cried Elias Bittner. "God had taken his reason."

Thus, entranced by their own invention, now minstrels casting spells, now kings and courtiers sitting at happy ease, the Millerstonians passed the long summer, until autumn came, and the stranger went away.

The stranger looked much better than when he came. He was a good deal stouter—no one could help being who led such a lazy life, who had eaten so much, and laughed so much. The Millerstown women had made fun of him at night but by day they had sent him scores of gifts of pie and raised cake and fruit and doughnuts. He went round to say good-by to them all, at which politeness they were amused. He said that he hoped Ellie Wenner's husband's first wife's relatives would annoy her no more.

Presently doors were closed early in the evening, windows were shut to stay shut till spring. Millerstown ceased its communal life, the summer gatherings were no more. Kitchens were small; the women did not like too many men sitting round; the men met in the post-office or store. They spoke occasionally of the young man, wondering pleasantly who was playing tricks on him now. Spring came, a dull summer passed, and they heard no word of him. They tried sometimes to repeat the happy evenings round old man Fackenthal's door, but their efforts were vain. The spirit had gone out of them.

Then, one January evening, the postmaster handed old man Fackenthal a letter and a package.

"A letter!" cried he, all in a flutter, "From New York? Who should write to me from New York?"

Elias Bittner hazarded a brilliant guess.

"Perhaps it is The Simple." Then he, too, was astounded.

"There is a package for you, too," said the postmaster. "And one for Pit and one for Jacob."

Not one of the old men thought of using his knife to cut the string which bound his package. Helplessly, half-frightened, they picked at the knots.

"Listen once!" cried old man Fackenthal. "What do you think of this, say?"

To an almost petrified audience he read his letter. It was, as Elias had guessed, from the stranger. It was a letter of thanks. They would see, he said, if they looked into his book, why he thanked them. He mentioned by name various Millerstonians, Ellie Wenner, Sarah Ann Mohr; he was very grateful to them all. They had restored him to health, they had given him the material for a series of stories which had been so successful in magazines that they were now being published in book form. He was sending each of his old friends a copy. He hoped some day to come to Millerstown again.

With faltering hands they turned the leaves.

"The Snorting Preacher," they read at the top of one page; "When Johnny Wock Divided Up," at the top of another; "Who Putteth Her Trust in Thee," on a third.

"Do you suppose he got money for them? faltered Pit Gaumer.

"It says, 'Price, one-twenty-five,'" answered Elias. "That looks like money."

"Do you suppose—" Jacob Volk began a sentence, but did not complete it. Reading the intention of old man Fackenthal and Elias and Pit in their eyes, he followed them out.

"Just give me time once!" said Jacob Volk, speaking for them all. "If there is money in it

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

O it is excellent
To have a giant's strength,
but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Shakespeare

That's Our Business

Kenneth Kressler, Northampton county's Republican chairman, has been appointed to head a steering group whose assignment it will be to nominate candidates for the Pennsylvania General Assembly who are friendly to the Duff - Fine ticket.

This presumably will require public declarations by local candidates as to which of the two major tickets within the Republican party they are going to support. As political strategy goes, there is nothing wrong in candidates for governor and U. S. senator seeking support on the local level. And in the knock-down fight now being waged, it is to be expected both sides will do everything possible to garner support on all levels.

That, however, is purely the politician's thinking. The average voter in a given community is going to approach the matter from three distinct points of view or should.

He wants first to select the very best man possible to represent him in the Senate in Washington, the best man to be governor of the commonwealth, and the men who will best represent him in the legislative halls in Harrisburg.

In other words, Mr. Duff and Mr. Fine are principally interested in being elected. Toward that end they are entitled to use whatever means are proper. But it does not necessarily follow that those who are for them will make good state senators or assemblymen, or vice versa.

The local voter does not need or want any outside advice on who will make his best personal legislative representatives. That is something he is best able to decide for himself without any foreign dictation. If we know anything about Lehigh county voters, they will continue to reserve that right as they have in the past.

Irresistible Appeal

Allentown has recently had a striking demonstration of public generosity in the cases of two little girls who were the victims of unfortunate crippling accidents. In both instances there was a certain dramatic appeal connected with the tragedies which seemed to stimulate men and women in all walks of life to open their hearts and purse strings.

Beginning Monday another appeal of a similar nature will be made, for on that day the 1950 Easter Seal campaign will get under way officially. Proceeds from this campaign will be devoted to the care and rehabilitation of other children who have also been the victims of misfortune. Most of them will remain anonymous, however, but their childhood tragedies are no less serious and just as appealing as those which have become known by name.

The work of the Lehigh County Crippled Children's Society has expanded over the years to include cerebral palsy and speech clinics and other fields where improved service is indicated. All this is in keeping with the society's purpose to make sure every crippled child is given a chance to overcome handicaps through modern therapy.

Its only source of income is the public and we bespeak for its 1950 effort the same heart-warming response that has meant so much to so many little lives in years gone by.

Good News

The need for north - south flight accommodations from the A-B-E airport has been stressed so frequently in recent years that it hardly seems necessary to make any new arguments for it now.

What is more important is to implement the various promises of the past with reality, and it begins to look as if this will materialize.

This week's meeting of airport authority members with officials of several airlines not only brought assurances that Colonial is going to institute north-south service as soon as the new terminal building is completed, but also a statement from TWA that its flights will be increased three-fold.

The A-B-E airport has long been recognized as among the best in the east. For one reason or another its principal services have been from east to west. The many travellers who want to go north or south have had to go elsewhere for accommodations. It is good to know this deficiency is going to be corrected.

As for the authority, its continued progressiveness is shown by plans to lengthen existing runways to accommodate four-motor planes which have practically taken over the long-distance flight business.

The Frank Appointment

Lehigh county will have a representative on the staff of the U. S. Attorney for the first time in 17 years when Bernard Frank of Allentown takes office in Philadelphia on Monday.

In 11 years of practice here, Mr. Frank has established an excellent record. He will take to his new office a wide experience in all phases of law.

The community is honored by his appointment and wishes him every success in the execution of an important and responsible public office.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BLUMMA UN SKOOTER AELAND: Doh is die g'shicht fom Harry Meitzler seinra Louella ihr'm blumma un skooter aeland os sie alla weil uf 'm hols hut. 'S Harrys' wie 'n lot leit wissa, wohna im airshda hous uf da onner side da Lechaw-Barricks kounty line in Barricks kounty, owwich Alburtis. Da onner dawg wies so olmechdich windich wor, is die Louella uf der shlouder kumma fer noch Mertztown tzum blummamon Fritz gae, sehna wos der nei shtyle wear in free yohrs blumma.

Der Harry hut ow'r ken lushda kot fer gae blumma sehna, hut g'sawt 's wear tzu windich, un so is es aw gonga mit 'm boo Charlie. Wie niemond awshpruch gamocht hut fer sie nemma, hut die Louella sich gahairich uf gablosa, un sel is woh die "skooter" bisnis tzu da blumma kumma is. Sie hut g'sawt won sie niemond nemma wot mit da mashine, dade sie sich ferhoftich sei 'n shkooter kaufa, noh kent sie gae wie sie wot.

My wotta net sawga os die Louella fet wear, sel dade sie ferleicht net gleicha-ow'r 'n yaders os sie kent, wase, os sie tzimlich gute gabout is un shponkich gucka dade uf so ra glaina tzwae radderricha shtrossa louse, gakent ois 'n skooter. Der mailmon Rob Gery hut noh aw wind grick'd fon da Louella ihra skooter noshions, un ra ob g'shwetzt, sie sot die finger fon sella socha lossa.

Der Rob hut noh der inshurancemon Rob Greenawalt fon Kutztown aw gadroffa un ihm fertzailt die Louella wot sich 'n skooter kaufa. Ols 'n inshurancemon, hut er aw net gamaint os sie sot-er hut gaklaimt so windich os es wedder wear, dade sie tzu fiel luft fossa won sie die shtross nunner gang'd un dade glei imma grawwa leia, un die bae in die hae shtracka. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, er hut gamaint sie wear 'n extra shwearer risk fer 'n inshurance kumpany, un is aw gonga fer ra ob rota fer kenner kaufa.

Die Louella hut net so fiel g'frok'd noch 'm Rob Gery seinra maining, ow'r 's hut sie fertzarnt iwwer der Greenawalt, un seeht er graich'd sei lava ken ride fon ihra, won sie sich mohl 'n skooter kaufa sot. Der Gery wil sie ow'r mit nemma, ow'r er hut noch net fershprocha os er mit gang'd net mit ous sie grick'd sich 'n skooter mit fier radder, so os die g'shicht net so garn um falla kon. Der Gery is ken so'n grosser mon, uns wear ken shmutz blocka may iwwerich won die Louella uf 'n falla sot.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Da onner dawg wors so olmechdich kalt drowwa ons Hennie Schnabels' uf da neia shtross, owwich 'm Dan Meck drous, un net weit aweck fom Jackie Fenstermaker, in Longswamp township. Barricks kounty, os 'm Hennie sei dochter Florence, die handshing aw hut fer die tzae butza.

25 Years Ago

From the Morning Call.
March 18, 1925, a Wednesday

Rev. F. A. Posselt, new pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Ridge Ave. and Church St., and Mrs. Posselt were given a reception by members of the congregation in the parish house Tuesday evening.

Modern syncopation shared honors with classical compositions on the St. Patrick's Day radio program presented by WSAN. The Melody Trio, consisting of Mrs. Conrad Frisch, Harpist; Erwin Huff, cellist, and Albert Schantz, violinist, presented the first part of the program. Charles Coffel and his Gotham Roamers provided the contrasting jazz portion of the broadcast.

Members of the John Hay Republican club, with an impressive list of new members gained through a campaign, looked forward to a new home and discussed current political affairs at a meeting presided over by William A. Evrard in the absence of Robert E. Haas, president.

Building Inspector Frank Minner issued permits for the erection of nine dwellings, among them a permit to George R. Kulp, for the construction of two 2-story brick homes at 126-28 W. Saucon St., estimated cost, $8,000. William N. J. Fritz was granted a permit for two 2-story brick dwellings at 2128-30 Allen St., at a cost of $20,000.

Horoscope

An odd alignment of planetary influences makes this a time for unexpected happenings, which can be met with calm assurance and gracious adjustments. Born today a child is apt to be bright and charming.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

If you don't think Japanese fish can be turned into U. S. votes with the twist of a political wrist this campaign year, just watch the newly streamlined Republican high command. I'm not being whimsical. Nor are the Republicans. They're fighting mad at having been on the defensive these past years and are ready to lay it on the line — ready to challenge the Democrats for the labor vote, with a series of triphammer propaganda moves.

The Japanese fish come into the picture because they're being shipped into this country by Tokyo's net-heavers, and are cutting into jobs and trade on the West Coast. So is importation of Canadian lumber, which has virtually crippled Oregon's basic industry. One out of every five log cutters is looking for work, which means that about 1,000 men a week find themselves without any way to support their families.

Blame Demos

This, the GOP strategists will charge bluntly, is the Democrats' fault — and they'll ask why AFL and CIO jobless should vote Mr. Truman's men back to Congress.

And Republican tacticians in Washington will tell you that a little juggling of the tariff would have saved thousands of jobs — but the Democrats refused. Point is that the GOP doesn't expect to get all labor's vote out of the Democratic - AFL - CIO coalition. But they do hope to get enough to win elections.

These GOP braintrusters will hit hardest by packing a brand new literature kit in the Elephant's trunk. It's about ready now — and will supply every one of their candidates with material for some 10 speeches, each saying in effect: Okay, Dear Sir and Brother labor leader, show us where the Taft - Hartley law has hurt you.

Labor leaders will be challenged to deny that union membership has grown from 14,000,000 to 16,000,000; that a new and daring principle of company - paid - for pensions was won by labor; that wages have gone up; that not one single union went out of business.

Thus the Republicans will take each provision of Sen. Taft's law and try to prove that it hasn't hurt the unions.

Swashbuckling Strategy

It's a swashbuckling strategy, woven together by a young political crew which believes that the party has been on the defensive too long — and must now carry the fight right into labor's own precincts with this voluminous literature kit.

Part of that strategy is to stop the stampede. It was put this way in high Republican circles:

"We know that there are many union members voting Republican in the most solid of CIO bailiwicks. What we're aiming at is to get our candidates to give our labor supporters in the shop the information — so they can stand up and say, "I can't see what's wrong with the Taft-Hartley act."

Other Issues

And there are other issues. We want the excise tax cut, you know, on movie admissions, on furs, pocketbooks and the other stuff which has lost heavily because people refuse to pay the 20 per cent federal tax. That's cost labor some jobs. Say in a shop where 900 men work, only 800 have jobs today. Well, the other 100 must know that we fought the job killing tax. That's the story we're trying to get across."

Meanwhile, the equally bright CIO political propagandists by no means intend to yield to the GOP's literary lancing. What shapes up now behind the scenes is a brilliant propaganda battle—with both sides preparing their speakers with the toughest indictments their researchers could find this past year.

By April 1st, the CIO's Political Action committee will shoot into the country's pivotal precincts an 180-page loose-leaf kit — to which supplements will be added to keep its thousands of speakers right up to the minute.

Well-Informed Campaign

It should be a well-informed campaign — for at least 5,000 men on each side will be loaded with political dynamite. Where the Republicans will blame the tariff and job loss on Mr. Truman, labor's retort will blast the Republican Congress with stuff like: "Another election like 1948 and Taft - Hartley is a dead duck. Another election like 1946 and you're a dead duck."

But the labor literature goes beyond the pep-talk technique. Just to pick one state at random, there's the Texas PAC. It has issued a political war bulletin, actually giving an hour - by - hour play on how to win elections — and then advises its people to keep an eye on the Democrats after they win.

"For too many years, politics has been left to the politicians and the political lawyers," the instructions say. "We have ignored the conventions where Democratic party policy is made . . .

This paper war's just beginning.

(Copyright 1950)

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Guilt by association is an ugly doctrine. Among some primitive peoples, if one member of a family were accused of a crime, every member of the family is held accountable. In some schools, teachers still hold an entire class responsible for the conduct of one pupil, which is a form of socializing guilt repugnant to our way of life which is based on individual responsibility.

However, the term, "guilt by association," as it is currently being used, is something quite different. What we do is to follow the old adage, "birds of a feather flock together." We go back to the proved sociological postulate that where there is a community of kind, there is likely to be an association of those who have similar tastes. When, therefore, a person appears on a large number of Communist or Communist-front activities, the assumption must be that that person has made a voluntary choice to associate with such people and their activities.

Kenyon Case Cited

Take, for instance, the case of Dorothy Kenyon. The lady says that she is not a Communist and has never been one. We must take her word for that. But how shall this record be explained?

1. The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom petitioned to discontinue the Dies committee. This organization existed to defend Communists from investigation; Dorothy Kenyon appears among the signatories.

2. American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born has been officially declared subversive. This organization was established by the Communist party and has been closely linked to the International Labor Defense (also listed as subversive); Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

3. In 1944, a number of American women of distinction sent greetings to the women of Soviet Russia. (We were then allies in war.) Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

4. From 1934 to 1941, one of the principal transmission belts of communism in this country was the American Youth Congress. Dorothy Kenyon appeared there.

5. Earl Browder, testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in Sept., 1923, described the Consumers National Federation as a Communist transmission belt. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

6. The Coordinating Committee to Lift the Embargo was a Communist front organized to aid Soviet Russia's efforts in the Spanish Civil War. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

7. The Council for Pan-American Democracy was organized and supported publicly by the Communist parties of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Chile, Cuba and Venezuela. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

8. The Descendants of the American Revolution was designed to be a left-wing organization to compete with and ridicule the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

9. A group of organizations came into being to bring pressures on the motion picture producers to produce pro-Russian and pro-Communist films. The most active was "Film Audiences for Democracy." Dorothy Kenyon appeared on the advisory board.

10. Simon W. Gerson, an active and admitted Communist, was given public office by the borough president of Manhattan in New York City. This led to an active protest. A committee was formed to defend Gerson. Dorothy Kenyon appeared on that committee as representing the Consumers union.

11. The Lawyers Committee on American Relations with Spain was on the Communist side of the Spanish revolution. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

12. League of Women Shoppers has been declared a Communist-front by the House Committee on Un-American Activities after prolonged investigation. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

13. The National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, successor to Friends of the Soviet Union, has been officially declared subversive. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

14. For many years, Tom Mooney's imprisonment was used to raise money for the Communist party. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

16. Morris U. Schappes, an admitted Communist, was tried in a court for perjury and convicted. The Schappes Defense committee was organized for him. Dorothy Kenyon's name appeared there.

Pattern of Activity

I have cited these examples to show a pattern of activity. This pattern does not necessarily make Miss Kenyon a Communist, but it does, in my opinion, open to question her judgment and her associations. In the present war between this country and Soviet Russia, the constant association, for whatever reason, must stimulate concern.

(Copyright 1950)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Mark 15

The dark picture of Judas' betrayal of Jesus in 14:43-45, and the denial by Peter, grows darker as we follow the order of events on 'Good Friday'. The members of the Sanhedrin bind Jesus and deliver Him over to Pilate, the Roman governor, who puts several questions to Jesus, which He does not answer (cf. Isaiah 53:7). Pilate found no reason to hold Jesus, and proposed to release Him, as it was the custom to free a prisoner at Passover to please the Jews. But the people cried for the release of Barabbas; as for Jesus, they insisted that He be crucified, v.13. Pilate, again declaring that he He had done no wrong, but, to gratify the people, delivered Jesus to be scourged and crucified. They put a crown of thorns on His head, impressed Simon of Cyrene to bear His cross, and then lead Him to the place of execution, Golgotha (Hebrew for 'skull', as Calvary, the Latin name, also means 'skull'). Two malefactors are crucified with Jesus,one of whom came to believe on Him, and was saved; the other, cursing to his last breath, was eternally lost. The centurion confessed: 'Truly this man was the Son of God'.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Waldorf attendants recall a bronzed, six-foot, Gary Cooperish sort of fellow who flew into a rage in the lobby one night because all the elevators were delayed for one reason or another on upper floors. Finally one descended. It was operated by a wisp of a girl. The six-footer stamped inside and bellowed, "Where the devil have you been? Do you realize I have to get packed for a mountain climbing expedition? Second floor — and make it snappy!"

* * *

Prize fighters are brittle fellows these days and cancel a bout at the drop of an arch. Benny Leonard was a different kettle of fish. Frank Graham tells of a night Leonard had a 15-round fight scheduled against a very tough customer named Richie Mitchell. Practically doubled up with an excruciating stomachache, Leonard remarked laconically, "I gotta knock this guy out quick tonight. I'm too sick to go 15 rounds."

Answers to Questions

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. What directed Mrs. Margaret Sanger's attention to birth control? R. McM.

A. By profession she was a nurse, and came to believe that the limitation of large families where adequate support was lacking was a necessary step in social progress.

Q. What are the names of the largest airplane carriers of the U. S. Navy? R. M.

A. The largest aircraft carriers are the Midway, the Franklin D. Roosevelt, and the Coral Sea. Their standard tonnage displacement is 45,000 and full load displacement 55,000. Their length is 986 feet, beam 113 feet. They carry more than 100 aircraft and a crew of 3,000.

Q. What animal requires the longest time to reproduce? W. McM.

A. The elephant, which has a gestation period of 22 months.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Most people think of their newspaper comics merely as a form of entertainment.

They read them either for laughs or for adventure.

But, as a matter of fact, there is a lot of sound philosophy in the laugh-comics and there is much imagination and inventiveness in the adventure-comics.

Many of today's mechanical wonders were pictured years ago by comic artists. Many comic-strip-wonders of today will be in every-day use in a decade from now.

Comic artists, of course, don't worry about details. They can show an atomic-rocketship flying at a thousand miles an hour fifty thousand feet above the ground.

But how to make it fly isn't their concern. They leave that to the more prosaic engineering minds.

* * *

By the same token they never give you philosophy as such. They give it to you in the much more digestible and easy - to-take form of a laugh.

There wae comic strip in today's paper which illustrates my point.

A fellow takes his watch to be repaired.

When he gets home in the evening he tells his wife that he won't get it back for two weeks.

"I don't Know how I'll manage," he says. "I'll feel lost without it."

* * *

The last panel of the strip is headed "One Month Later".

The fellow sits in his easy chair, reading his paper.

Wife: "When are you going to stop for your watch? They sent you a card last week, saying it was ready".

Husband: "I'll get it today if I happen to think of it."

* * *

The strip struck me funny.

But there is more than a laugh in it.

Don't we all overrate the value of time entirely too much?

Don't we all think that every minute counts, that every moment must be utilized?

Certainly we must think of time for certain functions and chores.

We have get up at a certain time to catch a train or to get to our office.

The wife must have breakfast and lunch and dinner ready at a certain time.

When we want to go to a movie or to a show or catch a radio program, we have to be on time.

But how many times a day do we look at our watch without any need for it?

A great number of us have actually become living time-clocks.

Too many writers of success books and articles on success have placed entirely too much importance on hurry, speed, on the value of every second and every minute.

Personally, I like that old proverb which, I think, originated in Italy: "Festina lente". In English "Hurry slowly".

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

A GISH

Can you tell me what's a "gish?",
Would you say it's fowl or fish?
Were one right before your eyes,
Would a "gish" you recognize?
If I asked you: "What's a 'gish'?"
Would you say a Chinese dish?
Has it feathers, beak and wing?
Can it fly and sweetly sing?
Flies in summer will it swish?
Would you bet upon a "gish?"
Ignoramus! You admit
That you've never heard of it?

Little Terry, only two,
Knows a whole lot more than you.
And I learned it at the source—
"Gish" is what he calls a horse.



ATTENTION

With this issue the ECK has come to the end of its fifteenth year. As already announced to the special subscribers to the ECK this popular column will not appear for the next six months. We have received many testimonial letters from our subscribers upon this anniversary occasion. We believe that the editor's many friends and devoted readers will be interested in reading some of them. We can only regret that space did not permit printing all of them. Dr. Barba, who is now in Europe, requests us to extend to his readers and contributors who have given him support and encouragement during these fifteen years, his deep gratitude. We expect him back at his post in October.

FRED W. WEILER,
Circulation Manager.

AN EDITORIAL

Fifteen years have passed since Dr. Barba established his Deitsch Eck in the Morning Call on March 23, 1935. Probably no one at that time anticipated for this feature such a long life, for it is a well-known fact that newspaper features come and go as public taste and conditions change. But Dr. Barba had an idea of perennial merit and that idea has prevailed and grown in newspaper popularity, in spite of some of the most turbulent conditions that have affected the thinking and action of the American people during any period in their history.

When this feature was established it was Dr. Barba's ambition to bring to the attention of his readers the best of the large mass of Pennsylvania German literature preserved in rare or out-of-print volumes, as well as in manuscripts, unknown to most persons or unavailable to those who knew about them. The readers of the Call have benefitted by Dr. Barba's "know how" to find and make accessible these rare books. But he has also done something bigger, and in the eyes of the future perhaps better, than preparing a weekly anthology. We refer to the encouragement and stimulus that has been given to contemporary writers in the vernacular. Vapid indeed would any culture be which could not adapt itself to the **Zeitgeist.** Pennsylvania German has proved its virility not alone by its persistence among a vast group of people and amid influences and times discouraging to the use of the dialect, but through the development of such creative geniuses as John Birmelin and the late Lloyd Moll.

And so the ECK, as this feature is now best known, like Tennyson's brook, goes rippling on its way through many years' accumulation of Pennsylvania German literature, at the same time receiving little rills of contemporary inspiration. And as it flows on it promises still further to tap the fresh, vigorous waters of the life of a distinctive people who are conscious of their own peculiar heritage. There shall be no hiding of their light under a bushel as long as the ECK continues to give encouragement and stimulation to their native literary art.

PERCY RUHE,
Editor, The Morning Call.

TO DR. P. A. BARBA, GREETINGS:

Congratulations by the peck.
To him who brought to us the ECK;
He put it in the Morning Call,
Brings back forgotten lore to all;
How youth and adult life were spent,
And how in need their help was lent;
Around the open hearth we sit
And read it through, yes all of it;
How peace and pleasures came about,
For us the Deitsch Eck brings it out.

Der Barba schreibt die Sache schee,
Die Waahrheit aa debei;
Die Schtories sin schunn arrick alt,
Doch sin sie widder nei.

—D. GEO. KNECHT, D.D.S.

15 Years of the ECK

If one were to date the beginnings of the present renaissance of interest in the culture and lore of the Pennsylvania Germans the date would coincide with the inauguration of the feature **'S Pennsylfawnisch Deitsch Eck** as it appears every Saturday in the Allentown Morning Call.

Perhaps it is too much to say that this column has sparked the revival of interest, but there is no doubt that it has served as one of the chief agencies for keeping the interest alive. There are now many groups and indidituals devoted to the preservation of the many phases of our lore and all of them serve a real purpose. But the ECK has always been the anchor for the serious scholar, for the fledgling who tried his wings at creative writing and the open forum in which divergent view could be aired.

Perhaps, as a lifelong student of history, I may be permitted an observation which throws perspective upon the services of Dr. Preston A. Barba as the founder and editor of this column. Historians who sketch their scenes on the broader landscapes of national and international history win acclaim for a brief period only. Then some other writers displace them in the public mind. But those who chronicle local history fix for themselves a place in the minds of men which survives the generations. National history is ever changing—local history is perpetuated through oral traditions when captured in the printed page. The individual in society is identified with local history; he is lost in the swirl of large-scale events. The recorder of the life of a community lives in the minds of men, not only in the crumbling pages of a dust-gathering book.

ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

Dr. Graeff is the author of Conrad Weiser, Pennsylvania peacemaker of a History of Pennsylvania used in the public schools and the editor of the popular SCHOLLA of the Reading Times.

Royersford, Pa.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

Fifteen years! Yet every 'Eck' brings new surprises! When I look through my scrapbooks I am amazed at the variety, the quantity and the quality of material it has brought to me.

For three quarters of a century there have been Pennsylvania German newspapers columns, but nearly all of these have been for pure amusement. Dr. Barba's "Eck" has done something for Pennsylvania German folklore, literature and history that was never done before. Besides bringing entertainment, it is leaving a lasting imprint on Pennsylvania German culture.

My congratulations to Dr. Barba and to the Morning Call on this Fifteenth Anniversary.

Sincerely,
RAYMOND E. HOLLENBACH

Princeton, New Jersey.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

When your letter of Feb. 18 came I went to my file of the ECK and found it begins with the issue of March 23, 1935, hence I judge I have a complete file though not actually perfect for I remember several scattered numbers were missing owing to accidents in mail-delivery. I value very highly these clippings from the Call-Chronicle and I shall place them eventually in the Princeton University Library here. Though of pure German stock for two centuries in Pennsylvania, I was born and raised among the Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians and Quakers south of the middle of Lancaster County. So I know no Pennsylvania Dutch and I began to learn to read it in the ECK, though alas! merely to read, for I can't catch it with the ear. I am making progress in evaluating the various shade of linguistic and literary quality from the phonetical mixture of Pumpernickel Bill, through Lloyd Moll's charming style, to the heights of lucidity and, I presume, correctness of Barba's "Unser Schelere" of Aug. 6, 1949.

In spite of the pleasure I derived from Harbaugh's "Alt Schulhaus" and "Heemweh" I always had the feeling that it is a mistake to cherish and further the use of Pennsylvania Dutch. I have seen the disadvantages under which labored some of our students, who, with debased English pronunciation and questionable grammatical usage, carried their handicap through and out of college. I begin now after fifteen years of reading the ECK to believe that the dialect can be raised gradually above broadly humorous clownishness and pushed along the path toward a literary quality and a wide extended Weltanschauung as a result of the carefully conducted efforts of colleges such as Muhlenberg. I have seen signs of it in my study of the ECK.

But the ECK would be much more valuable if it had a subject and name index published every five or ten years. To me the greatest value of the ECK is the success in imparting information about Pennsylvania German affairs and doings and discoveries. Without an index much of the information is buried again a few years after a short appearance in the light of day. Could not the students in Germanics in the Pennsylvania colleges such as Muhlenberg be enlisted in preparing an index by the methods of German scholarship?

Yours sincerely
JACOB N. BEAM

(We are happy to inform Professor Beam of Princeton University that an index of the ECK for the first ten years has been prepared by Blanche Verna Weisel, under the direction of Professor W. L. Werner, Pennsylvania State College. See ECK for March 4, 1950.)

Bayonne, N. J.

Dear Mr. Weiler,

I wish to assure you that I have enjoyed the ECK immensely, especially since you have carried material about the Mahantango Valley, in which my native Klingerstown is located.

I understand Dr. Barba has obtained leave of absence in order that he may further study Pennsylvania German history.

With kindest regards and best wishes,
Yours very truly,
OLIVER C. KLINGER.

FUFZEH YAAHR

Schunn fufzeh Yaahr vum deitsche ECK!
Do muss mer gratuliere!
Es schteht noch do in voller Graft,
Des muss mer eschtimiere.

Dem Doktor Barba alle Ehr,
Des soll ihm wohl bekumme:
Far des, was er var fufzeh Yaahr
Im Eck hot iwwernumme.

Mir winsche all de Schreiwer wohl,
Die so viel beigedraage;
Wer weess wu die in aller Welt
Des alles zammeyaage.

Do schreiwe hochgelaernte Leit
So wunnerbaare Gschichte;
Bei annre schwebt der Takt im Reim,
Do fliesse die Gedichte.

Mer hot gemeent die Mutterschprooch
Waer zimmlich ball vergesse;
Doch blieht sie heit so frisch un gsund
Des kann mer kaum ermesse.

Iss ebbes gut, so findt mer glei,
Es waerd as nohgemacht:
En Pennsylvaanisch deitscher Geischt
Iss waerklich uffgewacht.

Der Sume waar vum deitsche ECK
As wie vum Wind gedraage:
So wie er wachst in Schtadt un Land,
Des kann yo niemand saage.

So mach yuscht fatt, mei liewer Freind!
Wie Silwer iss des Schtrewe:
So reich wie Gold erglenst der Loh,
Des ECK soll weiter lewe!

Im Maerz 1950 —JOHN BIRMELIN.

Landis Valley Museum,
Lancaster, Pa.

Der Gross Henner saagt er hett als ebmols selwer dunnerwetterse gute Grief fischriwwe, awwer er hot des Deitsch Schreiwes uffgewwe. Un forwas net, well mer des Deitsch ECK hen, saag mer sell emol? Hoscht recht, ich hab die gans Shebang vum ECK un ich winsch ebber daet ettliche Bicher mache defu. Ich daet ee Buch mache mit yuscht Deitsch drin: eens aus Englisch mit de Voikssaage, en anners mit yuscht originell Schreives drin un noch eens mit Exempler vun yeder vun de Zeidingsbrifschreiper drin un ihre Pikter—un vergesse net der Gross Henner un sei Pikter mit re Fedder uff em Hut.

Ich saag Eich un em Baroa gross Dank ferwas dirh geduh hen far unser lieblicht deitschi Schprooch un hoff daas dihr des aabaut, alle Woch, kreftich un immer un ewich. PAX VOBISCUM!

—DER GROSS HENNER.

Barba ECK Testimonial

In my fifteen years of reading the ECK (and I have not missed a single copy) I have never found an uninteresting number, nor have I ever found one that did not touch upon something either enlightening or important to layman or expert. Could these columns be bound as a single volume, that volume would dwarf in scope and significance all else that has been done in the field. Dr. Barba's tireless research, scholarly approach and discriminating touch have, I think, made him more than eligible for the title of Pennsylvania German Public Citizen Number One.

EARL F. ROBACKER.

(Dr. Robacker is the author of "Pennsylvania German Literature" and "Pennsylvania Dutch Stuff," both from the University of Pennsylvania Press.)

Takoma Park, Maryland.

Dear Sir:

I am sure Prof. Barba has the gratitude of our people for his many years of painstaking work in collecting so much valuable material for the readers of the ECK.

Residing where our dialect is not heard, I appreciate the ECK which brings many gems of poetry and historical facts of cities and towns which were familiar to me.

"It wonders me" that Prof. Barba accomplished such a huge task, for which we are grateful.

Yours sincerely,
EDGAR M. ESHELMAN

(Mr. Eshelman has remained one of our favorite dialect poets over a long span of time, having contributed not only to the ECK but also to the Pennsylvania German Magazine forty years ago.)

St. Stephen's Evangelical and Reformed Church,
Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading "The ECK" with great joy, on and off, for years. Some of my own writings have appeared in it. To me it is a most interesting publication.

For years, its genial Editor, Prof. P. A. Barba, has been a close personal friend. I wish for him many more years as Editor. Some time ago I gave him the Irish wish: "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches on your grave."

Yours truly,
KASPAR HUFNAGEL
(Otherwise Pierce E. Swope)

The Pennsylvania State College
School of the Liberal Arts
State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Weiler:

I should like to extend to Dr. Preston A. Barba my heartiest congratulations upon his fifteenth anniversary as editor of the PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK. During these fifteen years Dr. Barba has published a wealth of valuable material in his ECK. Surely all of us Pennsylvania Germans owe him a debt of gratitude for making this material accessible to us.

Cordially yours,
ALBERT F. BUFFINGTON,
Professor of German

(Dr. Buffington and Dr. Barba have collaborated in writing a Pennsylvania German Grammar to be published in the near future.)

J. S. HEILMAN
Briar Hills, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

I have enjoyed the ECK tremendously—it keeps me in touch with developments in our common interest. I read it carefully.

Having been away from Pennsylvania Germans so long I have lost the vocabulary and make no attempt to read the dialect material.

I have great confidence in Dr. Barba's editorship of the column—he is so thorough. Keep him at it. You may give him sabbatical leave while he goes to Europe, but tether him so you can get him back again.

May he edit the column fifteen years longer!

Sincerely,
J. S. HEILMAN.

WILBUR H. ODA
Barto, Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:

Anniversaries seem to be in order at the present time. It was but a short time ago that I sent congratulations to another well known Pennsylvania German Columnist of the Morning Call.

Dr. Barba has always given us a well balanced series of articles on various subjects. Some like the last three by Dr. Kloss, are not only scholarly but very interesting. They are of special interest to me because as a child in southwestern Ohio I heard many of the expressions that are heard today in this region.

It is with great regret that I hear that we won't see the "ECK" again for some time but will look forward to its reappearance in October.

Sincerely yours,
WILBUR H. ODA

(Dr. Oda is the outstanding bibliographer of Pennsylvania German imprints.)

Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

Dr. Preston A. Barba, my esteemed teacher and friend, definitely merits the admiration and plaudits of those interested in things Pennsylvania German. He has worked long and ardently during a span of fifteen quickly passing years for the recognition of the Pennsylvania Germans on a national scale by his weekly contributions in the ECK of the Allentown Morning Call since March, 1935. Although perhaps less spectacular and dramatic than other efforts in the field, Professor Barba's additions to Pennsylvania German lore are far more stable and enduring. He is without question THE authority on all aspects of the Pennsylvania Germans.

I salute Dr. Barba and the Allentown Morning Call for the outstanding services to **Pennsylvaanisch Deitschtum.**

Very truly yours,
RUSSELL W. GILBERT, Ph.D.
Professor of German
Susquehanna University

(Dr. Gilbert is the author of "A Picture of the Pennsylvania Germans," published by The Pennsylvania Historical Association, Gettysburg, Pa.)

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

It is a pleasure to be able to say a few words about Professor Barba and his Pennsylvania Deitsch Eck. Beginning in the middle twenties and for years after I agitated in the Modern Language Association for research into the history of the Pennsylvania Germans and the other German groups scattered throughout the country. There is a vast amount of material to be collected that is of the greatest importance for the history of our country and its culture. Other hobbies and interests have prevented me from doing any of this work myself.

So you can imagine the pleasure that the announcement of Mr. Barba's column gave me fifteen years ago. You could not have found a better editor. Dr. Barba has been known for decades throughout the profession and now by his Deitsch Eck has come to be a household friend to thousands of others. The care, scholarship and good taste that he has exhibited throughout, presenting material that is of value to historian, linguist, social scientist and at the same time avoiding the cliffs of pedantry is deserving of the highest praise. Long life to the ECK and its creator.

Sincerely yours,
TAYLOR STARCK.

(Taylor Starck is Professor of German at Harvard University and Editor of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences)

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 308

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Thought for Today

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.—Syrus.

Peanuts and Potatoes

As this was being written it looks as if the lowly peanut may be the decisive factor in determining what the new farm bill is going to look like.

The catch is, of course, that the peanut isn't lowly any more. It has become with corn, cotton, rice, wheat and potatoes a basic commodity. Last year more acres of peanuts were planted than rye, tobacco or potatoes. The crop was valued at $200 million. To keep peanut prices up, the government spent $40 million and that ain't hay—peanuts, we mean.

In the new bill, which just escaped becoming law on Thursday and was delayed by an unusual parliamentary snag and a dispute over peanut quotas, the potato crop would be restricted. Price supports would be barred to growers rejecting federal marketing orders. All supports would be removed from grades under U.S. No. 2. By 1951, there would be no supports at all for Irish potatoes unless marketing quotas are in effect. But no one had determined what these quotas are to be. That will require special legislation.

All this concern over restricting the potential potato crop has come about because of the adverse publicity the support program received this year as a result of the wanton destruction of millions of bushels bought by the government to keep prices up, not to mention the near scandals about the way Maine farmers have become rich by planting and growing potatoes no one needs but Uncle Sam buys with the taxpayer's dollars.

But there has been no scandal about peanuts or cotton. So Congress reduces the procedure where they are concerned. The new bill approves an increase of more than one million acres of cotton that may be planted under the price support program, in addition to the 21 million acres already approved.

And when it comes to peanuts, the bill ok's an increase of 100,000 acres in the allotment over and above the two million acres already included. Former Secretary of Agriculture Anderson, now a senator, says we already have a 50 per cent over-production of peanuts and that only large exports in 1949 prevented the surplus from being larger than it was.

It is small wonder that the soy bean states and the dairy states and the lard producing states are concerned over the increase in cotton and peanut acreage. Both produce edible oils, which compete with soybean oils and fats.

To the citizen living in states where the peanut and the cottonseed does not compete, it must be inescapable that Congress is viewing the farm bill, as it has been doing for years, from the political rather than the economic viewpoint.

These columns have pointed out from time to time the absurdity of the potato price support program. If Congress has finally gotten around to cutting out some of its foolishness about potatoes, that's fine. But this does not justify committing further assault on the taxpayer by continuing these evils in other directions. There is no more justification for encouraging surpluses in cotton and peanuts where they already exist than there was in creating an entirely artificial situation in potatoes.

To do so may be smart politics temporarily. It will always be stupid economics.

Of Little Comfort

A statement by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Nobel prize winning scientist that man cannot manufacture a hydrogen bomb and theretore is not likely to make a device that will split the earth asunder, is no doubt comforting to many.

Then the octogenarian searcher after truth adds something that erases any comfort engendered by the above. He says "we and our possible adversary now possess the instruments to destroy each other."

Hope of survival based on the theory that man cannot destroy the earth is of little comfort. As long as the will to destroy prevails the imminence of destruction is also with us.

Efforts to purchase world peace through such agencies as the Marshall plan and the Economic Cooperation Administration cannot permanently prove successful. They cannot continue forever and therefore serve only to give us more time.

The history of civilization is a history of evolution through the dissemination of knowledge. Never at any point in civilization was the urgency more acute.

It is a well grounded fact that leaders cannot make war unless they can sell the idea to their people. It is why there is today a socalled iron curtain designed to keep those behind it in ignorance.

First and foremost on the agenda in seeking world peace, is the need for effectively penetrating that curtain. Funds spent for that that purpose will bring lasting returns.

Marching Evergreens

A segment of our planet's history can be written in terms of the evergreens. About 125 million years ago the Age of Pines was in full swing. We rarely stop to think that in the full era of evergreens there were no broad-leafed trees, no grasses and no wildflowers. Today we have three evergreen forests left in our nation: a belt along the Pacific, a strip across southern states and an area in the northeast and north central states.

Today marching evergreens are taking back the land that pioneers cleared for crops and pastures. Abandoned farms in the hills are green again with the short needles. They march forward in serried ranks; in the rear are the tall trees; middle ranks press against the small scouts in the vanguard. Each year the winged naked seeds leave cones of mature trees and sail on the wind to land waiting to be conquered. The sunlight trees are mixed with the evergreens: gray birch, poplar, scrub oak, wild cherry and jack pine. As the evergreens gain height these full-sunlight trees die. But they have served their purpose in helping to protect the starting evergreens.

Year by year, if one watches a specific area, he can see the evergreens marching forward. Nature is infinitely patient; decades and centuries are but as ticks of a man-made clock. Here on these thin-soiled fields and upland hillsides, there were thriving pioneer farms when a nation was young. A century ago men built rock-walled foundations beside old roads. Now the evergreens march down from the heights and push steadily, inexorably forward: They cross pastures and hillside mowings; they crowd over small, brook-traversed meadows; they take back the gardens and orchards of yesteryear. As one stands on a hillside beside moss-etched granite foundations and sees the evergreens marching down from the hills, he catches a glimpse of a time that is past and time that stretches into the future.—(H.P.)

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Suppose you owned 105,000 one-armed bandits—slot machines—and were unenthusiastic over the old-fashioned idea of paying income taxes on some two billion dollars in nickels, dimes and quarters. What would you do?

That problem's been recently bothering a string of city detectives and federal investigators, not to mention a few private eyes—and some, from down Florida way, think they may have the answer.

You can dump an awful lot of coin into change bags if you control tram and bus systems strategically placed in cities across the land. There's no better camouflage for loose change than some municipal bus company, whose drivers trundle in millions of dollars every week — to be counted, sorted and hauled down to legitimate accounts in banks.

Outlets Important

For some of the mobs, now trying desperately to graduate from the tin-horn shakedown and two-bit torpedo stink-bomb throwing era, such cash outlets are important.

The old goons are now in one of this country's top money-making enterprises—the operation of gambling clubs which lie just beyond the limits of highly industrialized cities. These lush eating places with slot-machine rooms off in the rear actually appeal to thousands of working Joes and their families. Even the youngsters are brought along to watch the mass bingo games in the flashy dining rooms, while Pop hits the slots upstairs.

The Internal Revenue Dept.—if you'll pardon the mention so soon after March 15—has some 105,000 one-arm bandits listed for tax tabs, but there are at least twice that number throughout the country, each with a take of some $10 to $15 a day. The mobs simply have to move that coin—after all, you can't go around paying for your duplex apartment or mink-lined car with bags full of nickels and dimes. So the "shrewd and efficient overlords have adopted the techniques and methods of business." That's the way the crime-busting New Orleans mayor, Delesseps S. Morrison, put it recently.

Leaders Worried

Now word comes from federal sources in Washington that the "respectabilized" mob syndicates have begun buying up transit systems in five cities. All of which worries many labor leaders and scores of mayors—for those who own transit frequently can squeeze out of it considerable political influence and prestige in the community. And, remember the mobs don't buy in their own names. They use fronts.

And hardly soothing the nerves of other labor chiefs these days are reports that their fields appear suddenly to have become happy hunting grounds again for the lower-echelon trigger-happy crowds. Only last Saturday, the New Yo k police picked up 10 or 12 men involved in some slight cases of mayhem by shooting, stabbing and speeding cars. Most insiders have developed that whimsical attitude which says, Oh, it's only the waterfront. Let the boys play rough. So what if the mobs are merging into one very tough crowd?

Scrubbing Expected

Well, there's Police Inspector Kennedy, who takes a dim view of blood under a dockside moon. If no one removes the inspector, his recently enlarged Waterfront Squad is expected to do some waterside scrubbing.

Since the port of New York is the open end of the funnel for vital shipments to Europe, there are those in Washington who want the piers terror-free, so no one can interfere with our foreign policy. That's why the little-known, as yet, Senate sub-Committee to Investigate Labor-Management Relations is thinking of spending some of its time and money looking into the mobs in New York and New Jersey waterfront unions.

From many a city has come warning of moving mobsters. Word from Detroit revealed, just the other day, that the CIO has special investigators microscopically watching the new wars between gangs which are trying to cut into the heavy gambling take in the local mammoth factories.

'Heat' Is On

The labor people, having noticed an increase in violence and crime in cities ranging from Washington, D. C., itself right across the continent, have begun putting the heat on their mayors and state authorities. In turn, the mayors are needling the federal government. And there's considerable resentment in Washington, where it is charged that the municipal chiefs could handle the crime wave themselves. But the mayors have retorted that the FBI has refused to show their police chiefs confidential reports on bookies.

Now the labor men have been told that a new national crime conference will be called in about 90 days. And they're fervently hoping the feud between the mayors and the Justice Dept. ends before union membership begins losing to two-armed bandits as heavily as to the one-arm-type.

(Copyright 1950)

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This is a very unappetizing column.

Please do not read it just before eating.

It may spoil your appetite.

If these things affect you the way they affect us at home, you'll follow my advice.

* * *

Being a bit on the old-fashioned side, we eat our dinner pretty early. At six o'clock, to be exact.

We put a little portable radio on the table and listen to the local news which comes on at that time.

There isn't much local news hereabouts, so our announcer makes the most of what he has to work with.

If there is an automobile accident, he describes it in the most minute detail.

You can almost see the blood dripping out of the radio.

Interspersed with the news are

For some reason, most of our local commercials are of the drug store variety. I don't have to tell you what.

But most of them don't go very well with soup or roast beef. So I have become quite an expert at eliminating the unappetizing stuff, by just turning the radio off and on at the proper second.

* * *

That's why I am telling you not to read this before a meal.

But, if you are all through, and have digested your food, here goes.

* * *

There was an advertisement in the garden section of our Sunday paper.

It's a household hint, and also intended for people who want to make a little extra money.

If you live in an apartment, it's no good for you.

The heading is:

"Let An EARTHWORM be your GARBAGE MAN!"

Then comes the text. I can't quote all of it because there isn't space enough here. But this will give you the idea:

"Did you know that an inexpensive, easy-to-make earth-worm pit can be a wonderful way to dispose of all your garbage—and a wonderful way to make marvelously rich compost for your garden, flowers, shrubs, etc? Look at these facts!"

Then it goes on to tell how "you can buy a few hundred worms to start for a couple of dollars! Within a few weeks you'll have thousands!

"You can put ALL your garbage in the pit—even orange peels, coffee grounds, bones—all animal and garden wastes!

"You'll have no odors—no flies NO NUISANCE of any kind!"

* * *

You can, of course, make a little side money by selling the compost. All you have to do is to send a dollar and they'll mail you a book that tells how to work wonders with earthworms.

* * *

We need a new garbage can. Ours has a hole in it.

I showed the ad to my wife and started to suggest—

I didn't get very far. But, from what she said, I suspected that if I ever fell for anything like that, she'd feed me to the earthworms.

However, if you are interested, I'll be glad to give you further details.

(Copyright 1950)

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of March 25, 1925, a Wednesday

Through his presence of mind and quick-witted action, Howard U. Moyer saved the life of a child who was about to be crushed under the wheel of a heavy oil truck at 6th and Linden Sts. The child's clothing was caught under the wheel when Mr. Moyer reached out and snatched her out from danger.

The cast for the play, "Merely Mary Ann," by Israel Zangwill, to be presented by the business girls' department of the YWCA was completed and included the following players: Laura Deysher, Nona McGrath, Mildred Ehrlich, Rhoda Kyle, Jeanne McClellan, Florence Kintzel, Miriam Schneck, Evelyn Diefenderfer, Gladys Henninger, Ruth Casteline and Esther Ochs. They were under the direction of Alice Mansur of Cedar Crest college.

The three-story building at 621 New St. formerly owned by the Dairy Products Co., was sold to Ralph R. Reeser, owner of the Queen City Milk Co. The consideration was not announced.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

The novelist Fanny Hurst was asked by Harry Hershfield to recall the most beautiful compliment she ever had received. "That's easy," said Miss Hurst. "It was from an ardent suitor when I was still in my teens, and what he whispered in my ears was 'I'd burn down the Taj Mahal for Marilyn Miller — but I'd walk through the flames for you.'"

* * *

Bill Nye, the Will Rogers of the 90's, once declared, "Every home should have a book. The ignorant will enjoy the pictures, the wise will revel in its wisdom, and the housekeeper will find it handy for killing a cockroach."

Answers to Questions

Q. When were bananas first brought to the United States? B.O.W.

A. Bananas were probably first brought to the United States on the schooner Reynard in 1804. They came from Cuba.

Q. Are special breeds of bulls used in bullfights? J.W.E.

A. In Spain bulls of a special breed are raised for fighting qualities. They must weigh not less than 542 kilos (1,194 lbs.), be from 4 to 5 years old, be free from physical defects and have sharp horns.

Q. What flowers attract hummingbirds? B.G.A.

A. The hummingbird likes especially, columbine, petunias, larkspur, trumpet - vine, honeysuckle, and nearly all red or long-spurred flowers. Hummingbird filling stations — small tubes of red, yellow, or blue glass filled with sweetened water — hung near flowers will not only attract many hummers, but will make them quite tame.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

MUS OLS NOCH LOCHA: Der blummamon Paul Winzer fon Emmaus hut uns die woch om blumma show g'sawt, er mist ols noch locha won er on der fershtarva John Sefing denka dade yohra tzurick om blumma show. Sel yohr hut der Paul g'sawt, hetta sie finf yunga maid harfe shpieler kot un woh yusht 'n gute alt bakont shtick g'shtart hetta shpiela wie der John dawaig kumma wear. Mit ous aenich waisa mocha, wear er fohr gadraida un het awfonga singa noch allerra ort, un gabroviert fer ol die onnerra aw ons singa griega.

In wenicher os ken tzeit secht der Paul, wears gons blumma show um die shpieler rum gawwest, un die yunga maid hetta sicha so ershtouna missa, un awfonga locha, os sie nimmy shpiela hetta kenna. Der Paul hut hinna draw g'shtonna un die socha ei ganumma, un wie die maid nimmy langer shpiela hen kenna-hen tzu arrick locha missa wear der John fert galoffa wie won nix g'shaina wear.

GNEB DRUVEL: Won aenich ebber gneb hut fer awnaya, sehna der wert Clair Price fon Long Swamp- er kon sel gute duh. 'M onnerra Sundawg morya wie der "Chubbs" Bauman darta wor der grawwa farna om bar flicka os garunna hut, is es 'm Clair bei g'falla os er 'n loser gnub om ruck het. Die weil os er net glawbt on die sama gneb alla gabut aw naga, hut er kord band'l grick'd, un die Katie hut 'm die graish'd nodel gewwa os sie finna hut kenna.

Die sawg is, der Clair het sich mechdich fermocht bis er die nodel ei g'faid'ld hut kot, un die lecher im gnub weara yusht bout gross ganunk fer die nodel darrich shtecka. Mit harder mee hut er der gnub aw ganay'd, uns wor net bis er fartich wor os er g'sehna hut os er der gnub net yusht sunnersht saversht aw ganay'd hut, ow'r hut 'n aw on die letz side fom ruck ganay'd kot, 'N aryer Clair, net wohr?

WOS HUTS GABUMB'D: Die onner nocht wor aeland im haichda grawd ons Rollie Millers' uf da Lea shtross, Macungie. Die bed shtub uhr hut shtoppa gnackerra, un die weil os er net shlofa kon won die uhr net gnacker'd, is der Rollie uf g'shtonna fer sie uf tzeiga. Uf 'm tzurick waig ins bed, hut er der tzaea wedder 'n shtuhl shtolla garent os er shtarna sehna hut fliega, un wie er sich ins bed laiga hut wolla, wohrhoft won er sich net danava galaig'd hut. Sei Sadie wor so fershtucka os sie net gawist hut wos tzu duh, uns hais'd, sie wot fon now ob nochts 'n licht brenna in da bed shtub, so os der Rollie sehna kent fer rum, won die uhr mohl widder shtoppa sot gnackerra.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Fon ol da lieder rum, is nix os der "Shpiegel" Frank Ritter fon Rockdale besser gleich'd tzu hoerra, os wie "Mule Train."—Sei Blanch sin die barichda, mists 'm owets singa fer shlofa gae.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Luke 1:26-56

The reason why this section of Luke's Gospel is assigned for today is that March 25 is the day in the liturgical church calendar called The Annunciation, exactly nine months before December 25, Christmas Day. The angel Gabriel was sent by God to the virgin (of Isaiah 7:14), Mary, betrothed to Joseph, and living in Nazareth of Galilee. He tells her that she is to become the mother of a son, whose name was to be Jesus (means Saviour, Matth. 1:21). He was to be the son, not of Joseph, but of the Highest, and was some day to sit on the throne of His father, David, and of His kingdom there was to be no end (quoting 2 Samuel 7:13, 16). Mary could not understand the mystery, but the angel tells her, in v. 35, that the child was to be conceived by the Holy Ghost (involving the important doctrine of the Virgin Birth, but not of the Immaculate Conception). Mary at once visits her relative, Elizabeth, who was to become the mother of John the Baptist. Together they discuss the mysteries revealed to them concerning the coming into the world of the promised Saviour. Mary then breaks out in the words of the Magnificat, v. 46, praising God, her Saviour, v. 47.

Horoscope

The Jupiterian trine is helpful on this date, with good-fellowship and generosity uppermost. Indications are that today's child may have to fight for success—but will win.

The Editor Abroad

Note: This is one of a series of articles by Percy B. Ruhe, editor of the Morning Call, who with Mrs. Ruhe is making a trip to Palestine and other points of interest in Europe and the Near East.

By PERCY B. RUHE

On Sunday (March 12) we got the first thrills attendant upon seeing storied places of high import in man's recorded history. They came when at noon, amid stormy seas and dark skies, it was reported the length and breadth of the ship that we were about to sight the Azore Islands.

That brought vision of those early, intrepid navigators who decades before Columbus' day ventured westwardly into the Atlantic beyond the Pillars of Hercules and found the cluster of nine islands that lie in an area about 350 miles from east to west and just about 2000 miles east of New York. To put it in terms of the 15th Century when in 1432 the first island was reached by a Portuguese navigator, the islands are about a thousand miles from Portugal and Spain.

We Sight Land

Few persons entered the dining room at 1 because "land, land" was the cry from the decks on both sides of the ship. We were passing between Corvo, the smallest, and Flores, the most westerly, of the archipelago. Both jut out of the sea like mountains pushed up from the ocean's bottom. Corvo is almost as bare as the peaks of the Rocky Mountains for there is no top soil on it and probably never has been any. Only about six hundred people are said to live on the bleak 3½x2 mile pile of rock, an extinct volcano, that rises almost thruout its area to a height of 2,548 feet above sea level. Everybody wondered how men can live in such a waste. Flores, the island on the south side of the strait thru which the ship was coursing in heavy haze, is only 9x6½ miles in dimensions but rises to an even greater height, 3087 feet. (That is 2000 feet higher than any point in Lehigh County, and we are removed by more than a hundred miles from the seaside).

We did not get a glimpse of Terceira, the largest of the nine islands and on which the U. S. Army continues to maintain an air base. During the war the Azores were an important naval base for the American fleet.

In little more than two hours we again were out of sight of land and not until early Wednesday morning, when before daylight the ship neared the coast of Portugal, was the thrill of seeing land experienced again.

This second landfall was Cape St. Vincent in southern Portugal and it meant that the Mediterranean was near at hand.

Nearing Gibraltar

During the forenoon there were repeated cries from people watching the horizon as ships, sailboats and tankers for the most part, were sighted. It was evident that we were nearing one of the busiest highways on the seas — the Strait of Gibraltar. The large number of tankers retold the story of the Romance of Oil in the Near East. These big, slow-moving vessels were either outbound with cargoes of black gold from the Orient or returning empty to the refineries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

There were occasional glimpses of headlands near Cadiz and then almost simultaneously the huge rock masses of Cape Trafalgar in southern Spain and Cape Spartel in Spanish Morocco were sighted. So we knew the ship had entered the famous strait—Torpedo Alley as the Allies called it during the war. That was because it was the graveyard for so many ships that strove to sneak into the Mediterranean during hours of the night or in bad weather and were sunk by German submarines that lurked in packs near the capes that are separated by only 24 miles of water.

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

TWO YEARS OLD

Two years old! That seems to me
Much too soon so smart to be.
Now incredible appears
All he's learned in two breif years.
Wisdom fills our Terry's head.
He knows everything that's said.

Think of it! Though only two
He has learned both "don't" and "do."
"Mustn't touch!" he understands,
Is to stay his eager hands.
Mention "candy" and he shows
Just what candy is he knows.

Without words he cannot say
What he wants is plain as day.
By a method all his own
What he's after he makes known,
Two, and with that smiling face,
Lord and master of the place!

Two! I wonder what he'll be
At the older age of three?
Tyrant now we all obey;
When this year has flown away,
Slaves to every mood and whim
We'll be bowing down to him.

(Copyright 1950)



NOTE: Many additional tributes to Dr. Barba have been received from readers who have followed his column for many years. They are being reprinted herewith. This is the last of the "Eck" to appear until October. Dr. Barba will, however, contribute articles on his travels which will run in this space from time to time.

State College, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Weiler:

In writing a brief notice of Miss Weisel's thesis-index of Dr. Barba's "Eck," it gave me great pleasure to recall to local readers your generous gift of bound volumes to our College Library. Our German professor, Dr. Buffington, who has a weekly "Dutch" program on the Sunbury radio, makes frequent use of this gift, and so do other professors and students who are interested in Pennsylvania German things.

I have just now written to Dr. Barba wishing him a pleasant vacation and expressing again my deep appreciation of his 15-years work. In volume it amounts to a number of good-sized books, and it has the advantage of newspaper publication where the general reader can read as he runs. I'm sure your Lehigh County readers must look eagerly for it, and I'm equally sure that scholars scattered all over the country like it too. After fifteen years it shows no signs of decline in content or spirit; in fact, it's as fresh as ever.

I was in Allentown four years at college and cherish many happy memories of walks into town, evenings in the Lyric Theatre gallery, the handsome homes on West Hamilton, hikes in the country, your fine churches and eloquent pastors, the shops near Sixth and Hamilton where I bought sheet music, the big stores, Peters and Jacoby's and other eating places, and the lively news of college and town that I found in the Call. A good many changes have occurred since 1915, as I know from some later visits, but my pleasant memories endure. Percy B. Ruhe would not remember me, but I met him on an occasion when our college weekly had a contest and he served as a judge; another judge was that young radical, "Bob" Wheeler. And early one rainy morning I went down to the railroad station to shake hands with Woodrow Wilson, running for the presidency of the United States . . . Sometimes I envy your luck in being there.

Sincerely yours,
W. L. WERNER
School of the Liberal Arts,
Pennsylvania State College

20 Renwick Ave,
London, Ontario

Dear Mr. Weiler:

Although my Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors came to Canada in 1788, and through successive marriages with My Scotch ancestors have lost their original identity, I am sufficiently interested in them to read and enjoy Preston A. Barba's column each week.

Each October my wife and I visit Allentown and vicinity in an attempt to satisfy an insatiable curiosity concerning the early days of my ancestors and other Pennsylvania families who came with them to Canada. We now feel as much at home in Allentown as in any Canadian city, and have made many friends there. Last year we called on Dr. Barba for some personal assistance which he generously gave. Since meeting him we have enjoyed his column even more and take pleasure in congratulating him on the 15th. anniversary of 'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK.

After reading the news and clipping Dr. Barba's column each week we send the paper to a former Allentonian who is in a local hospital, so in this way the Call makes two calls. The clippings are saved for inspection by Professor Kalbfleisch of the University of Western Ontario who translates the more difficult parts for us. His ancestors are Germans, his wife's Pennsylvania Dutch, via Waterloo County.

About 60 miles from here this Ontario County has villages which are as Pennsylvania Dutch as any in Lancaster County. On "Pig Fair Day" in Elmira more German than English is spoken, and more beards and bonnets are seen than in the Lancaster market.

Yes, we enjoy the "ECK," and why shouldn't we, for besides its historical interest it comes to us free, as one of many gestures of hospitality from a fellow historian, formerly librarian of Trout Hall, now residing in Wescosville. Such is Allentown generosity to strangers.

Your sincerely,
LESLIE R. GRAY
President—London and Middlesex Historical Society

1418 Prarie Ave.
Beloit, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:

The writer looks forward to receiving copies of the "Eck" at frequent intervals with great relish. As I peruse each story, dialect poem, they bring back nostalgic reminiscences of the past among the Pennsylvania-Germans.

The awakening of a too long dormant interest in the past as personified by the Pennsylvania Germans, their lore, their dialect, their spontaneous adaptability and the preservation of the same for posterity is alone worth the effort and time of both yourselves and Dr. Preston Barba. I personally feel that both of you are doing future generations a favor by giving the past and present expression through the medium of the press.

Trusting that this partnership will survive a long long time, I remain,

Cordially yours,
M. WALTER DUNDORE
Production Manager, Beloit Iron Works

Worcester, Mass.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

I am only too glad to express my high opinion of the value of the 'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK and of the labors of its founder and editor, Preston A. Barba. I have corresponded with him for a number of years and appreciate the help which he has always given me. We feel fortunate in having a complete file of this publication beginning in 1935.

Yours sincerely,
CLARENCE S. BRIGHAM
Director—American Antiquarian Society

123 South Broad Street
Philadelphia 9, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I am in receipt of your letter giving notice that the PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK column will be discontinued for a number of months.

I have been a subscriber to the "Call" during the entire period of years in which this column has been published. I am pleased to take this opportunity to express my appreciation of the tremendous amount of work which Preston A. Barba has done in the preparation of this column, which I feel to be without a parallel.

I congratulate Dr. Barba for his work and I trust that he may be able to resume this outstanding editorship upon his return next fall.

Very truly yours,
HENRY S. BORNEMAN
President—Pennsylvania German Society

783 Michigan Ave.
Buffalo, 3, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I have been reading the Pennsylvania Deitsch Eck for several years, and enjoy it very much. It brings back lots of memories to me in my boyhood days when I was at home in Limeport where I was born and reared, and will gladly wait until fall when you resume the publication.

Very truly yours,
OLIVER C. SCHAFFER.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLKLORE CENTER
Fackenthal Library, Franklin & Marshall College
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Weiler:

On behalf of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center at Franklin and Marshall College I join my colleagues, Drs. Shoemaker and Yoder, in saluting the CALL for its excellent contribution these past 15 years to the entire cultural study of Pennsylvania Dutchiana through the regular publication of the ECK, under the scholarly editorship of Dr. P. A. Barba.

No one can ever truly measure how many Pennsylvania Dutchmen the ECK has awakened to a fuller appreciation of their traditional cultural heritage, nor how many students and scholars Dr. Barba has inspired and stimulated to further researches in this field, nor what a great source of scientific information has been contained in the ECK on this subject. To Dr. Barba and the CALL goes the credit, too, for having introduced several unknown dialect writers to the public.

The work of our Folklore Center and its publication, THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, is devoted whole-heartedly to the cause of recording, cataloging, preserving the traditional cultural heritage of southeastern Pennsylvania and to the bringing of that body of information to a large reading public through a popular presentation backed by sound scholarship. To Dr. Barba we all owe a debt of gratitude for having pointed the way.

Most sincerely yours,
DR. J. WILLIAM FREY
Co-Director, The Pa. Dutch Folklore Center, Inc.
Co-Editor, THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

It is pleasant to take time to observe the anniversary of Mr. Barba's long editorship of the DEITSCH ECK. You will know that I enjoy and value, also, the ECK, for I am just now preparing my volumes for binding. I hope Mr. Barba will long continue to edit this page and enjoy his work as much as do his readers.

Sincerely yours,
MAY OLSON.

The Theological Seminary,
Princeton, New Jersey.

My dear Mr. Weiler:

I have been reading with profit and pleasure the ECK for a number of years, and I have become so accustomed to it that I do not want to miss a single issue. Those columns are rich in folklore, information on the customs of the forefathers, and Pennsylvania German linguistics. Although I am interested in everything that appears in the ECK, I must admit that the language itself makes the greatest appeal to me. I am especially fond of observing the various dialectal differences. As a result of reading the ECK every week I now have a much wider vocabulary than I had years ago when I spoke the dialect every day in my native Lancaster County.

Obviously not all the material published in the dialect has the same merit, but I have been especially interested in the development of a fluent Pennsylvania German prose; in that the late Lloyd A. Moll was the master. Recently Mr. Wm. F. Yoder also contributed prose written in an excellent style and replete with a sound home spun philosophy. I hope that he may be encouraged to continue his efforts in that line, because he displayed originality and the art of adapting the dialect to literary style. Needless to say, I always find pleasure in reading John Birmelin's poetry. In the hands of such writers our dialect reflects the inner soul of our people and shows its possibilities of literary expression.

I wish to congratulate Professor Barba on the completion of fifteen years as editor of the ECK. He has made a notable contribution to our knowledge of Pennsylvania German life and literature, and he has made this field known far beyond the confines of our people. Finally I also wish to commend the Call-Chronicle Newspapers for sponsoring this unique feature in the American Press.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY S. GEHMAN.

Mennonite Publishing House,
Scottdale, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

Dr. Barba and his contributors deserve to be congratulated on fifteen years of the ECK. I have always felt that this column was a credit to its editor, to the paper which carries it, and to the people whose life and culture it reflects. It has taught many of us to respect our past. People who do not respect their past have no prospect for a future.

The ECK is an inspiration to all who want to preserve and promote the religious and cultural values of our Pennsylvania German heritage. May it enjoy a future as rich as its past.

Sincerely yours,
THE MENNONITE COMMUNITY
Grant M. Stoltzfur, Editor.

Antietam Road
R. F. D. 1
Stony Creek Mills, Pa.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

The Pennsylvania Deitsch Eck has been a source of entertainment, education and pleasure to me since it was started fifteen years, lacking but one—the first.

It is looked forward to with pleasure each week, always something new, something interesting, or a new angle to an old subject.

It is entirely fitting and proper that a people or folk write their own history, and this is what has been done and is still taking place in the Eck.

There is a key-note throughout all the articles that of sincerity and sympathetic to their subject. The reader can not help but feel that the writers are writing about something they know.

I feel that Mr. Barba has done himself a "proud monument," in a work that surely has not been activated by a commercial motive.

Sincerely yours,
RAYMOND E. KIEBACH

77 Cottage Street
Whitinsville, Massachusetts

My dear Mr. Weiler:

May I express, at this time, on the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the "Eck" my sincere appreciation of the opportunities for pleasure and for intellectual profit, that your newspaper has brought to us? We have, ever since subscribing to the Reprint, always gathered around a good cup of coffee, whenever the Eck Reprints arrived—and treated ourselves to the enjoyment of reading them aloud!

We shall miss the omission from March to October!

At the same time, may we express our gratitude to Dr. Barba, who has so faithfully edited the Eck all these years, and wish him a most pleasant sojourn in Europe?

Naturally, extend my subscription to the Oct 7 edition and don't forget to bill me when due again!, for we won't want to do without the "Eck!"

Sincerely and Cordially,
HAROLD V. WILLIAMS, M. D.
AND FAMILY

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, Bookseller
2031 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Dear Mr. Weiler:

The celebration of fifteen years of Dr. Barba's 'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK almost marks an epoch in the study of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Since the Pennsylvania German ceased being published, there had been nothing devoted to material which could not be published in book form. 'S PENNSYLVAANISCH DEITSCH ECK has more than taken the place of Pennsylvania German under the excellent editorship of Dr. Barba.

I hope Dr. Barba will continue to celebrate many more years as editor and that he will be able to continue this publication of this most important column.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE ALLEN.

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BRANCH OFFICES:
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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Salute to Your Newsboy

The Horatio Alger success story is an American tradition that has perhaps as much or more than a million living examples in our population. And most of all the examples have an important chapter of newsboy experiences in their real histories.

So in observing National Newspaperboy Day today, American newspaperdom is paying a high tribute not alone to the boys who today will deliver millions of copies of almost two thousand daily American papers to their customers but also to the thousands of national celebrities.

In this city such tribute quietly will be paid to our hundreds of prominent men who in their youth carried the Morning Call or the Evening Chronicle or other daily and Sunday papers that come into the community or were pubfished here prior to thirty years ago.

In paying tribute to the American newsboy, past and present, many will think of Thomas Edison, the boy, who earned the money to buy his first experimental materials by selling papers on railroad trains.

When Joe DiMaggio slammed a home run to win the second game of the World Series on Thursday newsboys thruout the country well may have felt happy to be engaged in the same business that gave the great athlete a big start in life. And out in Pittsburgh thruout the recent season the stands have been packed to see another former newsboy, Ralph Kiner, bat out homers for an otherwise indifferent team.

Today Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are earning millions yet only a comparatively few years ago they were getting their earliest money and business training as newsboys.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower and General Omar Bradley are names high on the military roster. They as boys peddled daily papers. Governor Warren of California and Governor Dewey of New York are conspicuous among men in high places who rose from the humble but helpful job of selling newspapers when they were boys, while Senators Arthur H. Vandenberg and Robert Wagner, Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson and Justices William O. Douglas and Tom C. Clark are among the many men in the highest places in government who proudly and satisfactorily look back upon an early career as newsboys. To these names thousands could be added on the national level. In Allentown one can find an early newspaper chapter in the life-stories of hundreds of our leading men.

Any ambitious boy well may wish to have an early newspaper career. Any parent or parents, ambitious for the welfare of a son may well wish to have him gain the values that apparently are inherent in this job.

These values were well summed up in an issue of the Madison (Wisc.) State Journal by a former newspaper boy who wrote as follows:

"What is more healthful for any normal boy than the great outdoors?

"Learning how to get along with others is an important part of any young boy's education, and certainly there is ample opportunity to achieve this on a paper route.

"One must learn how to be congenial: how to co-operate, how to develop a respect for others.

"Millions of people in the United States depend on these boys to bring them the daily newspapers so that they may keep in touch with what is going on. Without the newspaper, our system of communication would be considerably impaired.

"Hundreds of thousands of dollars are handled by newspaper carriers every week. They learn the necessity of collecting money and turning it in to the proper custodians. This definitely involves 'trust.'

"The remuneration for their work is commensurate with the job. There is ample opportunity to have a steady income the year round while attending school.

"Yes, boys your job is important to the Nation, to the State, to your community and to yourself.

"Stick with it. The experience you gain is far more beneficial than you perhaps realize now, but it will pay big dividends later in life."

Readers of the Call-Chronicle Newspapers know and appreciate their newsboys. They meet them periodically even if paper deliveries are not accompanied by personal contact. They know that the boys are faithful because there is the paper on one's doorstep at a given time each day.

The Call-Chronicle Newspapers appreciate "your" newsboys. They are splendid, earnest, ambitious young fellows. They are among the most promising of our future citizenry. They are going places.

Stassen Idea Ill-Starred

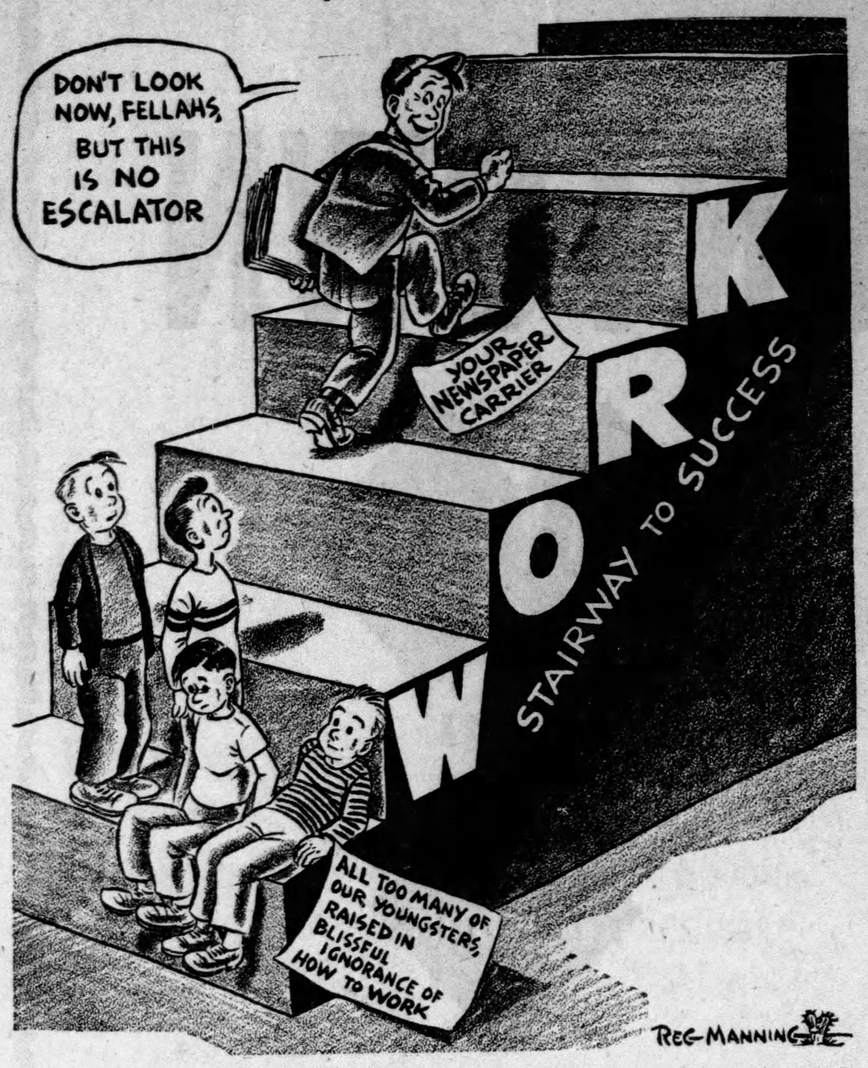
President Harold R. Stassen of the University of Pennsylvania is like a great many other reasonable persons who cannot believe that war is necessarily inevitable. Trusting in the general nobility of human nature they feel that somehow or other it must be possible to break thru the hardest and most cruel shells if there be enough patience and psychological skill. They have been so successful in their own lives among reasonable people in doing such things that they imagine it must be possible to handle even such tough old train-robbers as Joseph Stalin if one can just corner him or get him to sit down at dinner in polite company.

There is nothing in almost a decade of American experiences with Mr. Stalin to warrant optimistic outlook for Mr. Stassen's proposals in a letter to the Russian leader to sit down together and exchange views.

Mr. Stassen will be lucky if Stalin and the Russians do not twist his proposals into propaganda for their own false and deceitful "peace plans." He is indeed optimistic if he expects Stalin to invite him and a group of representative Americans to come to Moscow and talk with him about Mr. Stassen's propositions. These include change by Stalin of the Soviet Union's policy which is blocking peace, halt to support for aggression in Korea and rearmament in Eastern Germany, and freedom for the peoples in satellite countries.

But no matter what comes out of Mr. Stassen's appeal to Uncle Joe, this entire matter is not one for decision by Mr. Stassen or any group of Americans. Most of the world, as represented by the United Nations, now is very definitely aligned against Korea (and thereby Russia) as an aggressor nation. Discussions such as Mr. Stassen contemplates are out of order at this time. The United Nations must be the party of the first part if and when Mr. Stalin agrees to be the party of the second part.

The Boy with a Head Start



These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

In the 10 fiscal years, 1940 to 1950, the United States shall have spent directly for war — that is, for the national defense — $368,019,000,000. To this should be added an estimated expenditure in 1951 of $30,245,000,000, which will bring the total up to $398,264,000,000.

To this vast sum must be added other items, such as ECA European military assistance, lend-lease, cost of the United Nations and similar expenses which are items chargeable to the national defense. It probably will run as high as $500,000,000,000 up to the end of the fiscal year 1950-51.

Out of Earnings

All that money comes out of the earnings of the American people. For the fiscal year in 1950, the gross national product of the American people amounted to $259,800,000,000. In a word, over 10 years, we have spent roughly two years of the gross product of all the people of the United States on war, defense, and subsidies for other countries.

(The term gross national product means the total market value of goods and services, before deduction for depreciation or other allowances.)

Obviously, this huge expenditure cannot go on indefinitely unless a cut is made in other expenditures, such as the social reforms to which Oscar Ewing devotes himself. In the fiscal year, 1950-51, more than 10 per cent of the national product will go to war, not counting the rearming of Europe and similar aids to prospective allies. The burden is enormous and the Korean war has proved beyond doubt that we can count on little aid from other nations. Their token aids may be of moral value, but in an appraisement of actual costs, they serve little.

It is, of course, gratifying to know that the Turks are sending some ground forces after MacArthur recaptured Seoul, and it is good to see that a British regiment appears on the war maps, but the United States really did that Korean job for the United Nations practically alone, and that is what we must expect from Europe.

Therefore, what the American people need to decide very soon is how much of the economy, the manpower and the natural resources of this country must be devoted to war, and how willing our people are to lower their standards of living and to reduce government-provided social benefits in order that the war costs can be met without bankrupting the land. It is doubtful whether the economy can long carry all our present commitments.

We Got Stalin

Politicians do not state these problems in such precise terms. They prefer to meet catastrophies when they come, hopeful always that they will not appear until someone else is responsible for them. Thus, we are now facing the terms of life arranged for us during the enthusiastic years between 1942 and 1945 when the war spirit carried men along. The assumption, at the moment, was that the best was being done to save the world from dictators and for democracy. Out of all that we got Stalin.

Now, in the year 1950, our problem remains, what are we to do about our wars? We have an enemy who does not want peace, because the kind of war he has arranged costs him little and costs us much. Russia does not even use its own manpower in these wars, depending upon the huge human resources of its Asiatic satellites.

Increase U. S. Costs

The object of these wars is not to win victories but to increase the cost of war to the United States. In a word, when Vyshinsky smiles over the defeat of North Korea, he is really smiling at the cost of the victory to the United States. By constantly forcing our budget upward, the Russians are actually succeeding in embarrassing the American government and the American economy. Unless we are extraordinarily vigilant and farsighted, an ugly inflation will be upon us — and it can be more costly than a war with atom bombs included.

This then is a problem requiring great statesmanship and a facing of facts. One reason why President Truman dislikes such men as Sen. Byrd of Virginia and Sen. Taft of Ohio is that they talk about such matters candidly and statistically, whereas the President prefers to screen the ugly from the public, hoping that the worst will not happen — at any rate, while he is around.

(Copyright 1950)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Acts 16

In this chapter Paul is on his second missionary journey, passing through Lystra in Asia Minor for the second time. Here he picks up Timothy, a convert of his, as another companion on the journey. They come to Troas (ancient Troy), where, in a night vision, a 'man of Macedonia' beckons Paul to come over to help his people. Paul and his companions (including the writer, Luke, as must be inferred from the pronoun 'we,' used for the first time in v.10) cross over to Europe, one of the most important events in human history. They come to Philippi, an important city, where Paul found no synagogue. So he learned of a group of godly women who held a prayer meeting each Sabbath day (were the men out playing golf?). He preached the Gospel to them, to which Lydia opened her heart as the charter member of the church in Europe, and to the Christians in Philippi Paul later wrote his letter 'to the Philippians.' Not long after this, Paul and Silas were arrested (Satan was on their track because they were preaching Christ on his territory), the outcome of which was the conversion of the Philippian jailwarden, vs. 19-34.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 7, 1925 a Wednesday

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover complimented a delegation from the Allentown Chamber of Commerce on its fine forward - looking program during a good fellowship meeting in Washington.

Allentown's oldest resident, David Mickley, 99, died at his home. He was a great-grandson of John Mickley, who transported the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia to Allentown in 1777.

Horoscope

In your next year it would be well to avoid speculation and proceed on the even tenor of your way. Good-nature is likely to be the prevailing trait of a child born today.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Free speech is swell.

It is one of the foundation stones of American life. Without free speech there can be no freedom.

But it is on account of free speech that I have lost my appetite for chicken, peas, and vanilla ice cream.

* * *

As a newspaper reporter I had to "cover" hundreds of luncheons and banquets of all kinds.

At almost every one of these banquets chicken, peas, and vanilla ice cream were part of the menu.

So, whenever I see a dish of peas now, or chicken or vanilla ice cream, I think of the hundreds of speeches to which I had to listen, many of which turned my stomach by their stupidity and insincerity.

* * *

Nobody ever went to these lunches or banquets to eat. It was always to listen to speeches. (I must revise this statement a little. To us newspaper reporters these affairs did mean eating when, otherwise, we might have gone hungry. In my early days as a reporter there was no Newspaper Guild, no minimum wages, no maximum hours — and sometimes there weren't even any meals.)

* * *

But just like everything else that is free, these speeches often were worth exactly what the word "free" implies — nothing.

And now, in 1950, we still have free speeche, a lot of people making speeches — and a lot of people spewing a lot of meaningless nonsense.

The other evening I attended a political banquet.

Chicken, peas, vanilla ice cream, of course — and speeches.

And would you believe it, the speeches sounded exactly like the ones I heard 20 and more years ago!

* * *

As a matter of fact, many of today's speeches are even worse than they were then.

Speakers have to deal with more complicated subjects without having better developed minds than the ones I knew.

For instance, one orator, a congressman, told his audience exactly how many atom bombs Russia has, now many cities she can destroy with them in how much time, and when she would do all that.

I have absolutely no use for the Soviets. But you have to give them credit for one virtue—they are not stupid. They certainly are not going to let us know how many bombs they have nor give us their time table.

* * *

Almost every day now with elections coming on again, some aspirant for political office tells us exactly what is going to happen and when it is going to happen.

They promise us the impossible and try to make us believe that by electing them we will live in heaven on earth.

Somehow these speakers remind me of Yakov Malik, Russia's delegate in the Security council.

When he first started to insult and abuse the United States I got mad and so did Mr. Austin, Mr. Jebb and the other friendly delegates.

Then his tirades became monotonous and sounded like a worn-out phonograph record. Hardly anybody listens to them any more.

That is the way with campaign speeches, just as it is with chicken, peas, and vanilla rice cream.

Why not change the menu?

(Copyright, 1950)

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

Lawyer Language

I am bothered by the phrases
lawyers often speak and write.
They seem to have a legal way
of proving black is white.
When I use a word I mean it,
but behind a lawyer's door
I find it's something different,
as I've mentioned heretofore.

I chuckle as I listen to the lawyers in debate
Over what a simple sentence in
a contract seems to state.
Whereas I'd thought it binding,
an objection stands, to-wit:
"De minimis non curat lex"
makes trifles out of it.

As the doctors talking business
so the lawyers seem to be.
They are friends I like to be
with but their language puzzles me.
And when they speak in Latin,
as so frequently they do,
I am just "non compos mentis."
What they mean I wish I knew.

(Copyright 1950)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUTS NET FERSHTAE KENNA: Der Harvey Conrad fon nagshd on Longswamp, wor die onner nocht in ra mechdicha fix wie er ins bed gawolt hut, un hut nix awfonga kenna mit seinra nocht kut. Sei fraw die Katie wor shun im bed un hut g'shnarricksh'd, un darta wor der Harvey, un hut sei nocht kut net aw griega kenna. Die weil os er die Katie net fershtairra hut wolla, 'n licht awshtecka, hut er endlich da Katie ihra shweshter Nina Bauer garufa fer kumma, sehna wos seinra narrisha nocht kut faila dade os er sie net aw griega kent.

Die Nina is noh outside on die bed shtubba dier kumma, un der Harvey hut ra die nocht kut nous gewwa. Ow'r noh duh liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, won er net 'n shtick fon da Katie ihra glaider ferwish'd hut kotta uns wor gore ken wunner os er sei "nocht hem" net aw griega hut kenna. Die Nina hut so arrick locha missa os die Katie aw wocker werra is, un noh hen sie ol galocht -ol os wie der Harvey net. Der Harvey kon alla weil noch net fershtae woh gshpassichkate nei kumt won m'r der unnershit net sehna kon im dunkla g'shwichich hem un hussa.

LUFT BILDER MASHINA DRUVEL: Sis shlim ganunk won der radio ous arder kumt un shpielt nimmy, ow'r won heit tzu dawg die luft bilder mashine, odder ewwa TV set shtrovotsich wert, noh is gons der shinner lose. So yung os TV is, so arrick is es shun in die leit gawartz'ld os setta hen, os es shlimmer is wie won der Rockdale dom ferreissa dade, won die g'shicht nimmy shoft.

'S sin 'n lot socha os letz gae kenna on ra TV set fer sie halta fon shoffa. So weit os uns aw gait, kenna m'r gute hinna uf 'n drei cent shtamp schreiva wos m'r wissa fon TV, "dray der gnub druf," un so denk ich gaits aw 'm glaina Homer Zimmerman un seinra Mary fon owwich Trexlershteddle.

Die luft ons Homer's sawga sie, wear da onner dawg ordlich nevlich gawest wie sie gamaint hen fer sich in ihra gawainlicha waicha shteel hucka, ihra gawainlicha programs sehna rei kumma iwwer ihra luft bilder mashine. 'S hut nix ous gamocht wie der Homer die gneb gadray'd hut, die mashine hut net so fiel wie ae mohl gagrouns'd.

Sis leicht tzu denka os noh der bettle lose wor, un der Homer hut der luft-bilder-mashinamon Peters fon Fogelsville garufa, fer g'shwind kumma die mashine fixa, 's wear ebbes gross letznix dade shoffa. Wie g'shwind os der Peters kumma is kenna m'r net sawga, ow'r wie er kumma is, wor der druvel net nagshd so gross os es Homers sich ei gabild hen os er wear. Ferol os sie gawist hen, hets gons waisa ous gabrent sei maiga un hetta ei sharta mussa mit ra funkle nea net.

Socha sin uf kours oft mohls net so shlim os m'r maint os sie weara-un grawd so wors doh. Allas os der Peters tzu duh hut kot fer die mashine ons shoffa griega, wor der plug hinnich da mashine in die wond shtecka woh er onna gakairt hut, un die "Zimmermans" luft bilder mashine is gonga grawd os wie fon nei'm. **GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R**

M'r hen fergessa tzu sawga os es Homers' owets dafor p'such kotta hen, un woh 'n glae kind der plug ous da wond gatzoga hut, un sie hen da nagshda dawg gamaint ihra gonsie luft bilder mashine wear futch.

Ferol os m'r wissa, wil der Homer un sei Mary die socha ow net hous howwa, un wolla don nix may weiter sawga, so os sie yoh net rous kumma darrich uns.

BOOK NOTES

HOME CRAFT COURSES. Published by Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Volume 28—OUTDOOR GAMES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS by Paul R. Wieand. Designed and Printed by the Kutztown Publishing Co., Kutztown, Pa.—$1.00.

Paul R. Wieand, inspiring Pennsylvania German teacher, who has for years been occupied with reviving the outdoor games of long ago, was the logical person to put them into accessible form on the printed page.

This booklet admittedly does not contain all the games played by the Pennsylvania Germans several generations ago, nor were they played only by the Pennsylvania Germans. Some of these games have their roots in the fatherland, others were adopted from English, Irish and Welsh neighbors, and some, no doubt sprang up under conditions and circumstances of the New World. The games are arranged according to the playing ages of young folks. Some are for small children, some for boys and some for girls. Others were more frequently played at Sunday school picnics; others still are for young men and women meeting in social groups.

What price would the members of our older generation not be willing to pay if they could be transported once more to the playground of the little red school house at the country cross road or by the creek and play these familiar games of long ago: **Schteckel Schpiele, Grutz, Grabbe Schiesse, Brod Backe, Hut Balle, Eck Balle, or Nipsy!**

This booklet should be in the hands of every teacher in Pennsylvania who oversees school playgrounds and of every director of playground and recreation centers throughout our state. It should be instrumental in reviving these old games that not only give pleasure to those participating but also develop in them a sense of fair play and sportsmanship.—P.A.B.

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. An Introduction to Their Life and Culture. By John Joseph Stoudt. Schlechters, Publishers for the Pennsylvania Germans since 1810, Allentown, Pa.—$1.00.

Now that a whole nation wants to know who we Pennsylvania German people really are and relatively few have the time and the patience to read the numerous more comprehensive books about us, it may be meet and proper to prepare a booklet which can be read in a short time. It is definitely meant for those who approach the subject for the first time. Dr. Stoudt's pamphlet could not easily contain more information within the scope of its few unnumbered pages.

Part I of the pamphlet informs us "This is the story of the Pennsylvania Germans or the Pennsylvania Dutch, those conservative, hard-working, frugal, and sometimes stubborn inhabitants of Eastern Pennsylvania."—Part II is to answer the question, why did the Pennsylvania Germans come here in the first place? Perhaps fortunately for the reader most of Part II is devoted to those who came rather than why they came.—Part III "What kind of a life did these Germans build in Pennsylcania?", forms the major portion of this pamphlet. There is little in our later Pennsylvania German life and history that does not receive some allusion here, however slight.

There are times when one feels that the author's own wide knowledge of the field prevents him from seeing what is most essential to the novice in the field and from placing the material in relation to its values. So, for example, the casual mention of Conrad Weiser would hardly convey to the reader any sense of his importance in our colonial history. —P.A.B.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN FARMERS

In a little-known book, SKETCHES OF AMERICA, by Henry Bradshaw Fearon, 1818, preserved in the Library of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the Editor has found the following most interesting passages about the Pennsylvania German farmer.

"October.—Left Philadelphia for Pittsburgh. Passed through an extensive, fertile, well-cultivated and beautiful tract of land called the "Great Valley." Farms in this district are chiefly owned by Dutch and Germans and their descendants. They consist of from 50 to 200 acres, each acre worth 200 dollars and are cheaper at that price than the 50 cent and dollar and half lands which encumber other parts of the eastern States. The substantial barns, fine private dwellings, excellent breed and condition of live stock, and superior cultivation of the "Great Valley" place it decidedly in advance of the neighboring lands and put it fairly in competition with Old England. The proprietors are wealthy. They have the reputation of being practical opponents of the desolating system of paper money by keeping their hard cash safely locked up in their "old country" boxes. Be this as it may, their property, unlike that of their fellow-citizens on the seaside, has not vanished into air by the late mighty political changes. They have been blessed by Heaven with excellent land and good markets, and although their progress in the acquirement of "this world's goods" has not been like the rise of Jonah's gourd, neither has it shared the fate of that transitory plant.

"There are good farms in other districts within 20 miles of Philadelphia which can be purchased at from 80 to 100 dollars per ace, buildings included. Limestone land will sell for 200 dollars. In a farm of 200 acres the proportion may be estimated at 90 acres of ploughing, 50 of meadows, 10 of orchard and 50 of wood land. A farm of the above description is worth if within 5 miles of the capital 20,000 dollars; at from 20 to 40 miles distance, 10,000 dollars.

"The Pennsylvania horse is a medium between our saddle and heavy cart horses, and is well suited for most purposes. They are worth from 50 to 150 dollars. A farm wagon will cost 100 to 200 dollars.

"Well-improved land will produce on an average 25 bushels of wheat per acre; ditto of Indian corn, 25 to 50. Wheat is sold at from 160 to 220 cents per bushel; Indian corn 80 to 100 cents; oats 40 to 55 cents. They are lighter than the English. Meadows are usually ploughed in rotation and planted with Indian corn. Orchards are also put under the plough, grain not being considered as injurious to the fruit. A good milch cow, four years old, is worth 5 pounds, 13 shillings, 6 pence. Sheep are much smaller than ours. A hog of 100 pounds, 1 pound, 11 shillings, 6 pence to 2 pounds, 5 shillings; a yoke of oxen 15 pounds, 15 shillings to 28 pounds, 10 shillings.

"A copper and zinc mine is worked about 20 miles from Philadelphia. Iron ore abounds throughout the State. Bar iron sells for 120 dollars per ton. Limestone abounds at about 15 miles from the city. There is also a coarse grey marble in large quantities; it is used for steps and chimney pieces. The price delivered in Philadelphia is one dollar the cubic foot. The farmers in Pennsylvania are many of them rich, some reside in first-rate houses, and are possessed of most of the conveniences of life. Those remote from a market generally distil their grain, finding whiskey to be the most convenient and profitable form under which to carry and dispose of their stock. The great body of these men are Germans, or of German descent. They are excellent, practical farmers, very industrious, very mercenary and very ignorant. The condition of the labourer is similar to that in other parts of the United States. The towns of Lancaster, Harrisburgh and Carlisle, through which I passed, are all of them considerable in extent and in population. They each contain a large proportion of excellent brick buildings and the usual erections of market houses, gaols and churches, all evincing an extent of national prosperity and an advancement towards European establishments truly extraordinary, when we recollect that this is a country which may be said to be but of yesterday. The German character is very prevalent throughout this State. The original language is still preserved and there are even native Pennsylvanians who cannot speak the English language."

IN DER SCHWEIZ, IN DER RUH

A FOLKSONG

Some years ago Mr. Frank H. Oberholtzer, Allentown, Pa., sent the Editor of the ECK the following German folksong. He said that he had never seen it in print and had never heard any one else sing it but his long-deceased friend Peter Mumbauer from whom he had learned the song some 50 years ago. He could not vouch for the accuracy of the stanzas. We print them here in the hopes that some one may be able to furnish us with more information about this song.

IN DER SCHWEIZ, IN DER RUH

Als ich an einem Sommertag,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
Im gruene Wald im Schatten lag,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
Wu die Schitzen Bischsen gnallen,
Und die Schweizer Hirschlein fallen,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Seh ich von fern ein Maedchen stehn,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
Die waar so unbegreiflich schoen,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

Und als des Maedchen mich erblickt,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
Nahm sie die Flucht den Wald zurick,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

Erschtaunend schau ich auf sie hie,
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
Und schprach: "Mein Kind, was fliehen Sie?"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

Sie schprach: "Mein Herr, ich kenn eich nicht,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
"Ich schau ein Mannsbilds Angesicht,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

"Denn meine Mutter sagte mir,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh,
"Ein Mannsbild sei ein falsches Tier,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

"Ach! mein Kind, glaub des doch nicht,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.
"Dein' Mutter hat dich letz bericht,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

"Dein' Mutter ist ein altes Weib,"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.
"Drum hasset sie uns junge Leit"
In der Schweiz, in der Schweiz, in der Ruh.

Chorus

Dr. Don Yoder, one of the editors of the Pennsylvania Dutch Folklore Center, Lancaster, Pa., informs us that another version of this song, entitled "Waldabenteuer," appears in Volume II of Erk and Boehme, Deutscher Liederhort (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Haertel, 1893), pp. 337-339. He sends us the following version as recorded in Thuringia about 1840. Our readers will be interested in observing the variations from the version furnished by Mr. Oberholtzer.

Als ich an einem Sommertag
in der Schweiz, in der Schweiz und Tirol,
Im gruenen Wald im Schatten lag
in der Schweiz, in der Schweiz und Tirol,
Wo die Jaegerbuechsen knallen.
Und die Schweizermaedchen fallen,
in der Schweiz, in der Schweiz und Tirol

The last three lines above are repeated after the following stanzas.

Als ich an einem Sommertag
Im gruenen Wald im Schatten lag,
Sah ich von fern ein Maedchen stehn,
Die war ganz unbeschreiblich schoen.

Und als das Maedchen mich erblickt,
Nahm sie die Flucht in Wald zurueck;
Ich aber eilte auf sie zu
Und sprach: "Mein Kind, was fliehest du?"

Sie sprach: "Mein Herr, ich kenn euch nicht,
Ich scheu ein Mannsbild von Gesicht;
Denn meine Mutter sagte mir
Ein Mannsbild sei ein wildes Thier."

"Mein Kind, glaub das der Mutter nicht!
Lieb nur ein schoenes Angesicht;
Denn weil sie ist ein altes Weib,
Drum haaset sie uns junge Leut."

Ich setzte mich an ihre Seit,
Da war sie voller Zaertlichkeit;
Ich drueckte sie an meinen Mund,
Da war geschlossen unser Bund.

Mr. Albert Ohl, Coopersburg, Pa., a constant reader of the ECK since it was begun in March, 1935, writes that he has heard this folksong, "In der Schweiz" sung by Swiss and German miners of this vicinity more than 70 years ago. They were no doubt later immigrants who had arrived around 1850. His version differs considerably in the Chorus or Refrain, but he adds, "It may not be the same as the early pioneers sang it." The Editor has no proof that this song was sung in colonial Pennsylvania. The first stanza and refrain of Mr. Ohl's version read as follows:

Als ich an einem Sommertag
Im gruenen Wald im Schatten lag,
Sah ich von fern ein Maedchen stehen,
Sie war so huebsch und wunderschoen,
In der Schweiz, in der Pfalz, in Tyrol
(Here some wags sang:
Im Hemm de de rem dem dem!

Chorus

In der Schweiz, in der Pfalz, in Tyrol,
Wo des Schuetzens Buechsen knallen,
Und Tyroler Hoerner schallen,
Und die Schweizer Maedchen fallen,
In der Schweiz, in der Pfalz, in Tyrol.

And here the miners would yodel:

Fal de ra de hu!
Sadie oh, sadi hu!

(Those German miners could out-yodel any drug-store cowboy of the present time, added Mr. Ohl.) The remaining stanazs are substantially the same as in the version of Mr. Oberholtzer.—P.A.B.

Some of our readers may wish to read a most interesting essay "That Early American Quality" (in the September ATLANTIC MONTHLY), written by that eminent Pennsylvania German novelist, Conrad Richter, who has won international fame since the days he spent in Allentown as a boy. Those who are students of Pennsylvania German history, and their ways of life will readily be convinced that the novelist has in mind the Pennsylvania Germans although they are nowhere mentioned in the essay.

The Rev. Luther Schlenker, Historian for the Schlenker Freindschaft, has prepared an illustrated pamphlet "Emigration of the Schlenkers to America," as well as a Third Compilation of the Schlenker (Slenker) Genealogy.

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Lie Now Under Attack

The latest exhibition of pettiness and just plain meanness on the part of Russia is that given in the United Nations where the reelection of Trygve Lie as secretary general of that body has been brought up in the Security Council and has been vetoed by Mr. Vishinsky but "without comment," which means, without assigning any reasons.

All this is very unusual unless Mr. Vishinsky is playing a more subtle game than we think. It will be remembered that only a little while ago after Mr. Lie made a visit to Russia and made some recommendations about peace proposals that a number of the western democracies thought he was blowing Russia's horn pretty loudly. And on Friday, at the same time that Mr. Vishinsky was expressing Russia's distaste for Lie's continuance in office, Nationalist China was abstaining from the vote. Abstention generally indicates partial if not complete disfavor. So here were two arch enemies —Russia and Nationalist China— arrayed in effect against Mr. Lie.

There may be conclusion in a good many circles that if Lie has failed to please either of these two sides and displeased us on occasion, that he probably is and has been quite fair in his administration of the most important job in the United Nations.

Again however Mr. Vishinsky is likely to be thwarted unless he is playing a game and is perfectly satisfied with Lie but is putting up a show of opposition. Perhaps, of course, he and his bosses back in Moscow really dislike the Norwegian statesman.

Legal authorities in the employ of United Nations believe Lie can be retained thru action of the Assembly where the Russian veto cannot be used. It now appears that the western democracies will do all in their power to retain Mr. Lie and his best vote getter and most effective campaign manager will have been Mr. Vishinsky. Just as the Russians have driven the American people into definite public opinion concerning many issues and into determined action, so they are driving the democracies into one another's embrace and consolidating forces against themselves.

Champions in Art

It is notable that in the recent poster contest conducted by the Pennsylvania State Medical Society both first and second prize winners were Allentown girls. These awards followed close upon the heels of the announcement by the American Humane Assn. that three out of the first four prizes in the most important class of posters on subjects pertaining to kindness to animals had been won by Allentown teen-agers and in other classes several prizes had been captured.

There is sufficient clue from these results in statewide and national competitions that among Allentown children there are many possessing talent for art in high degree. In the second place it is indicated that they are receiving unusually good training in the schools for the expression of this talent.

In the case of the statewide contest, competition was provided by children in almost every county. In the national contest competition was provided by many thousands of children from hundreds of cities in some thirty states, two foreign countries and our territories. Competition was extensive and rugged but our Allentown children came thru with colors flying as they do in just about every art contest in which they have an opportunity to engage.

The schools well may be proud of these accomplishments. And the winnings please the children extremely and improve the morale of the system. For the community it is a satisfaction to have champions even in lines not associated with athletic sports.

A Busy, Useful Career

In celebrating the 25th anniversary of his work in the ministry tomorrow Rev. Dr. Willis D. Mathias will have the hearty congratulations of the community in general and of his many friends in particular.

For twenty-two of those 25 years Dr. Mathias' work has been in this city and it has not been confined to the limits even of a very large and busy parish. In the field of labor relations Dr. Mathias has been known not only in the community but thruout the State for his ability in the solution of many difficult problems. In the field of social relationships, particularly between members of different creeds, he has worked diligently to the end that there is undoubtedly better understanding in our midst than prevails in such communities where unwarranted and un-Christian prejudices and biases are permitted to run rampant because they are not challenged.

Dr. Mathias has been an outstanding pastor. He has been a good citizen. It can be a matter for no surprise that, once he was taken into Allentown's heart, he has not been permitted to leave the community.

A Word About Profits

For many years there has been an effort in some quarters to label profits of business an unnecessary evil. The larger the profits become the louder the propaganda to this effect.

Many union leaders have contributed to this campaign by publicly contending that wage increases can be squeezed out of profits. Much of that has been heard in recent weeks and much more will be heard in the weeks ahead, as the unions press for higher pay.

At times the clamor against profits has been so strong that a few businessmen have almost seemed ashamed of having succeeded in doing what they are supposed to do. We think that is unfortunate, in fact even dangerous.

How would American industry ever have provided the arms and equipment for World War II if there had been no profits? Where would the money have come for new tools, new plants, raw materials, and pay for the workers? What sort of a standard of living would we have in this country without profits? Where do the dollars come from to provide all the research that makes tomorrow's auto or refrigerator or clothing better than yesterday's?

And what, for that matter, is it that causes a man to work hard and long for the company that he runs? Surely not to see it end up in the red at the end of the year and be threatened with extinction.

We would be the first to protest if business forever increased its profits without sharing them with its workers. From listening to some of the anti-profits people you'd think that's what was happening. Well, we've looked at a few statistics that give a clue on that.

At the rate they've been running so far this year, corporate profits before taxes will about double those of 1941, the last year before we got into World War II. It's a little hard to tell about profits after taxes, because the tax rate has been raised. But during this same period the average weekly paycheck for production workers in factories has more than doubled — from $29.58 to $60.28. Business firms' costs have about doubled in this period; this is indicated by figures on construction costs and wholesale prices.

So business firms, at best, seem to have done no better than keep abreast of their own cost of living increase. While doing so, they've been facing another tremendous problem — providing funds for expansion. It used to be that they could easily sell more stocks or bonds to raise the capital. But high individual income taxes have sharply pared the savings available for such investment. So the companies must depend more and more on their own earnings.

Those who say profits are an unnecessary evil have only one thing in mind. They want the government to own and run business. To that we say: If they prefer socialistic Britain or communistic Russia, let them live there. We like it here. Wall Street Journal.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Philippians 2.

Paul urges his readers to consider the welfare of others as well as their own, having the same mind that was also in Christ Jesus, Who went about 'doing good'. He was willing to surrender His position on His Father's throne in order to humble Himself for our salvation, assuming the form of a servant, and, in the likeness of men (His incarnation), He willingly became obedient unto death, even death on a cross. In return God highly exalted His Son, and gave Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus (means 'Savior') every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Sincere confession of Him as personal Savior will mean salvation for any one who is thus willing to believe in Him, which will mean the beginning of the Christian life for such a believer. And there is no other way of salvation. Read Paul's finer recommendation of Timothy, one of his converts, in vs. 19-23.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

George Backer, author of The Deadly Parallel, brought home this story from London: At the Russo-Turkish border a Red Red Army sentry encountered a Turkish sentry, and an exchange of pleasantries ensued. "What do you do about the food problem in Russia?" asked the Turk. "I hear you have shortages."

"Everything is taken care of," declared the Russian. "If my wife wants bread she stands in line for two hours, surrenders four coupons, and gets a loaf of bread. If she wants sugar she stands in line for six hours, gives up ten coupons, and gets a cupful of sugar. How is it in Turkey?" "We don't have to go through any such rigamarole," the Turkish sentry assured him. "When my wife wants any kind of food she goes to a shop, buys as much as she wants, and that's that." The Russian sentry was deeply impressed. The next morning he told his commanding officer, "We'll have to improve our propaganda. The Turkish line is ten times more effective than ours."

* * *

Complaint overheard on the Southern Methodist university campus: "Remember your telling me to go to that new barbecue if I wanted some good roast beef? Well, it was a bum steer."

Guess Who Gets Left



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Times have changed since the days when the American people learned to their surprise that a president of the United States —William Howard Taft—had actually stepped across the Mexican boundary in 1910 to a foreign country for a day's visit.

Promptly the question arose as to whether the precedent meant that the United States was momentarily without a chief executive. Then when, in 1918, President Woodrow Wilson went to Paris and stayed there several months at a time during the peace conference that followed World War I, the same sort of discussion arose. The theory was advanced that, because the president went to the American embassy to sign official papers, he was still able to transact business on American territory.

When President Franklin Roosevelt went aboard the Cruiser Augusta and later aboard the Battleship Iowa and the Cruiser Quincy for his sea journeys, the point that a warship is American territory was still maintained as the legal basis for official action.

Hardy Mentioned Now

Gradually, as Mr. Roosevelt took long airplane journeys, the question of legality was hardly mentioned, though technically a big military plane is as much American territory for strictly legal purposes as a ship that travels the surface of the sea.

Now, when President Truman has gone across the Pacific to Wake island, he is far away from any embassy during the time he travels through the air on his way to island posts where the American flag flies.

The public has become accustomed to the idea that a president of the United States may be absent from continental United States for long periods of time.

Mr. Truman's trip to meet Gen. MacArthur puts him out of telephone communication with Washington, as there is no overseas service by phone to Wake. Radio communication, however, from the plane to shore stations is constant and, if any emergency arose requiring a change in the president's itinerary, he could be reached instantly. Perhaps it was this lack of means of immediate communication which caused presidents of the United States before 1918 to refrain from making journeys across the ocean.

There is today an elaborate system of communication set up whenever the president goes to sea. If he goes by plane, the Navy cooperates by sending destroyers and other warships to take up station at allotted points fairly close together along the line of travel. This furnishes not only communication facilities but added protection in the event that any forced landing on the sea should become necessary if anything goes wrong with the plane.

It is to be noted there are three big passenger planes traveling together on the president's trip. This, too, affords a certain amount of communication help in the event that signals are not heard plainly on the president's plane. To go 4,000 miles across the Pacific ocean to Wake is much longer than any journey across the Atlantic and would appear to be a much longer series of hops than President Franklin Roosevelt took on his trips via Africa to meet with heads of state in the Near East during World War II.

All Legal

Only the White House staff know the urgency arising occasionally for a presidential signature or for a presidential approval, as required by law, can appreciate what it means to have the president of the United States out of touch for even a few hours. Theoretically, it's all legal, no matter if the president signs anything when he is away from continental United States—and the question of an "acting president" analogous to the case of mayors or governors who are absent from their respective jurisdictions has never been raised in the courts. There is no provision of the Constitution which covers this explicitly.

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Horoscope

Attend strictly to business during the months ahead, and material gains should be registered. A child born today is apt to be original, independent and broad-minded.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HET DA MUTTER BESSER K'HOERICH'd: Des is die erfohring fon ma Porto Rician shoff mon os seinra Mam ihra rote fergessa hut fer owets net fom blotz gae woh er da summer darrich g'shoft hut uf ra bauerrei, doh in Lechaw Dahl. Der mon, John wolla m'r 'n haisa is K'heiert, un hut kinner. Sei Mam maint ow'r 'n lot tzum, un shreiva alla woch tzomma. Ihra rote immer is fer shoffa un sei gelt shpora, un ken cent ungnaedich weck flonkdierra.

Da onner owet is der John un tzwae fon seina onnerra Porto Rician shoff kummerrawd darshdich werra, un sin noch ma wertshous net weit ob, paar glaws keffer bree drinka. Wei sie onna kumma sin worra tzwae fon unserra ort kerls darta, -aw om drinka, un wohs da Porto Ricians etlicha mohl uf g'setzt hen.

Wie sie paar mohl sella waig gadrunka hen kotta, hen die kerls woh 'n mashine kotta hen, gawunnert wies wear fer die shtadt nei gae paar mainer drinka. Tzwae fon da Porto Ricians worra grawd willins fer gae, ow'r der John hut on seinra Mutter ihra rote gadenk'd fer nee mohls owets fom blotz weck gae woh er shoffa dade, un hut sich gawair'd er gang'd net mit. Ow'r sie hen net uf gewwa, un endlich is er mit-woh hee wase er net mainer os wies die shtadt drin wor.

In da shtadt sin sie onna frem wertshous woh da Porto Ricians ihra freind na's weidder uf g'setzt hen fer beer. Allas wear ferleicht ol recht ob galoffa, won der John net nava nous galoffa wear un hut sei glaws beer uf 'm bar shtae lossa bis er tzurick kumma is. Wie er is, hut er sei beer gadrunka, un so tzu sawga bletzlich is allas awfonga im gringle rum gae, un er is fon sich kumma-ebber hut 'm ebbes fon "knock-out" drubba in sei beer gaduh kotta.

Wie dar John weil danoh tzu sich kumma is -ols noch imma darmel, hut er in der sock galong'd, un g'shpiert os ol sei gelt fert is-grawd $60. Sei freind worra ols noch darta, aw tzimlich gute im suf, un hen sich g'shteibert wie allas wie dar John g'sawt hut sie sotta die police rufa, ebber het 'm sei gelt g'shtola. Endlich sin sie on der fone un hen gamocht wie won sie die police rufa wotta, ow'r hen g'sawt sie kenta sie net griega.

Iwwel odder wohl hen die kerls mit da mashine ferwillich'd fer die drei Porto Ricians tzurick hame uf die bauerrei nemma, un wie sie aw hen. Wie sie fon da mashine sin, is der John grawd nei noch 'm bauerra hous g'shprunga fer der bauer, odder ewwa sei boss rufa, un ainer fon da onnerra hut 'n kerl uf da mashine, sehna ebbes ous 'm sock nemma, uns nava unnich da sitz nei sheeva. Er is nee g'shprunga un hut unnich da sitz nei gagrabb'd, un 'n hond fol gelt rous gatzoga-$50 wie sies hinna noh gatzailt hen. Wie die Porto Ricians 's gelt kotta hen, is die mashine bletzlich fert-hen net gawort fer der bauer rous kumma wunnerra wos om aw gae wear.

In kartza werta, der "John" is shnell um $10 kumma fer seinra Mam ihra rote fergessa fer owets net fon da bauerrei weck gae-bardich mit fremma leit. Doch widder wor er glicklich fer $50 tzurick griega-ebbes os all 'm noh net g'shaina wear won die onnerra kerls net aw unnich 'm wedder gawest weara.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Heit 'n woch gebts 'n gross ordichie tzeit doh in da shtadt, -die yairlich fersommling fon da Pennsylvania German Society, un woh sich farmie dawgs fersomm'ld in da Zions Kerrich, un middawgs om ae uhr 'n essa om Americus wertshous, un wohs aw 'n guter program gebt.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

This year's winner of the Miss America beauty contest is quoted as having said to reporters; "I have no time for love. I am too busy with my career."

By coincidence, a newspaperman came across a clipping dated 1925 announcing the Miss America contest winner of that year.

In the 25-year-old story she is quoted as having said to reporters: "I have no time for love. I am too busy with my career."

Fortunatey (I hope) the ever increasing contests for Miss This-and-that of the year are over for 1950.

There must have been a hundred of them at least. Each of the hundred winners was photographed and interviewed, and made immortal statements to the press.

Analyzing the statements one would think that the intelligence of the average beauty contest winner is approximately that of the pumpkin, apple, cherry, cucumber or whatever it was she represented.

Today I received a letter from a reader in Norristown, Pa., which made me ask myself "Where are the prettiest girls in the country?"

Certainly they are not the beauty contest winners.

Beauty is not legs, bathing suits, a shapely figure, sex appeal.

Beauty is not just body. Beauty is a combination of many things.

My Norristown correspondent writes:

"A man who has traveled over this U.S.A. said that you can see more beautiful girls in Norristown to the square yard than in Hollywood to the square mile. That is true.

"The raves of moviedom and TV don't begin to measure up to the girls we see every day going to sports or various occupations.

"Youth can be lovely when dressed in taste, not sloppy or careless."

I admire the lady for considering the girls in her home town the most beautiful in the U.S.A.

That is just it—"home town."

Beauty is the way you look at it.

Home town beauty is personal. It is something which touches your heart.

The chances are that my Norristown reader knows a lot of the lovely girls whom she sees going to "sports or various occupations."

She knows the girls' backgrounds, she has seen them grow from little tots into lovely young womanhood.

Their beauty is not caused by bathing-suit or make-up. They are not expecting prizes and publicity.

They are to beauty what the amateur is to sport.

By that reasoning every town in the country has the most beautiful girls in the U.S.A.

You have seen ugly ducklings made into "glamour girls" by professional beauticians.

But all a beautician can do is to create beauty to be looked at. Real beauty is the beauty to be lived with.

Where are the most beautiful girls in America?

In your home town!

(Copyright, 1950)





—Portrait by ELEANOR J. M. BARBA.

ER ISS YUSCHT FORT

EN DREESCHD SCHDICK

Ich kann net saage 's drauerich Wort,
Dass er iss dod—er iss yuscht fort!
Er lacht e bissel un schiddelt die Hand
Un wandert in en fremmes Land.
Losst uns draame wie schee's muss sei,
Dass er weilt so lang un kummt net bei.
Un ihr, ach ihr, wu winsche sehr
Far'n Schritt bekannt un froh Heemkehr,
Denk' an ihn immer yuscht so froh
In de Lieb vun Dorte wie vun Do.
Denk an ihn, saag ich, wie Do so Dort,
Er iss net dod! Er iss yuscht fort!

These memorial verses for John Birmelin by Ralph S. Funk were done from a portion of a poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN BIRMELIN

WE were in Basel, Switzerland, when we received the sad news. On Sunday evening, September 3, 1950, John Birmelin had quietly stolen away to a better world.

For most of those who knew him in his daily life, and there were many, he was the aged organist of the Church of the Sacred Heart, the music teacher and the choral leader. Few there were who also knew that John Birmelin had been acclaimed both at home and abroad as the most distinguished Pennsylvania German dialect poet.

The external facts of his life are soon told. John Birmelin was born on a farm in Long Swamp Township, Berks County, October 31, 1873, the son of George and Mary (nee Schubert) Birmelin. His mother was of ancient Pennsylvania German stock and his father, though a native of Baden, spoke the dialect well. Pennsylvania German was used almost exclusively at home and the boy knew no English before going to school. He was reared in a musical family. His father liked to sing. His maternal grandfather, William Schubert, had been active as organist in the Long Swamp Church and an uncle, Edwin Schubert, had been for some time conductor of the orchestra of the Lyric Theatre in Allentown. At the early age of eleven John was playing the organ in a rural church where his father was chorister. He was destined to take up a musical career.

In a letter written to me during the early years of our acquaintance, the poet wrote the following autobiographical material, which I believe his many admirers will enjoy in the original form:

"Secht mer viel, do macht mer sich yuscht iwwerich. Saagt mer wennich, dann meene die Leit net mer wisst net viel. Mer kann ewwe de Leit net recht duh. Awwer eb's nau recht odder letz waar, ich bin uf die Welt kumme in Langschwamm Township, Barricks County; un des waar uf re Bauerei. Ich bin awwer ken Bauer waerre. Sie hen gsaad ich kennd mer ken recht Gschick dezu gewwe.

Im Summer waar's mer schier zu heess,
Im Winder hot's mich gfrore;
If Friehyohr waar's doch gor zu schee
Fer graad so an die Aerwet geh;
Im Schpotyohr hot sich's Laab gedreht,
Noh waar's mer ewwe aa verleed;
So hawwich dann, so weit ich weess,
Mei ganser Mut verlore.

"Mei Vadder iss vun Deitschland kumme un waar en Schumacher. Er hot mich gut offgezogge —ich kann seller Knierieme heit noch schbiere! Mei Mudder waar Pennsyvaanisch Deitsch un ihr Ur-Ur, un so weider, Grossvadder iss vun Deitschland kumme iwwer'n hunnerd un fufzich Yohr zerick. So bin ich ewwe gschwischich Deitsch un Englisch un Pennsylvaanisch Deitsch uffgewachse.

"Wie ich gesehne hab ass es nix iss mit em Bauere, hawwich's Arrigelschbiele gelaernt. Deel hen gemeent, do breicht mer net schaffe, des waer yuscht so gschbielt. Well, mer muss doch ebbes duh fer Zeitverdreib!

"Do in Allentown bin ich schunn iwwer dreissich Yohr Vorsinger an eenere Kaerrich un hab noch ken Schtreit ghatt mit em Kaerricheraad. Des macht's verleicht, weil mer ken Kaerricheraad ghatt hen, awwer so ebbes macht eem doch en guder Naame. . . Oh! wie ald ass ich bin?—Do muss ich alsemol selwer driwwer nooch rechle. In meinre Eld waerd mer so vergesslich. Awwer ich hoff ass der Graabschdeehacker der Datum recht grickt."

And here, with the quaint humor that characterized John Birmelin, he concluded his autobiographical remarks with the following epitaph:

J. B.
BIS DO HIE.'

Weider iss noch kenner kumme,
Hot's aa noch so lang genumme.
So viel Yohr un so viel Munet—
Ach, vergunn em doch die Ruh net!
Soll mer noch die Daage zaehle
Un die Schdunne net verfehle?
Des hot alles nix zu saage,
Wann sie'n mol dohaer gedraage—
Schbaart sich yuscht so gut die Mieh;
Faerdich iss es!. R. I. P.

John Birmelin came to Allentown in 1901 and remained there, active in his profession, to the end of his days. Another year and he would have rounded out half a century as organist and choir leader at the Church of the Sacred Heart. He resigned only a few weeks before his death. In the long years between 1901 and 1950 he was also, at one time or another, director of the Lehigh Saengerbund, the St. Francis Chorus and the Allentown Turner Liederkranz, and in that capacity brought renown to these organizations far beyond the local territory. An excellent disciplinarian, he at the same time also maintained the highest standards of musicianship. He did much to further the traditions and the spirit of German song among the younger generations.

Eminent though his achievements locally as teacher, organist and choral conductor, John Birmelin's life was an uneventful one, and his work had hardly won the recognition that endures beyond the grave. But few of all those who knew John Birmelin the musician also knew that this quiet, retiring and self-obliterating little gentleman had in the latter years of his life been practicing an avocation which had brought him wide acclaim and enduring fame as the most distinguished Pennsylvania German dialect poet of his day, and perhaps the greatest in the annals of our dialect literature.

It will always remain regrettable that John Birmelin turned so late in his life to the exercising of those creative talents with which Mother Nature so richly endowed him, but which became dormant when he entered upon his long musical career, namely, his poetic talents. He remembered how he had constructed verses in his boyhood for the mere pleasure of hearing the rimes. He related in his latter years that as a boy he had written verses against the owner of a dam, who had forbidden him and his comrades to fish there. These verses were written with such vehement indignation that the young rimester feared to show them to anyone. Although none have survived the years, there must also have been other boyhood verses, else his mother would have had no occasion to say (as he once told me): "Ich denk mer sodde den Bu fartschicke far's Reime laerne."

John Birmelin seems to have given no further thought to his youthful proclivities for riming until a few years ago, and even then it was fortuitous circumstance that roused his creative talent into action. About sixteen years ago he came to me with a manuscript which he wanted me to see. He had amused himself with compiling what certainly must seem to most people the most futile of all imaginable tasks: "A Riming Dictionary of the Pennsylvania German Dialect." And for whom? There were at that time probably less than five persons in all the world writing verses in the Pennsylvania German dialect! I took the manuscript home with me and found lying in it some loose leaves on which were written some original verses, that showed very decidedly in which direction his talents lay. I encouraged him to desist from any further work on a riming dictionary and instead to cultivate the poetic Muse. He had little if any acquaintance with formal literature, but a good ear, his training as a musician and an innate refinement stood him in good stead. Besides, it was my privilege to acquaint him with the nature of the folk ballad, with the four-line ballad stanza, and with the modified Nibelungen stanza for use in longer narrative verse. Also I placed in his hands R. M. Alden's English Verse. He was an apt student and soon sensed the significance of form in poetry. In the course of time he became a skilled craftsman, yet consciously striving for greater perfection.

It happened that I was at this time projecting plans for a newspaper column to be devoted to the literature, lore and history of the Pennsylvania Germans. The ECK made its appearance on March 23, 1935. This first issue (it lies before me now) contains two of John Birmelin's poems, the first to appear in print. From that time on he was a prolific contributor to the ECK. In fact all of his poems, with the exception of one longer anonymous poem, a few isolated occasional ones and some unpublished ones still in my hands, have appeared in the ECK. His last contribution, "Fufzeh Yohr," was written last March, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the ECK. The period of his greatest literary activity falls in the years between 1935 and 1945. In 1938, altogether too early, the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society published in its Yearbook a collection of John Birmelin's poems, edited with introduction by the Editor of the ECK. Since then many others—ballads, lyrics, anecdotal and occasional poems have come from his pen. Among these the following deserve especially to be mentioned: **Barbara Fritchie, Der Laaf Kaaf, Der Paul Revere, Der Tambour Yockel, Die Uhr vun Sankt Pauli, An de Baerrick Maria Ihrm Graab, Unser Scheiere, En Silwrich Waard-e-Weilche un en goldich Nixli,** and **Mackunshy.**

John Birmelin's translations from Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verse reveal to the reader new and unsuspected possibilities of our dialect. Under the magic touch of the poet it readily adjusts itself to the most delicate gradations. But John Birmelin's exquisite artistry is perhaps nowhere better shown than in his **Mammi Gans Buch,** containing translations of some 200 rimes from Mother Goose. They possess the dewy freshness and spontaneity of first creation.

Those poems whose themes John Birmelin owes to Palatine dialect poets are free adaptations rather than translations. So for example August Heinrich's poem "Es waar emol" originally only eight stanzas, was extended to eighteen stanzas, and "Der Schtreik im Himmel" by the same Palatine poet was enlarged from 98 to 134 verses and executed with such virtuosity that it must be counted among his best achievements.

One curious but genuine tribute to the poet's worth and popularity rests in the anonymity with which his poems are circulated (even given to patron's at gas stations!) and recited across the counties of eastern Pennsylania. I remember attending one of the many Versammlinge held annually, when the late Samuel M. Haas recited in his inimitable way "Do hock ich liewer rum!" amid the wild laughter of the large audience. Few, if any, knew that the unassuming author of that very poem was sitting in the balcony and chuckling over the irony of the situation.

As a ballad writer in the dialect John Birmelin knows no equal. What other of our dialect writers could unfold a narrative so skillfully, and with such economic directness, such metrical perfection and graceful rimes; with such melody of phrasing; with such artful simplicity and economy? His "Regina Hartman," "Der Laaf Kaaf," "Celia vun Bernville" and "Mackunshy" are the products of a discriminating taste and a practiced hand. They take their place among the classics of our dialect literature. Indeed they would be a credit to any literature.

It is an anomaly in the annals of our dialect literature that its most versatile poet should appear at a time when many believed that the dialect was fast coming to an end. To some it would seem that it was John Birmelin's destiny to be born too late. However, appearing in an epoch which has witnessed a remarkable growth of interest in all that pertains to the Pennsylvania Germans, he became at the same time its most representative poet. To be sure, many of the phases of Pennsylvania German folk life which had furnished earlier dialect poets with then vital subject matter, such as the old homestead, the methods of tilling the soil, flax culture, harvest festivals, "schnitzing" and applebutter parties, have long ago yielded to modern life. Some may say that John Birmelin's poems lack the tender pathos and religious quality of those of Henry Harbaugh, that they are less reminiscent of bygone days than those of Henry L. Fischer, that Eli Keller's poems are more deeply rooted in our folk life, that his poems do not sound the elegiac depths of Calvin Ziegler, that he lacks the skill of narration of Astor C. Wuchter and the archaic diction and the satire of Edward Hermany. While all the above may be true, it must at the same time be pointed out, that few, if any, have possessed so wide a range of feeling and of subject matter, and that none have excelled him in the perfection of his verse. None have been more conscious of the demands of meter and rime. Sometimes the poet's delight in the sheer magic of words brings him to heights of virtuosity hitherto unknown in our dialect.

It is as though John Birmelin had opened the gates of a secluded and neglected garden which only those may enter who have kept inviolate the most sacred heritage of their fathers, those who have allowed neither time nor space, nor pride of heart to efface that tenderest filament to the soul, their own "Mutterschprooch."

John Birmelin was a devoted and generous friend of the Editor of the ECK, who can now do no more than render this humble and belated tribute to the poet's memory.

PRESTON A. BARBA

59

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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PUBLISHERS

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Editorials

Last Stages in War

The prediction by General MacArthur that the war in Korea is near its ending will be prayerfully received thruout the world and especially in those countries which have native sons fighting on the Korean battlefield.

No longer is there any serious fear that Chinese Communists or Russian forces will enter North Korea to save their Red comrades. No longer is there anything left that is worth while saving. If Chinese or Russians or both had seriously considered entering the fray at any time, it is pretty evident that they calculated their timing very badly, or that they were unprepared for a gamble against the United Nations forces.

There was a time when Chinese and Russians could have crossed the northern border and taken part in the fighting with perhaps little chance of being discovered and successfully exposed as participants. That time has passed. Any intervention now will be a bold slap on the face of UN which is not disposed to take face-slapping from anybody at this time, flushed as it is with the successes achieved in its first armed venture.

General MacArthur is seeking to end the war with all possible speed. To that end parachute troops landed in far North Korea yesterday to cut off retreating troops and, most of all, to prevent removal of those American prisoners who still may be alive and are being held as precious hostages. It would be a bright feather in the parachute force's cap if the men were to capture the officials of the North Korean government who are believed to have fled northwardly from the capital in Pyongyang.

Thus in four months almost to the day a most difficult war has been fought and won by American forces who for the most part had to be hauled, bag and baggage, by sea for a distance of five thousand miles and more. American troops were the backbone of UN forces for America was the only member nation prepared to act even on small scale when South Korea became the victim of an aggressor.

So another action has been lost by Soviet Russia which has been and continues to be the real foe in Korea. Another tentacle of the gigantic and ugly octopus that lurks in the darkness of the Kremlin has been lopped off. It remains to be seen where the next tentacle will be thrust forth. And it remains to be seen whether the octopus itself will make it necessary that "its belly be slit," as Winston Churchill so vigorously put it.

Hallowe'en Season Opens

The Hallowe'en Parade season got under way in this area last night when revellers held sway in Emmaus, where thruout the years there has been perhaps more widespread enthusiasm for this type of celebrations than anywhere else in the county.

It was appropriate that Emmaus conducted the first parade for, if the history of recent years be repeated, many scores of residents of that boro who make up well - planned masquerading groups will take part in all other local events of similar character unless two or more celebrations take part on the same night. While many groups make such rounds, especially to celebrations where cash prizes are awarded, in the past the number of such Emmaus groups has generally been the largest.

So Emmaus last night almost certainly set the tempo for the season and provided a preview of what most of the parades during the next ten days will be.

The grand finale to it all can be expected to be enjoyed in Allentown on Tuesday a week when, if weather be favorable, the carnival spirit will reign again as it did during Old Home Week.

Our Newsmen Heroes

Thruout the fighting in Korea, American newspaper readers have been getting first-hand accounts of events on the battlefields, in the trenches and behind the lines, because American newspaper correspondents have gone right into the thick of things and have dared death to get the stories they believe the American people want to hear.

Significant of the spirit of these men (and women, as the case of Marguerite Higgins proves) was the incident reported on Friday from the extreme battle front — the line which the parachutists were assigned to take.

General MacArthur informed a group of newsmen that the first "jump" in the current war was about to take place and that they could accompany him. He would direct the action from a plane but advised the newsmen to stay behind because of the extreme hazards.

Every last newspaperman accompanied the general altho it had been believed that the parachute troops would be attacked by the remaining units of the North Korean air force.

Casualties were very high among the newsmen, especially in the first six weeks of the campaign. But American newsmen have assumed the risks of injury and death to keep the American public informed as to every step in the conduct of the war.

Putting Atom to Work

Among all the American inventions that the Russians claim to have invented first, the record shows no claim that they invented the atomic bomb. On the other hand, evidence reveals that they have paid greedy American traitors for our atomic secrets.

Many well-informed Americans doubt that the Russians have developed a workable bomb even with the help of the stolen secrets. Experts point out that only a very few of our top scientists know the ultimate trick that detonates the bomb. Furthermore, they point to the utter savagery with which the Kremlin butchers disregard human life as shown by mass murder and slave labor. They question the underlying motives of Vishinsky's recently repeated demands that the United Nations declare "unconditional prohibition of atomic weapons," and that the first government to use them will be guilty of a crime against mankind. Why have the Russians suddenly become so considerate of mankind? After President Truman announced that there had been an atomic explosion behind the iron curtain (and only one such explosion has been reported), American reporters asked Vishinsky point-blank if the Soviets did have an atomic bomb. Atomic bombs? Phooey! He replied that the peaceful Russians use atomic energy to level mountains and build dams.

True or false, that claim by the Russians is admittedly a first, so far as we are concerned. John W. Anderson, president of National Patent Council, now recalls the almost lone fight National Patent Council carried on to prevent passage of the Atomic Energy Act with a provision that prevented private industry from exploring and developing the potentials of atomic energy according to the historic traditions of the American incentive economy. The Atomic Energy Act was passed before Hiss and other subversives in government, who supported it, had been exposed. Recently, David Lilienthal, former head of the Atomic Energy Commission, has come over to the side of Anderson's contention and has publicly admitted in Collier's magazine that he was wrong in 1946. Lilienthal now advocates that the Atomic Energy Act be changed to allow our great industries to carry on independently, their own competitive research. Already the Monsanto Chemical Co. has proposed a $35,000,000 plant where atomic energy would be used by that company to produce phosphorus for fertilizer and plutonium for atomic bombs. But, until the Atomic Energy Act is changed as suggested by NPC back in 1946, for reasons now completely endorsed by Lilienthal, the prospects for development of atomic energy for industrial uses are remote indeed. This so fully serves Stalin's purposes that many wonder who really misled Congress into voting the law. Patent Research Reports.

Some 'Expert' Drivers who Became Ex-Drivers



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—When President Truman said that he didn't discuss with Gen. MacArthur any change in the American policy toward Formosa because this was settled four or five weeks ago, the only interpretation possible is that the policy announced at the time the Korean war broke out will remain as it is unless Red China disturbs it.

The American attitude, as announced in June, was that the United States would neutralize Formosa and keep it out of the fighting. There has been no change on that point. What was widely construed as a hint of change occurred when Mr. Truman told his press conference recently that the U.S. Seventh Fleet would be withdrawn after the fighting in Korea is over.

But the possible withdrawal of the fleet was never intended to mean that America was inviting the Nationalists and the Communists in China to resume fighting in Formosa.

When Mr. Truman was asked at his press conference Thursday whether the United States would defend Formosa pending a determination by the United Nations as to what should be done about the future of the island, he said that this was a river we have not come to yet.

Key to Policy

This really furnishes the key to the whole Formosan policy. For it means that the existing situation will be maintained — American naval forces will continue to protect the island until the United Nations takes over the job or until it is considered safe for all naval forces to withdraw. But at no time would American naval forces be far away from Formosan waters even if actually withdrawn from duty in the immediate vicinity of the island.

Meanwhile, a United Nations committee will struggle with the problem. It may take a year before a final plan can be presented to the Assembly. It is hoped here that in the intervening months Communist China will do nothing to complicate matters.

No Disagreement

The Communist regime in China takes the view that it has the right to acquire Formosa. Certainly it was the intention of the United States at one time to agree that China should have it, but, since the Reds in China have made common cause with the Reds in Moscow, the American government cannot but look with grave concern on the presence of hostile forces in and around Formosa. There is no disagreement with Gen. MacArthur that Formosa must not be allowed to fall into the hands of any power hostile to the United States.

Whether or not the future government of China will be hostile to the United States depends on developments in the next few months. During a period of probation the status quo can be maintained.

So, all in all, what the president is saying is that there is nothing to be done about the defense of Formosa that has not already been announced. The views of Gen. MacArthur on the importance of Formosa from a military standpoint have been taken into account. What will happen from the standpoint of the UN in admitting Red China or from the viewpoint of the United States government when it comes to a question of diplomatic recognition are points yet to be determined. As often happens in government, policies are held in abeyance awaiting developments. That's why the president could say that the Formosan policy was settled weeks ago —it was settled in the sense that all parties within our government decided to do nothing to change the situation but to wait till the UN has outlined a course of action.

In Line with Views

John Foster Dulles, who is familiar with the MacArthur views and those of the Department of State, is quietly working out a formula to present to one of the committees of the United Nations. When that is done, the next step may well be some means of assuring that there will be no fighting in and around Formosa while the subject is under consideration by the UN. If the Reds in China hope to win recognition or a seat on the Security council, they cannot hope to get it by starting an invasion of Formosa. Likewise, the Nationalists will have to agree to stay on the island without attacking the mainland. Such a solution would, of course, be in line with the MacArthur views.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Let us look at a few little oddities of life today.

If you feel like doing some thinking, these seemingly unimportant items may give you food for thought.

* * *

For instance, there is that little story about Maj. Gen. Harry H. Vaughn of refrigerator fame, military aide to the president, receiving another medal.

It is a gold medal "for meritorious services to the armed forces and veterans."

It was awarded by the Regular Veterans' Assn.

Odd, isn't it?

* * *

Delegates to the United Baldheads of America, in convention assembled, were officially notified by authoritative speakers that baldness is no handicap to love.

Women, it was stated, are just as apt to love a baldhead as a man with a Sampsonian head of hair.

* * *

If you suffer from sinus trouble you may find consolation in the fact that turkeys, too, are often afflicted with it.

However, in spite of all efforts, the American Veterinary Medical Assn. has not been able to ascertain whether the birds get headaches.

Unlike the human sinus ailment sinus infection in turkeys is contagious, the association reported.

* * *

In Hartford, Conn., the firemen of Co. 16 have come to the conclusion that women start to change their minds at a very early age.

They were called to an address where a three-year-young daughter of the household was yelling her head off because she had locked herself in the bathroom.

Just as the firemen were ready to leave the firehouse with full equipment, the mother phoned again.

After being promised a suitable reward, the young woman of three had suddenly changed her mind, calmly unlocked the door and came out to collect.

In Buffalo a 35-year-old man by the name of Zipp was put on probation for stealing $1 from a woman.

When asked by the judge why he had done it, he said he didn't know.

The man's record showed that he had an I.Q. of 131, which, according to the psychiatrist's report, meant that he was more intelligent than 97 per cent of the population of the U.S.A.

* * *

And, while we are on the subject of crime, a Miami judge sentenced a 75-year-old woman to 30 days in jail for stealing a nickel from a newsstand.

* * *

In Sacramento, Calif., scientists found a detailed pencil drawing of a male and female dodo and their offspring, supposed to have been done from live models by an early 17th Century Fiemish artist named Roelandt Savery.

According to the scientists, the dodo became extinct around 1680.

How wrong they are! Only yesterday I was called a dodo by a reader who disagreed with me.

(Copyright, 1950)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WON DIE BLADDER SICH DRAYA: Alla shpote yohr won die bladder sich draya fersomm'ld aw die Pennsylvania German Society sich. Ae yohr doh, uns nagshd yohr darta, die Society gait fon blotz tzu blotz leit fon unnershittlicha gagenda bakont mocha mit da arwet os sie om duh is.

Sechtsich yohr tzurick hen etlicha mon 'n maining grick'd unser Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit gangda fergessa-fer die wohret tzu sawga, worra fergessa so weit os die bicher schreiver aw gonga sin. Sellie mon sin tzomma gonga un hen die socha iwwer shwetzt, un sel wor der awfong fon da heit tzu dawgs Pennsylvania German Society -un woh in sella freea dawg uf ae shtim nagshd die Pennsylvania Dutch Society werra wear.

Die Direcktors fon da Society-15 heit tzu dawg, fersommla sich fier mohl 's yohr socha fon indressa tzu da Society iwwer shwetza, un blawna fer die tzeit tzu kumma, Ains fon da grossa socha os die Society noch immer gaduh hut, sin bicher drucka woh ous gewwa werra tzu da gleader-bicher os immer aina waig odder da onner tzu duh hen mit unser'm Pennsylfawnish Deitscha folk.

So weit sin 53 bicher gadruck'd werra, mit 'm 54d alla weil in druck. 'S wor yusht etlicha mohl os es paar yohr ganumma hut fer ae buch rous griega, un wohs kummend buch beim Bresident Henry Borneman ains dafon is. 'S gebt 'n buch wie aw sei onners, "The Illuminated Writings of the Pennsylvania Germans," 'n buch mit nadierlicha farab bilder, un woh net yusht sare koshdbore is, ow'r aw longweilichie arwet is fers buch drucka un binna. 'S buch kumt gabunna in duch, un woh aw noch helft fer tzwae yohrs dues nemma fers buch rous griega.

Die weil os wenich leit -so gore gleader fon da Society noch ol die bicher bei nonner g'sehna hen, huts H. Leh un Co. shtore nagshd dier tzu da Zions Kerrich ferwillich'd net yusht die gons set Society bicher weissa, ow'r aw 'n lot onnerra socha os tzu duh hen mit uns Pennsylfawnish Deitscha leit. 'S sin 'n gross dale fon unserra kollection Pennsylfawnish Deitscha bicher darta im show fenshter, unaw dabei unser kollection madier licha "Illuminated Title Pages," in da bicher, grundsow lodge programs, Pennsylfawnish Deitscha dictionaries, wond shticker, un'm Irvie Mensch fon da Huffa kerrich sei aigna hond g'schrivna socha fon da wend in seinra Bobblicha Runna hamet, nagshd on da Huffa Kerrich. Noh wert aw "Der Angel" debbich gawissa, gadigen'd bei da Handwerks' familia in Egypt.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Sis heit 'n grossie blessier fer die gleader fon da Pennsylvania German Society fon darra gagend, die gleader fon onnerra gagenda bawilkumma-'s same wie sie onnerra yohra uns aw bawilkumma won m'r noch onnerra bletz gaina.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

2 Timothy 4

Paul's most important injunction to Timothy as his successor was that he should preach the Word, v. 2. Herein lies the importance of preaching 'in the last days'; not current events, not ethical culture essays, not book reviews, but the Word. Every pastor should be an expert in Bible truth, and feed his flock on the doctrines therein contained. For, says Paul, the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but will employ teachers who will tell them what they want to hear, not what they need to hear. Willingly they turn their ears away from the truth, v. 4, lest it disturb and bother them, and turn unto fables. Paul had been faithful as an evangelist, and was now prepared for his coming martyrdom, having fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, which had kept him! He was looking forward with joyful anticipation to the crown which the Lord, is righteous judge, was to give him 'at that day,' and not to him only, but to all those also that love and look for His appearing.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 21, 1925, a Thursday

Allentonian Mrs. Oscar Keiper, who returned from a trip to the Poconos, made local residents feel fortunate. Mrs. Keiper reported a three-inch snow fall in the vicinity of Sciota, Monroe county. The worst that the weatherman could do in Allentown was damp and chilly.

Althea Heinley, renowned solo dancer in Ned Wayburn's "Cupid's Holiday," returned to her Allentown home with her mother for a brief vacation, after concluding a 13-week stay in Atlanta.

Members of the city's Chamber of Commerce, who attended a special meeting in the local body's assembly room, received an insight into the workings of the Pennsylvania State Legislature through an address by Robert Haight, manager of the Legislative Bureau of the Pennsylvania State Chamber of Commerce. President E. M. Young presided at the meeting.

Official and unanimous endorsement of a proposed $3,580,000 bond issue for public improvements was voted at the regular meeting of the Lion's club at Hotel Allen. The official club ok followed a persuasive talk by Harry I. Koch, active civic leader. Charles B. Miller, made a committee report on the construction of a bathhouse for the bathing beach at River Front park.

Horoscope

Substantial gains and many pleasant surprises may materialize for you in the time ahead. A good nature is foretold for today's child.



DER HAERBSCHTWIND

The Autumn Wind

Der Haerbschtwind singt en wunnerbaares Lied,
So wie er hot vor viele dausend Yaahr;
Singt vun de Ros, die heit sich hot verblieht,
Vum Keenichreich, as lengscht vergesse waar.
Mol singt er frehlich, schpielt im goldne Laab
Un schdreicht dem Kind so lieblich darrich die Haar;
Dem Alder singt er 'n Lied vum schdille Graab,
Wie'n leiser Hauch, vum scheene Owedrot,
Vum miede Leib, der ball vergeht zu Schdaab.

Der Haerbschtwind rauscht zum Dank dem liewe Gott,
Fer goldne Aehre un der Drauwe Blut,
Die Er im Yaahr so reichlich gsegent hot,
Im Regge mild, in heesser Sunneglut.
Dann schdreicht er ruhich iwwers braune Feld,
Mer heert en kaum, doch hot er net geruht;
Im schdille Daal, wu's kiehle Wasser quellt,
Dart schwebt er zaertlich wie er ruhich lauscht;
Er glaagt so leis vun Winderfroscht un Kelt,
Dann ziegt er weider darrichs Daal un rauscht
Bis an der Busch un in die hoche Beem;
Un wie er dart gewaldich dobt un braust!
Die grohe Wolke sehnt mer wie sie gehn—
Er yaagt die rode Bledder unni Zaahl,
Un Summerveggel fliege eilichscht heem;
Er rauscht am Baerrick un er braust im Daal,
So wie'n gewaldich diefer Aryelklang,
En mechdich Lied, en grosser Weltchoraal,
As wie vun viele dausend Menner Gsang,
Vun frohe Daage wie vun Draurichkeet;
So rauscht er viele dausend Yaahre lang,
En heilich Lied, en frommes Dankgebet;
Der Haerbschtwind singt vun Gottes Mayeschtet!

—JOHN BIRMELIN.

From GEZWITSCHER, the only collection of John Birmelin's poems to appear in book form. See Vol. III (1938) of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvania German Folklore Society, Prof. Robert P. More, Fin. Secretary, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

WIESCHT GELOGGE ISS NIEMAND BEDROGE

Ich zweiwel, eb's all de Leit bekannd iss wege em alde Nussbickel, wie er emol en Drupp Baddriesle an me Hoischdock aagedroffe hot. Er waar, glaab, en guder Schitz, awwer die Baddriesle sin um der Hoischdock rumschprunge die gans Zeit, so hot er sei Flindelaaf grummgeboge un hot noch ne gschosse, un wie die Schrot drum rum kumme sin, iss er in die Heeh getschumpt. Seller Weg hot er sie all grickt. Des hen unser Eldre un Voreldre oft verzehlt. Es scheint awwer es gebt yuscht so gscheide Schitz alleweil. Die Hundezeit iss widder do un so heert mer alle Sarde Gschichte. Der anner Owed waar ich im Schtedtel un bin unverhofft zu paar alde Hunder gedappt. Ich hab geheert, dass vun wunnerbaare Sache gschwetzt warre, so hawwich weil gschtoppt, abharriche. "Ya," saagt eener, "sie mache gude Schiesseise heidzedaags, awwer ich hab sei Lebdaag net gheert vun re bessere Flind, as meim Vadder seinre, wu er emol en Harsch dodgschosse hot mit, zwee Meil eweck. Sell maag unmeeglich scheine zu eich, awwer der Grund waar abgemesse bei me Landmesser un gschwore dezu." Es hot kenner nix gsaat far paar Minutte.

"Saag, Bill," fangt en annerer aa, "meindscht noch vun sellere Muschkeet, un meim Grossdaadi sei segund cousin deim Onkel sei Schdiefbruder gschenkt hot? Selli hot aa 's Blei gedriwwe wie all sixty, wann mer 's noch recht beifallt." Der Bill hot sei Kopp gegratzt. "Ach, ya," saagt er, "sell vergess ich sei Lewe net. Er hot die Kuggle als gsalze des Zeit vum Yaahr yuscht wege sellem. Sie hot dod gemacht so weid eweck, dass die Haase ludrich gwest waere eb er hie hett kenne, awwer mit gsalzne Kuggle waar ken Druwwel."

Ich hab glei gsehne, dass sie ausfinne welle, wer es bescht liege kann, un weil es oft hendich neikummt, wann ich um die Polly rum bin, hawwich gedenkt, ich kann nau ebbes laerne. So hawwich noch weider zugharricht.

"Dihr kennt saage wege Flinde was dihr wett," hot der Fritz Foggelmann aagfange, "awwer es iss meh im Schitz, ass im Schiesseise. Ich hack mei Roi mit eenich ebber. Net dass ich bralle will, awwer yuscht far weise, dass es haabt Ding im Mann hinnich em Trigger iss, will ich verzehle, was ich geduh hab. Wie die Kaersche zeidich waare, hot mei Fraa die Rummadis ghatt. 'Fritz,' saagt sie, 'Du musscht die Kaersche roppe.' 'All recht,' saag ich, un ich hab sie geroppt. Un wie denkt dihr nau, dass ich sie gschteenicht hab? Hm! Ich hab feine Schrot in die Bix, un mei yingschter Bu hot en Bushel Kaersche uff eemol vum Hausdach gschitt, un wie sie gfalle sin, hot's gegracht un alle Schtee sauwer rausgenumme." Der Bill hot en frischer Duwack ins Maul un engschtlich gekaut. "Sell war net schlecht gschosse," saagt er, "awwer meinre Fraa ihre Onkel waar aa net schlappich mit re Bix. Ich weess, er waar emol draus am Wildkatzeschwamm un iss in en Nescht vun fufzich Wildkatze kumme. En mannicher Mann waer aus de Hosse gschprunge, awwer sell hot yuscht sei Schponk uffgeriehrt. Er hot immer Kuggle gschosse, un seller Daag hot er en gummni Kuggel gelaade. Der erscht Schuss hot eens vun de Wildkatze zammegedobbelt, un mit sellre eende Kuggel hot er die fufzich gschosse. Wie hot er sell duh kenne, mecht dihr mich froge. Graad so—allemol dass er gschosse hot, iss die Kuggel zerickgebaunst in der Flindelaaf bei de Zeit, dass er widder Pulwer drin ghatt hot. Selle Weg hot er die Kuggel zerick un varschich geh gemacht bis net en lewendiche Wildkatz in der ganse Geyend waar."

Der Fritz hot erlaabt, er hett selwer Erfaahring in sellre Hiesicht. "Ich hab emol," saagt er "schier Dummheede gemacht uff zimmlich der seem Schlauder, yuscht ich hab Blei gschosse. Ich hab en Schuss noch me Hickoribaam gschickt un die Kuggel iss abgeglanst wedder 'n Poschde, widder geglanst wedder en Schteefens, un fliegt bei Henk graad zerick un reisst mer die "Galluse" vum Buckel. Dernoh bin ich heem.

From Solly Huisbuck's PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN STORIES, Elizabethville, Pa., 1911.

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN NEEDLEWORK

SAYINGS ON OLD PENNSYLVANIA SHOW TOWELS AND SAMPLERS GATHERED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY GUY F. REINERT

We offer the following as interesting reflections of earlier days when girls and young ladies sat over their embroidery frames, doing pious verses on samplers and show towels in hopeful anticipation of a happy conjugal future.

Gone with the wind is the maiden, who in the year of our Lord, 1791, even while doing her sampler, reflected upon the vanity of life and cross-stitched in her own simple manner these lines from David's 103rd Psalm:

Des Menschen Leben Ist Gleich Einem Grase
Es grint Daher Und Blimet Gleichen Mase
Als Eine Blum Auf Dem Feld
Wen Der Wind Dariber—

In 1835 a Mennonite maiden embroidered the following lines upon her show-towel (while struggling with her "t's"):

Fianna Landis is my name,
Manheim Township is my tweling place,
Heaven is my station,
Christ is my Salvasion
The Rose is ret,
The leaves are green,
the days are past which I have seen,
and when I am dead, and in my grave
and all my bones are rotten,
Remember me, when this you see,
Let all the rest (be) forgotten.

In 1837 Hannah S. Yoder worked these lines into her sampler:

Perhaps this work my Friends may have
When I am in my silent Grave
And which whenever they chanced to see
May kind remembrance Picture me
While on the glowing canvas stands
The Labour of my youthful hands
No other cares than this I knew
But perseverance brought me through.

Salome Kriebel, a Schwenkfelder maiden, made a show-towel in 1843, on which she embroidered these lines:

Bey aller deiner freud and lust
Bedenke das du sterben musst,
Wohl dem der taeglich kan,
Der trift im tod das leben an.

Salome Kriebel geboren den 16ten January 1823.
(In all thy joy and jollity, Bethink thee thou must die;
Well for him who daily can, And thus meet life in death.)



—Photo by Guy F. Reinert.
Feronica Gross's Sampler, 1798

A sampler made in 1798 by Feronica Gross, born 1777, also a Schwenkfelder maiden, has these lines:

Unser Leben Bald Verschwinted
Es Vergehet Wie ein Traum
Alles Ist Was Sich Hie Findet
Nichts Als Nur Ein Wasser Schaum
Eines Bleibet Feste Stehen
Got Wird Nimmer Mer Vergehen

Feronica Gross also reflects upon the transitory nature of all things: Our life is soon gone, it vanishes like a dream; all things here below are but as foam upon the water. There is but one unchanging thing—God endures forevermore.

The earliest saying in this collection is on a sampler made in 1755, but without the name of the one who embroidered it. The first two lines are beautiful enough to have come from the lips of Herr Walther von der Vogelweide or some other medieval minnesinger:

Hert Ihr Blimlein Auf Den Auen
Hert Ihr Foegel In der Luft
Ich Wil Mich Mit Ihm Vertrauen
Meinem Jesu Der Mich Ruft
Er Ist Mein Vater.

Hear, ye flowerets on the mead; hear, ye birds up in the air! I will put my trust in Him, in my Jesus calling me—He is my Father.

(The Editor has been at pains to retain the original irregularities of orthography)

EN WELSCHKARN GEBET

Es hot mol en Bauer in re Nochberschaft gewuhnt, der immer so gleene, grutziche Kolwe Welschkarn ghatt hot. All die Bauer um ihr rum hen alle Yaahr scheene, vollgewachsne Kolwe ghatt. Endlich hot der Bauer sei Meind uffgemacht, fer sei Nochber froge, wie er's macht odder was er dutt, das er alle Yaahr so schee Wels hkarn hot.

Der Nochber hot en bissel gelacht and gsaat: "Well—ich will dir saage—du musscht en schtarriyer Glaawe in Gott hawwe. Nort, wann du widder dei Welschkarn blannscht, dann gnie dich nunner mitte im Welschkarnschtick un bet. Awwer du musscht es Welschkarn schunn all geblanst hawwe. Schick all die annere Leit zerick noch em Haus, so dass du gans allee bischt, wann du 's Gebet gebscht."

Es naegscht Friehyaahr hot der Bauer gedenkt, er browiert des Bete mol. Wie 's Welschkarn all geblanst waar, hot er die Blanser all noch em Haus gschickt. Awwer die Nochbere waare all am Lauere. Der Bauer waar net gans allee, awwer er hot's net gewisst. Er iss mitte ins Schtick geloffe, hot sich nunner gegniet un hot des Gebet gewwe: "Liewer Gott, ich bet zu Dir. Geb mir Welschkarn wie meine Nochbere aa—Schteck so gross wie Eechebeem, mit Kolwe draa wie Weggedeichsel, un ken so verflammte grutziche, gnatziche wie im letschte Yaahr.

Related by Abraham B. Weinhold, aged 74.

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TELEPHONE 3-4241

BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

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Editorials

Who Really Wants Peace?

It always is difficult to catch up with and nail a lie. It is difficult enough when the channels of communication and information are unclogged and uninterfered with by the liars. It is manifestly many times more difficult when the errors of statement are deliberately and cleverly concocted and then opportunity for rebuttal is blocked completely.

The situation which the Russian propagandists have developed by this practice, first of spreading lies and then of closing the avenues by which the denials and logical refutations could be made, is well understood thruout a goodly portion of the world and to a vast number of people. But there is very profound fear that the effects of the lies are being felt by an even larger number of persons to whom but one side of the coin can be exhibited.

That is for example the ding-donging charges of the Russian propaganda machine — in the United Nations, on the radio and in the Communist controlled press thruout the world — that the United States is a war mongering nation and that its people are in the grip of imperialists and capitalists.

Many persons believe this rot because it has been drummed into them for years. Many persons, even in our own country, have just a sneaking suspicion that there must be fire where there has been so much smoke, forgetting that the smoke has been dissipated by elements of our society which submit our government and our institutions to attack constantly along other lines. It is the Communist fire which is making the smoke. It is the Communist fire which would like to reduce all that is Americanism to ashes.

It is a pity indeed that all persons in the world who either firmly or faintly believe such ideas could not have looked into the American heart yesterday and beheld its emotions while the newspapers and radio were announcing just one rather simple item of news. That was the statement of Secretary Pace that the U. S. Army hopes to release mobilized National Guardsmen and reservists next summer and that immediate halt has been brought to the calling of enlisted reserves in the U. S. Air Force.

The news appeared to be on every one's tongue yesterday. It appeared to mean that a crisis in American military matters has ended, that we can afford again to relax in the marshalling of great hosts of men for training and that thousands, perhaps millions of men can look to a well-ordered and undisturbed civilian life with their families and in their local communities.

As Sir Gladwyn Jebb pointed out, in effect, in the Security Council several months ago, American boys would rather be at home on farms in Nebraska and Iowa than be wading around in stinking rice paddies and climbing desert mountains in remote parts of the world. Everything in American makeup as to character and environment belie the will and desire to make war. Our people do not wish to participate in war and they do not wish to have other people engage in war for them. Nor are they the tools of anybody in any sinister classification. The American people still are the masters of their destiny even tho many forces are at work to loosen and weaken their grip.

But how can America's joy yesterday at just this dim portent of peace for some time to come be conveyed to millions behind the Iron Curtain? It just cannot be done.

Vishinsky and Malik and, in turn, Stalin must already know about it. Peculiarly enough, it is likely to give them further aid and comfort to know that we are so ready to relax and so eager to escape war and everything that it means when they themselves are so diligently planning aggression and must hope to find us unprepared for defense at the points where they will direct their next subtle attacks.

As One with Canada

The people of the United States and Canada are so neighborly both as to geography and behavior and their governments have been so compatible with each other that it is logical and wise for the two nations to act as one both as to preparation for and defense against any common enemy.

That idea was put into practical effect on Thursday when Canada thru Ambassador Hume Wrong and the United States thru Secretary Acheson signed a statement of principles for economic cooperation. This agreement aims to bring about a pooling of all resources that are required in preparation for and conduct of a war.

The action requires congressional action to make it valid but if such action be taken, then the many fences as to the purchase and movement of goods, the use of patents and many other matters that enter into war production will be removed. The two nations will become as one in the event that both have to go upon a war basis.

It will mean enlarging the National Production Administration into an international two-country body that will supervise priorities, allocations, production goals, and production restrictions for both Canada and the U. S. There will be Canadians in this body, of course, technically, any orders affecting Canada will have to be approved by the Canadian Government.

Paralleling these economic agreements is military aim — a coordination defense of the North American continent. Work is going ahead for standardization of equipment in the U. S. and Canadian armies.

It's possible that there'll be steps toward "unification" of the Canadian and American armies in some areas. That is, an American general may be commander of one area with both Canadian and American troops under him. In another area, a Canadian general may command both American and Canadian troops.

We Wonder Why

If our industrialists had failed to provide the arms and equipment needed for World War II our ears might be receptive to pleas from Washington for a speed-up in plant expansion. If these same industrialists were not already spending billions of dollars now for new factories and power lines, the theme of superbuilding might take on reason.

But in the light of industry's previous performance and present promise, we wonder why the great interest in Washington for huge expansions in steel, in aluminum, in electric power.

One government official's goal for steel is an annual capacity of 130 million ingot tons, roughly 30 per cent more than now. The industry's present building plans will raise the total to about 110 million tons and those plans are constantly being revised upward. For aluminum the apparent target is even more unbelievable — some two billion pounds a year on top of the present capacity of about 1,400 million pounds. What's desired in the way of power facilities is more nebulous.

There isn't the slightest doubt in anyone's mind that more steel and more aluminum would be desirable now. And there are efforts under way to increase the supply. It may be that eventually this country will need 130 million tons of steel a year and 3,400 million pounds of aluminum. If that's needed, we're sure industry will provide it.

There are only two explanations we can think of for the flood of demands for a super speed-up of expansion in specific industries.

One would be an effort to put this county on a full-war, full-peace economy. In other words, provide all the materials for present day civilian living and for war-scale arms, too. If that is the underlying motivation, then we think these officials ought to ask themselves one question: Can our country afford this? Does it have the manpower and the materials to make it possible? We think the answer is no.

There could be another explanation. For almost as long as it takes a young baby to grow into manhood, there have been in Washington those who want to see government get into business. Their road leads to socialism. What better way to get going along this road than to have the government finance and own large parts of basic industries?

Once started along this road, the return is slow and tortuous — if there is a return. Wall Street Journal.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Ephesians 2:8-22

Our salvation, according to v.8, is by God's grace through faith on our part, as a gift of God. This is the fundamental truth of the Gospel, recovered by the Reformation. We cannot work for it, neither merit nor purchase it for money, else it would be a cause for boasting on man's part. On the contrary, we are God's work (workmanship, v.10), therefore new creatures in Christ Jesus, created for good works. We seek to do good works because we are saved, not in order to be saved. The church at Ephesus consisted of Hebrew and Gentile Christians, the latter referred to in v.12 as having been aliens from the commonwealth of Isreal, strangers from the covenants of promise, without hope and without God. But now, since they had become Christians, in Christ Jesus they, who had been afar off, have been made nigh by the shed blood of Christ, saved by faith in His work, even as the Hebrew Christians had been, for there is no difference. Not the three persons of the Trinity in v.18: 'Through Him (Jesus, we both (Hebrews and Gentiles) have access by the same Holy Spirit unto God the Father!'

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

At a dinner party in Hollywood, there was loud lamentation about the reams of irresponsible gossip and scandal circulated constantly in or about the film colony. "Who starts these stories, anyhow?" demanded Jane Wyman. "It must be the men. Women never make up malicious stories like that." Director Anatole Litvak agreed, "No — they only repeat them."

Do You Hear a Strange Gurgling?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Political pressures and the inexorable demands of the defense program have combined to force the hand of the administration. It had been planned to defer until after election the controls that might give concern to the economy. But some of these controls could no longer be postponed.

President Truman found himself pressed by the labor union bosses who want him to move promptly toward excess - profits - tax legislation. That's one reason why he has been considering a call to bring Congress back here immediately after the election instead of on Nov. 27, as planned.

Inflationary Move

The labor union chiefs are eager for some sort of congressional expose of profits for the current year as a means of justifying their demands for higher and higher wage scales. This shows little regard for the inflation spiral so far as higher costs of operation are concerned without price increases but this cannot be accomplished generally nor can the large businesses do it without dipping into their normal profit levels and curtailing the reserves they usually store up for depression days.

The stock market reacted adversely to the news that excess-profits-tax legislation was going to be enacted this year. The difficulty is not only that such a law would cut down funds already allocated for planned operations this year but might, if applied retroactively to June 30 or Oct. 1, throw business of the last quarter of the year into confusion.

There are some influential members of Congress who think that a rise in the corporation tax rate, probably to a 50 per cent level, would be better than the complicated excess-profits-tax laws of wartime. But if the labor unions are masters of the White House as well as of the Democratic party after Nov. 7 — as they may well be if they succeed in defeating prominent Republicans for Congress — passage of the excess-profits tax will be assured.

At the very time when there should be restraint on all sides so that the economy can be geared to the absorption of a large defense program, the political pressure of factions and economic groups may do the very thing that the Soviets have been waiting for — make America's internal economic situation critical.

Need Even Application

Controls are necessary and controls will be accepted by all groups provided they are applied with an even hand and without regard to politics or special privilege.

Shortages of materials needed for the defense program have begun to affect businesses of various kinds. Credit controls are expected to cut down on production of various articles usually bought on the installment plan. Likewise, the new regulations just issued, which prohibit construction of buildings for amusement or recreation purposes, point the way to limitations on other projects which may come to be termed "non-essential."

Affects Employment

The new order telling the industrial world that manufacturers of household appliances, radios and television sets will have to cut their use of aluminum, copper, nickel and related products by 30 per cent is the kind of limitation that must inevitable affect employment.

In the face of such rules, can wage levels be allowed to skyrocket? The labor leaders admit that something may have to be done to keep their own ranks from demanding higher and higher compensation. It has been intimated that if an excess-profits-tax law is promptly enacted, this would halt wage rises. The truth is it will work jut the other way — there will be a tendency to grant the increases if Uncle Sam is to bear the bigger part of the expense through tax deductions. In the end, wage control will become imperative — and that's what the whole inflationary trend will ultimately bring unless checked by a greater self-restraint than is being exhibited today at the collective bargaining tables.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Since I have always been an advocate of achieving success by "doing what comes naturally" and doing it as well as one can, I am quite overwhelmed by a new book just sent to me by the publishers.

The book is called "The Technique of Executive Leadership." It was written by Dr. James F. Bender, teacher of that subject at Columbia university, and the McGraw-Hill people, the publishers, have asked me to review it.

I am not a professional book reviewer and can judge a book only by the way it affects me and the way I think it would affect my readers.

If you want to become an "executive leader," or have a son or brother who has ambitions in that direction, by all means read the book.

To me it was merely evidence that I could never in my life have been an executive leader, and that I would not have wanted to be one if that is the way it has to be done.

Let us take at random just one of the author's requirements for executive leadership.

Many tests have shown that "the successful leader in the dizzy world of today is happier than the average. He is able to 'take it' day after day."

The headline of this chapter is "Test Results Show Leaders Are Emotionally Rugged."

That is one of the reasons why I could not be a leader.

I am, emotionally, extremely unrugged. So is almost every creative and artistic person I know.

I just read "The Story of Ernie Pyle" by Lee G. Miller.

(There is a wonderful book, by his best friend!)

It is the story of one of the finest newspapermen and one of the most emotional men who ever graced a newspaper page.

"Emotionally rugged," to me means hard-boiled. Hard-boiled often stands for cruel, selfish, materialistic.

If that is "executive leadership"—excuse me!

Another requirement mentioned in the book is that you must know yourself better. This is what the author says:

"If you are headed for the top, then you will spend a lot of time finding out all about yourself—what your personality is like, how it compares with others, what you need to do to increase your efficiency and popularity; in short, you're going to engage in an intensive course of self-study."

Imagine a fellow studying himself all the time, always wondering how popular he is and how he can increase his popularity, how he can boost and plug and promote himself!

You know people like that, of course, just as I do.

No matter how successful such a man may be, to you and me he would probably be an intolerable bore and boor.

* * *

Undoubtedly these and many other precepts laid down in this book will help a man up the ladder of business success.

But success gained by constant cultivation of the ego is a hollow achievement.

To all success there is a beginning and an end.

How horrible, how lonesome, how futile the end would be if success meant nothing but executive leadership.

(Copyright 1950)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

BEDDER DRUVEL: Doh weil tzurick wie 'm Cal un Frank Krauss fon nagshd on Pleasant Korner ihra neager grumbierra laiser bei kumma sin wors gute wie der Frank un der Lloyd Werley die bedderuf shtella hen wolla os 'm Frank sei fraw Helen kauft hut kot on fendua. Shun fer long wor die Helen om rum gae bedder kaufa, -louder laedich shtrick bedder.

Shtrick bedder worra ols gute bakont-alla hamet hut kot dafon. Heit tzu dawg sin ow'r wenich leit os may wissa wie 'n shtrick bed uf tzu shtella, un dabei is der Frank un der Lloyd. 'S wor ol recht fer die kup un foos anner tzomma hanka mit da longa bed rigel, ow'r wies on die shtrick nei duh gonga is, darta worra die boova gabutta.

So weit os uns aw gait hen m'r blenty erfohring kot mit shtrick bedder in unserra yingerra dawga. 'N shtrick bed mit da frish g'fillda shtrow shprowsock, unna dickie fedder deck fer tzu decka - golly reich wos hut m'r shlofa kenna wons so kalt wor os die hund gabrill'd hen. Yar, sel shlofa uf so ma fergraxda shtrick bed wor g'shpass bis es so gaea morya gagroch'd hut unnich 'm bed wie der shtrick ferrissa is, un bis m'r recht wocker wor, hut m'r uf 'm kup im bed g'shtonna, der kup drunna uf 'm budda, un die fees in da hae.

Ow'r fer tzurick kumma tzum Cal un Frank ihra grumbierra lais bedder, 's wor aeland in haichda grawd wie sie die bedder tzomma gamocht hen kot, un hen net gawist wie die shtrick nei tzu mocha. Der Cal hut noh gamaint sie sotta lodda unna on die bed rigel nogla, ow'r der Frank hut gawunnert wie er gleicha dade fer 'n gonser dawg so grumbucklich grumbierra laisa, un nochts uf lodda leia fer shlofa.

Mit harder mee hen sie ganunk shtrick tzomma grick'd fer 'n shtrick in yader bed duh, so os ihra shwartza grumbierra laiser nochts fergneech'd ruga hen kenna. Eb na aenichie tzeit shtrick ferrissa sin kenna m'r net sawga-ow'r wons sin, werra die shwartza fermuthlich selwar darta druf ocht gewwa howwa missa-'n ferrissner bed shtrick tzomma gnibba wor grawd so fiel fon ma hondwarick os wie aw fers bed im airshda biotz fol uf shtella. Der Frank un der Lloyd hen 'n aryie tzeit ganunk kotta fer die bedder uf duh im airshda fol, un sin shure os sie sich net ob gewwa hen mit da tzomma gnibberrei woh aw immer mit shtrick bedder nei gonga is.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Der Fred Zimmerman fon dahinna im Kistlers Dahl klaimt, welshhinkle flaish wear ken tzeit besser wie won die welshhinkle ice un shnae tzu fressa hetta-un uf kours aw blenty gute hame garais'dwelshkern dabei fer na shpeck uf die ribba duh.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Oct. 28, 1925, a Thursday

The Slatington Rotary club received its charter as Rotarians from ten towns throughout the valley attended an inaugurational dinner at the headquarters of the American Legion.

Final plans for the municipal Halloween celebration and parade were made at a committee meeting in the office of Police Chief Bernhard. Ten divisions, in charge of Fire Chief William R. Kranzley, were slated to join in the line of march. One division was reserved for clubs, drill squads, societies, floats and those on horseback, while the remaining nine were to include children and grown-up masqueraders.

Horoscope

Your next year should be busy and successful, with business and social activities expanding. A mentally and physically alert child is probable as today's child grows toward adulthood.



THE HIGH CONSTABLE

A Millerstown Burglar Story

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Very few of Elsie Singmaster's many admirers have access to her earlier short stories, which first brought her fame. We consider it a privilege, therefore to present another of these to our readers. It was published in The Outlook for April, 1915. Again the locale is Millerstown, known to the oldest inhabitants as "Millerschtedtel," now the Borough of Macungie. It is reprinted in the ECK with the gracious permission of Elsie Singmaster.—ED.

It is a difficult thing to hold spite for four months even against a neighbor. When the object of one's resentment is the husband with whom one lives, the difficulties are multiplied. But this evening, when Oliver returned from hearing the report of the election, the period of Susannah's resentment would end. She would then give expression to the anger which had for four months been growing stronger in her breast. If Oliver were annihilated, it was Oliver's fault.

Susannah lay deep in her bed one night early in July, in the heavy sleep which followed naturally upon the completion of a large washing and ironing in one day. The silence of the Millerstown night is unbroken; there, if anywhere in the world, can the weary rest. Then—

"Clang!"

The sound was that of a giant gong set, not in Susannah's room nor in her house, but out of doors, as though its business were the rousing of the countryside. At once Susannah rose to a sitting position. She could see her bed, smooth and neat; she could follow the dim outlines of the room and the faint oblong of the window opening against the thick foliage of a maple tree. Oliver, her husband, was at work on the night shift at the furnace; only she and the two children, Oliver, Jr., known to Millerstown as Ollie, and Louisa, were at home. She could hear the regular breathing of the children in their beds in the next room and the gentle motion of the leaves in a pleasant breeze.

Awaiting the terrifying second clang of the great bell, Susannah put one slender foot out upon the rag carpet, then the other.

"It is the alarm!" The words formed themselves in the region of Susannah's diaphragm, but were unable, on account of tense muscles, to rise further. "The burglars have come!"

By day Susannah washed and ironed and scrubbed and cooked and trained her children and managed her husband. Susannah, judged by Millerstown's standards, was a success. Susannah, judged by her own standards, was a failure. She was not one of those comfortable women who can fill their lives with plans for their children.

"I have trained those children," Susannah would say to Sarah Ann Mohr. "There are no children in all Millerstown who come so quick when you say come and who go so quick when you say go. I feed them good. I wash them till their bones almost come through. More I cannot do now."

"But you, Oliver—" This complaint was addressed only to Oliver himself. "You, Oliver, should be something. So long as you earn your wages and eat and sleep you are satisfied. Billy Knerr is tax-collector, Jim Fachenthal is road-master, Eli Fry is High Constable; but you are nothing!"

"I want—" This Susannah to her pillow when all plans for Oliver had failed. "I want to do something myself!"

When Susannah slept, she dreamed. If life's waking feast had given her only a half portion, sleep gave her full measure. Susannah dreamed that she rescued children from drowning, that she dashed into burning buildings, rushed across tracks before swiftly moving trains to save the imperiled. If the Presidency of the United States had been open to her sex, she would have beheld herself occupying that high office. But most clearly of all did Susannah see herself entrapping the marauders who had recently made life in Millerstown so exciting and perilous an experience.

Millerstown lies ten miles from the county seat, and here the long freight trains make their first stop to take water from the tank at the railway station. They bring with them at times, in addition to their legitimate burden, human travelers. Tramps and other undesirable citizens warned away from the county seat, leave the train at its first stop to seek a meal or a lodging for the night, or sometimes to steal. The Millerstown store had been twice robbed, several kitchens had been forcibly entered, and even the mammoth bolts on the doors of the bank had been attacked with a file. It was Ollie Kuhns and his sister Louisa who, playing with other children in the yard of the bank building, had found a flask filled with nitroglycerine. Then it was that the bank officials set upon its wall the thunderous alarm.

Now the marauders had come. Sitting upon the edge of her bed, Susannah ceased to breathe. The alarm was set to continue indefinitely, fiercely, almost unendurably. Susannah awaited, terrified, the shock of its clangor, the sound of rapid steps, perhaps the sound of gunshots.

But Susannah heard no second stroke of the bell, no running steps, no commotion of any kind. In a flash, she realized that the alarm had been tampered with, that it would ring no more. Moreover, Millerstown had not heard its single stroke. Millerstown did not move or stir.

Susannah rose, her eyes gleaming, her breath sharply drawn. Her hour of glory had dawned. She dressed herself with trembling hand; she locked her sleeping children, the restless Oliver and the excitable Louisa, into their room, and she went down the steps and out of the house. The hour was half-past three, which was not far from the time of Oliver's return. But to Susannah it was still midnight, the traditional period for the operations of the wicked.

For an instant Susannah stood on her kitchen porch, her heart throbbing. She thought that she heard a stir in the house of Sarah Ann Mohr, and then remembered Sarah Ann's oft-declared intention of covering her head with the sheet and yielding herself to prayer in circumstances such as these. Susannah wished to help. She saw Millerstown's quiet head upon its pillow; saw its treasures, a dollar saved here, a half-dollar earned there, lying as peacefully in the bank. Susannah was a little over five feet in height and she weighed ninety pounds. But alone, unarmed, she was going forth to rescue the treasures of Millerstown.

Two courses were open: she could steal out through the tunnel-like alley between her house and Sarah Ann's to the street and thence to the bank; or—and here was a far more perilous undertaking—she could go through the gate into the yard of Sarah Ann, then climb four paling fences, running meanwhile the risk of being taken for a burglar herself, and approach the bank from the rear. Susannah chose the latter. Somehow, her skirts almost torn from their bands, Susannah accomplished ascent and descent.

The bank building is an ordinary dwelling-house, its lower floor, in which the bank is situated, reinforced by iron shutters, double doors, and many bolts. Behind it, in a little yard, stands a shed in which the supply of coal and wood is kept. This shed is empty in summer, and here the children often play.

About the shed lilac bushes form a thick hedge; in their shadow Susannah approached the bank. With a quickened heart she saw that she had not been mistaken—the rear shutter was open. Moreover, as she watched, clinging to the fence in sudden weakness, a tall man stepped out of the window upon the slanting cellar door, and, with a large tin box in his hands, approached the woodshed, passing so close to her that she detected the hateful smell of whisky upon him.

Susannah ceased again to breathe. Like a cat after a mouse, she paced after the marauder. As though it were a stage burglary and the burglar had arranged his progress to be caught, he stepped into the little shed. The ready hand of Susannah shot out, the door closed, the wooden button turned, the burglar was trapped. The button was tightly fastened with a screw; only a few days before Susannah had had to hammer it with a stone in order to release a terrified Louisa, locked into the shed by her brother.

The burglar made no sound. For a moment Susannah stood still, drawing her breath in great gasps to fill her empty lungs, and peering about to assure herself that there was no accomplice waiting in the shadow. Then, panting, elate, living as she had not in all her life, Susannah sped down the street to the Squire's.

But in hr delay Susannah had lost precious time. It was, as has been said, almost morning. Had she not been so absorbed in her capture, she would have seen the brightening sky, have heard the swelling chorus of the birds, and have realized that at dawn the shift of the furnace would change and that Oliver and his companions would return. Poor Susannah was to enjoy her triumph but a moment.

Traveling rapidly along in the thick shade of the maples, she heard a cry and stopped to listen. There was a sound behind her, the padding of feet moving more swiftly than her own. In an instant a tall man rushed past her, in his arms a box, his head bent low. In furious pursuit, wild yells of "Stop, thief! Murder! Help! Men! Everybody! Stop, thief!" rushed another man, a dinner-pail in one hand, an upraised billet of wood in the other. Fast Susannah both sped without seeing her. But Susannah saw them both. The tall man was the burgler, the pursuer was Oliver Kuhns.

Now windows were raised, and citizens, roused by the shouts of Oliver, assured him wildly of their speedy assistance. The box in the stranger's hands crashed to the ground, as though he were casting all burdens aside. Half-clad men appeared in doorways, women screamed questions out of upper windows. Some, indeed, joined their husbands in the race. There were other brave women in Millerstown beside Susannah.

Susannah neither asked nor answered questions, nor did she aid in the pursuit. Susannah was wakened from her dream of glory; somehow her thunder had been stolen from her. She said to herself that she did not care if the bank was carried off bodily. She was, when the chase passed her, before her own alley gate. Unseen, she entered it and regained her yard.

There another clamor saluted her ears. Ollie and Louisa were demanding an explanation of the locked door and of their mother's silence.

"Mom!" screamed Louise: "I want to get out."

"I will get out!" yelled Ollie.

Calmly ascending the stairway, Susannah bade them return to their beds. Then, as though all Millerstown were not abroad, Susannah followed their example. As high as her spirits had risen, so low they now sank. How the prisoner had escaped from his prison, how Oliver happened to be chasing him down the street she did not know: But the outrageous explanation was imminent. Susannah's spirit had still lower depths to explore.

Oliver rushed in presently with a shout. Was she asleep? How could she sleep? The bank had been robbed! He, Oliver, had driven the burglar away.

"I was coming home," he gasped. "There was a man. He hollered to me. He heard me. I was whistling"—Oliver called it "vistling." "It was a burglar. He was in the shed. He heard me vistle and he yelled pitiful, 'Let me out!' I let him out and I grabbed for him. I—"

"You let him out!" said Susannah in an indescribable tone.

"He said he was sick. I didn't know he was a burglar. But then I saw the shutter open and I grabbed for him. But he ran faster than I. He had everything packed up. He carried the tin box, but he dropped it. Sarah Knerr, she ran out and picked it up. She got all the things."

"Sarah Knerr!" repeated Susannah in the same tone.

"Yes; and everything is in it what ought to be. Everything is safe in the bank, and they are watching with guns."

Susannah closed her eyes. When she was very angry she could not speak. She became silent for days. But after days, or perhaps weeks, her anger burst worth, strengthened by nursing.

"Then you caught this man?" she asked presently. "You have him?"

"Why, no," confessed Oliver. "He got the start of me."

"So," said Susannah; and turned to sleep.

"What is wrong?" asked Oliver in astonishment. Susannah made no verbal answer. In her heart she said, "Wait!"

Susannah was considered, even by Sarah Ann Mohr who loved her, to be a little queer; and never had Sarah Ann so good a reason for her opinion as in the weeks following the burglary. Susannah was a great talker about village affairs, but about this great affair whose hero was her own husband Susannah would say nothing. From morning until night, as was natural Millerstown talked. The shutter had been pried open by the tool of a professional house-breaker—Millerstown must examine both shutter and tool. Everything had been removed from the old-fashioned safe, all was packed in a bag in a shed—Millerstown must handle the bag. In the shed lay a larger, deadlier flask of nitroglycerine than that discovered by the Kuhns children: this must be gazed upon as it stood upon the shelf in the Squire's office. The burglar, thanks to his long legs, escaped entirely; it was surmised that he had put the width of the continent between himself and Millerstown's vengeance. Sarah Knerr, the wife of Bill, the tax-collector, already sufficiently honored, took at all the meetings of Millerstown women how she had gathered the scattered gold and papers in her apron.

To the thousand speculations Susannah contributed nothing. Susannah stayed at home; she did not join her friends. And within her heart resentment deepened. Oliver had cheated her of glory; that the act was wholy innocent signified nothing.

That her spirit had separated itself from him, Oliver understood. What had he done? Nothing. What was the matter? Nothing.

"Why are you, then, so cross over me?" he would say.

"I am not cross over you," Susannah would answer, his eyes glittering.

In his desire to appease and enliven Oliver frequently recounted his adventure. Presently he began to suspect that Susannah was irritated.

"Don't you like to hear of how I caught the burgular, Susannah?"

"I am tired of bolts and bars and nitroglycerine," answered Susannah. "How was the burglar locked in the shed?"

"The door blew shut, and the button just dropped," explained Oliver.

"So," said Susannah, aloud. In her soul Susannah said again, "Wait!" Susannah was almost ready for the interview which should make of Oliver a humble man; the clearing storm was at hand. Oliver was still on the night shift at the furnace; until the evening of election day, when the shifts changed, Susannah would not have before her that clear hour or two when, secure from interruption, she could have her say. By day, after Oliver had had his sleep, she saw little of him. He went away from the house, for which she was thankful.

"I went down over the fences in the night alone." This was to be the beginning. "I locked him in that shed alone myself. He would have been caught and sent to prison. And you let him out!" The end of her remarks also had Susannah planned. Susannah had dealt with a shrinking Oliver before.

All through election day Susannah went about absently and with a flushed face. Oliver had a holiday, but he was at home only for meals. That he was excited Susannah did not see. When he had had his supper, he went, according to the custom of mankind, to hear the returns. When, at nine o'clock, he appeared, the children were still up. In her miserable brooding Susannah had loosened the bands which held the reins over that spanking pair, and Oliver and Louisa no longer went "quick" or came "quick." They misbehaved in school, they stayed out on the street in the evenings they had to-day tied a tin can to the tail of their dog, and had put walnuts on the feet of Sarah Ann's cat. Now they sat quarreling, one on each side of the kitchen table.

Oliver's step was a little unsteady; his eyes were bright. So blinded with anger were the eyes of Susannah that she thought her sober husband had been drinking. She commanded the children sharply and sternly to go to bed.

"Go!" said Susannah.

"No," said little Louisa.

"It is not time," said Ollie. "I will not go!"

Susannah rose and moved in their direction, scissors and thimble clattering to the floor.

"Ach, let them stay!" begged Oliver, still more unsteadily.

"Go!" commanded Susannah, still more sharply.

"Billy Knerr is Burgess," announced Oliver, in apparent madness.

Susannah's soul said no longer "Wait!" but "Go to it, Susannah!"

"Oliver," she began, in spite of the presence of the children, "in the summer-time when the burglar—"

"It is that for which I am elected," said Oliver, more unsteadily than ever.

"Elected!" repeated Susannah, in unbelieving scorn. "You!"

"I am High Constable," announced Oliver, his voice steadying in his pride. "I worked for it all summer. I thought you would like it. It was because I saved the bank."

A confusion of tongues spoke now in the ears of Susannah. Again she heard "Wait!" again she heard "Go to it!" but she heard also a gentler "Make up, Susannah!" Oliver had ambitions; Oliver had worked to please her; Oliver might in time be himself Burgess. Susannah put her hands across her face and burst into tears. When Susannah cried, peace was at hand. Oliver crossed the room and put his arms about her.

"What is wrong?" he asked, bewildered. "I did it for you. I worked hard for it."

Susannah only cried the more. She was fast becoming hysterical. Then a sound recalled her to herself. Little Ollie began to pound on the table with his knife.

"We are High Constables!" he cried. "Louisa, we are High Constables! We can do what we like to the people!"

At once Ollie found himself rudely taken in hand and moved toward the stairway door. Ollie's impertinence had served a good purpose.

"Your father is High Constable," said Susannah, once more mistress of her house, of her children, and best of all, of herself. "Your father is High Constable over the town, and I am High Constable over you. You are nothing. Now go to bed."

When the door was shut, Susannah looked at her husband. Heroically she spoke, heroically and with consummate kindness she put out of her mind her great achievement. Life had keener pleasures to offer than revenge, and a better portion than glory.

"There was nothing the matter with me all summer but meanness," said Susannah. "Oliver, I am proud of you."

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

Winter War in Korea

During World War I a favorite phrase, expressing a deep national hope, was the promise that the "boys" would be gotten "out of the trenches by Christmas."

Something akin to that same idea and hope has been prevalent thruout the country during the past fortnight during which ending of the war in Korea appeared so near at hand.

Now the picture has been cruelly changed. War is in progress in all its fury up near the Manchurian border. The most disturbing fact is that most of its participants and opponents of the United Nation armies are Chinese, Communist troops who have swarmed across the border from Manchuria to help their Red brethren of North Korea.

Inasmuch as Chinese Communists during the last four months had constant opportunity to send aid to North Korea and, as far as is known, supplied little or none, there was belief that nothing would be done to delay the ending of the debacle for the North Koreans.

Then, suddenly, the Chinese Reds appear to have made up their minds to do something about it. Troops crossed the Yalu River and, it is being assumed, wish to get possession of the electric power plants in North Korea if not in fact drive the forces of the United Nations southwardly.

Why such action was delayed until this time is not being explained. Perhaps the Chinese Reds were as confident of success for the North Koreans as were the Russian backers of this war of aggression. Perhaps they were not prepared to move troops and equipment into North Korea until this time.

Whatever be the cause for the delay the fact seems to be that they now are in North Korea in force. The fear must be that there are plenty more Chinese divisions in the hinterland, are moving southwardly and are ready for invasion.

There is little or no prospect any more that the war will be over shortly or that United Nations armies will be able to go home for Christmas. It appears that a long and hard winter will have to be spent in Korea whether to hold what has been gained or to resist almost constant military action.

See the "Mum" Show

Within recent days the glory of the autumn display of color in our woodlands suddenly has declined after almost unexampled period of beauty.

But residents in this vicinity will be able to enjoy an extension of this season of natural loveliness because the annual Allentown Chrysanthemum Show at the greenhouses in Trexler-Springwood Park opens formally tomorrow.

Everybody is welcome of course for it is the people's exhibition. Every gorgeous bloom is just as much an individual possession of every man, woman and child in Allentown as if it had been grown in and was being displayed in his or her back yard. The only difference is that the flowers in the big Mum Show, as it is popularly called, are unselfishly shared with everybody else, and especially with our neighbors and friends from all parts of this section of country. We do not ask them to tour our back yards. We assemble the big show for them at Trexler-Springwood Park and invite them all to come and enjoy it.

Thousands can be expected to see the show during the period that the blooms hold their color and retain their freshness. Our park department officials can be expected to provide such watchful care that this period will be lengthened as much as human ingenuity makes possible.

Preview reports of the show indicate that it is well worthwhile seeing whether from the standpoint of pure enjoyment of the beautiful or additionally from the standpoint of interest in the newest developments of the floriculturists in this large and lovely genus of perennial flowers.

Unique Daily Now 80

The North Penn Reporter, published in Lansdale, this week has been observing its 80th birthday anniversary and very properly has been making merry by reason of its attainment of so honorable and lengthy a term of life and because it is lustier and better than at any time in its four score years.

Certainly it is one of the most unique daily papers in the United States. It is perhaps the only daily in the country that makes not the slightest attempt to present news concerning any individuals or any events outside its circulation area. It is a paper whose editorial policy assumes that its readers buy and read other newspapers for national and international news. Accordingly none of the thousands of readers of this paper picked it up this week to read about the attempted assassination of the President of the United States. But daily every reader of The North Penn Reporter could know that just about everything that was going on in that paper's area was being fully and truthfully reported.

It is a daily paper that is distinctly itself. It apes no other publication and seeks to do nothing that its big neighbors with worldwide newsgathering services can do. But in its own field it does so thoro and so complete a job that it has no competition. It blankets its area but has no fringes.

It has established the fact during a long period of life that there is room for a paper of its kind in a community close to metropolitan centers and competing with their big newspapers with international coverage. The North Penn Reporter has established the fact that there still is the highest curiosity as to affairs right at home and as to the people who live right around the corner, but whom we may never have occasion to meet and know otherwise.

A Profitable Fair Week

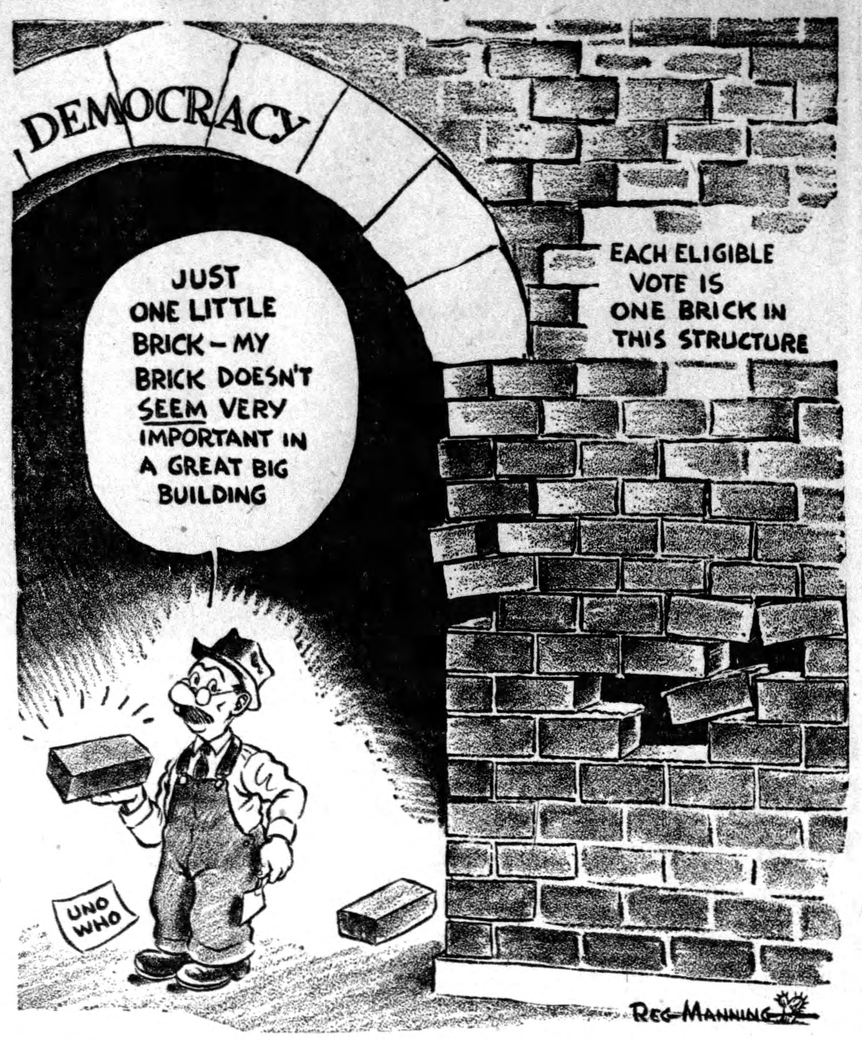
It will be a pleasant surprise to the public that even though rain fell on three days of the week of the Great Allentown Fair, receipts from the exhibition were satisfactory and that, in fact, they fell only about $9,000 short of the all-time record achieved in 1947.

So satisfactory are the profits that another year of improvements to the property can be anticipated. President Howard Singmaster has already given some hint as to the ideas in the back of the heads of his officers and executive committee.

These changes can be expected to proceed along the progressive and interesting lines of improvements made during the past year. The Fair cannot enlarge its grounds but it can make better use of its facilities. This it is that keeps the brain of the new president busy.

Big things already have come from the progressive viewpoint of the new president of the Fair. Bigger things can be expected from this outstanding industrialist.

Leave Out Too Many and You Get Ruin



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

The administration, it became known yesterday, indicated recently it would prefer that the steel companies and the steelworkers' union should not reach an agreement in current negotiations before election day.

The plan had been to announce a simultaneous increase of wages and prices the moment an agreement was reached between the CIO and the management of some of the steel companies.

Could Be Embarassing

But apparently the administration felt that this might stimulate throughout the country an intense demand for immediate application of wage and price controls — and, of course, such a development could raise campaign issues that would be embarrassing all around.

So far as is known, the steel industry did not agree to the postponement, though its spokesmen were well aware of the administration's wish. So the objective was accomplished another way. President Truman and CIO Chief Philip Murray conferred not long ago. It became apparent shortly after this conference that Mr. Murray was not in as much of a hurry to get the wage increases as he had been before. The negotiations suddenly slowed down, and now it is unlikely that any agreement could be reached before election, not matter how hard the bargaining representatives worked at it.

Proceeding Leisurely

It is easy enough to stall negotiations of such a complex character as are involved in the steel industry. The CIO leaders were able to comply with the wishes of the administration without difficulty. Just what arguments were used to persuade Mr. Murray to hold off can only be conjectured, though it is rather surprising that the matter has been enveloped in such secrecy. Usually one side or the other insists on an early end to protracted negotiations or there is a threat of more drastic action by the union. Evidently the conversations are proceeding leisurely.

When the steelworkers' contract is announced, it will impress the country with the seriousness of the latest move in the inflation spiral. It will probably result in criticism of both the union and the steel companies, and the demand for controls will be pressed sharply on Washington.

This, however, is only one of the problems facing the steel industry. The latest phase of governmental intervention comes in a speech by W. Stuart Symington, chairman of the National Security Resources board. In an obvious reference to the steel industry, he said:

"In discussing this problem recently with the leaders of a great corporation which produces a basic material, they were frankly hesitant about expansion in their industry, because of their fear of carrying excessive capacity in the depression they considered inevitable.

"These industrialists also said they had a report which proved the United States could only absorb 42 million automobiles, that 37 million were already in use, and that therefore the production of cars should be curtailed.

"Is it right in any system of free enterprise, however, for the supplier to dictate to the customer when and what he can buy? Also it would seem that the American people, not any industry, or any group of industries, should decide how many automobiles the nation can afford on the highways."

A Paradox

The foregoing constitutes a paradox. On the one hand, private business must gauge accurately future demand or overbuild and run the risk of constructing plants which soon become idle and costly to maintain when not in operation. On the other hand, if the defense needs require more plants now, then it becomes a question of whether the government will supply the extra plants or finance them for industry — a problem that arose during World War II.

What seems to be overlooked, however, is that if wage scales go to high levels and building costs skyrocket, new companies will not go into the steel business to furnish more competition. Similarly, the existent companies will not be able to operate new plants for the government or for themselves except at higher and higher costs. It's easy to declaim about scarce facilities in wartime but someone has to pay for idle facilities in peacetime. Maybe there will be a Brannan plan for that, too, some day.

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Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Hebrews 11:17-40

Even as a large part of the book of Genesis is devoted to the story of Abraham, so a comparatively long section of Heb. 11, this well-known 'faith chapter' of the Bible, is devoted to him, the first 'Pilgrim Father,' who left his home at God's command to go to a land which would be shown him. So we went out, not knowing whither he went, but he knew with Whom he was going, for as one of the 'heroes of faith' in this chapter, he trusted God implicitly, even as we read in Gen. 15:6 that he believed in the Lord and He counted it to him for righteousness. He was willing even to sacrifice his son in whom all the promises given to him centered, for he believed that God was able to raise him from the dead if necessary, and in Gen. 22 he is returned to his father as by the type of a resurrection 'on the third day,' v. 4. Moses, vs. 24-28, was another hero of faith, who endured as seeing Him Who is invisible, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the pleasures of sin for a season. Many other heroes, full of faith, to the end of the chapter, obtained a good report because of their faith in God.

25 Years Ago

Nov. 4, 1925, a Wednesday.

School days came to an unexpected halt at Cedar Crest college when the local institution was closed as a result of the discovery that seven students were suffering from diphtheria. Although immediate steps were taken to isolate the positive cases, the college was not placed under quarantine.

"Brite Bits of 1925," featured one of the snappiest, jazziest dancing choruses of any amateur production ever presented in Allentown's Lyric theater. It attracted a capacity audience with the premier showing of the annual Elks-sponsored show.

Labor News and Comment

By VICTOR RIESEL

Jamestown, N.Y.—

I came up to this grass roots city to discover why good American Joes, who would slug you if you called them Commies, follow the leadership of weird, shadowland pro - Commie labor commissars now swashbuckling into a new national left propaganda operation.

I heard that in this small industrial city there are 2,500 men and women who actually voted to stick with the now notorious United Electrical Workers, led by some of the shrewdest, most disciplined and skillfully trained labor brains found anywhere in the lefties' world network.

These are 2,500 persons in five plants, far from the high pressure international headquarters in politicalized New York. They aren't working on secret electronics or atomic war material. They just turn out automobile radio grills, deep freezes, metal doors, office equipment and machine tools.

Operation Infiltration

Then why do the lefties want them? Why have they assigned some of their toughest organizers to the district? Answer those questions and you see in a flash the cunning of Operation Infiltration. And for the answer I refer you first to a secret meeting held a few days ago in Chicago.

At that session, briefed by national chiefs from New York, midwest leaders of the remaining pro-Communist unions in this country met to organize their regional section of the new lefty national labor federation. This is to buck the AFL and CIO. After deciding to call itself the Chicago Labor Unity council, it summoned some 30 of its second echelon lieutenants together, ran them through the paces of a public meeting (all rigidly controlled) and announced a public rally for November 6th.

Not for a moment was this camarilla embarrassed by the fact that many of its leaders had indicated publicly that they weren't happy over our defense of the South Koreans. Not for a moment was this band even disturbed by the fact that many of its chiefs had been kicked out of CIO after certain CIO leaders had testified that they had sat in Commie meetings with them.

Followed Directions

This band simply followed national directives. It had been told to gather the midwest spokesmen for the eight unions expelled from CIO this past year. It had been told to tie into one regional federation whatever people it had left in Chicago, then in all of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, and Minnesota. After this is done, it will be merged with the coalition Harry Bridges' lieutenants have launched on the West Coast, and another in the East.

That is their privilege in these United States, which they orgiastically revile as fascist. So it isn't strange that they should band together. But what is strange is that after their records have been disclosed not only before Congress, but before a jury of their labor peers inside CIO, they should still have 50,000 followers, more or less, in Chicago — and another 150,000 Americans following them elsewhere across country.

How do these lefty commissars do this? How do they survive an anti-Communist war of 35,000 American casualties, a war during which many of their colleagues obviously hated the South Koreans?

So, I came to this factory city for the answer. For it was here that the CIO's crusading young organizers couldn't shake a single plant loose from the lefties. It was here that grass roots American Joes passed resolutions blasting Congress for indicting the pro-Communist United Electric Workers leaders for contempt. Why?

The Answers

Part of the answer is in the fact that the lefties seek out these cities which are far from the center of intense pro-Communist political activity and May Day jamborees. Part of the answer lies in the selection of such tough and shrewd organizers as Mike Jiminez, who was with the Loyalist forces in Spain and later, despite his record, got into our cloak-and-dagger OSS during the war, serving in Italy.

Part of the answer is the behind-the-scenes maneuvering of specially trained lefty politicos, who travel the circuit, from small city to small city, figuring strategy to fit any local emergency — like the mysterious lady who changed her name so frequently and was pulled out for other work when Jiminez came in. Part of the answer is in the money the United Electrical Workers union has spent — over $1,000,000 in the past year — just to hold its people.

And, unhappily, the rest of the answer is in the grim fact that the lefty propaganda has actually convinced many of the 2,500 here, and the tens of thousands in party line unions elsewhere, that our government and the industrialists are their enemies from whom a living can be wrested only under the leadership of wild fanatics.

A counter offensive is long overdue. It's time the legitimate unions weeded the grass roots.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUNDS DRUVEL: Der Porra Conrad "Connie" Raker fon da Good Shepherd kinner hamet doh in da shtadt, hut shun fer yohra ferlonga kot fer 'n guter yawk hounds howwa. Net long tzurick hut er k'hoert fon aim gons owwa drous in Bushkill-'n setter, os so'n wunner borer guter yawk hounds sei hut solla. Er is owwa nous un hut 'n kauft, un 'n dahame inna ben g'shpart os er badrich gamocht hut so os er 'm yoh net darrich gae kent.

Aina waig odder da onner mus es shtadt lava 'm hund ow'r net aw g'shtonna howwa. Wor all'm noh 'n londs hund, un hut dawg fer dawg hee k'huck'd un so drauerich tzu da netting nous gaguck'd-un numma gawinsch'd er wear frei so os er rum shpringa kent wie er wot. Der hund hut uf kours glei ous g'funna os winscha wenich bot, un hut mohl sharta fressa on da netting ben, un ferhoftich sei won er net 'n loch rous g'fressa hut gross ganunk fer darrich shluppa, un noh is die g'shpass ob gonga.

Der hund is ob iwwer die hae nava om rigel waig nunner, un der Porra "Connie" mit about 25 kinner dahinner drei. Des da aryer os sie ow'r g'shprunga sin, des da aryer is der hund g'shpunga, uns hut fer 'n weil mohl g'sheind wie won der hund net im sin het fer shtoppa shpringa bis er widder drowwa in Bushkill wear. So wies sheind, hut der Porra aw so'n noshion kot, un die kinner tzomma garfufa, un g'sawt sie sotta der hund gae lossa, sie gangda tzurick hame.

Net long danoh hut 'n shoffmon on da Yeager Housrote socha facktory der hund aw gatzawm'd, un 'n g'fonda. Der Porra hut der hund noh hame k'hold, un ous gamocht die weil os 'm net tzu draua wear fer 'n widder in die ben shparra, dade er 'n ins hous nemma woh sei Hannah 'n watcha kent. Aina waig odder da onner is der hund na ow'r widder darrich gawitch'd, un wear all'm noh ains gongs tzurich nuf noch Bushkill, won 'n glainer boo 'n net g'fonga het, un woh 'n widder tzurick ganumma hut.

Der Porra wor bei selra tzeit fol gift fon 'm hund 's airsht mohl noh gae, un hut ous gamocht ma ketzer wie sel wear net tzu draua-er dade 'n tzurich nemma woh er har kumma wear. Un so mit ous weiters aenich waisa mocha, hut er der hund uf galawda un 'n tzurick nuf noch Bushkill ganumma, woh er all'm noh 'n freiie wald hut fer drous im freia rum shpringa, so arrick os er wil.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Noch paar dawg may, un der lexion dawg is doh-der dawg woh yader eiwohner uf eld in Pennsylvania die freihate hut fer "schreiva," wie un wos er wil, won er hinnich 'm lexion kurtain shtaid shtimma.

Niemond os shtim recht hut, sot da nagshda Dinshdawg ferbei gae lossa, mit ous noch da lexion gae shtimma.

Horoscope

In the year just starting for you, you should reap the reward of your own initiative, industry and past endeavors. Energy, determination, and originality should be qualities of the child born on this date.



THE SCHOHARIE-TULPEHOCKEN RIETHS (REEDS)

By FRANK E. LICHTENTHAELER

The following important work by the late historian, Frank E. Lichtenthaeler, was left in the hands of the Editor of the ECK some years ago. It is a well-documented endeavor to give the Rieth (Reed) family, long overshadowed and obscured by the Conrad Weiser family, their rightful place among the early German pioneers of Pennsylvania. We present it to our readers as a model of genealogical research.—ED.

THE Rieth family, outstanding among the first settlers of Tulpehocken, has presented an absorbing and, at the same time, a very baffling genealogical study. Rieth foresight and sinew provided inspiration and leadership for the 1723 migration from Schoharie, New York, a distinction ofter ascribed to John Conrad Weiser, Senior, who in reality was in England at the time. At least three members of the family accompanied this first group of pioneers. There is traditional indication that the favorable location selected at Tulpehocken was explored and recommended by a Rieth scouting expedition as early as 1713. Dispossessed at Schoharie, they picked this new frontier as the final goal of their dream. Here the Schoharie Rieths settled with thirteen or fourteen other families and when the news of their adventurous passage down the Susquehanna reached the homeland in distant Mannheim, other Rieths packed up and started,—"we're going to Pennsylvania, the limestone land of Tulpehocken."

Notwithstanding this forward looking bent, this pointing of the way to others, this family solidarity, the Rieths, in the matter of origin and exact relationship, have long remained a riddle of conjecture and conflicting guesses. The few known facts, in spite of every attempt of classification and chronogical study, refused to yield their secret. Then, quite unexpectedly, came the interesting disclosure: a predictable misspelling on the part of a Rotterdam clerk revealed the long sought ancestor and gave meaning and relation to fragments of record.

The name "Rieth" in all its usual misspelled forms was unaccountably missing from the "Embarkation Lists from Holland." The frequent and very curious misspelling of other family names had been observed which, naturally enough, suggested the possibility of visualizing "Rieth," pronounced Riet, as it might be recorded by a Holland Dutchman. An obvious experiment proved successful: the placing of a "G" before Riet to simulate the German guttural roll of the "R"—"Griet," and Griet it was, hidden away in the "G" column for seven generations.

A—"Embarkation List from Holland" (Knittle, p. 249)
Second Party, sailing May 23, 1709
Griet, Hans Jurig and vrouw.
Maria Bern, Hans Lenart, Johan Jurig, Hans Miggle, Hans Peter and 3 children.

So at last we see them on the old wharf at Rotterdam but recently arrived from the first stage of their journey down the Rhine from Mannheim in Baden. They were refugees and the middle-aged parents no doubt turned their thonghts back to an earlier exodus in search of freedom. In 1685 revocation of the Edict of Nantes had caused their flight into Germany from French Alsace. Thoughts may wonder but their faces are forward. Duly recorded, they move on through the wall name "Gate-way," that great keyhole of an arch through which most of the early Germans passed on their way to America. Laden with their few possessions they trudge up the gang-plank and are swallowed in the dark hold of the Channel ship. Then four days of rolling and pitching, sickness and suffocation, and they enter the Thames. Herded with twelve hunderd fellow Palatines, they reappear at Walworth, London.

B—"Second List of Palatines" (MacWethy, p. 86)
taken at Walworth, May 27, 1709.
Riet, John George, Husbandman, age 50. Lutheran.
Sons 20-18-16-14-7
Daughters 22-12-10

and the same information is reported in

C—"New York Genealogical and Biographical Records" (1909, pp. 93-100)

except that "wife" is included and the two youngest sons are omitted. It is observed that the Rotterdam record A and the Walworth record B are complementary to a remarkable degree, the former giving the names in order of ages and the latter, the ages of all the children in May, 1709. Thus we have,

Maria Bern, the oldest child, age 22, therefore born 1687
Hans Lenart, the oldest son, age 20, therefore born 1689
Johan Jurig, next in order, age 18, therefore born 1691
Hans Miggle, age 16, therefore born 1693
Hans Peter, age 14, therefore born 1695
A daughter, unnamed, age 12, therefore born 1697
A daughter, unnamed, age 10, therefore born 1699
A son, the youngest child unnamed, age 7, therefore born 1702

The father, Hans Jurig Griet (Johann Georg Rieth, Sr.) being 50 years old in 1709, was born in 1659. He was 28 years old when the eldest child reported, Maria Bern, was born and 43 years old when the youngest child was born. Seven years had elapsed since this birth and it may be taken as the last. But it is possible that other children were born prior to Maria Bern. Marriages took place at an early age and the children appeared regularly. This must be remembered when considering Rieths who immigrated directly to Pennsylvania via Philadelphia. The earliest arrivals of this name at Philadelphia were—

D—"Thirty Thousand Names" (Rupp)
Hans Jacob Riedt Page 53 arrived Phila. 1727
Johann Philip Ried Page 55 arrived Phila. 1727
Casper Riedt Page 57 arrived Phila. 1728
4 Ritts, comprising
Joh. Jacob, over 16 Page 85-87 arrived Phila. 1733
Hans Jacob, under 16
George, under 16
George, under 16
Wilhelm, under 16

Other Rieths, Reits, Ritts, etc. in subsequent years.

Near relationship is fairly certain in respect to these unplaced Rieths, but present available information substantiates nothing. They are mentioned here in the hope of arousing interest among descendants, that private family records may be consulted and reliable, determining evidence arrived at. The notable points are that John Georg Rieth, Sr. (of above A and B) may have had children older than 22 in the year 1709 who, for various reasons, remained in Germany until later. Then too, he may have had considerably younger brothers who as late as 1727 would not have been too old to emigrate.

Returning to John George Riet, his wife and his family of well grown sons and daughters, we may picture their hardships and suffering in open camp in mid-winter at Black Heath, south-east London. Here they lived in little tents of their own making until they embarked for America sometime between December 25 and 29, 1709. That they were at last to sail must have aroused depressed spirits. One can even imagine exchanges of Christmas greetings and we know definitely they sang their sonorous hymns which was ever their custom whether in expression of joy or surcease of sorrow. Their joy on this occasion was to be shortlived.

Twenty-eight hundred Palatines were crowded aboard ten transports, many of them below decks without fresh air or light of day. After all, this was to be expected—high hopes made light of passing discomfort—the shores of a new land would loom, perhaps in several weeks if the weather held. Then day by day as the report went its rounds that they were still in sight of land, the discouragement of endless delay became harder to abide than their ever worsening physical plight. Five months from London to Plymouth, England,—months of inconceivable suffering. Filth and vermin indescribable, short rations of disgusting food, stinking water, disease was rampant. Thus finally they sailed away on April 10, 1710, ten shiploads of helpless, typhus stricken humanity.

John George Reit was destined never to see green shores again. Only his indomitable spirit survived. His resolute widow had her children and her remnant of hope. The task was now hers of founding a home in a new land. Sadly they landed on Nutten Island in New York harbor sometime between June 13 and August 2, 1710. Of the 2814 Palatines who had embarked, 446 had died before the end of July. Of the suffering endured, there is no measure. The Rieth survivors had reached New York.

E—"Simmendinger Record" (Knittle, p. 297)
Leonhard Ried, 5 brothers and mother, at New York.

The date must be approximated. Simmendinger published his directory at Reutlingen in 1717; the time of the above notation is assumed to be the summer of 1710. Early in October the movement of the Palatines up the Hudson to Livingston Manor began, the Rieth family included. Accordingly, their brief stay at New York must have been prior to October, 1710. Leonhard, the oldest son, now aged 21, is recognized as the head of the family. "5 brothers" is assumed to mean inclusive, to agree with the definite statement of references (B).

F—"Kocherthal Record" (MacWethy, p. 39)
Johann Michael Rued
Johann Peter Rued
Attended Communion Service at New York, September 26, 1710.

Thus Hans Miggel of Reference "A" reappears as Johann Michael. He is 17 years old; his brother Johann Peter is 15. They had not yet left New York and it seems reasonable to suppose that the entire family was still there.

G—"New York Subsistence List" (Knittle, p. 288)

	1710	1712
Riedt, Johann Leonhardt	5 over 10 2 under 10	2-over 10 1 under 10
Riedtin, Anna Catharina	6 over 10 1 under 10	4 over 10 1 under 10

This list, intended for allotment of rations, covers the period from the time of landing at New York in the summer of 1710 to September, 1712 at Livingston Manor. The family sizes reported refer to the beginning and end of this period. They include the named head of the family.

For the first time it is noticed that Johann Leonhardt, the oldest son, has been married and is now the head of a family of his own. He is only 21, yet is accountable for six persons beside himself. Might this be another, older Leonhardt Rieth of different family? If so, there is no recorded evidence supporting his existence either before or after this notation. It is more likely that our twenty-one year old Leonhardt married a widow, with children who later may have died or launched out for themselves; or possibly, an orphan girl with brothers and sisters to care for. There were many such cases. The many widows and orphans, non-producers yet requiring support, brought about a situation inimical to the purposes of the Crown officials in whose charge they were. Every marriage reduced their care-taking responsibilities just so much. Later records show that Johann Leonhard't oldest child, Johann Nicolaus, was born in 1715 and the next oldest, Johann Georg in 1717, both at Schoharie. He was 26 years old when Johann Nicolaus was born and may well have had earlier children who died during the starvation time in the early days of Schoharie and the interval just preceding. Even before the termination of Government rations at Livingston Manor on September 6, 1719, their minister, Reverend Haeger, reported that, "they boiled grass and the children eat the leaves of the trees." Many children perished; the wonder is that any lived.

The widow of Johann Georg Rieth, Sr., is Anna Catharine; her maiden name is unknown. In 1710 her youngest son was 8 years old, within the limit of the notation G. Of the six older than ten, the mother, Georg, Michael and Peter are accounted for in subsequent records. Two daughters would complete the count leaving one daughter missing,—married or dead. If this was Maria Bern, elsewhere by marriage, the name is sufficiently unusual for identification and may come to light in course of later investigations.

By 1712 we may assume that the youngest son was 10 years old and thus in agreement with the notation G. All the sons were still living. The missing members older than ten must have been daughters. The two youngest daughters would have reached the ages of 15 and 13, rather young for marriage and the presumption favors their death. The three daughters have passed from the stage; the five sons are still performing their heroic parts.

H—"Thirty Thousand Names" (Rupp)
Peter, Georg and Johannes Rieth, male Palatines over 21, at Livingston Manor, winter of 1710 to summer, 1711.

Here there seems to be a discrepancy. In 1710 only Johann Leonhardt was 21; Georg was 19 and Peter but 15. Tradition says the Rieths were tall and of herculean mold. They looked to be over twenty-one. Possibly it escaped Rupp's notice that all male Palatines over ten were rated as adults in the ration lists. In any case, this notation is a check on the presence of three sons at Livingston Manor during the period stated. "Johannes" probably refers to Leonhardt; it could mean Michael. There are indications however that Leonhardt was addressed frequently as Johannes or Johann.

The sojourn at the settlements on the Hudson from October, 1710, until September, 1712, was a period of disillusionment. The attempt to manufacture naval stores fostered by the Government proved unprofitable. Yet the Palatines were bound by contract to continue in bondage until the cost of their transportation and subsistence was recovered. It became apparent to them that the ever increasing bill of expenses charged against them removed all possibility of regaining their freedom. They awakened to the fact, they had become enslaved and rebellion ensued as a natural consequence. Then, finally, government support of the project was withheld and on September 12, 1712, the daily allotment of rations ended; the Palatines were notified to shift for themselves. Winter was at hand and they were forced to scatter. Several went to Pennsylvania; some found employment at Rhinebeck; others accepted onerous terms offered by Livingston. Under the leadership of John Conrad Weiser, Senior, and other deputies, many of the Palatines migrated to Schoharie. It is there we find the next report of the Rieths.

J—"Simmendinger Record" (Knittle, p. 297)
Rieth, Leonhard, wife Elizabeth Catherine and 2 children.
Riethin, Catharina, widow and 4 children.
At Weiserdorf (Schoharie) 1713 to 1717.

The date of Simmendinger's observation may have been any time from the beginning of the Schoharie venture in 1713 to the date of his directory publication in 1717. There is every reason to believe that both families dwelt at Schoharie from 1713 to 1723. However, in 1717 Leonhard had reached the age of 28 years. His wife is named for the first time, at a later appearance called "Analisa Catrina." Her maiden name is not known. Their two oldest children, Nicolaus and Georg, already mentioned, were born during this period and thus conform to the notation. The widow Riethin had her four unmarried sons,—Georg aged 26, Michael 24, Peter 22 and the youngest, 15. Eight terrible years, since the embarkation at Rotterdam. These the widowed mother had endured, supported through relentless trials by devoted sons, a Spartan woman whose all sufficient monument was the ultimate accomplishment through her sons, of that imperishable hope,—to find freedom and found a home. Was she laid to rest in that lovely vale of Schoharie? Did she live to see yet lovelier Tulpehocken? The record is silent; who knows her unmarked grave?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9713
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 706

PUBLISHERS

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Editorials

No Truck with Communism

For 14 years Congressman Vito Marcantonio served an East Side district of New York City and by highly successful political methods retained not only the support but the affection of the polyglot population that was his constituency.

Throughout the years, when it was both popular and pardonable to speak well not only of Russia but of her Soviet rulers, Marcantonio generally had the right things to say. Inasmuch as he kept right on saying those same things during the past five years, particularly since 1948, he became increasingly unpopular in Congress and despised throughout the country. At home, however, he appeared to have retained his hold upon his people and seemed likely to be reelected at the election in November, 1950.

The belief that Marcantonio was Moscow's mouthpiece in Congress brought about the extraordinary coalition of all other parties other than his own in support of a single candidate, Democrat James G. Donovan. The issue at the polls on Tuesday was simple, namely Marcantonio's strict adherence to the Communist Party line. The voters in his district recognized the issue as a challenge to their own Americanism and gave a rousing American answer to it by electing the coalition candidate.

Any cheer and comfort that could have come to Moscow by the election of Marcantonio thus is denied. The only congressional district of the 435 in the U.S.A. in which there was a ghost of a chance for a Communist victory proclaimed itself free of that influence and scornful of any one representing a hostile foreign government and its totalitarian party ruler.

But don't overlook this: It took the combined efforts of everybody else than the Communists and their stooges to defeat Marcantonio. Nobody can afford to coddle or appease them, or make friends with and arrive at understandings with them. It takes united, cooperative action to dispose of them. If and when they are recognized, the American people will lose no time in throwing them out.

Rent Control Extended

As had been anticipated the last of Tuesday's election returns had hardly been reported when City Council decided to extend rent controls in Allentown until June 30.

Because it was obviously a pretty "hot potato" and Federal law provided popular means for such extension the issue was squarely put up to the people some weeks ago. They were invited to sign petitions and put the matter up to popular vote.

It was pretty obvious from the very announcement of such petition and the manner of its shaping that it would be difficult to get some seven thousand adults to walk or drive to City Hall and there affix their names to the paper. People who will sign a petition that has been brought to their doors or to their jobs will forget all about making a trip of a mile or more to sign a petition on view somewhere in that place which is strange to most persons—City Hall.

City Council indicates its belief that attainment of housing adequate or nearly so to demand has not been realized and that controls for another few months are desirable. It has waited until its own decision could not be made an immediate local political issue.

Long, Honored Career

We may very well anticipate high honors coming this general direction but centering in the Washington scene inasmuch as Hon. Francis E. Walter on Tuesday was returned to Congress by the electorate of the 21st congressional district and with every large political subdivision expressing its favor for the man who will be entering his tenth consecutive term in January.

By reason of his high seniority in the House of Representatives and his wide experience and excellent record as a congressman he has already gone high in Washington. For years he has been one of the top men in the party that has been in majority almost constantly since he left Easton at the same time that Franklin D. Roosevelt left Hyde Park for Washington and entrance upon the first of his four elective terms.

He has been member and often head of some of the most important committees of the House. He has wielded the gavel over that body repeatedly when the chairman wished to be relieved temporarily of his duties. He has had the refusal of important - appointive positions high in government activities both at home and abroad. He has refused tempting offers of highly lucrative business positions.

Mr. Walter has chosen however to remain in Congress with the work he loves and in whose performance he has evidenced such outstanding ability.

Term after term he has gone higher and higher in the ranks of his party in Congress. Higher and higher he has risen in the esteem of the members of that body. More and more departments have come to rely upon him as to efforts in their behalf in the lower House.

His very best years of service for his constituency and for the nation would appear to be ahead of him in the coming two years. New and higher honors should be coming his way, and they will be not only to his own credit but will be an honorable reflection upon the 21st district which has been loyal to him for now nearly two full decades.

Reds' Economic Strength

Soviet Russia, with its much smaller real national income than that of the United States, is feeling the burden of armaments far more than is this country, Dr. Karl Scholz, Professor of Economics at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, writes in the current New Republic.

"What to the people of the United States may be an expensive luxury, may be a heavy sacrifice to the people of the Soviet Union," Dr. Scholz declares. "The frequent pleas to curb the armaments race, emanating from the Soviet Union, may be prompted more by economics than by purely humanitarian considerations."

Dr. Scholz, a leading expert on the internal economy of Russia, has devoted years of study, including several visits to the U.S.S.R., to the subject.

All in all, Dr. Scholz reports in an article on "Russian Economic Strength Today," the comparative estimates of production in various basic fields of economic activity support the belief that "Russia's real national income in 1949 was not much more than a third as that of the United States."

In a chart accompanying the article, Dr. Scholz shows that in 1949 Russia produced, in comparison with the United States, 55.1 per cent as much coal, 9.1 per cent as much petroleum, 34.7 per cent as much pig iron, 23.8 per cent as much cement, 21.7 as much electric power, 18.3 as many tractors, 4.9 per cent as many automobiles and trucks, and 87.7 as much grain.

"Even admitting the possibility of a liberal margin of error in the estimates, relative economic weakness rather than strength is indicated for the present-day Soviet economy. One reason for the Iron Curtain may be to conceal this weakness from the outside world, seeking to delude an uninitiated public with percentages and figures of inflated ruble values," Dr. Scholz writes.

How to Run a Business

Attempt of the Federal Trade Commission to outlaw functional discounts in the case against the spark plug manufacturers appears to be another instance of devious-minded meddling that may play havoc with industry.

Anyone with an elementary knowledge of business understands why parts makers sell their products at varying discounts.

It may seem that the auto makers get parts at an absurdly cheap price, yet the tremendous orders for original equipment permit parts makers to set up tooling for mass production and thus get the price down.

This ultimately helps the consumer.

The big wholesalers perform a function of stocking, distributing, and promoting the parts — and are certainly worthy of their hire in the form of a sizable discount.

And, of course, the retailer performs a function in stocking, distributing and promoting a part on a smaller scale. Should he, too, be denied a discount?

The various elements of federal government work in different directions.

The trust - buster campaigns against bigness and integration.

Yet if parts makers were prevented from selling cheaply to the auto makers, the assemblers would make their own. And that would lead to further integration.

The big difficulty seems to be that government officials know far too little about how business runs, and at the same time assume far too much power in trying to run business.

A sad note is that we all pay for this meddling in the form of taxes which are reaching to a point where they threaten to stifle business — and business pays the bill for the whole economy.—Automotive News.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 10:24-42

When Jesus sent His disciples forth on their mission to Israel, He told them frankly that they would meet with much opposition—sent forth, indeed, as sheep among wolves, v.16. They would be arrested and put to death, a good example of which is the death of Stephen in Acts 7, and the beheading of James in Acts 12:2. Satan will always protest the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, either by active persecution or by substituting something else for it or for Him. Even so was Jesus hated by the world, and the servant is not above the master. So Jesus encourages His ambassadors, assuring them of the care of His Father in heaven. Whosoever therefore shall confess Jesus before men, him will He confess before His Father. But deny Him, and He will have to deny such before His Father. The preaching of the Gospel divides men into two groups, cutting even across family lines—two worlds, those who receive Jesus as Savior and Lord, and those who reject or ignore Him.

Horoscope

Your life should proceed normally, and you are advised to act upon your own intuitions, which should be reliable guides. Secret help is probable for the child born under these influences, whenever same is needed.

25 Years Ago

Unveiling exercises of the Soldiers' Monument, a memorial erected in the town park of Weissport in memory of those who made the supreme sacrifice in World War I, were held

The World's Most Successful Failure



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Business men throughout the country, judging from reports received here, are tremendously heartened by the election.

Many of them feel that the election was the most critical in a generation and that the effect of it will be to make it possible to do business planning with more confidence.

The reason, of course, is that the trend toward the socialistic state has been growing since 1933 and not even the election of 1946 showed any clear indication that the people were aware of trends.

Encouraging Aspect

In the campaign just closed, however, these issues were made clear. The "Fair Deal" was not treated as an entity but specific parts of it came under severe attack. So far as business is concerned, it regards the check applied to labor union politicians to be the most encouraging aspect of the whole election.

Business men today are satisfied with an evenly balanced labor-management law and they would not object seriously to many of the amendments to the Taft-Hartley act which were passed by the Senate but blocked in the House. What aroused genuine alarm was the effort on the part of the unions to form political organizations to elect members of Congress who would do their bidding.

In state after state the Republican nominees carried industrial districts where there is a large labor vote. Such areas as, for example, Cuyahoga county, which includes Cleveland, have rarely been carried by the Republicans. It has a large labor vote. But Sen. Taft carried it this year by 22,000.

From other states, too, comes the story of how labor union members, resenting dictation by their officers, voted their party preferences on the basis of issues other than labor union politics.

Electorate Reacts

This is the kind of news that business men have wishfully hoped for in the past, but today they see it plainly in the statistics. It means that the American electorate does react to argument and debate and to an explanation of the issues by the candidates.

What such an election can mean to American enterprise in future years cannot be exaggerated. After the successive victories of the New Deal and then the Truman election in 1948, business men began to feel that America was drifting to the "Left" and toward a socialistic government such as Great Britain has today. The election this week is construed as a definite turning of the tide.

Undoubtedly many Democrats contributed to the result. In state after state, the victors are saying that independent Democrats helped them offset the heavy labor union vote or the pressure of organized machines. This is exactly the way the two-party system has often functioned in decades gone by. The lesson learned in the 1948 election was applied in last Tuesday's election—the Republicans did an intensive job in the precincts and got out their vote.

From all over the country comes the same story. The Republican organizations of men and women did not depend on forecasts or take anything for granted. They canvassed the citizens and in most instances found them already alert to the necessity of voting. Many a candidate says that the same attitude, if manifested in 1948, would have told a different story in the electoral vote column then.

Likewise, the campaign stirred up more interest than is customary in an election that occurs in the middle of a presidential term. This may or may not have been due to the increased attention given the political contests by the press as well as by the radio and television. But it was due to no small extent to the fact that this congressional campaign actually began as far back as a year ago. Certainly Sen. Taft began campaigning then, and so did the opposition forces.

One Thing Clear

One thing seems clear—campaigns are getting longer and longer and hence are exciting much more interest on the part of those who do vote. While the total who voted was not as high percentage - wise as in other years, when the figures are all in, it may be found that a higher per cent of those who were registered went to the polls than in a presidential election year.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

A year or so ago a friend of mine and I went on a trip together.

I noticed that he needed a new suitcase very badly. The one he had with him was awfully shabby.

"Jim," I said, "why don't you get yourself a new bag? Yours is a disgrace, and you certainly can afford something better than that old piece."

"I know it's awful," replied Jim. "But I'll be gosh darned if I am going to pay that high luxury tax to the government.

"There are lots of things I need. But I am going to wait until we get back to normal. Then I'm going to go on a buying spree."

* * *

A few days ago I met Jim on the train.

I was just going to New York for the day, but he was starting on another trip.

And I noticed that on the rack over his seat there was a beautiful cowhide traveling bag. I could tell it was his because it had his initials in gold letters on it.

"I am sure glad things are back to normal," I said with a smile after the usual greetings.

"What do you mean, things are normal?" he scowled. "Things are worse than ever. You don't know from one day to the next what's going to happen. Nobody can do any planning any more."

I pointed to his bag.

"That's what I mean by 'things are back to normal,'" I said. "Last year you said you wouldn't buy what you needed until things were back to normal. So, since you are a man of your word, they must be normal again."

Jim is a successful business man. He got the idea.

"Come to think of it, things are normal at that," he said. "I used to think that the good, old easy-going days were normal. Prices were reasonable, everybody had a feeling of well-being and security. If you made a dollar you knew you had a dollar. You also knew that that dollar you had was worth a hundred cents and not 45 or 50.

"But today who knows anything about tomorrow?

"So I have come to the conclusion that whatever happens today is normal. Yesterday is gone and nobody knows anything about tomorrow."

And that's about it.

In former years "normal" meant just what the word implied. It was originally "norma," a Latin word meaning a rule or pattern or measuring stick.

But rules have changed. Patterns have changed.

It used to take many days to travel from New York to Los Angeles. It took weeks to go from Europe to America.

Today it is a matter of hours.

The normal speed of those days certainly would be snail's pace today.

Some day you may be able to travel from here to Mars and spend your vacation up there. That will be normal then.

But don't wait. Enjoy what is normal now. And what is normal now?

You'll find it in today's newspaper, the very one you're reading right this minute.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N ALTIE G'SHICHT: Net long tzurick hut 'n freind fon da Lenhartsville gagend gawunnert, eb m'r shun die g'shicht k'hoert hetta fom hunder woh so fiel socha aw gadroffa het, ow'r der harsh het 'm 's beshd aw g'shtonna.

Dale fon da g'shicht wor alt tzu uns, un dale nei. Die blessier fon denna alta shtories hoerra is, wie sie ferdray'd un in nonner nei g'flochta werra, in unnershittlicha gagenda bis es so tzu sawga 'n gons neiie g'shicht is. Wel, nei odder alt, des is wie m'r die shtory grick'd hen on da Krumsviller auction paar wocha tzurick.

Ainer drous im bush yawga, hut so'n olmechdicher grosser harsha buck aw gadroffa. Der buck hut ruich fer 'm g'shtonna, un yusht wie er ready wor fer sheesa hut er ebbes hoerra robbla hinnich sich, un 'n alter sooner fon ma bar sehna hinnich 'm shtae. Der harsh wor 'm ow'r 's liebshd, un hut gatziehlt, ow'r yusht el er ob gadrick'd hut, hut er ebbes hoerra robbla uf da linx hond side, un ferhoftich sei wie er gaguck'd hut won net 'n grossie drup wilda gens runner kumma is, un sin im feld rum galoffa ken tzwonsich foos aweck.

Noh mit da gens, 'n bar, un 'm harsh darta fer sheesa danoh, hut er widder gatziehlt noch 'm harsh, un ebbes hoerra robbla uf da recht hond side. 'S wor 'n grick net weit ob, un miner sivatzae won net 'n grossie drup wild anda yusht ufs wosser kumma wor, un het sellie aw sheesa kenna. Der harsh grawd fer'm hut 'm ow'r ols noch 's beshd aw g'shtonna, un hut widder gatziehlt noch 'm, un aw dessa mohl ob gadrick'd, un der harsh is g'falla.

Der yeager hut ow'r so-'n shwearer shuss galawda kot, os es ihn selwar tzurick wedder der bar g'shloga hut, un hut 'm 's harn nei garent mit 'm flinta kolva. Ow'r sel wor ols noch net 's end dafon. Der flinta lawf is fershprunga, un ae helft fom lawf hut die gens ol dote g'shloga, un die onner helft die wilda anda drous uf 'm wosser.

'S airr t hut er der harsh g'shtocha, noh der bar, un wie er die gens ol tzomma galaisa hut kotta, un wor nous ins wosser gabawda fer die anda rei hola, hut er gamaint sei hossa dada so shwear fiela. Ferhofitich sei wie er gaguck'd hut, won er net aw ncho idehoss sfasloitoofhkaw noch die hossa so fol fish kotta hut, os er shier net gawist hut tzu lawfa.

Now won sel net 'n aryer shuss wor, dada m'r gleicha tzu wissa wos wear.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Won aenich ebber shunshd so alta g'schichta wase, dada m'r arrick gleicha tzu hoerra dafon — mit da radios, luft bilder mashine, un moovies, fergait net 'n monich yohr, bis ol die alta socha fergessa sin.

Leit heit tzu dawg hen ken tzeit may fer die alta g'shichta fertzaila, sie wolla yusht may hee hucka gucka un hoericha-un die alta socha os fon da uhr gross elterra runner kumma sin, gaina gons un gore fergessa.

THE SCHOHARIE-TULPEHOCKEN RIETHS (REEDS)

By FRANK E. LICHTENTHAELER

CONCLUSION

Those of our readers who wish to know more about the early German pioneers who wandered overland from Schoharie, New York, to Tulpehocken in Berks County, Pennsylvania, pronounced "one of the most romantic and adventurous treks in the history of American colonization," are advised to read Mr. Lichtenhaeler's "Storm Blown Seeds of Schoharie" in Volume IX of the Yearbooks of the Pennsylvanian German Folklore Society.—ED.

ABOUT five hundred Palatines in various groups had made their way from the Hudson settlements to Schoharie. Sojourning there from 1713 until the spring of 1723, they brought about a full gamut of mending conditions from starvation and nakedness to a state of comparative comfort. The good land was their only capital; their plow, the curved root of an oak sapling; one skipple of wheat, their first planting. In ten years, by sheer physical strength and will to succeed, these men of stamina thought they had attained their objective. Schoharie had come to mean—toil recompensed, yearning satisfied, home and fireside.

But Schoharie was not for them. Indian land titles were pronounced faulty and they were dispossessed. They might repurchase that which they had already bought with blood and sweat, but pride rebelled. They might accept an exchange of less desirable land up the Mohawk; judgment forbade. Our Tulpehocken group favored a brand new venture and the Rieth brothers, among them, seem to have been the instigators and leaders by natural selection.

Between the few facts and many traditions bearing on the situation, one finds a scattering of circumstantial accounts which taken with a modicum of imagination, permit the reconstruction of probable events. In some such manner the across country faring of young Isaac De Turck throws light on happenings which at best can only be conjectured. One of a small party of Palatine colonists in charge of Reverend Kocherthal, we find him in 1709 on the west shore of the Hudson at the mouth of Quassaick Creek (Newburgh). This attempt at settlement proved unsuccessful as was the case with all the Hudson experiments. De Turck is supposed to have left the Hudson region in 1711 or thereabout. In company with others, no doubt, having in common a bond of French inheritance, we imagine, he struck out for Pennsylvania by way of the most direct overland route. The path he would naturally have followed was a well-known track for southwestern travel from the Hudson used by the Dutch before 1682—the old Rondout and Neversink trail. This led to the Delaware at Minisink from which locality other trails led to the Lehigh and Schuylkill by way of the Wind Gap. Isaac De Turck arrived in Oley about 1712 and decided to remain there.

There were other alluring trails leading westward from Oley and rumors of entrancing valleys and fertile land beyond the Schuylkill. Rupp states that a Georg Rieth went to Tulpehocken in 1713. These virile young men had the pioneering spirit and the love of adventure. They studied the Indian trails and as opportunity offered, crossed the ridges to see what lay beyond. One cannot conceive the Pennsylvania migration of 1723 taking place without first knowing exactly where they were going, the character of the country and soil, the water supply, streams to operate mills and limestone outcroppings. A Casper Rieth appeared in Lancaster County (then embracing the Tulpehocken section) in 1719 (Rupp), long before the earliest Rieth arrivals at Philadelphia. Were these directed wanderings, intended eventually to chart the way from Schoharie to Tulpehocken, the preliminary exploration for one of the most romantic and heroic episodes of our colonial times?

Fifteen families formed the advance guard of the Tulpehocken migration. From Schoharie they cut a road to the head-waters of the Susquehanna, there built canoes and made their way down to the Swatara; thence up that stream and over the gravel hills onto the good earth of Tulpehocken. This was in the spring of 1723.

L—Letter of James Mitchell to Secretary Logan of Pennsylvania. Dated May 13, 1723, at Donnegall (Donegal, Lancaster Co.) Pa. Archives, 2nd Series, Vol. VII, p. 78.

"I give you to know that there is fifteen famileys of Dutch come from Albaney, and are now settling upp Swattra. I sent an account of it to the Governour, etc."

Signed, Ja. Mitchell.

Mitchell was a Justice of the Peace. In line of official duty he confirmed the passage of the first Schoharie-Tulpehocken party, shortly before May 13, 1723. This is the first and only direct notice of the arrival.

Even in Pennsylvania not all was clear sailing. The Schoharie group had come on the invitation of Governor Keith given at Albany in 1722 but they had settled on land of their own selection. It happened to be Indian land not yet released by purchase or treaty for occupation by white settlers. Soon the rightful owners expressed their dissatisfaction in various ways. Fortunately, the days of the war-whoop and tomahawk had not yet come. This was to be a later trial. Sufficient pressure was exerted, however, so that representatives of the Palatine families saw fit to peittion the Governor for legal grants with arrangement for purchase.

M—"Petition to the Governor of Pennsylvania"

About February 10, 1725

Colonial Records of Pa. III, pp. 323 & 352

Signatures thereto,—(15)

Godfrey Filler (Fiedler)
Sebastian Pisas (Fischer)
Peter Ritt (Rieth)
Jorge Ritt (Rieth)
Jo. Homaler Ritt (Rieth)
Conrad Schitz (Schuetz)
Johannes Claus Shaver (Joh. Nicolaus Schaeffer)
Antonis Shart (Schadt)
Andrew Falborn (Adam or Andrew Walborn)
Tortine Serbe (Martin Zerbe)
The following five names are enigmatic:
Johannes Yans ?
Balt. Unsf ?
Josef Sab ?
Johan Peter Pacht ?
Jocham Michael Cricht ?

The Petition itself and the vistas of pioneer life opened up by the names of its signatories are beyond the limits of the present subject. By singling out the Rieths it is hoped to place this one family in somewhat clearer retrospect. It is equally important that the other family histories be elucaited, with particular attention to the obscure names. Rupp says the signatures were in "deep German hand" therefore barely legible. Possibly he viewed the original. Prof. W. J. Hinke says, "these names were written by an English clerk who did not know any German and were thus distorted almost beyond recognition." Accordingly, the list has been separated into two columns, the first presenting the recognizable names and the second, comprising five names which remain enigmatic. Many suggestions have been offered with respect to the latter but none of the interpretations are convincing, much less, finally acceptable.

We are concerned with the fact that this list includes three unmistakable Rieth signatures—Peter, who is now 28 years old; George, 32, and "Jo.-Hamoler," who is assumed to be Leonhardt, aged 34. Tradition says Leonhardt was the leader of the party but there is no factual evidence in confirmation. Why "Hamoler?" The nearest German word is "Hammel," meaning "wether." It seems too imaginative to extend the meaning to "bell-wether," leader of the flock. It is hoped eventually there will be an explanation of this odd name. Was there some reason, real or imaginary for disguising their identities? Why did Sebastian Fischer sign his name "Pisas" supposedly intending the Latin "piscis?"

Before leaving the list of signatures, the name "Jocham Michael Cricht" must be considered. Compared with "Johann Michael Ritt (Griet) the striking familiarity is at once noted. "Cricht" as set down by a non-German clerk is no farther afield than "Griet" of the Rotterdam record. Michael Rieth might have been expected to sign the Petition and this suggestion that he may have done so seems closer to the mark than the usual interpretation of "Cricht" as Christ. The latter name is not to be found in the Simmendinger Record nor in the New York Subsistence Lists. Where, therefore, is the argument for Christ except similarity of sound? The Christ family came soon thereafter but not by way of Schoharie.

There is an inclination to accept this list of fifteen signatures as naming the fifteen original families. The 1725 Petition specifically states that the subscribers represented thirty-three families. Two years had elapsed since the first arrival in 1723 and the colony had more than doubled in number of families. It must be recognized, there is no recorded evidence of families constituting the first group of fifteen. Family tradition, however, usually has a background of fact and the Rieth tradition pronounces them present and the recognized leaders. The fifteen signatories have a claim to prominence because of their position as representatives but proof of priority must be sought elsewhere.

H—"Tax Assessment Lists of Tulpehocken" (Hinke) January, 1726 and January, 1727.

At this early period the Tulpehocken section was included in Chester County, Pennsylvania. In 1729 Lancaster County was formed from the western part of Chester County and it was not until 1752 that Berks County was erected. Hence these first tax lists applying to the Tulpehocken settlement were nonexistent so far as Berks County records are concerned. However, they were discovered some time ago by Professor William J. Hinke of the Auburn Theological Seminary, in the Gilbert Cope Historical and Genealogical Collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Through Professor Hinke's courtesy this important information has become available.

The tax lists for the years stated prove residence at Tulpehocken during 1725. They both include the names of four Rieth brothers, namely:

Peter Reet ..... Peter Rieth
Leonard Reed ..... Leonhardt Rieth
Jasper Reed ..... Casper Rieth
Jery Reed ..... Georg Rieth

Michael Rieth is not mentioned. He owned land on the Swatara which leads to the surmise that he may have lived there at the time and may be listed, if at all, under some nearby locality other than Tulpehocken. Michael Rieth's will of 1754 mentions a 150 acre tract of land on the Swatara and 202 acres in the Tulpehocken settlement, the latter tract recently relocated just north of Stouchsburg.

O—"Petition for a Road from Oley to Tulpehocken" before the Court of Quarter Sessions at Philadelphia September, 1727.

Two Rieth signatures are found among the 28 names attached thereto:

Lenhart Riet
Casper Riet

These last two citations (W and O) speak for themselves. They place four Reith brothers at Tulpehocken during 1725 and provide the previously missing identification of the youngest brother. From these references we are left no other choice than the name "Casper." In 1725 this yonngest brother would have been 23 years old and in 1727, 25, therefore old enough to own property and to have a voice in local affairs. An Adam Rieth is sometimes mentioned in this connection but the first Adam recorded arrived at Philadelphia in 1764, too late to be considered here. There is a confusion to be avoided with an Adam Reed, Esquire, of Hanover on the Swatara. He was of Scot-Irish descent and without Rieth connection. A Casper Riedt arrived in Philadelphia on September 4, 1728 (Rupp, Thirty Thousand Names, p. 57). He also must be accounted for separately. There seems to be sufficient reason for accepting Casper Riet, who signed the Road Petition of 1727, as the previously obscured youngest son of the emigrant, Johann Georg Rieth, Sr.

Thus we have four Rieth brothers, Leonhardt, Georg, Peter and Casper, established at Tulpehocken and Michael, nearby on the Swatara, having traced them from the family embarkation at Rotterdam in 1709. This concludes the object of the present contribution. Their subsequent marriages, offspring and the many interesting events of their lives must constitute another chapter.

The lettered items above are statements of recorded facts, all of them previously known excepting item "A" pertaining to Hans Jurig Griet and his named family at Rotterdam in 1709. This is a recent discovery and important because it proves Johann Georg Rieth, emigrant, the father of the five Tulpehocken Rieths and removes all doubt as to their being brothers. With this point determined, it has been possible to connect logically the fragmentary facts of record and thereby gain a glimpse of the vicissitudes of the long trek from Rotterdam to Tulpehocken.



Johann Leonhardt Rieth's tombstone in the churchyard of the Tulpehocken (Reed) Lutheran Church, standing on the eight acres which he himself had donated. The Reed homestead built by Johann Leonhardt in 1723 is not far away. The pioneer met his death in his own gristmill when he was caught in the cogwheels and crushed to death in 1747. The inscription on his tombstone (English translation) reads: Here lies buried John Leonard Reed. He was born in 1691 and died in 1747. With his wife Annaliesa Catharina he begat 8 children.

The only known grave of any of the five brothers is that of Johann Leonhardt Rieth who is buried at old Reed's Church burying ground between Stouchsburg and Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania. The dates carved on the stone are 1691 and 1747. It must be noted that the date of birth does not agree with the calculation based on the Walworth Record (B) which indicates 1689 as his date of birth. Of the two sources of information, the Walworth Record is the more authentic, as the ages then given were reported by the parents. When Leonhardt died it is doubtful whether any written record of his birth existed. Accordingly, his wife estimated the year as best she could.

The references "Knittle" and "MacWethy" mean respectively "Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration" by Walter A. Knittle and "The Book of Names" by L. D. MacWethy. The invaluable researches and compilations of these authors and other recent contributors have opened the way for a renewed effort toward establishing and evaluating the Palatine element in New York and Pennsylvania colonization.



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BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
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Editorials

Tragedy and Its Lesson

Three children dead and 14 adults and children ill as the result of inhaling illuminating gas while asleep in their beds during Wednesday night is the calamity experienced by five families in a North Fountain near Gordon street neighborhood.

Properly official investigations into the entire situation are under way. Both the district attorney's office and the police department want to know whether there was culpability on the part of any one concerned. Early indications in this matter reveal nothing along this line.

But enough already has been learned to indicate that other lives were saved by early discovery of the baneful condition in their homes and these might have saved the lives of the victims had they had the slightest inkling that a tragedy was being enacted in their very midst.

Three lives were lost and fourteen were saved. All demonstrates the danger that can develop virtually anywhere in the community. All our streets carry gas mains. The impact of heavy traffic overhead can and does undoubtedly snap pipes, especially if there be leaks of water from mains nearby to cause washouts hidden deeply beneath the surfacing of streets and sidewalks. Electrolysis undoubtedly is consuming the metal of gas mains at many places. The character of our city's porous, limestone foundation is conducive to the distribution of gas from leaks to nearby and distant points and to the accumulations of pockets which, like the one at 8th and Liberty Streets, can be exploded if conditions perfect for such a happening arise.

Everybody well may bear in mind the advice of Chief Christine in this matter. He urges that, if people smell gas, report be made promptly to the police. He emphasizes that it will be far better and more pleasant for his police to investigate a hundred "false alarms" than to have an unreported incident turn into a tragedy.

Toy for Every Boy and Girl

The New York Police Department has undertaken a campaign by which its members hope to have at least one toy for every child in that city who otherwise at Christmas time might be passed by and overlooked by Santa Claus on his blessed rounds.

Allentown's firemen, with some very nice assistance from the police, have quite similar ambition. The latter come into possession of quite a lot of repairable toys in the course of a year and they know exactly what to do. They turn them over to the firemen. So do many individuals and business places.

All such toys are put into good condition by Santa Claus' kindly helpers in the Allentown Fire Department. These men, who have many hours to while away on a job that requires more watchful waiting than actual operation of fire - fighting machinery, for many years have devoted such watchful waiting time to repair and reconditioning of toys.

They are doing it again this year. These big-hearted fellows desire that not a child in Allentown be missed at Christmas time. And they are doing much to prevent heart-breaking disappointment for those little children who could be, and otherwise would be, forgotten at the most joyous season of the year.

A toy for every boy, is a good slogan. A pretty toy for every girl and every boy, is still better. That slogan is likely to be translated into actuality at Christmas time by the work of Allentown's splendid firemen.

Stalin Keeps Boys in Cold

It is insufferably cold in Korea and while the United States would like to recall our troops from that area and bring them back home, good old Uncle Joe Stalin seems to think it will be good for their health to stay there. At least, this most deserving (sic) beneficiary of a Nobel Peace prize is doing the things necessary to keep them there and to keep their fellow soldiers of many nations roaming around the bleak, high mountains up near the Yalu River.

This is very evident since Russia's Jacob Malik served warning on the Security Council that he will veto any demand made by the United Nations on Communist China that she withdraw her troops from Korea immediately.

It all emphasizes world-wide knowledge that the real culprit in Asia, as just about everywhere else where uprisings and violence take place, is Russia.

The Chinese troops in North Korea are Communists, sent there by orders from Moscow in almost all certainty. They are there to help North Korean troops who, likewise, were sent into war by Russia.

And now that Communist China is said to be answering charges of aggression, who is it that voices the complaints of China against the United Nations and the United States in particular? It is Russia's representatives.

Unlike the feeble patriarch, Isaac, in the Biblical story, no one is deceived. The world knows (to use the ancient story figuratively) that while the hand of Esau apparently is being shown, always it is the voice of Jacob that is being heard. And often Jacob's hand is not too thoroughly concealed.

It Took a Long Time

The "new" Henry A. Wallace, the night-blooming patriot who is suddenly suspicious of Soviet Russia's intentions and who demands that the United States increase its armed strength as fast as possible, is hardly a figure to inspire confidence.

Gaining momentum in his tardy rush for the band-wagon the former Vice President, who ran for President as head of the radical Progressive Party, now declares that he no longer believes that peace can be obtained by meeting Russia "halfway," and that he has changed his mind about the desirability of admitting Red China to the United Nations.

He spurns appeasement as he would the plague. Yet he had been the very apostle of appeasement. It wasn't many months ago that he traveled to Europe to preach the doctrine of Soviet appeasement.

It was Wallace who assailed the Atlantic Pact as an act of aggression against the Soviet Union, who asserted that the U.S. must stop the manufacture of the atomic bomb, grant Russia a multi-billion-dollar loan "with no strings attached" and seek to reach an "understanding" with Moscow.

That he finally awakened to his errors is no tribute to his intelligence. It has taken him a long time. In the meantime, while deluding himself about Communist Russia, he was doing his country immense harm by using the prestige of his former high offices to play the Communist game. To his former associates he is now a renegade. To the rest of us he is someone whose utterances are of no importance whatever. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

Father of the Bride–Sequel



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

President Truman wisely refrained Thursday from saying whether or not he will be a candidate to succeed himself in 1952.

If he had done otherwise—that is, if he had said he wouldn't run — the whole political structure of the administration would have crumbled overnight. Prospective candidates would have entered the field and rivalry and factionalism inside the administration would have developed immediately.

Even though the president does decide to run, it may be doubted whether he will be free from opposition. In 1948 there was a sizable dissent in the Democratic party — including the radical wing — which used the name of Gen. Eisenhower in an attempt to block the nomination of Mr. Truman.

Political Truism

One thing American politics has established almost as a truism — any president, irrespective of party, can bring about his own renomination. The federal officeholders who owe their appointment to an incumbent president have enough power in gathering delegates to assure a president of renomination at the party's convention.

The talk that Mr. Truman might not choose to run stems largely from a belief that he is not anxious to go beyond the almost normal period of service that he will have had. Mr. Roosevelt was inaugurated for a fourth term on Jan. 20, 1945, and Mr. Truman took the oath on April 12 of that year. Thus he has had a term of four years lacking about three months plus the four-year term to which he was elected in 1948.

Oppose Third Term

The Democratic party has traditionally opposed a third term except during a national emergency. The war was the basis for the continuance of Mr. Roosevelt in office beyond the accustomed two terms and indeed into a third and a fourth term.

It could happen that the United States would be involved in a war in 1952 and the Democrats would urge Mr. Truman to run because a national emergency existed, arguing that a change of administration would be a disadvantage to the national interest.

But if there is no more of an emergency than prevails today, it would be difficult for the politicians to justify the demand for a third term. Certainly it may be expected that, if Mr. Truman is going to run, the momentum would be increased behind the constitutional amendment which was passed by two-thirds of both houses but has not yet received the requisite three-fourths vote of the state legislatures. This amendment does not specifically prohibit Mr. Truman from trying for a third term but such an amendment actually in the Constitution by 1952 would pretty well establish the principle in people's minds.

If there is a war emergency, there is likely to be a demand for Gen. Eisenhower to head the Republican or the Democratic ticket — somewhat as was the case in 1948.

While at the moment Sen. Taft is being talked of as a likely Republican nominee for the presidency, the simple rules of presidential politics would probably apply. If the Democratic party is unpopular in 1952 so that any Republican is certain to win anyhow, the Republican party leaders will be inclined to go along with the Ohio senator or some other man who has had a career in national affairs on the Republican side.

Depends on Congress

If, on the other hand, the Republican party is not popular and the Democrats have strengthened themselves politically by 1952, the demand for Eisenhower will be heard as a "big name" to override all other considerations. Much depends, therefore, on what the Congress just elected does and how the country reacts to the policies pursued by President Truman himself in the next two years.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

We are all very grateful to the research people who almost every day discover some new medicine or process to cure us of our ills and make us live longer.

But one fact I have always resented is that so many of the preliminary experiments are being made on rats, guinea pigs, monkeys.

In view of our much vaunted spiritual endowments and superiority to animals, it is a bit humiliating to realize that what is good for a rat is good for man.

However, as long as these scientific discoveries help the human race we may as well be philosophical and accept them in good grace and humility.

It is strange how thoughts can wander.

I had not intended to write about rats at all.

I had intended to tell you about a report, issued by the dignified Smithsonian institution of Washington, D. D., on a discovery which seems extremely unimportant but which, some day, may have some sort of scientific value.

One of the institution's scientists has just written a paper in which he states that the African elephant shrew sleeps with its eyes open!!!

The African elephant shrew, in case you don't know, is a tiny mammal with a long nose that makes it look like a miniature elephant.

The reason for the shrew's strange sleeping habits, the report suggests, is that it lives in exposed conditions and is perpetually alert for danger.

Incidentally, while I am on the subject of animals, I wonder where that foolish expression "I am leading a dog's life" originated.

Only today a woman used that expression when she complained about all the work she had to do as a housewife.

At the very moment she was bewailing her fate and comparing it with the life of a dog, she was buying some delicious food for her pet pooches.

These little animals of hers never in their lives did one bit of work to earn their living.

Their master goes to work at eight o'clock every morning and does not come home until seven at night. Their mistress cleans house, cooks, takes care of the kids and is dead tired at night.

The dogs, on the other hand, play all day, are petted and taken out for walks, have everything handed to them and haven't a worry in the world.

Yet, the woman was complaining about the "dog's life" she is leading.

It seems to me that what is happening to most of us humans nowadays, with the upset condition of the world, "shouldn't happen to a dog."

* * *

If you have read today's column this far, you will probably say to yourself "Isn't that fellow Brandeis nutty?"

And, would you believe it, for no reason in the world I do feel awfully nutty today. It is a glorious feeling!

Why don't you try it some time?

(Copyright, 1950)

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Genesis 24:1-31

This is the longest chapter in Genesis, a beautiful romance, relating how Isaac got his bride Rebekah, the Old Testament type of Christ and His bride, the church. Abraham's servant, whose name is not given, a type of the Holy Spirit, is sent to win a bride for the son, the office-work of the Holy Spirit today. He takes gifts of jewelry along, with which he will be able to show to the lady the wealth of his master. On the way he stopped at a well and prayed, even the camels kneeling, v. 11! He asked that among the girls, who regularly came to draw water, there might be one who would be willing to give him a drink of water at his request, and in addition would volunteer to water his camels also. This was to be the test as to whether she was the Lord's choice. Rebekah appeared before he had finished his prayer, reminding us of Isaiah 66:24, 'Before they call, I will answer.' She did exactly as he had prayed, whereupon he thanked God, saying: 'I being in the way, the Lord lead me,' v. 27. The sequel tomorrow.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

King George III of England, who has been cast as the deep-dyed villain of the American Revolution in school texts for generations, is recognized today by sober historians as a man who was on the verge of insanity all his life, and actually, in his last years, had to be watched constantly by strong-armed attendants.

In a rare moment of lucidity, he said mournfully, "We really meant well by those Americans. Just to punish them with a few bloody noses, and then make bows for the mutual happiness of the two countries. But want of principle got into the Army, want of energy and skill in the Admiralty, and want of unanimity at home. We lost America. I never shall see Lord North (George's unfortunate Prime Minister in 1776) again!"

Emily Hahn gives this fresh picture of George III in her new book, "A Degree of Prudery." She also tells of his tribulations with his penurious and graceless Queen Charlotte. One day he met a notoriously homely lady at a court function, stared at her in disbelief, and chortled loudly, "Good God! She's even uglier than the Queen!"

The Poet of the People

EDGAR A. GUEST

FAITH AND TULIPS

As I was planting tulip bulbs my
watching grandson said:
"How do you know which ones
are white and which are
pink and red?"
His eager questions bothered me
as from the ground I rose.
"I do not know myself," said I.
"The man who raised them
knows.

"I have to take his word for it.
In him I have to trust.
He tells me these are tulips red.
Believe in him I must.
Were I to tear these bulbs apart
I could not prove a thing.
I've only faith that they will bear
red blossoms in the spring.

"And as with bulbs it is with us.
God sends us here to toil.
We're given time in which to
grow as flowers have the soil.
We must have faith our souls
within their purpose here
will show.
But for what splendor we were
shaped, 'tis only God can
know."

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Horoscope

Aspects are excellent for creative pursuits. Your affairs should make good progress. A strong character is predicted for today's child.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

WAR HUT TZAWMA BISKOTZA?: Won aenich ebber is os tzawma biskotza rum shpringa hut, die Lillian Coffin fon Treichlers maich'd in marrick sei fer paar kaufa. Oy duh welt wos hut die "Lill" net 'n aryer drahm kot die onner nocht. Fer die wohret tzu sawga, sie wor ons Pumpernickle's Fegels Koshda nommy dawgs un owets grawd noch dem os der Wilmer Stahley fon Schnecksville die hecka ums hous rum gabutzt hut kot. Ich wase now net eb sie darta paar biskotza sehna hut shpringa, odder eb sie tzu fiel Ellsdowner wosser gadrunka hut.

Aenicha waig, allas wor ol recht wie ihra Bill, der becker, so uhra nina kumma is fer sie mit hame nemma. 'S wor darrich die nocht os sie der arrick drahm kotta hut, un woh ra so'n aryer lushda gewwa hut fer 'n bisketz'l odder paar rum howwa. Aina waig odder da onner, hut sie gamaint sie het aryads 'n biskotza neshd g'funna mit ma gonsa haufa yunga biskertzelcher drin. 'S airsht hut sie ains mit hame ins bed ganumma, un wie sel ra fert g'shprunga is, is sie grawd widder tzurick un hut 'n onners k'hold'd. So hut sie fert gamocht bis der Bill ra moryets gayohl'd hut, 's wear tzeit fer uf shtae breakfasht mocha.

Die Lillian maint 's wear kayose os sie dafor sei lava net gabodder'd wor mit drahma, un hut doh don drahma missa fon biskotza. Wos noch mainer is, sie is gons Treichlers ous g'shprunga drahm bicher sucha, un hut aw drei g'funna, ow'r net ains hut 'n wert tzu sawga kot fon biskotza. Die weil os die gadierra gore net ganann'd sin, is sie shure os sie nix shlechtes badeida, un dade fer sel now arrick gleicha won sie 'n tzawn bisketz'l finna kent. So wie m'r fershtaina, hut der Bill ra ow'r fohr k'halta, won sie so'n gadierts mit ins bed nemma wil, os sie sent datzu os es ains is, os nimmy is, wos es mohl wor.

FON UNSER'M HECKA SHTORM: Tzum ledshda kenna m'r mohl widder fershtannich tzu da dierra nei, un tzu da fenshterra nous gucka on unser'm Fegels Koshda on da 20d un Green. 'S wor gross ordich wie allas tzu gawilder'd wor, un hen gamaint der Wilmer Stahley fon Schnecksville kaimt sei lava net bei fer die hecka butza.

Da onner dawg sin sie ow'r tzu fiert kumma, der Wilmer, der Rayam Stahley, der Billy Miller, un noch ainer os m'r net ous g'funna hen wie er hais'd. Sis arrick won m'r driwwer denk'd wie so hecka waisa in die hae shees'd, un die Katerinah hut shun long fer longa kot fer greena bame farma om hous howwa-ebbes os sie now hut. Der Wilmer hut ow'r gamaint 's hoch waisa os m'r now noch hen nava nous, dade net ob shtecha mit wos er farna drous gablonst hut, un denk 's wert now 's nagshd nava om hous nous grocha. M'r hen net k'hoert os die boova aenicha harsh un barra fershtair'd hen, ow'r etlicha drubba fersonta un so onner fegels waisa wie m'r immer hen um unser Fegels Koshda rum, worra fer etlicha oweta fershtaid, un hen net gawist woh onna tzu gae fer shlofa.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R 'N glainer boo hut da onner dawg gamaint er wot 'n lot liever der Belsnickle sei os wie der Welshhawna - der Welshhawna dade gakept werra, un der Belsnickle kaimt rum yohr fer yohr.

The Morning Call Almanac

Today is the 322nd day of 1950 and the 47th day of autumn.

Moon's phases: Full moon, Nov. 25; last quarter, Dec. 2; new moon, Dec. 9; first quarter, Dec. 17.

Sun rises at 6:57 a. m. and sets at 4:49 p. m.

Moon rises at 1:39 p. m. and sets at 2:39 a. m.

Evening star is Venus.

Morning stars are Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

Today's birthstone is topaz.

Today's flower is chrysanthemum.

Today's birthday people include Dr. Ralph Bunche, United Nations mediator in Palestine, 1948; Dr. Frank Graham, United States senator from North Carolina, 1886; Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the audion tube, 1873; Dr. Simon Flexner, pathologist, 1863; Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, 1847; Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, explorer, 1820; Dr. Louis Agassiz, naturalist, 1807; Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, mathematician, 1773; Dr. Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, 1603.

On this day in history: In 1493, Columbus discovered Puerto Rico; in 1626, Pope Urban VIII consecrated St. Peter's Church in Rome; in 1787, Delaware ratified the Constitution; in 1883, railroads in the United States adopted standard time; in 1886, Statue of Liberty was dedicated; in 1903, Panama was recognized as an independent republic; in 1918, Latvia declared its independence; in 1928, Mickey Mouse made his debut in the cartoon "Steamboat Willie"; in 1936, Germany and Italy recognized Franco's government in Spain; in 1939, Soviet Russia began its invasion of Finland; in 1940, Rumania joined the Axis; in 1941, Japan declared war on the United States; in 1942, Russia broke relations with Vichy France; in 1944, Russia declared war on Bulgaria; in 1945, Russia declared war on Hungary.

Shortcuts to Knowledge

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Atlantic?

A. Charles A. Lindbergh, in 1927.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Pacific?

A. Charles Kingsford-Smith, in 1928.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Atlantic from west to east?

A. Clarence D. Chamberlin, in 1927.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Pacific from west to east?

A. Charles Kingsford-Smith, in 1928.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Atlantic from east to west?

A. Capt. Hilary Jones, in 1930.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Pacific from east to west?

A. Capt. Hilary Jones, in 1931.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Atlantic from north to south?

A. Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in 1927.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Pacific from north to south?

A. Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in 1927.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Atlantic from south to north?

A. Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in 1927.

Q. Who was the first man to fly the Pacific from south to north?

A. Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in 1927.



DER FROSCHT

Die Bledder falle vun de Beem,
Des Wedder waerd als kiehler;
Die Schulbell heert mer darrichs Daal,
Des Schulhaus iss voll Schieler.

Die Kaerbseranke gucke schwarz,
Der Froscht waar dart dehinner;
Die Kaerbse leie draurich rum
Als wie so Weisekinner.

Des Welschkarn schdeht aa datt in Shocks
Der Kopp in Driebsaal henke;
Un vun de lange Ewichkeit
Dutt yeder Schdengel denke.

Die Grabbe hocke uff de Fens,
Un mehner kumme schpeeder,
Wie Drauerleit so an re Leicht,
In ihre schwarze Gleeder.

Die darre Schdengel schdehne dart
Un drauere mit de Hecke;
Noh kummt der Schnee in de schdille Nacht
Un dutt der Dod zudecke.

Der Gus
(The late Rev. William H. Erb)

EN THANKSGIVING SCHDORI

Es Erscht Kabittel

Die Nacht waar schdill. Zwee yunge Leit, en Bu un en Meedel, der Yockel un die Betz, hen vanne uff em 'gate' ghanke im Driebsaal. Der Mond waar hoch im Himmel wie en grosser, geeler Kaerbse 'custard,' un der Hund waar in seim Nescht. Im Haus waare die alde Leit schunn lang in der Ruh. Es waar ken 'sound' vun kenre Ord. 'except' allegebott en 'dull,' dief Geboller, wie der Schall vun re 'dynamite explosion,' wann der alt Mann gschnarrickst hot.

"Ya, mei liewi Betz," saagt der Yockel, mit ihre Batsch in seinre Batsch un ihre Kopp uff seim Haerz, "Ich muss geh." Er hot die seeme Warde schunn zwansichmol devor gesaat ghatt, awwer des waar en Farriwell 'meeting,' un sei Fiess sin eigschlofe, eb er gschteert iss warre. "Nau muss ich geh," hot er gsaat, "awwer ich meen mei Haerz verschpringt. Wann ich denk, do sin mer nau:

Zwee Grautkepp uffem seeme Schdock,
Zwee Meis im Moschmehl Sack;
Zwee Bullfrack uffem seeme Block,
Zwee Gens in eenre 'flock.'

De sin mer beinanner, es maag sei fers letscht Mol. Marye muss ich fatt, mei Weg mache in der Weld un mei Glick browiere. Do deheem kann mer net genunk verdiene fer der Preis vun ere Omberell un eye fer en reyyericher Daag. Ich geh en mannich Meil eweck, mei liewi Betz, awwr ich denk immer zerick an die gude Zeide, was mer ghatt hen minanner. Wann ich gut ausmach un warr reich, kumm ich in die alt Heemet do un dress dich in Seide. Dernoh bischt du schtols mit deim liewe alde Yockel, un mer baue en gross, backeschteenich Haus mit Gleeder—un Wasserklossets drin, un duhne nix as "bills' bezaahle fer unser Blessier. Un nau muss ich beigliedich geh. Geb mer yuscht noch eemol en Boss—* * *—so! Farriwell!"—Er iss fatt. Die Betz iss ins Haus un gebrillt, dass die Drehne dripp-drapp, dripp-drapp, darrich der Schprausack gerunne sin un all die Wanse versoffe.

Es Zwett Kabittel

Der Yockel hot Aerwet gfunne an me Blatz net en hunnert Meil eweck un iss fleissich draa. Der Luh waar net gross am Schtaert, awwer er hot dezu gschtocke, un es waar net lang bis er meh grickt hot, un dernoh als meh, un allemol, dass sie sei Luh gereest hen, hot er de Betz gschriwwe wege sellem backeschteenich Haus. Die Leit hen ihn gegliche, weil er gsiemt hot scheffich zu sei, un an de seeme Zeit gutguckich. Der Blatz hot ihm gfalle, un de besser dass er bekaant iss warre, de meh Meed hot er gfunne, das ihm aa gfalle hen, bis die Betz endlich schier gans vergesse waar. Sei erschte Brief hen als aagfange: "Mei liewi, siessi Betz!" awwer sechs Munet dernoch waar's "Mei liewer Freind!" un nau hot er neigschtaert mit pleen "Miss Betz." Es weist yuscht wie gschwind, dass mer sei beschte Freind vergesst, wann alles gut geht. Er iss an Kaardepaertis gange, in die 'opera' Heiser, hot feine Gleeder gewore un waar in so halb gebackni 'society,' un die Betz waar deheem in Driebsaal . . . Awwer ee Daag hot's en 'accident' gewwe, dass der Yockel schier faerdich gemacht hot. Sei links Bee waar verbroche un sei rechter Aarm waar gekroscht. Do hot er annere Meed nimmi noochschpringe kenne, un aa bei Tschudis kenni meh dricke. Dernoh hot er widder an die Betz gedenkt. Es iss karyos, awwer es nemmt far kammen en gross Unglick odder en hardi Schtrof, fer deel Leit zu sich selwer bringe un widder guder Verschtand in sie duh. So hen sie der Yockel uff en 'stretcher' un heem gschickt.

Es dritt Kabittel

Die Betz waar am 'depot' drei Schtunn, eb die Drehn kumme iss. Die gude Engel watsche immer aus far em, wann mer's gor net eckschpeckt. Wie sie der Yockel abgelaade hen, iss die alt Lieb ausgebroche wie Feier in re Pulfermiehl, un die erscht Hilf as er grickt hot waar en waarmer, lauder Boss vun de Betz, das em die Ohre zugschlagge hot. Sei 'pulse' iss graad besser warre, er hot aafange schnaufe wie en Gaul, das die 'heaves' hot, fer paar Minutte, un dernoh hot er gebrillt wie die Betz hot beim Farriwell. Aagewasser frischt em immer uff wie die Summer 'showers' die Blumme duhne. Es iss en gudi 'sign' wann mer letz geduh hot un kann's abwesche mit drauriche Aagewasser. In sex Woche waar der Yockel an de Gricke, un in zwee Munet hot er die Betz widder dricke kenne, dass sie gegrext hot. Es iss alles schee iwwergschwetzt warre, un—far die Schdori karz mache—sie hen die Hochzich bschtellt far Thanksgiving. Es war en schicklicher Daag. Sie hen die fett Gans gschlacht un en grossi Zeit ghatt. Die Betz waar dankbaar, dass der Yockel es Bee un der Aarm verbroche grickt hot, un der Yockel waar dankbaar, dass es so narrische Weibsleit gebt, das me Mann alles vergewwe kenne. Ich hab schunn gedenkt, bis neegscht 'Thanksgiving' Daag kennt die Betz dankbaar sei, wann er yuscht sei verdeihenkerter Hals verbroche hett.

Der Solly Hulsbuck

From The Pennsylvania German for November, 1908.

ES FALLT EN BLEDDEL

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN BIRMELIN

Es fallt en Bleddel vun re Ros,
So sanft un ruhich un rot,
Un leit datt in deim Schoss,
O Lechaa Daal! O Lechaa Daal!

Gedaat vun Liebes Schtaern,
Un siess wie Mudderkuss,
Mit widder bliehendi Macht,
So kummt's zu Aerdeschluss.
Doch singt's zu neier Gebort—
Was heert mer des so gaern!

So schleicht im Haerbscht der Wind,
Wu doch ken Hend un Aage hot,
Un doch des Bleddel findt;
Un drecht's mit Fliggel
Eigehaucht vun Gott—
Un leicht wie'n Kindheits Draam—
Senkt's nidder in dei Rewwerschtrom—
Unendlich datt!

O Lechaa Daal! O Lechaa Daal!
Vereinicht iss sei ewicher Gsang!
Wie glingt er in deim Rewwergang!
Aus Barye hoch gebore,
Aus Felder grie—
En Friehling mit Gezwitscher drin—
Vun Hoffining, Lieb un Glaawe—
So iss die Melodie
Darrich die kummende Yohre
Vun unserm BIRMELIN,
Beliebt in Schtadt un Land.

Es fallt vun seinre Hand
En Bleddel vun de schenschte Ros—
O Lechaa Daal, O Lechaa Daal!
Des duscht du ewich draage!

—DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL

MILDRED KEYSER
1892-1950

A TRIBUTE

A great personality has passed from our midst. On September 20 death called Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser of Plymouth Meeting. After a long illness which sapped her strength but not her spirit, the greatest single moving force in the revival of the crafts of the Pennsylvania German people has found peace and rest in the great beyond.

To many it may come as a surprise to learn that Mildred Keyser was not a Pennsylvania German, nor even a Pennsylvanian. She was a New England Yankee by birth and became a Pennsylvanian through her marriage to C. Naaman Keyser. Always appreciative of her Yankee heritage Mrs. Keyser was also quick to note the inherent qualities of the Pennsylvania Germans and, by comparison and contrast, to evaluate both in relation to each other.

The surname Keyser, in the Germantown district of Philadelphia and its environs in Plymouth Meeting, carries great weight in historical and genealogical circles. Dr. C. Naaman Keyser, Sr., the father of Mildred Keyser's husband, was the outstanding historian of the Germantown settlement and Dirck Keyser, one of the original settlers in Pennsylvania, was the ancestor of the family in America.

Often we heard Mildred Keyser remark: "I may not be Pennsylvania German, but my children are." She wanted them to share fully in the heritage to which they are entitled. Her daughter June, now Mrs. Merrill Adams, is continuing the operation of the Pennsylvania German craft center which the Keysers established at Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Certainly everyone who has followed the resurgence of interest in the lore and the crafts of southeastern Pennsylvania knows of Mrs. Keyser's work as a potter, specializing in sgraffito redware. Many know of the series of some thirty booklets which she published about as many different fields of the handicrafts. Nearly all potters who now operate their kilns learned their crafts in classes which Mrs. Keyser organized and taught. But there are several things in the record of her achievements which modesty restrained her from telling.

She was in great demand as a lecturer. Up to the time of her illness she thought nothing of flying to such remote parts of the earth as Nova Scotia if her help in teaching the crafts was needed. After the war she organized a therapy center in the Valley Forge Soldiers' Hospital to assist wounded veterans in being reinstated in society. Kindness and generosity marked her every thought and deed. For those of us who knew her well she confided many gems of her personal philosophy. One comes to mind as we write.

Not all readers were generous and kind in evaluating the books which she published. Her comment was: "Their sharp criticisms do not bother me; I have long since observed that those who condemn most are the one who achieve least themselves."

We are tempted to tell the story of our first meeting with Mrs. Keyser. It was during a craft exhibit at the University of Pennsylvania in 1938. She had her first pieces of Pennsylvania German pottery on exhibit and when we admired them she presented her first piece of work to us without any thought of reward or remuneration. This was only the beginning of many favors.

Let this be our final tribute: Even though there must have been great temptations to bend her efforts to meet the public demand for the bizarre and sensational Mildred Keyser remained firm in adhering to designs and motifs which she believed to be the true and genuine survivals of the culture of her husband's people. This is intellectual and professional hinesty.

ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

The most recent booklet to appear in Mrs. Keyser's HOME CRAFT COURSE SERIES was Paul R. Wieand's OUTDOOR GAMES, reviewed in the ECK for Oct. 7. Other booklets in the Series, all published at Plymouth Meeting, Pa., are Pennsylvania German Pottery, P. G. Design, P. G. Home Weaving, Painted Tin, Painted Furniture, Illuminated Manuscripts, P. G. Pewter, P. G. Coverlets, Wrought Iron, Decorating P. G. Chests, Reverse Painting on Glass, Wood Carving, Quilts, Barn Symbols, Spinning and Dyeing, Christmas Putz, Christmas Cookie Cutters, Architecture, P. G. History, Bookbinding, Basketry, The Herb Garden, Hooked Rugs, Copper and Brass, The Odenwelder Collection, Dolls, and Painted Trays, all of which have been reviewed in earlier issues of the ECK.—ED.

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Devil a Saint Would Be

Marshal Tito, who has been just about as insolent in his treatment of other countries as his neighboring Communists states, has lost a lot of his cockiness in the face of his country's economic difficulties due to severe drought and under the pressure of the Communist leaders in nearby countries who quite openly are thirsting for his blood.

Two very recent incidents indicate that Tito at last is desperately looking for sympathy and friends, if not in fact physical help as well.

The first move was the release of a handful of Greek children who were kidnapped during the guerrilla war in that country and taken into Yugoslavia. It was followed during this week by announcement that several hundred more Greek children are to be sent to their homes.

The second move is that by which Yugoslavia will very shortly release about three hundred Americans who were nationals of Yugoslavia before they became naturalized. These Americans had gone back to Yugoslavia on holidays and visits to relatives before World War II and were trapped in that country by the war.

For five years the U. S. Government has sought thru its ambassador in Belgrade to have these Americans released so that they could return home. Tito hitherto has done nothing about it. Now, rather unexpectedly, the Yugoslav government announces that the expatriates will be permitted to leave the country.

The anomaly in all this is that these naturalized Americans are not criminals. Nor has it been indicated that they were active politically to Tito's harm. They were being arbitrarily detained in the country of their birth.

The case of the Greeks against Tito was even stronger than the American. During the recent war the Greeks alleged that 28,000 young children were kidnapped and taken into Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria by the guerrillas. The whereabouts, even the existence of the children have been concealed by the three countries. The parents receive no letters or other information. They do not know whether their children are dead or alive.

Although the Greek complaint has been taken to the United Nations, the offending nations have ignored it. The only evidence that any of the 28,000 children still are alive is that offered by Yugoslavia in its announcement that a few hundred children are to be returned.

However this act should go far toward forcing Albania and Bulgaria to show their hands before the United Nations. It should be demanded that they return all such Greek children who have been held since the war as captives and, presumably, have been indoctrinated for active part in a future Communist invasion of Greece.

The United Nations has proved that it can handle a vicious aggression such as North Korea. It also should be able to prove that it can handle kidnappers, perpetrators of one of the most atrocious deeds in the entire category of crime. And in the excoriations at Lake Success, Tito should not be overlooked for while he has taken a few faltering steps to correct an evil, it has taken him all too long a time to mend his ways. Even this mending of ways is hardly attributable to virtue, to change of heart, but to exigencies painful to himself and to his country.

Down to Hard Core

For the first time in almost two years, payments for public assistance grants in Pennsylvania fell below the $10 million-a-month mark during October. Thus the steady decline in the number of cases on the State's lists that has marked upsurge in employment is continuing altho it is not expected to go much lower, due to much seasonal unemployment at this time of the year.

Of the total $9,733,000 that was spent, approximately 42 per cent was contributed by the Federal government as its share of the costs of Old-Age Assistance and Aid to Dependent Children. It cost the State $5,635,000 to pay its share of these two programs and the total cost of pensions for the blind and general assistance to the indigent.

This decline in payments came despite increase of food allowances during the month to compensate for recent sharp rises in prices. There also was some increase in the maximum allowances for shelter. Both items however accounted for only about $200,000.

It is indicated in the figures that the State has almost reached the hard core of its assistance problems. That core consists of dependents who cannot ever be expected to leave the rolls thru an improvement of fortune, whether financial or physical in nature. It is a public burden that probably amounts to as much as $50,000,000 a year and is a virtually irreducible figure.

'Raincoat' for Roads

New York state public works engineers believe that they have come up with an answer to the puzzler that has challenged highway officials in the northern states for years: how to prevent the surface of concrete pavement from crumbling and scaling after the wintertime use of chemical de-icing compounds.

To prove that they are right, the engineers are going to treat some 22 miles of new concrete highways with a protective "raincoat" this winter, the American Public Works Association reports. Contract for the work has already been let at a cost of $7,350.

Engineers have long known that the use of calcium chloride and salt on highways to combat the twin hazards of winter driving — ice and snow — have caused a condition on the roads known as scaling. More recently, engineers in the field have observed that on grades where oil drippings stained the highways, the scaling condition was absent while on stretches clear of drippings, scaling of the concrete was pronounced. So New York public works department engineers went to work and have come up with what they believe is the antidote to the salt and calcium chloride solution.

The antidote is in the form of a special distillate oil treatment, which waterproofs new concrete and which will virtually eliminate the scaling condition. The solution contains petroleum distillate mixed with mineral spirits. Engineers say this special oil treatment will extend the life of the new pavement to the maximum.

The Wishbone



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Has the code of ethics in American politics deteriorated, The answer depends to a large extent on what period in political history is used as a yardstick of measurement.

Thus, the revelation this week of a letter written by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in which he asked three ambassadors to resign in order to do political campaigning and gave them the promise that they would have their jobs back or the equivalent thereof when the campaign was over, has occasioned considerable discussion. Perhaps this letter would not have attracted as much attention were it not for the fact that, in the recent New York State gubernatorial campaign, Gov. Dewey was vehemently criticized because he promised a state job to the then Lt. Gov. Joe Hanley in the event the latter was unsuccessful in his contest for United States senator.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter is part of a compilation entitled "F.D.R.: His Personal Letters," to be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. Addressed to Breckinridge Long, then American ambassador to Italy, in Feb. 1936, it reads in part as follows:

"As you know, I want you here during the whole of the campaign. I hope, too, that Bowers and Bullitt and probably Cudahy among the ambassadors and two or three among the ministers will do likewise. This involves resigning, because all of us here are agreed that it is not wise to retain the titles and be active in campaign work. You know, and the others too, that after Nov. I shall want you again to be part of the administration."

First Step in 1909

It was in the early part of the century that another president—Theodore Roosevelt — was attacking the big corporations for their activities in politics, and Congress in 1909 amended the federal code as a first step toward cleaning up political practices. Other legislation followed and then came the Federal Corrupt Practices act of 1925, which not only prohibits any congressional candidate from making any promise of reward through appointment "of any person to any public or private position or employment" in order to get political support, but also specifically provides:

"It is unlawful for . . . any officer or employe of the United States, or any person receiving any salary or compensation for services from money derived from the treasury of the United States, to directly or indirectly solicit, receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving, any . . . contribution for any political purpose whatever, from any other such officer, employe, or person."

The same statute defines a "contribution" as "anything of value."

Applies Federally

It will be observed that this law and later legislation passed by Congress — notably the Hatch-act — dealt with employes in or candidates for federal offices. In the case of Gov. Dewey, he was not connected with the federal government and so would not be subject to this statute. Likewise, it is not clear from the famous Hanley letter whether the job promised was mentioned as a means of inducing Mr. Hanley not to run for the governorship rather than as a promise of reward for political support.

In the case of the Franklin Roosevelt letter, it is plain that the ambassadors were to make a "contribution" of their time and energies to the 1936 presidential campaign and that they were promised jobs or reappointment to those they then held as a reward for those services.

There will be some people who will say that the episode is of no consequence because the persons mentioned in the FDR letter are no longer in public service and because all this happened many years ago.

Precedents Created

But the importance of the incident lies in the fact that in politics precedents are created by pieces of evidence of this kind, especially when the action stems from a person with the prestige and standing that FDR had in American politics.

There has been of late a good deal of the same type of behavior. Men have resigned from the federal government to become candidates for the U.S. Senate and membership in the House of Representatives. In some instances they have returned to federal service after their defeats, and the public has gotten the impression that some sort of deal had been arranged whereby the administration would send out certain men to contest local elections, and in the event of defeat they would be given back their jobs or similar posts Any such behavior is, of course, contrary to the spirit as well as the letter of the Federal Corrupt Practices act.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

There are lots of things I don't understand.

For instance, as I write this, a woman passes by my window. She is about four feet ten high, about four feet wide and wears a pair of slacks that make her look like a barrel with legs. In addition, she wears a blouse with wide horizontal red stripes.

Another thing I don't understand is why some of the most religious people are also the most intolerant.

On my desk are two letters from very devout "Christians."

One, a Catholic, calls me a criminal ignoramous because I wrote that all religions are good. "You are full of half-truths," he writes. "No one but a Catholic can be a true Christian."

The other, a Protestant, insists that I shall never go to Heaven. "Everybody knows that only Protestants can gain admittance to Heaven."

His "everybody knows" reminds me of Malik and Vishinsky at the United Nations. They always say "everybody knows" when they are ready to claim something as true which everybody really knows to be a lie.

Here is still something else that I don't understand.

Last night I went to one of those farewell parties to a retiring employe.

As usual, this fellow did not want to retire.

But the firm has a rule that at 60 an employe must retire. He receives a small pension and the right to twiddle his thumbs for his remaining years.

There were the usual speeches, the usual eulogies that should really be saved up for the funeral oration.

The head of the concern praised the man sky-high.

They would miss him terribly. They did not know how to get along without him.

The speaker talked about the employe's character, his industry, his loyalty.

Above all, he exalted the man's punctuality.

Never, in the 40 years of his connection with the firm, had he been late.

"One could set his watch by him," he added. "When he entered the door of his office it was nine o'clock — not one minute after nine."

* * *

Then, in the name of his firm, he presented the retiring employe — with a gold watch, beautifully engraved with suitable inscription.

* * *

Why on earth do they always give a man or a woman who has been a punctual employe for 40 years, or a half century, a watch?

It is perhaps to remind these people that from now on they will have so much time on their hands?

Or, possibly, to emphasize the fact that hereafter time will pass slowly and lose all its meaning?

* * *

Retirement to most men and women is a pretty sad sort of event in their lives.

Why make it more poignant and still sadder by practically saying to them "Here is a watch to tick the useless minutes for you?"

(Copyright 1950)

Horoscope

Slow, but steady progress should be made if orthodox business methods are followed. Today's child should be very clever.

25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Nov. 25, 1925, a Wednesday.

Sen. George Wharton Pepper addressed the congregation of Salem Reformed church during a celebration of the golden jubilee of the church. Prior to speaking at the church, Sen. and Mrs. Pepper were the guests of the Kiwanis club at a dinner in the Hotel Allen.

W. E. Biery, a local boy, played the trumpet with the Penn State Festain orchestra when they broadcast over the facilities of a Pittsburgh radio station in connection with a Thanksgiving game with the University of Pittsburgh.

The tenth anniversary of the Ladies auxiliary of Muhlenberg college was observed at a meeting at the home of the group's president, Mrs. George K. Mosser, Trexlertown. It was announced that the auxiliary had pledged $10,000 to the college's building fund.

Claude M. Laudenslager was named president of the Allentown High School Alumni Assn. during a reorganizational meeting in the high school building. Daniel W. Hamm, principal of the high school, acted as temporary chairman.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

HUT SICH NEI GALUST: Ich denk ow'r wos, wons mohl hais'd kumma helfa 'n 27 pund welshhawna helfa ferreissa, noh is der Harvey Trach dabei. Der Harvey un sei Mable hetta doh net long tzurick g'fiel'd fer donsa wies Ed Milla sie ei galawda hen kumma helfa der welshhawna weck shoffa. Der Ed wor bardich froh-ol weil er immer so'n wunnerborer obadit hut.

Der Porra Klick wor aw noch om essa, un so aw bol die gons Milla freindschoft. Wies on der sish gonga is so wie die Fegelcher uns gapifa hen, wor der Harvey net mohl evens tzu fritta mit yusht aim daller, ow'r hut 'n tzweter grawd nava draw g'shteld fer die socha ob keela. Die barichda sin, der Harvey het nei g'shloga wie won er shun nix tzu essa kotta het fer 'n gonser mohnet.

'S hut nix ous gamocht wos rum kumma is, der Harvey, hut obadit kot bis er so fol wor, os er sich uf 'm budda rum garoll'd hut fers setticha-won m'r anyhow allas glawwa darf os die Fegelcher peifa. Un wies ons hame gae gonga is, hets warricklich shier note gaduh er het sich hinna in die mashine k'huck'd fer fohra-'s wor in da welt nei tzu wenich blotz hinnich 'm shteer rawd fer darta hucka fohra.

Mit harder mee hut er sei Mable ow'r hame grick'd, un noh hut der bolsom-dee moi-door un der peppermint har halta missa. Der Harvey hut g'farrich'd won er net dale medatzine tzu sich shoffa dade, kent er warricklich da nagshda dawg net shoffa gae. So wie m'r hoerra, hut die medatzine gute halt aw g'shloga, ow'r die Mable shtaid druf, ae mohl so'n lebdawg un noch dem nimmy-won widder 'n 27 pund welshhawna tzu ferreissa wear, dade der Harvey dahame bleiva, noh maich'd er die welshhawna gleicha odder net.

FERWOS MUS ES SO SEI: Harner sin uf ra mashine fer blosa-sel is fershtonna. Ow'r ferwos dale leit ihra harner blosa missa dawaig wie sie duhna, is may os m'r fershtae kenna. Wons rote licht sich gree dray'd, booms blosa sie die harner hinnich em wie won sie maina dada m'r het ken auga-wear gamocht fon nix wie ohra. Un won m'r shtopt omma shtop sign un mashina uf 'm waig fer em gaina hinnershich un farshich, gaits widder ob, denk die dumma tzwickle hinnich em maina, m'r sot da onnerra grawd nous in der waig fohra, so os sie 'n frei show hetta em sehna in da luft rum fliega.

Noh huts aw dale os net tzu fritta sin 25 odder 35 mile die shtun fohra dawaig wie m'r sol uf fiel waiga. Wie so'n harner narr hinna draw kumt, gaits harn ob-wariclich won sie net blosa wie won die ledshda tzeita om kumma weara. Fohr fohra wolla sie net, sin yusht druf ous fer die farna draw shtaryer fohra mocha.

M'r hen shun oft gawinsch'd m'r kenta sella harner bloser mohl in die harnshawl sehna, ous finna wie fiel harn os sie in da kep hen. So wies uns fohr kumt, glawwa m'r net os sie fiela mainer harn hen wie 'n bullfrock, un 'n lot wenicher fershtond. 'N bullfrock wase doch won sei moul tzu halta, ebbes os fiel fon sella harner bloser aw net wissa-won die fer na, net grawd ous 'm waig gaina won sie blosa hen sie die meiler uf os m'r bol noch Aishtreich sehnt.

Ferwos es so sei mus wissa m'r net, ow'r dada wariclich mohl gleicha ol sellie harner bloser bei nonner uf aim haufa sehna, un ol die leit woh sie shun gatzichdich'd hen mit ihra harner, outside rum howwa, un na harner musick gewwa bis die rote reeva bree na tzu da ohra rous lawfa dade.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Won alla mashine fohrer fohra dade mit fershtond in blotz fon sich ferlossa ufs mashina harn, wear wenich glawk waeich harner ungnaedich blosa, un os 'n yaders uf 'm waig, kaimt grawd so g'shwind onna wohs onna wil uns gang'd 'n lot ruicher har.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Romans 10

This chapter is introductory to chapter 11 in which Paul expresses his heart's desire for the salvation of his own people, Israel; in fact, this desire is indicated in the first verse of our chapter today. Although Paul was the special ambassador of Christ to the Gentile world, he always called at the synagogue first in any town he visited on his missionary journeys, so that the Jews might always hear the Gospel first. Jew and Gentile, according to v. 12, are on an equal footing before God, for 'there is no difference,' since no one is saved by his own righteousness, v. 3. We are saved only by the righteousness of Christ, and if we shall confess with the mouth Jesus as Lord, and shall believe in our heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, we shall be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, vs. 9-10. And how great the joy! Israel, as a nation, rejected Him, so the Gentiles were told about it, vs. 19-20, and believed, but Israel will some day come to understand also.



PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS NOT ALONE SUPERSTITIOUS

By E. S. GERHARD

The author of the following is Associate Historian with the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Philadelphia, Pa. He is a native of the upper Perkiomen Valley and well qualified to write about the Pennsilvania Germans.

Much has been written in late years regarding the Pennsylvania Germans, both in fact and in fiction; often they have been exploited beyond rhyme and reason, because it "paid," and held up to ridicule, and referred to as being superstitious, of resorting to pow-wowing and witchcraft, and to charms and spells as though they were completely in league with the Prince of the Power of Darkness; that they do their sowing and reaping and butchering all according to the phases of the moon. These people are no more superstitious than any others.

Whatever superstitious beliefs they may entertain, they brought the greatest per cent of them along from the Old Country, as they did most of their customs, art, and books, etc. Many features of this folklore have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. They are the common heritage from the great Germanic races which once occupied the immense expanse of northwestern Europe. These forms of superstition are not original with the Pennsylvania Germans; they are in the main not even indigenous to Pennsylvania. A friend of the writer gathered and recorded more than 2,000 superstitions of which only a fractional percent is of Pennsylvania origin; even of this small number there are many variants. By far the largest number are importations from the Old Country.

It is remarkable to notice how much of the ancient folklore is even today adhered to by intelligent people as well as by the illiterate, neither of them may know the least bit about Pennsylvania Germans. Hosts of such people hesitate to pass under a standing ladder or to sleep in room 13 in a public house. Another custom is the observation of the phases of the moon. Much importance has always been attributed to this influence upon all the activities of life. When the Pennsylvania German is taunted for planting his onions when the horns of the moon are down and his peas and potatoes when the horns are up, and shingles his house when the horns are down and slaughters his hogs during the waxing of the moon so that the meat will not shrink and become poor, etc., let it be noted that the observation of the influence of the moon's phases is older than recorded German history. In Caesar's Gallic War we read that in the time of Ariovistus the German matrons declared that it was not the divine will that the Germans should conquer if they engaged in battle before the new moon. And a peasant during the time of the Roman Empire said that he had been taught by his father not to sheer the sheep nor have his own hair cut during the decrease of the moon for fear of becoming bald.

Various Views on Moon Influence

Scientific men hold various views regarding the influence of the moon on the weather and the growth of vegetation, on seed time and harvest, on the felling of trees, etc. The forest laws of Frankfort forbid the felling of trees during the increase of the moon. Whatever influence the moon may have on this or that activity we have lunatics in asylums —and elsewhere—and some horses are afflicted with moon eyes just as some people are afflicted with hay fever and other with rose cold.

In England in the 17th century the slaughtering of cattle for food, the gathering of herbs, cutting of wood for fuel, the sowing of seed were all regulated by the phases of the moon; and even particular medicines were to be taken during definite phases of the moon.

And as for witchcraft, well, there was such a trial in the Province of Pennsylvania on December 27, 1683; this was almost a half century before there was a group of people known as Pennsylvania Germans. An other such trial took place in Kaiserslautern, Germany, in 1906. A witch doctor had been engaged to find the witch who seemingly tortured a neighbor's horse. He was imprisoned for four months as an imposter. In the same year a witchcraft trial took place in London; it was the most famous trial in the British Courts for two centuries. A woman was accused of obtaining money by means of "malicious witchcraft." As late as 1927 a woman in Westphalia died three weeks after her marriage as the result of the beating and inhuman treatment of neighbors who tried to drive out the devils supposedly bewitching her. Witchcraft among the Pennsylvania Germans never came near the fanatic cruelty prevalent in many parts of Europe and which gave Salem, Massachusetts, an unenviable notority.

A mean and uncalled-for slur has been aimed at the Pennsylvania German farmers by the sinister imputation that the decorations on their barns are "hex" signs or marks, to ward off evil spirits. That "murex was fished up" in Wallace Nutting's Pennsylvania Beautiful. We quote "The ornaments found on barns in Pennsylvania . . . go by the local name hexafoos or witchfoot . . . They are supposed to be a continuance of very ancient tradition, according to which these decorative marks are potent to protect the barn or more particularly the cattle from the influence of witches. It is understood by those who are acquainted with witches that these ladies are particularly likely to harm cattle. As the wealth of a farmer was in his stock, contained in his remarkably substantial barn, the hexafoos was added to its decorations as a kind of spiritual or demoniac lightning rod . . . These cabalistic marks on barns were a simpler and more humane measure against witches than those which were adopted in New England. If by a swastika sign on a door or on a forebay the power of a witch on the building concerned could be averted, there was no need of hanging the witch, and the danger of hanging an excellent old lady under wrong apprehensions was avoided."

Point Finger of Derision

And ever since then the autocrazed, gullible, grotesque-loving American has been racing through the country-side pointing his finger in derision at those harmless signs or marks. There is no proof whatever that they were at any time used as charms but only as a decoration. We will let that statement stand as a defy. Let him who may pick up the gauntlet.

The Northern Pacific Railroad has a symbol which resembles some of these decorations in design and color. Some years ago while on a trip to the Northwest we asked an official of this road at Missoula, Montana, the meaning of the symbol. He said it was an Indian symbol but nobody knew what it meant. If that symbol were on any car of any railroad in southeastern Pennsylvania it would be termed a hex sign and no mistake about it.

Of charms, spells, incantations and talismans there is no limit; their number and purpose is legion, but in nearly all cases harmless. It is said that the girls in a certain county in Pennsylvania eat a salt-cake made ever so salty, then they go to bed backwards and without drinking. Of course the young man of whom they dream will be their future husband. They act just as silly as the girls in Maryland who on Friday evenings fold and wrap up their petticoats and place them under their pillows and repeat:

"This Friday night while going to bed
I put my petticoat under my head,
To dream of the living and not of the dead
To dream of the man I am to wed."

If a girl in Maine will steal and eat a salted herring and then stand in the door of her home she will catch sight of her future husband in the first man who passes by. If you do not wish to have an attack of nightmare you should do as the people in New York do: on going to bed place your shoes with the heels toward the bed. (Sure cure!), but to make assurance doubly sure, place a pair of scissors under your pillow.

Old as the Human Race

This ancestral belief in charms and spells, too, is as old as the human race. "The Northern listens for the werwolf; the Eastern house wife carefully sets the head of her bed to the north; the Southern Negro sings over his dead to charm away the evil spirits; and the cattleman on the Western Plains watches for suspicious signs in the mood of his restless cattle." And it is not yet a hundred years since the rural inhabitants of North Carolina stealthily placed Bibles under the head of their sleeping children to ward off the same witches which people hanged in Salem a hundred years before, when they thought they had found witches in human form.

Man's belief in the supernatural and his eagerness to fathom the mysteries of life and to gain a foreknowledge of what is seemingly forbidden is innate in him and will become extinct only with him. For this reason the Chaldeans had astrologers; the Persians had magic; the Greeks had oracles; and the Romans had augurs and soothsayers. And today there is just as much of the debased kind of superstitition in the heart of many a city as there is in the whole Pennsylvania German country. Charlatans, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and sleepy mediums and their frauds still thrive on the gullibility of the educated as well as upon the supposedly ignorant.

And so the Pennsylvania Germans are alone superstitious? Are they?

—By courtesy of TOWN AND COUNTRY, Pennsburg, Pa.

EN GEBET FER AMERIKA

Gott segne unser Land,
Heb's fescht in deinre Hand,
Wann der Wind arrick schallt
Darch Schtarm un Nacht;
Un der Feind wunners prallt,
Helf du uns, yung un alt,
Uff uns geb acht.

Fer unser Land duhn mir
Bete, o Gott, zu dir,
Des iss ken Schand;
Immer bischt du net weit,
Mir bete zu dir heit,
Helf du uns alle Zeit,
Helf unserm Land.

"God Bless Our Native Land"
Inwerseint beim Dr. Pierce E. Swope

HAERBSCHTWIND, O KUMM DOCH

Tune: Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Haerbschtwind, o kumm doch!
Sing uns dei Lied!
Groo sin die Wolke,
Summer 's verblieht.

Sanftlich un leis wie'n
Muddergebet;
Bledder dei Mundschdick,
Ach, was en Freed!

Bludich die Drauwe,
Weilich geduft;
Dunkel die Daage,
Kiehl iss die Luft.

Rausch doch un braus doch—
Droschtlied bischt du,
Aerd iss vergenglich
Siess iss die Ruh.

Winder bringt Weihnacht,
Grischdus Gebort;
Friehling bringt Oschdre,
Lewe singt fort.

Sunn unnergange—
Daag iss verbei;
Dod schliesst die Dier uff—
Grischdus schleicht rei.

Haerbschtwind, o' kumm doch!
Sing uns dei Lied!
Groo sin die Wolke,
Summer 's verblieht.

Owetrot, Duschber—
Schtaernhell die Nacht;
Maryerot, Daaglicht—
Liebreich Haerz lacht.

DIE BUSCHAMSCHEL.

LEFTZE FARREB

Hoscht du schunn gsehne wie deel Weibsleit ihre Leftze verschmiere mit rode Farreb? Ich hab als schunn Maed aageguckt, un mer hot gemeent, es hett ihne Ebber mit me Messer ins Gsicht gschnidde. Ihre Meiler hen geguckt wie en Schdraahle Blut. Es macht eem vun Wunner gucke, wann mer deel Weibsleit sehnt ihre Leftze aaschdreiche. Sie duhne die Farreb gewiss heiflich druff blaschdere.

Es hot en Mann mir gsaat wie ich yung waar, "Geb acht un boss kenni as ihre Leftze verschmiert hot. Du kennscht krank warre mit "Painter's Colic".

En Faekdri, wu sie die rot Leftzeschmier gemacht hen, hot ge-adferteist, sie deete Leftzefarreb mache as mer net abbosse kennt. Es iss en Kaerl zu ihne kumme, un hot gsaat, er wott sie deete ihn des mol browiere losse. Saagt er, "Nemmt en Drupp scheene Maed un duht eier Leftzefarreb uff ihre Leftze. Ich kann eich glei weise, eb mer die Farreb abbosse kann odder net."

Karzlich waar ich an re kleene Versammling. Do hot eener en Gschicht verzehlt vumme Mann un seinre Fraa. Die sin noch Harrisbaerrick an des Hen Parris wartshaus fer an en Dans. Wie sie schier drowwe waare, hot sei Fraa hell nausgegrische. "Was iss letz?" hot der Mann gfrogt. "Hot en Hummler dich gschtoche?"—"Schlimmer wie sell," hot sie gsaat, "Ich hab mei Leftzeschmier vergesse. Was in der welt kann ich nau duh?"

"O," saagt ihre Mann, "Badder dich net zu viel. Ich kaaf dir Leftzefarreb, wann mir noch Harrisbarrick kumme." Wie sie nuff kumme sin, iss er an en Drogschdor un hot gsaat, er wett en Schdick Leftzefarreb. "Was witt du gewwe?" frogt der Glarrick. "Do iss en Schtecke fer en Vaerdel, der anner koscht drei Vaerdel, un der Bescht do koscht zwee Daaler." Saagt er, "Geb mer vum beschte Schtofft, as mer griege kann, weil ich zehl es selwer zu fresse."

En yung Maedel hot gfrogt im Schdor eb sie grieni Leftzefarreb hette. "Grund der welt, nee", saagt der Glarrick. "Ferwas witt due grieni Leftzefarreb?" — "Wei," saagt die Yung, "Mei Beau iss so langsam. Ich hab scheeni, rodi Farreb uff mei Leftze, awwer er halt sich weit weck vun mir. Heit hawwich ausgfunne as er Inschenier iss. Rot zu ihm meent — Schtopp! Nau will ich mol grieni Leftzefarreb browiere. Verleicht gebt sell ihm die recht Idea." Ich bin bang sell hot gemacht, as wann zwee Inscheine in enanner schringe deete.

Eier
KASCHSPER HUFNAGEL

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

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Editorials

Another Munich in Making

"Divide and Conquer" is an ancient maxim favored and practiced with success by a host of malicious connivers in limited arenas and dangerous aggressors in the field of world affairs. It describes the current diplomacy of the Communists under the direction of Russia. And that diplomacy appears to be succeeding beyond any and all world expectations.

Invasion of Korea by Chinese Communists numbering hundreds of thousands is not only a serious menace to the United Nations' armies in that country but it is a threat to the very existence of the UN itself.

At this very moment the United Nations is divided into two very distinct groups. One group (and we cannot know who compose it definitely and positively) recognized Communist China as a distinct disturber of world peace, an aggressor under any and all definitions. Therefore it is deserving of censure and the mightier punishment which the United Nations is supposed to be able to inflict upon a bad boy in the family of nations. This group undoubtedly is headed by the United States. Who in addition is willing to go thru with the American stand against this Chinese immorality in international affair remains to be seen.

On the other hand, thru the split which the Communists have been able to achieve, Great Britain seems ready to embark upon (if she is not already committed to) a policy of appeasement of China. Her prime minister, Mr. Attlee, is understood to be on his way to America to present this viewpoint to which, it is feared in the United States, all too many Western European countries are turning.

History seems to be repeating itself and with the same tragic consequences ahead that the world has witnessed within a decade.

The shadow of a man with an umbrella, a predecessor of Mr. Attlee, must loom over and darken the prime minister's arrival in this country to see Mr. Truman. The world remembers the journey in 1938 of a British prime minister, hat and umbrella meekly in hand, to an arrogant Hitler in Munich. At that one-sided conference the little freedom - loving nation, Czechoslovakia, in effect was sold down the river with the shabby, selfish excuse that it was an act guaranteeing "peace in our time" for Arthur Neville Chamberlain and the British people. Within a year World War II was raging.

Mr. Attlee comes here, it is indicated, in an attempt to appease a monster greater than Hitler and whose appetite is more voracious than that of any other conqueror that the world has ever known. Appeasement cannot safely and confidently be directed to a puppet in China, nor even to the backstage figure which from Moscow is pulling the strings that make all the mannekins move in the puppet show.

To appease China, it is indicated that Mr. Attlee is ready to sell out Korea and Formosa just as his predecessor sold out Czechoslovakia 12 years ago. More than that, he appears to be willing to sell out the United States which thru its chief executive, Mr. Truman, put the breath of real life into the United Nations by action in Korea when aggression transgressed the spirit and law of that international body.

Mr. Attlee and the Western European nations which seem to be back of the idea of appeasement have forgotten the lesson of Munich: That a monster grows by that upon which it feeds.

Give the Communists Korea and Formosa and it will encourage them to take in short time the Philippines and Japan, Indo-China, Tibet, Nepal, Iran, Greece and perhaps even the countries of Western Europe.

A crisis has been reached in the United Nations which means that it is a world crisis. All historical experience points to failure on the part of those who follow the policy of appeasement of aggressor nations that, like heavily armed robbers, range thru out the world.

Safety for Holiday Crowds

Without any doubt the clearing of Hamilton Street as to parked cars during the busiest business hours has done much to reduce injuries and deaths in traffic. As a result of the clearance there is increased visibility for both motorists and pedestrians. Accidents resulting from "stepping out from spaces between parked cars," as they are described, are virtually unheard of from that street.

Caution however must continue to be observed. Especially this time of the year when pedestrians and even motorists may be a bit preoccupied and be a bit unmindful of their safety there is likelihood that accidents will occur.

It has been pointed out that the pre-Christmas holiday season brings just about everybody out into the business sections of cities. This includes large number of children who independently are doing some happy shopping. Especially it includes many aged people whose faculties are not too keen and who never had any training as to traffic.

Motorists have a grave responsibility in all this. It is good to realize the possibilities on streets crowded with shoppers, many of them loaded with packages that interfere with their vision; jaywalkers, who are reckless and thoughtless; carefree, gay children and aged people who cannot be expected to be agile enough to jump out of danger.

Pedestrians themselves must exercise care also and with their interest in their own welfare an accident-free holiday season can be achieved.

Rising Cost of Arms

An insight into the financial magnitude and future costs of the defense program is shown by official government figures on the great rise in the basic "living costs" of the armed forces over recent years, not counting any major re-equipment or stepped-up procurement of military supplies such as is now under way.

The effect of the inflation of the last decade is as clearly apparent in the rising cost of supporting and operating the military establishment as it is in the average family's daily budget. Under the conditions brought about by totalitarian aggression, therefore, the effect of rising prices on past defense costs provides the American people with a timely reminder of what must inevitably happen in the future unless the new threat of inflation arising out of the events in Korea is kept in check.

Figures compiled by the U. S. Bureau of the Budget show that it cost approximately $8,100 per service man on the average in aggregate expenditures for pay, subsistence, material and operations, etc. to run the armed forces in the 1950 fiscal year which ended last June 30. This figure, incidentally, was not for a fighting period, for the attack on Korea came at the end of June. The comparable cost was about $7,000 per man on the average in the 1945 fiscal year, when the nation's wartime expenditures reached their peak annual level, and only around $3,200 per man on the average in the prewar fiscal year of 1938, or before U. S. defense expenditures began to anticipate World War II.

These figures thus indicate that the basic "living costs" of the nation's military establishment have already risen by nearly a sixth since the closing period of the last war and at the same time are now over two and one-half times what they were little more than a decade ago.

If You Want Any Help from Me—



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

Formal recognition of the existence of a "state of war" between Communist China and the United Nations cannot be long deferred. All-out war with Communist China seems now merely a matter of days. No action against Russia is contemplated, as no Russian units have entered the North Korean war zone.

If the UN fails to act, then it may become necessary for President Truman to go before Congress and request formal recognition of the existence of a "state of war" between the United States an Cdommunist China.

Legal Steps

These are merely legal steps to formalize what has actually been going on for several weeks.

It was on Nov. 6th that Gen. MacArthur, as the UN commander-in-chief in the Far East, reported formally to the UN as follows:

"It is apparent to our fighting forces, and our intelligence agencies have confirmed the fact, that the United Nations are presently in hostile contact with Chinese Communist military units deployed for action against the forces of the united command.

"The continued employment of Chinese Communist forces in Korea and the hostile attitude assumed by such forces, either inside or outside Korea, are matters which it is incumbent upon me to bring at once to the attention of the United Nations."

In the interval since Nov. 6th—more than three weeks—the UN, by failing at act, has awarded a distinct military advantage to the Chinese Communists, giving them ample time to group together and send across the Manchurian border upward of 200,000 troops. If this is an example of the slow way the UN is going to function in a military crisis, it gives the totalitarian states a time advantage which in an atomic era could mean the difference between survival and destruction.

President Truman's resounding statement yesterday is in itself a warning to the UN that prompt action is desired by the American government. He says:

"The Chinese Communist leaders have sent their troops from Manchuria to launch a strong and well - organized attack against the United Nations forces in North Korea."

Can't Be Ignored

This simple declaration by the president of the United States now brings publicly to the attention of the UN a fact that can no longer be ignored. The troops of the UN are under attack. Will the UN fight back, as a single nation does when it is invaded? Will authorization for an all-out attack against Communist China be forthcoming? The president anticipates firm action thus:

"The forces of the United Nations have no intention of abandoning their mission in Korea. . .

"If aggression is successful in Korea, we can expect it to spread through Asia and Europe to this hemisphere. We are fighting in Korea for our own national security and survival."

Mr. Truman excuses somewhat the delay between Nov. 6th and today by saying that there had been hope of "discussion and negotiation" but he dismisses this at once by pointing to the character of the statements made by the representatives of Communist China before the UN this week. Mr. Truman asks now for immediate passage of the resolution presented by Ambassador Austin at the UN, urging it to take action "to halt this aggression."

Two Moves Taken

Two important moves have already been taken which inevitably must make an impression on the Communist world:

First, Mr. Truman did not hesitate to answer a question saying use of the atom bomb was under consideration.

Second, he agreed to meet personally with Prime Minister Attlee in Washington to discuss coming steps of cooperation to fullfill the policy announced already with respect to Korea.

As to the military side, it seems reasonable to assume that the immediate attention will be given toward stabilizing the lines of our troops in North Korea. If the Chinese Communists subsequently ignore the demand by the UN for withdrawal, such military action as seems to promise the maximum of effectiveness will be ordered. This may result in aid to Chinese guerrillas and factions lined up against the Communists. The full force of American air power and sea power will be exerted in a war that may not come to a climax immediately but only after several months of buildup of Chinese anti-Communist armies wherever they may be recruited.

The sending of any more land armies from the outside to the mainland of China is not likely but the Chinese Communists may find that attacks in the south of China will necessitate the withdrawal of much of their forces now concentrated in Manchuria. For the present, it will be not a "world war," but a limited "local war" in the Far East only.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Please bear with me if I feel a little foolish this morning. But, really, these occasional foolish moods are very refreshing.

So how about a few little oddities today? After all, much about life is both foolish and odd.

* * *

Two University of California professors have just finished a year-long study of the lobster.

They have discovered why lobster is so expensive.

It is because the male lobster is strictly monogamous. He sticks to one wife all through his life.

However if some hungry sea monster attacks his wife and devours her, the male makes no effort to protect her.

He gets himself another wife.

* * *

In Martinsburg, W. Va., a woman has been given a divorce after 35 years of marriage.

She is the mother of 17 children. The judge awarded her $20 a month for the support of herself and her three dependent children.

* * *

Here is anothe scientific discovery, made by Hy Gardner, a fellow columnist.

According to established tradition, love birds are so devoted to each other that if one dies, the other dies also, from a broken heart.

A New Yok tavern owner kept two of them in a cage for the edification of his customers.

One of them died, and to avoid a double tragedy, the owner stuck a mirror into the cage.

The surviving bird looked at the mirror, cuddled up against it and was perfectly contented.

Then someone broke the mirror. The bird looked, couldn't find his beloved, lay down and died.

"Of a broken mirror," said my fellow columnist.

* * *

A Chicago woman, suing for divorce, told the judge that her husband gave her 50 black eyes a year, intimating that the only two she didn't get was when he was away on a two weeks' vacation.

The husband declared that she was an unmitigated liar.

"I only gave her a black eye once a month," he told the court and plainly showed that he resented being so unjustly maligned.

The wife got the divorce and $250 a month alimony.

* * *

A Cleveland woman sued her husband for $12,000 alimony.

She lost the suit, because her ex-husband proved:

1) That she had waited 25 years for the execution of the financial provisions in the original divorce decree;

2) That she has remarried six times since the divorce.

Now that the Senate Crime Investigating committee has established the fact that there is a lot of crime in this country, it is getting very much concerned about the causes of crime.

Chairman Kefauver has announced that another investigation will follow to find out what causes crime. I can give him the answer in one word: "People."

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

'N WOCH TZURICK: Ken n'r eich noch erinnerra on heit 'n woch tzurick? Fer die wohret tzu sawga, 'n lot leit fonga aw airsht tzeit tzu howwa, iwwer die shracklich erfohring denka. Raya! Raya! Un ols noch mainer raya. 'S hut waricklich g'sheind der budda wear ous 'm sae garissa, uns wear 'n tzweter sinn fiood on kumma. Heiser woh fer yohra net 'n drubba raya nei kumma hen lossa, sin bol imma auga blick werra wie gees konna, un glicklich wor die familia woh net fon fenshter tzu fenshter gae hut missa mit ma lumba un aimer fers wosser uf butza.

Neimond in darra gagend hut noch so'n raya un shtorm wedder darrich gamocht kot. Soicha os die erfohring shun kotta hen, sawga, 's wear libehoftich gawest wie 'n Florida hurrikane, yusht os es darta ols noch aryer rayerra dade. Ow'r shwetza fom raya, kenna m'r net helfa os wie denka onna gawissner Slatington eiwohner woh der gons shtorm arrick dememeedich aw ganumma hut. 'N dawg odder so danoh wie onner 's town drunna g'frok'd hen wie sie on seinra hamet iwwer der sktorm kumma weara, hut er g'sawt, "Oh ol recht, 's het 'n lot shlimmer sei kenna."

Wie die onnerra um 'n rum noh garunnert hen eb der raya ken shawda gaduh het, hut er so ewwa fielish g'sawt, "Oh wel, der kaller is fol wosser." Noh Ow'r gross wie der ferlush'd in hameta un gabeier wor darrich der raya shtorm, der graish'd ferlusht fon ol sin ol die fiela bame fon alla orta, os um gablosa sin. Weida bame bardich hen leida missa-die bladder worra noch druf, uns wosser gawicht un der wind, hen fon da aller graishda bame um galaig'd os sie weck k'hock'd sei hen missa. Noh wors aw arrick hard uf grenna bame fon alla ortamonicha hafe hen ol ihra shaina bame ferlor:-bame os es yohr un yohra nembt bis onnerra bame widder uf woxa fer der blotz nemma fon da um gablosna. Gabeier kenna widder g'fix'd werra -kosh'd gelt sei is wohr, ow'r 's kosh'd aw gelt fer bame blonsa, un die nadure is fiela longsomer os wie der longsomsh'd shoff mon os noch rum wor.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Shmawl-Hons is kicha maishder bei ra gawissna Lechaw Dahl familia, so weit os schnitz un gneb aw gaina bis frisha shnitz gadart sin.

Da onner dawg wie sie uf der garret sin fer shnitz os 'm shnitz shtanner griega fer shnitz un gneb kocha, wor der deckle fom shtanner, un der shtanner wor ave fol wosser.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 5

The so-called Sermon on the Mount comprises the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew's Gospel. Since Matthew is the Gospel of the Kingdom and of the King, this series of chapters may be thought of as the charter of the Kingdom, indicating the character, the rights, and the privileges of the subjects thereof. The verses 3-12 are commonly called the Beatitudes, from the Latin word translated Blessed, which word occurs nine times. This word Blessed means perfectly happy, and refers to the inward peace and joy of those who belong to the Kingdom of God and of His Son. Humble, meek, lowly, and pure in heart they are, hence likely to be unpopular, therefore subject to persecution and ridicule, vs. 10-12; but still happy. Christians are referred to in vs. 13 and 16 as the light of the world, and the salt of the earth, staying the processes of moral corruption. Jesus comments on the Ten Commandments, beginning at v. 21, spiritualize them, as He teaches us to obey their inner meaning. To hate one's brother is to commit murder in one's heart. We are to love our enemies, possible only by the grace of God.

Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

SHOPPING

Shopping is a woman's task
Not a man's.
She will know for what to ask
And she plans
Far more wisely than a man
What to send.
Glad, his money, when she can
Go to spend.

Woman does a better job
Than a man,
Choosing watch or chain or fob,
Purse or fan.
When she writes his Christmas list
He can bet
Not a person will be missed,
He'd forget.

She is proud to be allowed
Such a chore.
She can elbow through a crowd
In a store
In a more determined way,
And she will
When she knows a man will pay
Every bill.

Glad am I my daughters two
Shop for me.
It's a job I couldn't do,
I agree.
Without them to lean upon,
'Spite of cost,
With the Christmas coming on
I'd be lost.

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Horoscope

A modicum of good fortune should be yours during the months ahead. A highly strung personality may develop in the child born under these vibrations.



A MILLERSTOWN PRODIGAL

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

We are privileged to present another of Elsie Singmaster's early stories. Again the background is Macungie which holds rich memories and associations for the author. To an earlier generation it was known as Millerstown or "Millerschtedtel." This story appeared first in The Outlook for February, 1914. It is reprinted here with the kind permission of its author.—ED.

"ADDISON!"

Lying prone upon a pile of sand in the corner of the cast-house, Addison Miller lifted his head from his arms. Above him the boss towered threateningly.

"Where is that shovel with the broken handle, say?"

Addison lay down once more. On the opposite side of the cast-house the other men sprawled about also. There was nothing to do in this last half-hour before six o'clock but rest. The boss did not need the shovel; he was only mocking Addison.

"She is over by the wall," answered Addison, sullenly.

"'She!'" shouted the boss so that the other men might hear. "What 'she'?"

"Ay, the shovel," said Addison. "You said, Where is the shovel? I say, The shovel, she is there."

Addison was prepared for the yell which rose from the group across the sanded floor. They were English—Irish, Millerstown would have called them scornfully; they laughed at Addison's good Pennsylvania German.

"You just wait once!" he yelled back at them. "Some day I give it to you. Then each one will get a hit!"

Having hurled his pitiful defiance, Addison lay down once more. His body ached, his soul was burdened by the thought of his great labors. He said to himself that the work was killing him, that he might even now have some terrible disease which would make an end of him here in the little boardinghouse which he hated, or which might overwhelm him as he helped to direct the stream of molten iron from the tapping-hole and plunge him to a fiery death. Even his mother, who drove him to work, would relent if she saw the danger of his task. It was true that other men survived and grew old, but Addison knew that he would never grow old. He saw himself filling an early grave in Millerstown, provided, alas! that there were anything left of him to send to Millerstown.

Presently Addison sat up and looked about him. The October twilight was rapidly fading; his fellow-workmen who jeered at him were gathering together their dinner-pails and coats. In a moment the great siren whistle would begin the wail which to Addison was like the cry of his own despair. Already the noisy voices of the incoming shift could be heard across the yard. For the next twelve hours these advancing men would take up the unholy task of relieving the groaning monster of its burden. Next week Addison would be changed to the night shift, whose boss, even more brutal than the day boss, hailed him always as "Dutchy" and who had probably already planned his death.

All Addison's motions were slow, strong and well as he looked. He blinked roupd him at the great cast-house with the dim shadows under the high roof, at the sanded floor laid out in patterns for the next cast, at the monstrous shaft of the furnace vanishing upward into the blackness. One familiar with cathedrals might have compared the cast-house to a great, dim church. Addison, however, was not familiar with cathedrals: the only churchly association which the scene had for him was its resemblance to a great picture which hung in the attic of the Millerstown Sunday-school, in which creatures clad in red garments and carrying strange forks and instruments of torture rushed about in just such a light as streamed from the molten iron at casting time. If his good little mother could see this place, she would be appalled.

Now Addison climbed slowly to his feet, his companions still jeering.

"Elephant!" called one. "He gets up like the elephant at the circus."

"And you like—like—" But Addison could think of no comparison sufficiently insulting.

Addison groaned aloud. He was stiff. He had never been accustomed to any work harder than helping his mother in her garden or driving the cow home from pasture. He did not know how he should get back to his boarding-house to the meal which was not fit to eat.

"My mom would have good pie for supper," he said, miserably, to himself. "She would have crullers to it yet and shoo-fly pie. She would not buy bread from the baker and cinnamon buns, she would cook things. It is like eating stones to eat such stuff. She would make me anything I wanted for supper; she would—"

Suddenly Addison straightened his shoulders and drew in a long breath of the cool air. He stood inside the gate which led out of the furnace yard contemplating, not the quiet evening, nor the dark hills, nor the faint golden light in the west, but his own joy. His heart leaped, his knees shook; like the prodigal, Addison came suddenly to himself.

"I am going home to my mom," he said aloud. "This evening yet I am going home to Millerstown to my mom."

Stirred by excitement, Addison began to walk rapidly. His motions were so sudden that he knocked the dinner-pail from the hand of a workman coming in through the gate. Then he fell over the tracks outside, and got to his feet again, laughing to himself. Anyone else who had worked at the furnace for three weeks would have been familiar with the position of the track. But Addison in his misery had observed nothing.

"I am going home to my mom," said Addison to himself once more. "I am going rightaways home to my mom."

Addison's landlady was not one who gave herself up, body and soul, night and day, to work and the planning of work, as did Addison's mother and the other women in Millerstown. She had put the supper on the table, and she sat now at her mechanical piano playing comfortably. There were lace curtains at the windows and a red carpet on the floor. In Addison's eyes Millerstown possessed nothing half so magnificent.

Addison climbed the stairs to his room three steps at a time. Then he got into his best clothes, his hands shaking.

"I will leave these old things here," he said to himself. "My board paid till today, she may have these for today's board. I am going back home to my mom."

At the supper-table he answered sharply the sallies of the men. They had made a butt of him because he was a German. They should tease him no more. He would not tell them that he was going away. He was afraid that they might stop him: that they might have been told by his mother to have a watch upon him. His mother was little, but she had a tremendous will. He could not understond such energy as hers. It frightened him. He could not work as his mother wished him to work: it was impossible. His mother had found this place for him, she expected him to keep it, but she would not want to have him killed!

"I will talk to her," planned Addison. "She said often already that I am all she has. She will want me to stay by her. I will stay in Millerstown, and when I have rested me up a while, then I will get work in Millerstown."

The fare to Millerstown took half Addison's money, but he was not disturbed. He would need no money at home; his mother would take care of him. He thought of her again as he sat in the train.

"My mom can do anything," he said.

Once he remembered uncomfortably how she had insisted upon his working. From the time that he was fourteen years old she had been after him, night and day. He could recall a hundred pleasant mornings when he had been roused from sleep, first to help her, then to go to Farmer Weygandt's to learn to farm, or to the smith's to learn to make horseshoes, or to the store to learn to sell goods. He had never kept any position very long. His mother had not punished him—a hundred pounds cannot well punish a hundred an dseventy. She had only urged him in season and out of season. She had not even reproached him; a certain pride restrained her from accusations of neglect.

"She can do anything!" said Addison to himself with pride. "And now I will help her."

Millerstown lay dark and quiet at the foot of its little mountain. Addison remembered as he got off at the end of the train that it was prayer-meeting evening and that his mother would not be at home. He was hungry; he wondered eagerly what she would have in her cupboard; he thought, as of a long-past horror, of the bought cinnamon buns and the baker's bread of his boarding-house.

"That woman, she rests all the time," he said to himself. "My mom does not rest."

It occurred to him as he went up the street that Millerstown would be surprised to see him back. He was conscious that his ways did not have Millerstown's approval. But his mother would explain why he had come, his mother would allow no one to speak against him.

He desired suddenly to see her at once, and he turned into the yard of the little New Baptist Church. He would not speak to her before all the people, he would look in at the window, and, having seen her, would go home and await her there.

The prayer-meeting was over, but the New Baptists had lingered to talk, as was their custom. He was still less fond of these fellow church-members of his mother's than he was of Millerstown in general. They assumed an air of proprietorship over his mother. One of them, fat Lizzie Miley, had once dared to reproach him because he did not work!

His mother was surrounded by them now; beside the huge bulk of Lizzie Miley she looked almost like a little girl. She had begun to wear the black silk sunbonnet of the older women; it was that, Addison thought, and the fact that he was so far away from her and she missed him, that made her look older and more tired. But now he would stay with her and work for her.

He did not mean to let any of them see him, but he heard Lizzie Miley mention his name in her sharp voice, and unconsciously he moved a little closer to the window.

"Is he there yet?" asked Lizzie Miley of his mother. "Is Addison there yet in his place? Or has he given this place up already?"

Addison's mother looked brightly back at Lizzie Miley.

"Yes," she said, proudly, raising her voice so that all the New Baptists might hear. "He is at his place yet. When he gets a start, he will begin to send money home. He gets good pay. He"—Addison's mother glanced around at her interested audience. Never in his life up to this time had she been able to boast of him to the New Baptists.

Then suddenly the color left her cheeks and she gave a little cry. Outside the window she had seen her son, his blue eyes staring into the room. Addison was certain that she would speak to him, and say that she had been mistaken and that he had come back. Deception was not possible to her simple soul.

Instead, she turned her back upon the window and reassured the New Baptists, who were frightened by her cry.

"I am all right," she insisted. "It is nothing. A little pain took me, that was all. It took me in my side . . . No, not in my heart, Lizzie. I—" she finished with a gasp, looking at Lizzie Miley. "He has still his place, Lizzie."

Then, with shoulders straightened, Addison's mother walked down the aisle and out of the door.

For a few minutes Addison waited. He ought not to have come upon her like that: he had frightened her—he thought of it with awe—he had frightened her into telling a lie. The other members of the New Baptist Church followed her, they would soon catch up to her. But she would get rid of them and be waiting for him, and she would feed him, and they would walk together. He had never been willing to make plans with her, but now he would plan.

In half an hour Addison opened the gate of his mother's yard and went to the kitchen door. The familiar latch waited for his hand; he smiled as he touched it. Then he felt of it curiously. To his amazement, it did not yield to his grasp. Could his mother have stopped by the way? But she had seen him; she would have gone home as quickly as possible to greet him. He remembered the tears with which she had bade him good-by; surely she would be anxious to see him now. Perhaps she could not get away from Lizzie Miley. He would sit down on the step and wait.

At the end of half an hour Addison tried the door again. The latch did not lift.

Then he began to call, frantically. Perhaps the shock of seeing him had hurt his mother. Perhaps she was lying ill. Addison pounded on the door.

"Mom!" he called. "Mom!"

Addison thought he heard a slight stir.

"Are you sick?" he called. "Open the door, mom!"

"I am not sick," said his mother, clearly, from within.

"Then open the door!" commanded Addison, in amazement. "It is Addison!"

No sound responded to his call. He shook the door again. Then he listened. Again he heard her move.

"Are you cross over me, mom?" he asked, bewildered at the silence.

His mother did not answer.

"I have come home to stay with you, mom."

Even this announcement did not serve to unlatch the door. Addison began suddenly to tremble. He remembered that he had something to explain, and explanation is not easy to a closed door.

"The work was too hard, mom. I had to carry heavy iron, mom. I was afraid I would do myself something. And I had to take a shovel to dam the iron when it flowed out. It was hotter than live coals. I was afraid it would kill me."

Still there was silence in the little kitchen.

"They laughed all the time over me," explained Addison, with less assurance.

Then suddenly Addison got down on his knees and began to talk through the little hole above the latch. It seemed to him that the world was turning turvy.

"I am hungry, mom."

He thought he heard his mother crying. He began to coax like a child.

Let me in, mom. I will work for you, mom. You won't have anything to do all day." He could see into the room through the little opening. His mother sat by the kitchen table with her head bowed on her arms. The little kitchen spoke of hard, never-ending toil. He thought suddenly of his landlady sitting at her mechanical piano. His mother had never seen such a thing. "I will work hard for you, mom."

Still his mother did not move.

"I am your boy Addison, mom," he said, wheedlingly. He thought with a gasp of the dark shadows in the cast-house, of the early hours, of the terrible rush of molten iron. "I am going to stay by you. I am your boy Addison."

He could see his mother rise to her feet, clinging to the table. She spoke in a hollow, broken voice; she looked like an old woman. To her son she was suddenly the dearest and most desirable creature in the world.

"My son Addison has yet his place," she said, as she had said to Lizzie Miley. "He works like other men. Other men lift heavy things and tend to iron, and he does it too. He earns good wages. He is no longer a shame to me. I am getting so I cannot work so hard. My things are getting old. I will soon need new clothes to cover me. All these things my son will get for me. I—"

Then Addison's mother swayed and her voice thickened.

"My son had made me lie," she said. "He has made it that for the first time in my life I have told a lie."

Then Addison's mother sat down and once more hid her face on the little table.

"Mom!" cried Addison, frantically; "let me in!"

"No," answered his mother, "I cannot let you in."

Again, wildly, Addison began to plead. He said to himself that she had turned against him, that she was all he had, and she had turned against him.

"I am your son," he repeated. "And I am hungry."

With his mother's answer it seemed to Addison that the world came finally to an end.

"I cannot help it," said she. "I cannot let you in."

In confusion of mind which was torture Addison looked about him. The dark shadows of the night reminded him of the dark shadows of the cast-house; he seemed to hear in the stillness echoes of all the sounds which frightened him: the groaning of the furnace, the shouts of the boss, the clang of iron against iron. Then a real sound penetrated to his ears —the whistle of the train at the next station. It was like the first breath of the siren which roused him from his heavy sleep.

He got dizzily up from his knees and straightened himself to his great height. He said to himself that he must win his mother back or he would die.

"Mom," he said, "I am going back to my work."

Then, without a moment's lingering, he started to run down the dark and shadowy street.

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weller, Vice President

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Editorials

Let's Not Lose Heart

Shame upon that cowardice which is manifesting itself at this time in criticism of General MacArthur and expression of opinion that he should be or demand that he be dismissed from the high command. In fact, quite a few of the unofficial, civilian general staffs which assemble in the neighborhood store, the barber shop and the public square already have determined his successor in the person of General Eisenhower.

During many years there has been a host of snipers who have been shooting at the present commander-in-chief of the United Nations' forces. They were pretty well silenced and slunk into obscurity when important change in the fortunes of war came about in Korea late in the summer. There wasn't a whisper when the successful landing was made at Inchon and drive was inaugurated toward the Manchurian border.

Now there is yelping again led by those who never were friendly to the man for one reason or the other. Because there has been retreat by the United Nations' forces with heavy losses of men and equipment, there has been panic in many gentle souls. Like the baseball crowd which turns upon its hero of yesterday when the tide is running against him a lot of the American public seems to believe that all can be changed and saved by the ousting of MacArthur and the naming of some new commander.

Is MacArthur throwing up his hands and conceding defeat or surrender? Have other great American military leaders in crises thrown up their hands in despair? Let's look at a bit of the record.

Americans have a history replete with military crises but not necessarily followed by ultimate defeat. General Washington is famed in military history for his strategy in retreat. In fact he was known as the American Fabius because of his successful imitation of the tactics of the Roman conqueror of Hannibal.

Poor Abraham Lincoln became haggard and worn by two years of retreats and vast losses on the part of the Union armies. Not until Gettysburg did justifiable hope for the success of his cause arise.

After Pearl Harbor, when the spirits of the nation were perhaps lower than at any time in seventy - five years, President Roosevelt roused the people with his buoyant optimism. On the day after that event he said: "With confidence in our armed forces—with the unbounding determination of our people—we will gain the inevitable triumph —so help us God!"

At Christmas time in 1944 early hope of victory in Europe was shattered by General von Runstedt's famous drive and the ensuing Battle of the Bulge. But no sob stuff emanated from the brigade trapped in that part of Belgium. To a German demand for surrender, Brig. Gen. Anthony C. McAuliffe tersely replied "Nuts."

And in similar vein on Thursday when Major General O. P. Smith, commander of the 1st Marines, was asked about the retreat toward Hamhung in Korea, his reply was: "Retreat? Hell."

Those two words must have spoken volumes to those Americans who use or are familiar with the vernacular. It is the spirit of American troops from Washington's days to the present. It is the spirit which should permeate the American people and give them confidence that our men are not craven cowards and that their leaders are capable, inspired military men.

Certainly there is not another military man in this country who has had so much experience in Asia as General MacArthur. For more than ten years he has been engaged actively in that part of the world, almost four years of which was difficult fighting on wide front.

It cannot be held against him that, after being prevented from bombing the Chinese hordes and their supply lines and depots across the border, those hordes were able to attack in overwhelming numbers. It cannot be held against him if restrictions imposed upon him by the diplomats, who have sought to appease China without success, prevented accurate intelligence being received as to the might of Chinese armies on the north side of the Yalu. Not all Americans have forgotten that back in December, 1941, a Japanese fleet that travelled almost four thousand miles in the course of more than a week was undetected until it made itself known at Pearl Harbor. Just about that time, the diplomats also were trying to assuage the feelings of a lot of warmakers, the Japanese representatives.

True it is that Americans are disturbed, that they are alarmed, that they are angered. But let's "keep our shirts on." Let's keep our heads and not permit emotions to run away with us entirely. Americans have been in worse jams before. And Americans have gotten out of them just as the American marine and infantry regiments promise to escape in Korea.

Hurry, Hurry for 'Dog Tags'

There should be much greater speed in the response of people to the appeal that they get their blood typed and then recorded upon the plastic tags which have been issued to them by the Amvets. Up to yesterday only about 2000 persons had taken advantage of the plan by which an important, personal fact can be learned and recorded for the rest of one's natural life.

Once you have learned your blood type, you have learned it forever for, like your fingerprints, your blood type remains the same "from the cradle to the grave." The fingerprint is, as it were, the unchangeable, ineradicable stamp of our Maker upon his currency while the bloodtype is the unchangeable index to the type of the metal therein.

So it is an important bit of personal information to have handy at all times. Now is the time to procure it, to file it away with other personal information and especially to record it upon the tag that will be worn and is speedily available in the event of accident anywhere. Then consciousness may be lost and blood may be needed almost instantly in order that life may be saved.

So hurry, hurry, to the typing stations. After all there are a hundred thousand persons in the community. At the rate of, let us say, three thousand per week the typing will require three months.

Nobody wants to see this important job dragged around that long. Let's get it finished pronto. Let's get it off our minds. Let's get this vital information, for our own insurance and protection at the earliest possible day.

Advance Flood Notices

The value lying in the constant watchfulness over local streams and the effect upon them from rains has been emphasized thruout the past fortnight in the course of which floods thrice have threatened.

Altho many measures have been adopted hereabouts to reduce damage from floods, they still do much monetary harm and are to be classed with other nuisances, concerning which we can do but little until big engineering projects have been developed.

But it is possible to reduce losses and to minimize nuisance if prevailing flood waters do not come unannounced. That is what officials in this phase of weather reporting are able to do. Forewarned is forearmed and this proverb is particularly true as to this matter of floods.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 23

This 'Shepherd Psalm' is easily one of the best-known portions of Scripture. The figure of the Shepherd, used so frequently throughout Scripture (John 10, another example), is well understood by the oriental peasant. There is a mutual bond of affection and confidence between shepherd and sheep. No creature so helpless as a sheep; but in the shepherd is the source of supply for every need that the sheep has. 'I shall not want' means absolute peace of mind, since the shepherd is quite willing and always ready to attend to every requisite of the life of the sheep. Green pastures, wells of water ('still waters') even in the dry season, accumulated during the rainy season, are at the disposal of the sheep. Guidance, and protection from enemies, are provided by the shepherd who loves his sheep. These daily experiences of the flock are symbolic of spiritual truths, as in John 10 we read of the Good Shepherd expressing His concern for His Sheep, willing even to die, as Jesus did, for His sheep whom He knows by name, and whom He leads safely into the eternal fold.

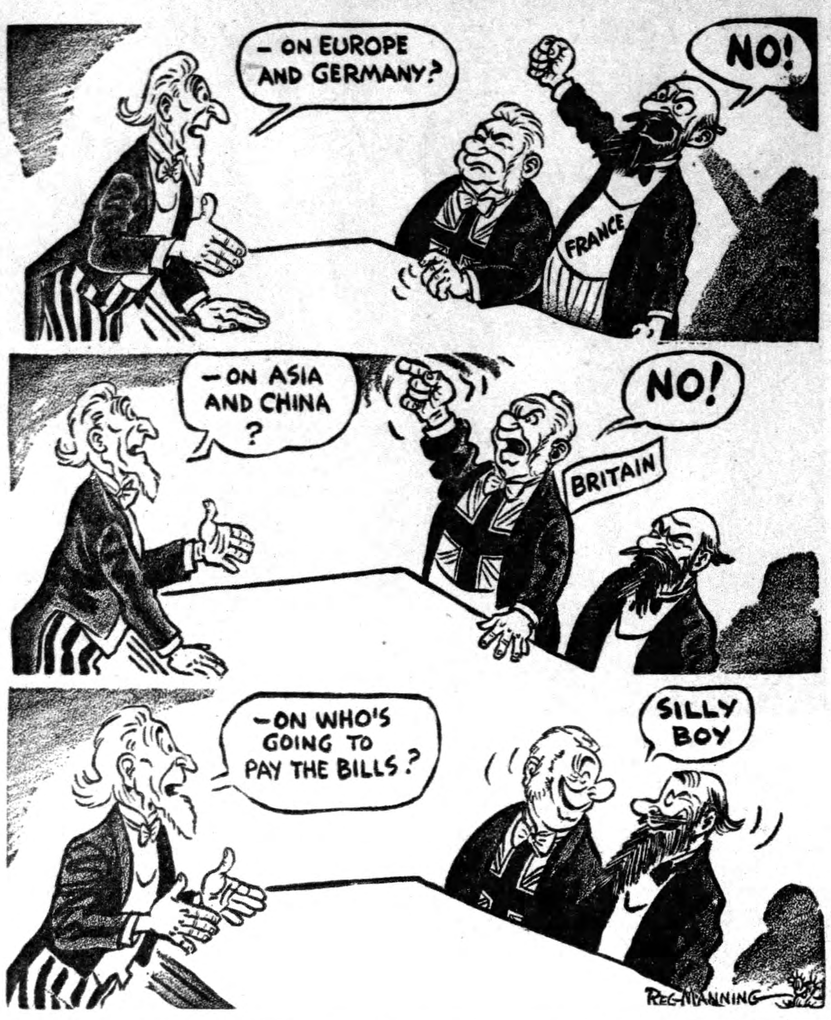
25 Years Ago

City council passed an ordinance raising the mayor's salary to $5,250, councilmen's salaries to $4,500, and the city controller's salary to $4,500.

Horoscope

The time will most probably bring you exceptionally happy friendships and interests. Remarkable in many ways should the child be who is born today.

What CAN We Agree On?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—To get a clear idea of the actual working arrangement between the military command in Korea and the United Nations, this correspondent sought and obtained from one of the top officials of the American government an explanation that throws a good deal of light on the misunderstandings current with respect to "directives" issued to Gen. McArthur.

Agent of UN

"The first thing to be noted," says my informant, "is that the United States government is acting as the agent of the United Nations. This really means that the president of the United States is the agent of the UN in carrying out the military objectives of the UN resolution of last June.

"Gen. MacArthur has no direct connection with the UN although he is frequently referred to as 'reporting to the UN.' In fact, Gen. MacArthur sends all his messages through regular channels. They come to the Defense department which, of course, includes the joint chiefs of staff, through the same channel. If the matter is one on which consultation with the Department of State is necessary, then the message is referred to that department and any necessary word is sent back to Gen. MacArthur as the action of the Defense department and not of any other agency.

"Sometimes Gen. MacArthur is asked whether a different wording in a proposed instruction is desirable but this exchange of views is entirely within the United States government. If this government decides, however, that some question has arisen which requires consultation with the UN or transmission to the UN of the message or report, as the case may be, this is then sent to the Department of State for relay to the UN."

Has Usual Discretion

From the foregoing it will be apparent that Gen. MacArthur has the usual discretion given by the United States to its military commanders in a theater of war and that he is subject to the usual instructions such a commander receives. But to say, on the other hand, that Gen. MacArthur has been given any commands or orders except those covered by the resolutions of the UN would be incorrect. It is basically the American government's interpretation of the resolutions of the UN and the mission as entrusted to him that is binding on Gen. MacArthur. Thus the decision to allow no bombardment of Manchurian bases by MacArthur's forces was taken some time ago by the American government after ascertaining the views of member nations of the UN and after consideration inside the United States government with all departments concerned in the making of American policy.

There are occasions, it is explained, when the American officials, knowing the proable reaction of the UN, do not feel it necessary to ask for a specific reaction to a proposal. Under such circumstances the messages to Gen. MacArthur sometimes explain the reasons for the policy being pursued but they do not necessarily reflect the views of other governments.

It has been reported, for instance, that the British government did not wish the MacArthur forces to approach the Manchurian border. It has been reported also that Gen. MacArthur was not supposed to go far beyond the 38th parallel. But it would not be necessary to relay any such representations to Gen. MacArthur, though he is doubtless kept informed concerning reasons for any limitations imposed on his military operations. He was never instructed to hold up his offensive or to stop anywhere short of the Manchurian border.

Whatever policies, therefore, have been pursued in Korea by Gen. MacArthur are those which his own government — acting as the agent of the UN—formulated in the belief that such policies represented the best way to carry out the mission originally assigned to UN forces in Korea.

U. S. Opposed to Action

For these reasons it is equally inaccurate to say now that it is the UN as such which is against bombardment of Manchurian bases. The Washington government itself happens to be opposed to such action at this time. But if it should be deemed desirable to order such a bombardment, it is within the power of the United States government—acting again as the agent of the UN—to take whatever steps may be necessary to take in a military emergency. Consultation with other governments would, of course, be carried on if there were time.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

G'SUCH'D FER SHNAE: Tzu monicha leit kumt der shnae unna badenk'd, ow'r net so tzum huls un kola mon John Singmaster fon Macungie. Net os der John fernotter'd is iwwer shnaeer wot aenichie tzeit liever graws maya wie shnae shebba, doch die weil os der shnae kumt eb m'r 'n wil odder net, glawbt der John fer ready sei fer 'm shnae ob worta won er kumt.

Now shnae shebba is ebbes os 'm John aw nimmy tzu gute aw shtaid, un hut sich 'n groda tracktor grick'd fer summers der gorda shoffa, un winders shnae bluga. Wie doh weil tzurick sellie paar flucka shnae g'falla worra, hut der John grawd eifer grick'd fer sei shnae blug in arder griega, so wons mohl eishloga sot mit shnae, os er net long rum wertschofta breich'd fer der shnae blug ons gae griega.

Der John is 'n kerl os glawbt on sei bricka baua eb er driwwer wil, os er net worta brouch bis sie fartich sin. Un so aw mit 'm shnae bluga. Die weil os der gorda tracktor da gonsa summer hard in yuse wor fers graws un ungrout drunna halta, hut er 'm Howard Frank, ainer fon seina shoff leit arder gewwa fer der tracktor nuf nochs Butza garage nemma, un 'n shmeara lossa un ol rum in arder griega, so os er ready wear wons mohl shnaea sot.

Der Howard hut der tracktor ganumma, un sel wors ledshd os sie fer 'n longie tzeit g'sehna hen fom. Wie er tzu long net tzurick kumma is, is es 'm John dudd-lich werra 's wear 'm ferleicht ebbes wedder fohra, un hut 'n onnerer fon seina shoff leit nochs Butza garage g'shick'd, sehna wie der Howard aw kaimt. Ow'r liever lebdawg aller aeland nocha mohl, wie der kerl darta hee kumma is wor ken Howard, un aw ken tracktor rum, un hen g'sawt er wear shun long fert un wista net woh 'n tzu finna.

Sis leicht tzu denka os noh aeland im haichda grawd wor, un der John hut net gawist woh onna tzu shicka fer der Howard sucha. Ferleicht hut er gadenk'd, wear er niver noch Emmaus gayackert sei Cassie sehna, un noh is es 'm ei kumma er het ferleicht ferlossa fer der Nord Pole fer 'm Belsnickle 'n shnae pawd bluga noch Macungie. Endlich hut der John ainer fon seina shoff leit nuf hame g'shick'd, un shure ganunk won der Howard net dart drowwa wor, un is os ums hous rum g'fohra mit 'm tracktor fer shnae sucha.

'M John sei fraw die Myrtle wor arrick uf g'shoft wie sie der Howard sehna hut kumma mit 'm tracktor un shnae blug farna draw. Sie hut net gawist eb der Howard maina dade der winder wear shun feriwwer un wot shtarta 's tzwivla lond bluga, odder eb 'n shnae shtorm om kumma wear os sie nix wist dafor, un der John het der Howard g'shick'd, fer 'n bau oluga so os er hame kent fer middawg essa.

Aenicha waig, der shnae blug is now ready, un ferol os der Howard druf shtaid er het net g'such'd fer shnae, kon der John net fershtae ferwos der Howard drowwa um sie hamet rum gakess'ld is mit 'm shnae blug. So wies ow'r sheind, wors wie der Howard secht, er het gawist os ken shnae leia dade, yusht 'n mensch wist alsa mohl net wie g'shwind os es shtarta maich'd shnaea, un het ous gamocht er wot ready sei wons dad'.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Soicha os net wissa wos ma guta freind fon weit'm shicka fer 'n Grishdkind'l, kenna net besser duh wie der Morning Call ei schreiva lossa fer 'n yohrun der Morning Call shick'd dem woh die tzeiting grick'd, 'n shaenie kort on da Grisgdawgs tzeit, sawga war die tzeiting g'shick'd hut.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

So they are "keeping up with the Joneses" even in Texas!

And we puny Easterners always had an idea that there were nothing but oil wells, beautiful Amazons, millionaires and silver-spurred cowboys in that dream state of every boy from six to 80!

Who would have thought that, even in Texas, people worry about what others might think of them?

I was always firmly convinced that a real Texan lets others worry about what he thinks of them.

But now comes a letter thanking me for my recent column on old age in which I decried the enforced uselessness of men and women who could still do things and enjoy life.

The letter tells about an 84-year-old baby sitter whose children have just made her quit.

"Granny is the spryest, sweetest person ever," says the writer, "always doing for others, insisting on having her own home."

Now comes the part that seems to un-Texan to me:

"Her well-to-do children are embarrassed by her working, afraid people will think they won't support her."

Then the writer tells how much "Granny" likes her job, that it is no chore to her at all, that she loves children and that she will be lost without her job.

"They don't seem to realize what they are depriving her of," she concludes her letter.

I wish I could mention the name of the city from which this letter came.

But it just so happens that it is a city which I visited and in which I have many friends — among them the children of this 84-year-old baby sitter.

I also happen to know that everybody in that city knows these children as well-to-do, respectable citizens, whom nobody would ever suspect of not supporting their aged mother if she needed their support.

But that is neither here nor there.

There is never anything despicable about work, but there is tragedy in enforced idleness.

If those children care at all about what others think, they have every reason to be proud of their mother.

That mother of theirs refuses to be dead while she is still alive. She will not sit in a corner or let herself be put on the shelf, no matter how comfortable that shelf may be.

That woman is a real Texan —no matter shere she came from —a real American, a real pioneer mother.

* * *

There is entirely too much of that "what will people think" business in our country today.

If people cared less about what others think and did a little more thinking themselves, more people might be in better shape than they are.

One of these days I intend to go out to Texas again. One of the first things I am going to do is have a good long talk with that 84-year-old ex-babysitter. I bet it's going to be loads of fun!

(Copyright 1950)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A Maine lobsterman discovered that a rival in Nova Scoia was cutting seriously into his business, particularly air-freight orders from high - priced restaurants around the country. The unexpected competition persuaded him to hire a visiting Harvard student to whip up a message for unfaithful customers.

The student produced, with a suspected assist from author John Gould, the following epic: "There is a tremendous difference between genuine Maine lobsters and the falsies they catch up in Nova Scotia. You see, Maine lobsters are happier psychologically, and that's all-important. Nova Scotia lobsters are deep water birds, and the pressure of water, plus the many other troubles they have, make them heavy and tough. Maine lobsters are shallow water lovers, they're happier, they get more sun, and they'll melt in your mouth."



EN GOLDNER SADDEL ISS SCHEE, AWWER ER MACHT KEN GAUL AUS ME ESEL

ECHOES OUT OF THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

FORT NORTHKILL

Just east of Strausstown, on Route 22, a historical marker announces to the passing motorist that Fort Northkill is nearby. If the wayfarer has a desire to visit the site of the old fort, he must follow a narrow road which leads to the very foot of the Blue Mountains and there he will find a mere depression in the ground. If he had not known of the existence of a fort at that point there would be no way of distinguishing the spot from any other uneven surface of mountain land. Every vestige of the old colonial stockade has long since crumbled into dust. And yet there was a time when many anxious eyes in northern Berks looked in that direction for assurance of safety against sudden Indian attacks and more than once alarmed farmer-folk furtively sought its shelter against the tomahawk and firebrand.

In the Pennsylvania Archives the date of the construction of the fort is given as 1754. This is manifestly incorrect because no forts were built in Pennsylvania before the year 1757. The error has led several local historians into repeating it, but careful research has proved that the date given in the Archives is a typographical error.

Fort Northkill was one of a chain of forts which were built along the base of the Blue Mountains from the Delaware River to the Susquehanna at the command of the provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania, after the horrible Blue Mountain massacres of late 1756. Benjamin Franklin superintended the construction of the forts from the Lehigh Gap eastward and Conrad Weiser was in charge of the construction from the Lehigh westward to the Susquehanna. These forts were built fifteen miles apart and roving sentinels were employed in patrolling the distance between the forts, ready to raise the alarm the moment any redskin horde was detected.

On June 15, 1757, an army officer visited the fort and described it in his journal. The commander in charge at that time was Ensign Henry, provisions in the fort at that time were as follows: 198 pounds of flour; 5 pounds of powder; ten small bars of lead; 15 pounds of beef and pork; and three and one-half pounds of candies.

The original dimensions of the stockade were 32 by 32 feet. At each end there was a bastian to flank the curtain. The officer's report stated that the "stockades were ill-fixed in the ground." Inside of the outer stockade there was a log cabin which had no chimney.

In this insecure building the early settlers of the area around present Strausstown found refuge whenever an Indian raid threatened. In 1879 Mr. Jonathan Goodman of Strausstown, aged nearly eighty years, remembered that in his younger days the stockades were still in position. Today nothing is discernable except what once was the cellar of the fort and that is rapidly being filled with forest leaves.

* * * *

"WOMELSDORPS"

The peculiar spelling of the name Womelsdorf, Berks County, as "Womelsdorps" is that of George Washington. It is recorded in his diary under the date of October 2, 1794. The full text of his account of that day is as follows:

> October 2.—An accident happening to one of my horses, occasioned my setting out later than was intended—I got off in time, however, to make a halt (to bait my horses) at Womelsdorps [sic] 14 miles and to view the Canal from Myerstown towards Lebanon—and the Locks between the two places; which (four adjoining each other, in the dissent from the Summit ground along the Tulpihockin; built of brick;) appeared admirably constructed.—Reached Lebanon at Night, 28 miles.—Washington's Diary.

The occasion which brought the Father of his Country to Berks was a journey to Carlisle. It was at the time when the Whiskey Rebels were stirring up trouble in western Pennsylvania and the President was on his way to Cumberland County in order to obtain first hand information—"to be better enabled to determine whether I shall proceed on with the Troops."

From the diary of that chatty Pennsylvania German Jacob Hiltzheimer we learn that on September 30, 1794, "that great and good man General Washington, president of the United States, set out from his house on Market Street (Philadelphia) with Secretary (Alexander) Hamilton on his left and his Private Secretary, his nephew (Bartholomew) Dandridge on his right, to head the troops called out to quell the insurrection to the westward."

In order to reach Carlisle it was necessary to pass through Pennsylvania German counties. The route taken by the group of distinguished men lay through Norristown, along the present Route 422 to Trappe, where the party spent the night.

The next day the three men breakfasted in Pottsgrove (Pottstown) and had their dinner in Reading. The night of October 1 was spent in Reading, but in which hotel we do not know exactly. Most local historians, including Mr. J. Bennet Nolan, are of the opinion that the Federal Inn, which stood on the northwest corner of Fifth and Penn Streets was host to the President and his party.

After the experiences recorded under the date of October 2, the party set out from Lebanon on the morning of October 3 and breakfasted in Hummelstown, Dauphin County. That night was spent in "Harrisburgh on the banks of the Susquehanna."

It is interesting to note the impressions which Washington gained by his visit among the Germans of eastern Pennsylvania. Certainly the farmer of Mount Vernon was a competent observer. Under the date October 13 after he had reached the familiar Potomac in Maryland he wrote in retrospect:

> "From the City of Philadelphia, or rather from Norristown to Reading the road passes over a reddish and slaty, or shelly kind of land, through a very open and hilly Country, tolerably well cultivated by the farmers. The farm houses are good, and their Barns above mediocrity. The former chiefly of stone. . . . . From Reading to Lebanon, along what is called the valley, the Country is extremely fine. The land is rich. The agriculture as good as the buildings."

* * * *

HENRY HOUCK

1836-1917

Dr. Henry Houck, three times Secretary of Internal Affairs in Pennsylvania, was an amiable Pennsylvania Dutchman. His kindly nature won him many friends and his ready stories in the dialect were always an asset during political campaigns. Most of his life was spent in the service of the Department of Public Instruction and fifty years out of the eighty-one that he lived was spent in public office.

Henry Houck was born in Palmyra, Lebanon County, and educated in public and private schools. Franklin and Marshall College bestowed an honorary degree upon him in recognition of his outstanding services. He counted Lebanon as his home but he was a familiar figure in Reading and Lancaster, as well as in other sections of eastern Pennsylvania. His services were in constant demand as a speaker at public gatherings and his ready wit enlivened many a meeting.

What a pity his anecdotes are not accessible in collected form. We can remember but one. It was woven into a political speech which Houck made in 1912 advocating the election of Theodore Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket. According to the former deputy of the Department of Public Instruction a ten-year-old lad came home from school telling his father:

"Ich hab heit en hunnert per cent gemacht in de Schul."

"Wunnerbaar!" exclaimed his father, but suspiciously asked, "Un wie hoscht sell geduh?"—"Ei, ich hab dreissich gemacht in Geography, dreissich im Rechle un fattzich im Lese—un sell macht en hunnert, gell?"

The late Gabriel H. Moyer, Esq., of Lebanon, himself a recognized artist in the art of story-telling in the dialect, made note of some of Houck's gems before he passed away. The following Houck stories are selected from Mr. Moyer's notes:

While visiting a school Henry Houck observed a teacher asking a pupil to write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word "delight." This is the sentence as it appeared on the board: "It is growing dark, now bring de light in."

A man met his neighbor on the street. "I had a bad dream last night," said the neighbor, "I dreamt that I went to hell."—"Don't worry," came the consoling answer, "it might have been worse."—"How so?"—"It might have been true."

The church council of a rural congregation was trying to decide whether to place a huge "Welcome" sign over the entrance to the graveyard. One of the deacons expressed himself as follows: "Sell iss gor net notwennich. Sellie Wu datt sin, sin datt fer bleiwe, un wann mir in die Ruh kumme, macht's nix aus, sin mer willkumm odder net."

IM DEZEMBER 1950

Es Yohr iss schier verbei,
Mer meent es kennt net sei,
Awwer doch iss es so;
Mir Yunge sin glei alt,
Doch uns waerd's Haerz net kalt,
Was macht des uns so froh.

So geht's im Lewe do—
Eb mer's denkt, iss yo
Es Menscht vum Lewe rum;
Es waerd glei ruhich un schtill,
Noh saag ich, Ya, ich will
Geh, wann Er saagt, "Nau kumm!"

Denk du nau draa, die Zeit,
Iss karz—verleicht iss's heit,
Dass Er dich rufe duht;
Farricht du dich awwer net,
Der Heiland saagt, Er hett
Dich mit Seim Blut gerett.

—Gschriwwe beim DR. PIERCE E. SWOPE.

DER KASCHBER HUFNAGEL VERZEEHLT

ICH KUMM!

Mir Pennsylvaanisch Deitsche gleiche unser Parre. Mir gleiche sie so gut, ass mir en Latt Schdoris verzeehle iwwer sie. Loss mich eich etliche vun denne Parre-schdoris verzeehle.

Es hot en Parre en hochi Platform ghatt, wu sei Kansel druff waar. Ee Sunndaag waar er am Breddiche vun de Eilaading, as der lieb Herr uns gebt. Noh saagt der Parre, "Wann der Herr eem eilaad, muss mer saage, 'Ich kumm.'" Wie der Paare des gsaat hot, iss er voll-fors wedder die Kansel getschtumpt. Wie er 's dritt Mol gsaat hot, "Ich Kumm," un iss wedder die Kansel getschumpt, iss die Kansel umgfalle un er iss Barzelbaam iwwer die Platform nunner. Des hot ihn halwer ummechdich gemacht. Wie er zu sich kumme iss, hot er uff re alde Fraa ihrem Schooss ghock. Des hot ihn widder schier ummechdich gemacht. "Vergeb mir," hot der Parra gsaat. "Es iss alles all recht," saagt die alt Fraa. "Du hoscht mich dreimol gewarnt. Awwer ich hab net gedenkt, ass du verdollts alt Muundkalb tschumpe daetscht, schunscht waer ich weckgange."

* * *

En hunnert Yohr zerick iss en Kaerl an en Kaerl an en Kaerrich kumme un hot gsaat, er waer en Breddicher. Er hot uff die Schtilling etliche Glaas Dramm eigschitt eb er ans Breddicht iss. Wie er waarem iss warre, hot er gegrische, "Folgt mir nach," hot sich wennich verdappelt un iss die Kanseldreppe nunnergerollt wie en Block. Noh hot en Eldischter gsaat, "Nemm den Lump naus. Mir welle ihm net noochfolge." Es hot so Parre ghatt. Verleicht hot's heit noch deel soiche. Die Sart Parre hot als gebreddich, "Folgt meine Warte un net meine Waerricke." —Du ye!

En alder Parre hot en paar wollne Hosse ghatt fer winders. Darrich der Summer hot er die Hosse uff der ewwerscht Schpeicher ghenkt. Die Weschpe hen en Nescht in die Hosse gebaut. Haerbschts hot er die Hosse ee Sunndaag Marye aageduh fer geh breddicht. Wie er en Weil am Breddiche waar, sin die Weschpe aafange waarem warre. Uff eemol hen sie der alt Paare aafange barmlich zu schteche. Er hot aafange uff sei Hossesitz schlagge, iss ruff un nunner getschtumpt un hot maerderlosich gegrischt, "Ich hab's Wart Gottes im Maul un der Deiwel im Hossesitz."

DIE SCHWIEGER-MAMMI

Du bischt verleicht zu Englisch fer wisse was en Schwieger-mammi iss. Die Englische heesse sie "Mother-in-law". Nau weesscht was ich meen, duscht nau net? Es watt viel Gschpass gemacht iwwer die Schwieger-mammi, un sell meen ich waer net recht. Wann mer reddi iss fer Gschpass mache iwwer sei Schwieger-mammi, darf mer net vergesse, as sell de Fraa ihre Mammi iss. Un de Fraa ihre Schwieger-mammi iss verdollt sei niemand as wie unser liewi Mammi. Ferwas sett mer Gschpass mache iwwer sie?

Ich hab selwer die bescht Mammi ghatt as die Welt sei Lewe gsehne hot. Awwer mei Schweigermammi waar graad so gut un so schee un so neis as mei eegni geliebt Mammi. So glaab ich iss es die menscht Zeit bei de menschte Leit.

Awwer doch gebt's wunnerbaare Schdoris iwwer die Schwieger-mammi. Wie ich noch en Bu waar hen sie als gsunge vun de Schwieger-mammi. Die menschte vun denne Lieder darf mer net in en Familiezeiding drucke. Do iss awwer eens as ich oft gheert hab in meinre Yugend:

"Unser aldi Schwieger-mammi
Iss en gudi, aldi Seel;
Sie geht in die Miehl
Un schdehlt en Sackvoll Mehl."

Well, wann mer hungerich waer un hett so en Schwieger-mammi, waer's aardlich gut.

Es waar mol en Kaerl wie der letscht Kreig im Gang waar, un der hot sei Schwieger-mammi gaar net leide kenne. Selli Zeit waar's Gasolin ge-"rationed." Die Schtaatspolizei hen ihn gschdoppt uff der Stchross, un hen ausfinne welle, eb mer Gasolin uffyuse deet fer Blessiertripps. Es hot eener den Ketzer gschtoppt un hot ihn gfrogt, "Bischt du uff Bissniss aus odder Blessier? Er hot en Fluch ausgschtosse un hot geantwart, "Ich bin uff em Weg zu meinre Schwieger-mammi." Der Polizei waar selwer gheiert un hot gsaat, "Faahr yuscht fatt, sell iss ken Blessiertripp." Ich wott ich hett schwetze kenne mit selle Kaerls ihre Schwiegermammis.

Eier
KASCHPER HUFNAGEL

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BRANCH OFFICES:
BETHLEHEM: 509 Main St.—Phone 7-9711
CARBON-PANTHER: 2 E. Patterson St., Lansford—Phone 708

PUBLISHERS

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Editorials

Gather Christmas Joys

Observance of Christmas upon the second day of the week brings about an unusually long holiday weekend for the great mass of our people. It affords more than the usual opportunity for enjoyment in the vast round of engagements that people are wont to make in a season with high religious significance and a great mass of traditions as to social matters.

Such a long Christmas holiday period will not be enjoyed again for half a decade except that next year, with a Monday preceding there may be an equally extended holiday by virtually general agreement.

While there cannot this year be completely happy observance by the American people of this important holiday because the nation is virtually in a state of war, and American fears of worse things to come are running high, there is every reason to gather the real and proper joys from it while we may. Just as no one knows what the morrow will bring forth, so no one knows what the next year and years will bring forth for the world and the American people. We'll worry about that when we come to it.

It is into this atmosphere of fears and uncertainties however that the great story of Christmas should be readmitted together with the hope and the promise that the first Christmas Day and the birth of a Saviour of mankind gave to the peoples of the world.

More than in recent years, more than on the occasion of most Christmas days in American history, we need once more to be touched and inspired by the hope and promise that a little child, born in a manger 1950 years ago, brought to the world and continues to bring to our world if its people would open deaf ears and hardened hearts.

It is the opportunity and privilege of all to enjoy, if they will, the spirit of Christmas which is "Peace on earth to men of good will;" to share its gladness, which is Love, and to look forward with the confidence which is Christian Hope.

This old world continues to need the star that led wise men to the little town of Bethlehem. That star continues to shine for all who wish to see and follow it to where it stands overhead pointing out the Prince of Peace at whose second coming the world has been promised eternal peace.

Five-Year Peace on Rails

Settlement of the railroad strike appears certain since agreement has been reached between representatives of the unions, the carriers and the important third party, the government of the United States. Some formalities remain to be carried out but the high hurdles have been negotiated and there should be no serious obstacles ahead.

Important for the men in the settlement is increase in wages and gain of other advantages, altho not in the amount which had been demanded almost two years ago when the trouble, culminating in recent strike, began. Important for the management of the railroads, is the fact that with settlement of the strike there will be return of the railroads by the Government to the carriers after Federal control since last August. Important for the men, for the carriers and for the public is the fact that the terms of settlement call for uninterrupted operation of the roads by the men for a period of five years. During this period the interests of the men are to be protected by escalator clauses under which their wages are to be geared to the cost of living and also to the possibility of increased productivity.

Railroad peace, as far as the trainmen and conductors, the firemen and engineers are concerned, is assured for half a decade. The three hundred thousand men who are concerned can work with a higher sense of security and certainty and they should be able to work even more efficiently and productively.

Record P.O. Business

An index to record employment and payroll figures in this community is afforded indirectly by Allentown's postal receipts which already have exceeded 1949's record total and which assuredly, according to Postmaster Henry K. Bauman, will exceed a million and a half dollars when 1950's total has been calculated.

Mail of all kinds has been flowing thru the local office in record stream thruout the year and the current Christmas season finds it at flood tide. An employed and a prosperous people at this time is expressing some of its finest sentiments to relatives and friends. Such is the volume of this expression that Uncle Sam alone can handle it satisfactorily and expeditely.

How he does this is a triumph of organization which moves mail so rapidly, no matter what the volume may be, that the postmaster was able to promise yesterday that every piece of mail arriving in the local office by 9 o'clock this morning will be delivered before Christmas.

That will be the climax of a great feat that our post office employes have accomplished every day thruout the pre-Christmas rush season and which will be brought to sensational close today.

Peace Hopes Again Fail

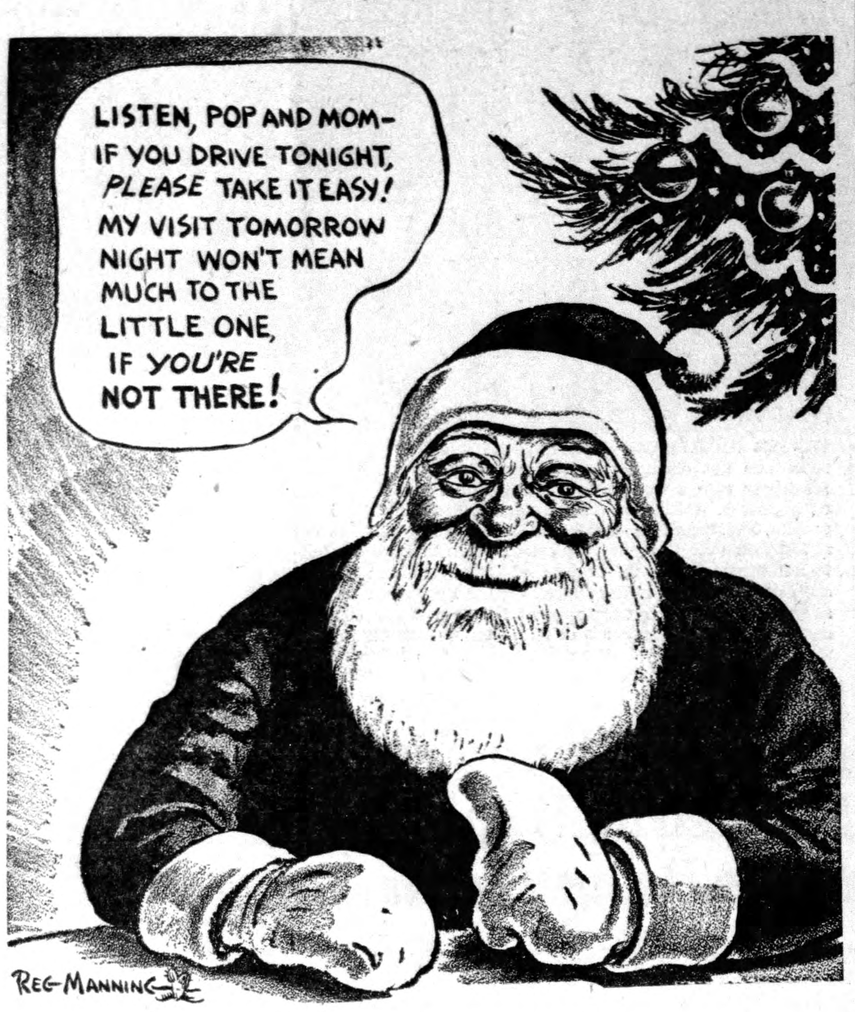
Again hopes have been dashed to earth as to the matter of the war in Korea for Communist China has refused to agree to the "cease-fire" order which the United Nations adopted almost a fortnight ago. Instead, General MacArthur is able to report new threats by huge forces of Chinese against the new lines of United Nations troops in the vicinity of the 38th Parallel.

In brief, the Chinese Reds as well as the North Koreans listen to only one master's voice—that of Russia. They do not any longer defend the presence of Chinese in Korea by referring to them as "volunteers," that patent lie which of course deceived no one. China is at war with the United Nations' troops in Korea and her leaders are determined to drive them out, take over the Korean peninsula or have the North Koreans take it over and then attempt to find some other way by which the United States can be driven out of the Orient, step by step. The progression would appear to be: Formosa first, then the Philippines and later such other island bases that the United States is maintaining in the Far East.

Always we are hopeful that somehow some one can be found who is ready to be reasonable which, according to our definition, means that they will abide by United Nations' decisions and strengthen that organization by such action; that there will be truthful dealings and sincere effort to arrive at peaceful understandings.

Always the end is the same. The Communists have a well determined plan. They are united and ruthless as to the manner in which that plan is to be achieved. They talk peace but make war. They pretend to confer but all concerned might just as well save breath. For example, the Chinese delegation spent three weeks at Lake Success and contributed nothing that Russia had not said a thousand times before and nothing that Russia could not have said for them without their making a trip half way around the world to waste the world's precious time.

From Santa to You



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—.

President Truman, in his recent statement, very properly invited Republicans who have "alternative policies" to come forth with them.

Former President Hoover and Gov. Dewey, twice a nominee for the presidency on the Republican ticket, are presenting alternative policies. What they advocate has a positiveness and a forthrightness which is missing in governmental pronouncements. But it isn't easy for President Truman to make American policy nowadays—he has to be governed by what other members of the United Nations may say or do.

While there are parts of what both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dewey said with which there will be disagreement expressed, the fact remains that these two men are reflecting a certain dissatisfaction in this country with the administration's foreign policy that cannot be cleared up by merely calling for unity and less partisanship.

Ask Leadership

Something deeper has been revealed in these cleavages. The American people are asking for leadership, and there can be a unified policy agreeable to all elements of the nation only when due consideration is given to criticism.

If ever there was a time to examine dispassionately and without emotion the points of criticism that are being made about the world situation, it is now. These criticisms boil down to this:

1. Member countries of the United Nations have let America down. They have not supplied the manpower needed in Korea since the crisis arose there last June.

2. The impression has spread throughout the world that the United States and not the United Nations is fighting in Korea. Who is responsible for that impression and what is going to be done about it by the U.S. and the U.N.? Sens. Ferguson of Michigan, Republican, and Green of Rhode Island, Democrat, were quoted in Tokyo Thursday as saying that, wherever they have traveled in Asia, the idea is prevalent that this is just a U.S. conflict with Communist China. This is exactly the line that Moscow has sought to implant by propaganda.

3. The United States does not have the manpower to defend Europe if by this is meant that America must supply the bulk of the troops. The American people are behind the North Atlantic pact and applaud the designation of Gen. Eisenhower as supreme commander, but it was about time somebody told the European peoples that the American people are sick and tired of the dilly-dallying about the defense of Europe. Europeans must show, more than they have these last few years, a willingness to mobilize and to fight.

4. The American people are growing weary over the vacillation in the UN and the evident attempts at "appeasement" by governments that seem to be playing ball with the Communists or trying to do so while professing to be friendly to democracy and opposed to aggression.

5. Failure of the UN to pronounce Communist China an "aggressor" has caused profound disappointment throughout the United States.

It is plain from the foregoing outline that America's policy in world affairs needs clarification and strengthening and that members of the UN should learn somehow in positive terms from somebody that American patience is wearing out.

True Meaning

That's the true meaning of some of the points made in the Dewey and Hoover speeches. The detailed programs they offer may bring dissent for various reasons but in the main the speeches have notified the world and particularly Europe that America expects other nations to do their duty not only in a military way but in espousing the basic principles of morality which have been written into the United Nations charter itself.

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25 Years Ago

From The Morning Call of Dec. 23, 1925, a Wednesday

Hundreds of children received gifts from the Lions club's Santa Claus at a meeting of the club in Hotel Allen. Atty. Harold W. Helfrich was chairman and Rev. W. F. Kosman, pastor of Salem Reformed church, gave the message.

Plans to form an Usher' club of the staff of the Colonial theater were inaugurated at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. William Nace, 930½ Brush St., in honor of the 25th birthday ann.versary of their son, Mahlon Nace.

A pre-Christmas social was held at the Nurses home of the Allentown hospital. Gisella Artinger and Anna Lansenderfer of the training school entertained classmates Beatrice Bittner, Florence Lucas and Grace Saeger.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

George Jean Nathan roasted the daylights out of a new Broadway comedy, which closed its run after two consecutive performances. The producer pointed out bitterly to Nathan, "You have set me and my associates back 75 grand." Nathan replied, "You and your associates have set the theater back a whole century."

Angler Harry Maule took his grandson fishing one Sunday, but after several unproductive hours the youngster suddenly threw down his pole and announced, "I quit. I can't seem to get waited on."

Horoscope

An excellent time for considering ways and means of extending your success in the future. A prosperous year is envisaged. Today's child may be expected to be fortunate.

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

Ellsdown, Pa.
da 22d Dezember, 1950

Liever Belsnickle:

Doh sin m'r widder Alter, drei dawg fer Grishdawg, un warick-lich won m'r shier wissa wos tzu schreiva. Ow'r ich denk, gadonka sin net laenich rohr bei unsduh wersht fermuthlich oft mohls aw net wissa wos da leit tzu bringa. Ich wase net wis is Alter, ow'r 's sheind die menschhect wear heit tzu dawg in der unnershd ards buddem nei ferdarva. Wors noch immer so Alter? 'Skumt uns fohr die menschheit wear heit tzu dawg om nix duh wie worta fer griega-niemond wil may shoffa, niemond wil may draua, un ich denk war tzu fiel draut is aw ferlossa.

Duh wais's Alter, 's wor ols 'n lot g'shpass tzu Grishdawgs tzeit won duh kumma brish'd. Fer wocha long hen m'r fohrraw gaguck'd tzu da tzeit won duh kaimsh'd-Grishdawg owet un gore ken onnerrie tzeit. Doh wor nix fon dich in da shtorra rum shlaifa fer wocha long eb leit un Grishdawg gadenk'd hen. Don un won hut m'r dei pickter in da tzeiting g'sehna, un die kinner hens mit wunner aw gaguck'd -tzu denka os sel der "Alt" kerl wear, woh Grishdawg owet kaimt sie p'sucha.

Ich wase net Alter, ow'r 's sheind uns die gons welt wear fershussa. Mohl fer ains, die kinner heit tzu dawg sin tzu g'sheid, -wissa may on ocht un nine yohr, wie mier gawist hen on sivatzae. Moovies, radio, un die luft bilder mashina, warick-lich die gons welt wert na fer die fees galaig'd allas os sie tzu duh hen sin die socha ei nemma. Der olmechdich dahler wor ols ebbes-hen 'n denk ich "olmechdich" k'haisa, weil er so hard tzu ferdiehna wor.

Fermuthlich Alter wersh'd duh oft mohls aw net wissa woh der kup d'r shtaid. Ow'r los diers net ferlaid sei, duh hosh'd blenty kumpany. Eb der shmoke fom ledshda griek farblae fertzoga wor, hen sie shun awfonga gnarra in onnerra ecka. G'sunda, garoshda yunga boova os noch ken monich yohr tzurick gawort hen fer dich sehna kumma Grishdawg owet, shlofa now im gaila, nossa ledda, imma fremma long, woh sie nee mohls dafor ebbes gawist hen dafon -Alter, sawg duh mier ferwos.

'S mawg ferleicht sei Alter, os m'r die socha net recht fershtaina—hen ferleicht tzu'n dickie harnshawl, odder worra ferwaind in da yuchand. Ow'r sei so gute Alter won duh kumsh'd Grishdawg owet, un bring uns 'n heit tzu dawgs resata buch,-'n buch mit ol da resata drin fer lava unna shoffa; wie aw tzu fonga owwa uf 'm haufa; un wie 'n maishder shoffman tzu werra unna airsht diehna ols 'n brentice.

Un weiter wie aw sel Alter, los sel buch fertzaila wos sie duhna in Washington mit 'm fiela hard ferdiehnta tox gelt os sella waig nunner gait. M'r wissa 's gelt hut ken bleivendieshteady darta, 's kumt rei un gait nous-uns ferdreaslich dale is os die gross mehrtzahl dafon in fremma hand gait, os yusht longa won sie griega, un shloga won na nimmy gewwa wert. Aenicha waig so kumts uns fohr Alter, -'s sheind uns wie woh duh wairsh'd, ow'r wie won unser gons lond Belsnickle wear tzum iwwerreshd fon da welt.

So weit os winscha aw gait, wissa m'r wenich shunshd tzu sawga, os wie os m'r ol unserra fiela friend un laiser die aller harlichda Grishdawg winscha os tzu winscha sin. Grishdawg wie m'r uns noch erinnerra kenna os worra wie die menschheit tzu fritta wor mit glaenichkata, un net gaguck'd hut fer die gons ard howwa mit ra glaina rota fens drum rum.

Wie immer,

Der Pumpernickle

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Isaiah 53

We might ask why this chapter concerning the crucifixion of Jesus should be assigned for today, immediately preceding the Christmas chapters of the next two days. But on second thought there is the closest possible relation, for in order to fulfill the prophecies of this remarkable chapter, Jesus had to be born into this world. The joy of Christians should always be associated with the cross of Calvary, for Jesus was born for the definite purpose of dying, to make atonement for the sin of the world. Simeon, addressing Jesus' mother in Luke 2:35, when the Child was 40 days of age, foretells the time when a sword should pierce her own soul. This happened as she saw the Roman spear pierce the heart of her Son on the cross, the inspiration of the great mediaeval hymn, Stabat Mater, dolorosa, etc., so beautifully set to music by Rossini. Much of this chapter was used by Handel when he composed The Messiah. Despised and rejected of men, v. 3, wounded for our transgressions, v. 5, the iniquity of us all laid upon Him, v. 6, are only a few phrases so used. From v. 7 Philip preached Jesus to the Ethiopian in Acts 8.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

Betty Betz, idol of a million teen-agers, and fellow columnist, has just sent me her latest creation, the "Memory Book."

If I remember correctly we boys never had memory books in which we kept clippings, dance programs, and all those little odds and ends that teen-age girls treasure so much.

The only kind of "memory book" I had was not kept until I was about 20.

It was a little black book with a lot of names such as Mamie, Lizzie, Daisy, Edith, Ethel, Peggy, etc. After each name came a telephone number and a few hieroglyphics that were my own code and which I will not discuss here.

I threw that book away—but quickly—when I got married.

* * *

Back to Betty Betz' Memory Book.

On the last page there is a pledge, which is headed "I am a Betty Betz Angel."

Being very much of a grown up that title sounds a bit silly to me, But who am I to judge the intricate meanderings of the feminine teen-age mind?

The "Betty Betz Angels" are her fan-clubs, and I understand they extend as far as Japan, where she visited some time ago and where all the teen-age girls —and I understand many a man far above that age—fell in love with her.

What impressed me about that pledge is the fact that it contains everything that parents want their children to be.

If that pledge is kept, if all our American teen-agers live up to it, then our country can look forward to a wonderful new generation of citizens.

I give it to you here, because whether you ever heard of Betty Betz or not, that pledge might well be the behavior guide for every American youth, regardless of age or sex:

* * *

"In this war-torn world I am a young person who feels very fortunate to have a home, family, friends and good health.

"I feel no prejudice toward any other race, color or religion. I shall choose my friends for what they are and not for what they have.

"I shall put forth my best efforts to work hard and well, to practice honesty and fair play and to be kind and generous to all people.

"I am grateful to my parents, to my teachers, to my fine country, and to God . . . For without their love and protection the memories of my 'growing up days' might not be as pleasant as they are."

* * *

For this pledge I am even inclined to forgive Betty for some of the awful puns on the pages entitled "Jokes to Remember."

Here are a few:

". . .after man came woman, and she has been after him ever since!"

"Courtship is the period in which a girl decides whether or not she can do better, . . ."

"Definition of a bathing beauty. . .'a girl worth wading for'" (This is definitely horrible.)

"He: Do pug noses run in your family? She: Only in the winter time."

But perhaps I am too critical. The 17-year old to whom I showed Betty's book screeched with delight when she read these jokes.

She begged me to let her keep the book, the whole of which she pronounced as "just scrumptuously divine!!"

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AT BETHLEHEM IN 1761

The modern historian who painstakingly searches in archives may render history more factually, but it is the contemporary, perhaps even casual, observers—the letter writers, chroniclers and diarists, who add life and warmth to the pages of history.

In 1740 the Moravians had settled on the banks of the Lehigh and established there a communal society whose members labored for and participated in a general economy which attracted the attention of many intelligent people throughout the colonies.

Only 20 years later, in 1761, in the midst of the French and Indian War, a young Quaker maiden, Hannah Callender, together with her future husband and two other unmarried couples set out by carriage from Philadelphia to visit Bethlehem. Hannah Callender kept a diary and her particular entries about Bethlehem are of special interest today. Bishop Levering, in his large history of Bethlehem, Pa. (pub. at Bethlehem in 1903) speaks highly of Hannah Callender's observations and considers them "the impressions of an evidently healthy, sensible, well-bred young woman who could be interested and find enjoyment, and who was not one of those who describe everything as very queer that chances to be different from what they have always been accustomed to. Such a glimpse of Bethlehem in 1761 relieves the sombre impressions gotten from the narratives of the trials and hardships of the previous years. It is different, too, from the purely and intensely religious character given the softer and finer features of the picture by the Brethren themselves, in the current records, in which they tell their own history and experiences. This visitor to Bethlehem whose notes, were, a few years ago, put into print, as those of many other visitors receiving varying impressions have been, was accompanied from Philadelphia by two other young women and two young men, one of them apparently her future husband."—

Hannah Callender kept a diary from 1758 to about the time of her marriage to Samuel Sansom in 1762. A century and a quarter had elapsed since then, when one of her descendants, George Vaux, edited some extracts from the diary and published them in The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography (Vol. XII, 1888) from which we here reprint the following excerpts in the belief that they have special pertinence for our readers.—

1761, 8th month, 26.—Parents consenting Anna Pole, Betsy Bringhurst, H. Callender, James Bringhurst and Samuel Sansom, set out for Bethlehem and the country adjacent, intending a tour of a week or ten days in a complete light wagon (for a pair of horses made by James Bringhurst). We rode agreeably to Germantown seven miles. Dined at Maconet's, observed the new college, a neat building for the education of youth [later the German Academy]. Two o'clock we set out again. Found Chestnut Hill long and difficult. William Allen has a large stone house on the top. We met with a complaisant Dutchman, a wagoner, going through White Marsh. Passed Roland Evans' and about six o'clock rode pleasantly down a fine descending lane to the widow Evans' (Widow of the worthy John Evans who now lives with her son John Evans) distance thirteen miles. In a little time after Anthony Benezet and Robert Parrish arrived from Bethlehem, having been so far with the friendly Indians Paponon etc. on their way home. They brought an account that the people were apprehensive the Indians intended to strike a blow soon, which had set them in an alarm, but they thought we might safely proceed.

8th month, 27.—Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning rode through a fine country thickly inhabited to Trostrum's, eight miles and breakfasted. Proceeded through a very stony road ten miles to Insley's, then seven miles to Jetter's. Drank part of a poor dish of tea, yet it refreshed us from a fright we put ourselves in on the road. Now we began to see the mountains at a distance. In five miles we got to another public house, but a very poor one. Proceeded the other five to Bethlehem being almost night. You ride a little way along the banks of the Lechia, [Lehigh] to a tavern opposite the town. (This was the later well-known Crown Inn, the first public house erected on the Lehigh by the Moravians. Here we began to see the manners of the people, complacent mild and affable. All their buildings and things for use are made strong and lasting. Crossed the river. The Brethren's House made a pretty illumination. Walked a quarter of a mile to the Inn in Bethlehem. Passed by the stables which were struck with lightning last year. The house is kept by Peter Worbas during good behaviour: all its profits go to the common stock (The Sun Inn, still one of the prominent hostleries of Bethlehem. Peter Worbas, its first landlord, was one of the five who escaped when the mission-house at Gnadenhuetten, on the Mahoning, was destroyed by Indians in November of 1755.—Vaux). Charles Stedman and Seaman just arrived before us from Grayam (Graeme) Park. We had an elegant supper and diligent waiters.

8th month, 28.—Waked in the morning by one hundred cows, a number of them with bells, a venerable goat and two she goats driven in town by two sisters. This order was continued morning and evening during the time we stayed and looked very pretty. We breakfasted and set off for Nazareth, 9 miles distant, in company with C. Stedman, Seaman Jones, and two waiting men. Nazareth is a fine farm where the widows and boys reside. In the widows' meeting room are two pieces of painting, the birth and death of our Saviour. We asked for the widow Brownfield. She came and expressed great satisfaction at seeing us. Then we crossed a field or two to the boys' house. This was built as a habitation for Count Zinzendorf—a large spacious stone house (Nazareth Hall). Ascending by a flight of steps into a large hall used for worship, the minister our guide played on the organ. Passed through the children's eating rooms which contain long narrow tables with benches covered with coarse cloth and wooden trenchers. They were not so clean as all the rest. Up stairs are the School-rooms. One room children between three and four years picking cotton, so orderly and still. For any noise they made you might have been in an empty room. The next two rooms contained children between five and six years old knitting. In the fourth room were children between seven and eight years old spinning. In the fifth and last room children were employed at their books. Pieces of their writing were fixed on the wall to raise emulation. Fourteen children in each room. The children's meeting room is a large hall on the same floor adorned with six pieces of painting illustrating the life of our Saviour, representing him at full length. The third story is the bed room containing one hundred beds for one person each. Two brethren by turns keep nightly watch with lamps burning. The great order, decency, decorum and convenience, is hardly to be expressed. We left this pleasant place with due thanks to the manister, going one mile beyond to dine at a tavern. ("The Rose" (from 1752 to 1770), the first house of entertainment on the "Barony of Nazareth." Vaux). Several Indians were at the house and things carried a solemn aspect. In the war it had been a place of defence or retreat for the neighborhood. This last rumor had brought a family from twenty miles beyond and they themselves in much fear. After dinner went two miles to Gnadenthal. Went into the meeting room and saw two pieces of painting, the birth and death of our Saviour. Some women kindly treated us with peaches. Got into the wagon and at a small distance reached Christian's Spring. (Christian's Spring was named for Christian R., a son of Count Zinzendorf. The diary of the congregations contains a record of the visit of this "company of Quakers from Philadelphia to view our settlement," and furthermore "they were shown the tame trout in the spring, who were fed by hand, and would allow Bro. S. to take them from the water."—Vaux). This is the residence of the younger single brethren. Admired their waterworks, milk-house and fine oxen. Went down steps to the spring from whence the place took its name. Drank of the Castalian fount. Being walled in a sort of room and very nice gave it a romantic air. Drank a dish of tea in the Guardian's room opposite the single brethren's chambers, who pleased and diverted themselves by looking at us.

Returned to Bethlehem. At the top of a hill just as you enter the town a prospect of the gaps in the mountains at a vast distance and the length of forty miles from each other. Supped at Worbas's.

8th month, 29.—Rose with the cows. Lovely fine prospect. The bell calling the sisters to prayers. All the company breakfasted together in the large right hand room up one pair of stairs. We walked into the town. At the foot of the hill we met Nicholas Garrison, who introduced us with form to his wife. Gracy (Garrison) received us with freedom. We had gone to school with each other. Here we parted with the men and had no more to do with them being delivered to the sisters. Sister Becky Langly came there. We went from hence with them to the meeting room. Here we saw nine pieces of painting of the life of our Saviour. Met sister Miller, a married sister, and sister Polly Penry. As we had gone to school together and I knew the history of her unfortunate life we were greatly affected at seeing each other. Walked up the single sisters' walk, a quarter of a mile long, adorned with two rows of black cherry trees to the Monachosee (Monocacy) creek . . . Extended our walk along the creek to the Wash-house, Dye house, Bleaching Yard, Saw-mill, etc. Sister Miller and Betsy Bringhurst going a little before us. Sister Garrison with good humor gave us girls leave to step across a field to a little island belonging to the single brethren. On it is a neat summer house with seats of turf and buttonwood trees around it. The Monachosee laves its foot. We brought little cups in our pockets from Philadelphia and here drank peace and tranquility to each other. Walked to the oil-mill, fullers, butchers, millers and milk-house. Parted with the sisters and went to the Inn highly delighted. After dinner Nicholas and Gracy Garrison came to the Inn and waited on us down to the children's meeting. The meeting held half an hour. The service consisted of singing, playing on the organ and a short sermon in German by a minister. We drank tea with the sisters in an outer room. They begged to be excused from taking us to their apartments. In the evening we were at the love feast. The men and women met there altogether, the men on one side and the women on the other, going in at different doors to prevent communication. Brothers waited on the men and Sisters on the women. Two persons brought in large baskets with small loaves of bread, distributing to every one, one and to each person a small cup of chocolate. Returned to the Inn and lodged.

8th month, 30.—Ten o'clock we girls met Sister Miller, Becky, and Polly, at the gate leading to the women's house and went to meeting. The minister spoke in English. The minister, Hyde, is their limner, who executed all the paintings.

(Valentine Haidt, a native of Danzig, in 1714 went to Dresden to study painting, which he continued in the schools of Venice, Rome and Paris. After uniting with the Moravians in Germany, he executed a series of historical paintings still extant. In 1754 he was sent to Pennsylvania, where he entered the ministry of his church, and passed his remaining years between the pulpit and the easel. He died at Bethlehem, 18th January, 1780.—Vaux)

DIE FEIERDAAGE

Die Grischtdaag sin nau widder do,
Die Leit sin fleissich, kaafe so;
Des iss an daere Zeit der Fall,
Die Grischte duhn es iwwerall.

Deel Leit hen Grischtdaag 's gans Yaahr rum,
Un deel vergesse's, sell iss dumm:
Die Grischtdaag sin fer viel Leit kaerz,
Doch dutt 's viel Lewe in ihr Haerz.

Un deel Leit meene 's breicht net sel,
Mer breicht ken Grischtdaag, 's waer net nel;
Hen Licht un Schtanneschein verfehlt,
Sin schwach im Haerz un sin gekwaelt.

Noh kummt es Neiyaahr aa so gschwind,
Mer wunnert was es mit sich bringt;
Sin so viel Sach am Geh fer'n Schtaert,
Es bescht iss "Friede uff de Aerd."

Mir sin so froh, wann sell net brecht,
Un was der Engelschaar verschprecht;
Fer was der liewe Gott uns schickt,
Do dutt mer bede, ass mer's grickt.

—D. GEORGE KNECHT

Suggested by Elfrieda Gerloff Weaver's Christmas letter to the ECK in the issue for Dec. 11, 1948.

ZUM SANTA CLAUS

O, Santa Claus! O, Santa Claus!
Du scheener, liewer Mann!
Du bischt der Kaerl wu Alt un Yung
So freehlich mache kann.

Ye, besser wie en Tariff Law,
O, Santa Claus, bischt du;
Du helfscht dem grosse Fabrikant
Un der ganse Bissniss Crew.

Protection bischt zum Zucker Trust,
So gut wie en Tariff Law;
Du nemmscht des Geld vum Daadi weck,
Un vun de Mammi aa!

—WENDELL KITZMILLER
(Ezra Grumbine, 1845-1923)

GRISCHTDAAG

Es iss widder Grischtdaag,
Un hen ihr schunn gedenkt,
Ass an dem Grischtkindel
Die gans Grischtemeit henkt?

Die Welt waar in Sinde
Un in Druwwel noch meh;
Unser Haerr Gott hot's gewisst
Un des dutt ihm aa weh.

Uff die Aerd schickt er nunner
Sei eensicher Sohn;
Er bringt uns nei Lewe,
Vun der Hell uns verschont.

Ken Blatz iss im Waertshaus,
Wu sei Eldre kenne bleiwe;
Sie gehn in der Schdall,
Beim Vieh duhn verweile.

Do kummt des Grischtkindel,
Leit uff Hoi un uff Schdroh;
In me Drog, in me Schdall,
In Windle leit er do.

En Schdann, gross un hell,
Schdeht iwwer dem Schdall;
Die Engelschaare singe,
Die Schaefer heern 's all.

"Lob sei Gott in de Heeh,
Un Friede uff de Aerd;
Der Heiland iss gebore,
So ass alles gut waerd."

Un die Schaefer duhn bede,
Sin verschdaunt un so bang;
Iss des unser Heiland,
As verschproche schunn lang?

So waerd es wull recht sei,
Weil der Schdann noch datt schteht;
Un es glee Kindel im Drog leit,
Wann mer in der Schdall geht.

Nau wolle mer Gott danke
Fer des lieb Grischtkind,
As uns Haerrlichkeit un Lewe
Un Friede uff die Aerd bringt.

—ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

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Editorials

Bad Timing for Strike

Having been given famous but shameful double-talk over the years by the representatives of Soviet Russia, the American people have become accustomed to hearing a spade called a heart, a diamond or club — anything but a spade — and to expect the offering of paltry, shabby excuses for doubtful actions by individuals and groups who do not bat an eyelash in the process.

The American people are being subjected at this time to inconveniences and losses incident upon a wildcat strike among railroad workers, particularly in the Middle Western States, and the explanations that are offered are just so much equivocation.

It is not a "strike," according to those who in vast numbers and simultaneously have failed to report for work. Obviously they would have us believe that it is a mere coincidence when men who have been unable to agree with the Presidential fact-finding board's recommendations as to wages, hours and working conditions, do not turn up for work at a given time. So even tho the officially unauthorized strike is directed against the Government of the United States, which took over the railroads on the eve of threatened strike last August, it is being contended in effect that nothing wrong, nothing illegal is being done.

It is a sorry sham. It is all the sorrier because it is occurring at a season of the year when the transportation system should be functioning at its highest capacity. It is even worse because it is occurring during a time of great national stress when thousands of Americans on battlefields abroad are highly critical and loudly vocal about any news from home that indicates to them that anybody is "lying down on the job."

The American soldier today is no different than was his predecessor on European battlefields just a few years ago. He wants to believe that everybody at home is backing up his work with enthusiasm, vigor and unselfish spirit. They are not concerned with any argument about an opposite attitude. They want performance and not alibis.

It will not help opinion among the soldiery that the strike is against the government, which for almost four months legally has been in physical possession of the railroads and is operating them. To the soldier, this is the equivalent of disobeying officers, or refusing to fight and perhaps die.

It will not help opinion that an order from a Federal court in Chicago to the workers' union has not been obeyed. The strikers flaunted public opinion and the Courts by going out and refusing to return. They refused the findings of a mediator appointed by President Truman. They have not increased sympathy with their cause by current tactics and the timing that they have used — advantageous, they probably believe for their own side, but just the contrary for the American people.

Enuf Rubber This Time

Unless the defense effort in the United States grows out of all proportion to expectations and to experiences during World War II there should be no shortage of rubber for all necessary purposes in this country, regardless of the extent in point of time of a national emergency.

During World War II the country experienced a crisis as to this raw material after Japanese forces took over Malaysia and other rubber - growing areas. Then began a search by American scientists throughout the western hemisphere for trees and plants that might yield substitutes for latex or raw natural rubber. Likewise, the Government poured millions of dollars into the erection of plants to manufacture synthetic rubber out of alcohol and petroleum.

Fortunately those plants still stand and, fortunately too, private industry has been expanding its production of the synthetic articles. At recent ceremonies which marked completion of a tire plant program, J. J. Newman, vice president of B. F. Goodrich Co., gave some interesting figures to support the industry's belief that in the event of a war, this country will not be caught short as to rubber, even if all natural supplies be cut off.

It was reported that the nation now has plants which can produce 950,000 tons of synthetic rubber a year. The entire national consumption of natural rubber in 1940, or a year before the war, was only 651,000 tons.

However, present usage is at the rate of better than 1,000,000 tons a year. But part of this has been due to the record production of automobiles, and to a wave of scare buying shortly after the Korean fighting started.

Auto production is expected to drop next year and those who bought tires in 1950 will probably not be in the market for the next 12 months, so that rubber usage in 1951, for civilian purposes, will be considerably below current levels, Mr. Newman estimated.

Rarin' to Go on A-Power

While we think of atomic energy largely in the light of its destructive powers when released suddenly from a bomb, scientists and real statesmen as well as industrialists are thinking of it in terms of its capacity to help mankind.

It is believed on some hands that our government, thru Congress, safely can permit private industry to go ahead in the development of atomic energy for public needs and advantage as against destruction. It is feared on the other hand that national security demands complete secrecy about the entire matter.

Scores of American manufacturing concerns are tied in closely with the American effort as to the production of these new military weapons. But the National Patent Council declares that they are restricted as to applying their skills in evolving the basic designs to utilize atomic energy for power and light or other purposes that will serve the public need.

The National Patent Council asserts that industry is primed to take over at the moment competitive-incentive restrictions are removed. Without waiting for the desired amendments, one company has suggested a partnership with Government. Charles A. Thomas, executive vice president of Monsanto Chemical Co., said he believed private companies might share costs of design, construction, and operation of an atomic power plant. Specifically he proposed for his company that the first step might be a $35,000,000 power plant to produce 75,000 kilowatts. The plant would be located in Idaho. The Government would provide the uranium and get back all plutonium. The company would get phosphorus for fertilizer. The fuel also could be used for cracking petroleum.

General Electric will be on the starting line when private industry is permitted to go ahead with atomic energy independent of government control according to the council. It now operates the Government works at Hanford, Wash. It also was assigned, over two years ago, to find practical ways of deriving power from reactors at the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory near Schenectady, N. Y.

The laboratory staff started out to design a plant for "large amounts of useful power from chain reaction." It also worked on a design for "breeding" nuclear fuel. Earlier this year, the laboratory was directed to suspend further operations in those directions in favor of a power plant to be used on naval vessels.

Du Pont, also a pioneer on large-scale atomic fission operations for AEC, is now undertaking the most gigantic project of all in the creation of a hydrogen bomb. The fact that this chemical company is an old hand at juggling and streamlining molecules to invent detergents, nylon, Orlon, and countless other epochal inventions, convinces many that it is in an excellent position to advance atomic power in private industry.

Most of this human energy and brain must however stand still, the National Patent Council reports, until Congress deems it wise and safe to amend provisions in the Atomic Energy Act. None of the companies named, nor any others, can develop atomic energy for industrial use in the meanwhile.

Explain That Again, Please



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Washington—

This week is being written the blackest chapter in the history of organized labor in America.

By concerted action, railroad switchmen in several cities reported "sick" and thus insulted the intelligence of the country in general and the United States Army in particular.

With war materials being rushed across the country to our armed forces in Korea, transportation systems have been impaired and millions of travelers inconvenienced.

Against Government

The nation's railroads are today being operated by the U.S. Army under a presidential order of seizure. Thus the switchmen are striking against the government of the United States.

The railroad unions have been called upon by the government to discipline their men and get them back to work. Some of the leaders facetiously have declared they couldn't take the men by the neck and force them to go back. Probably not — but the men can be made to understand what damage is being done to the country and perhaps to the unions.

For if the union leaders have no authority over their members, then the government may have to step in and seize the union treasuries and take over the management of their affairs, just as the government has taken over the railroads.

No employe of the government can strike against the government. The laws passed by Congress make it unlawful to pay out money to anyone who is a member of any organization which strikes against the government. Thus the striking switchmen, who are government employes at the moment, may never get paid for the time they are absent from their jobs. Likewise it remains a legal question whether the labor unions themselves cannot be accused of contempt and their leaders punished if convicted for failing to act in good faith in ordering the men back to work.

Claim Challenged

Railroad executives are claiming that it isn't an unauthorized strike at all and that the work stoppage is the result of concerted action. The same thing happened last year in the coal industry, when the United Mine Workers was ordered by the court to get the men back and the union claimed it couldn't do it. The Department of Justice argued that there was collusion and that the Union was responsible for the strike. Judge Keech ruled there was no evidence of bad faith and the case is still under appeal in higher courts. Judge Goldsborough, in a previous case with somewhat similar circumstances, held the union and its leaders responsible and fined them heavily.

It is curious that not a single labor leader of importance has denounced the striking switchmen. This in itself is a strange commentary on the class feeling that apparently has developed in America. Union leaders evidently feel that they cannot criticize their brethren. But, in failing to do so, they do injury to the labor movement as a whole and particularly to the right to strike.

Not Always Solution

The dispute between the railroads and the unions has been dragging along for weeks in the office of President Truman's assistant, John R. Steelman. Numerous attempts to solve the controversy have moved beyond boards and other negotiating tribunals. The latest episode emphasizes that, when labor unions and management do not agree, seizure by the government doesn't always offer a solution. Reliance on patriotism even in time of a national emergency does not seem effective either. The strikers apparently do not hesitate to put their own material interests above the welfare of their country and above the needs of the soldiers and sailors in the armed services who need the freight that isn't moving promptly to them.

Is compulsory arbitration the answer? Congress has been considering such legislation. But the real answer lies in a thorough investigation of the whole matter by some committee of Congress to determine why wildcat or unauthorized strikes occur and who starts them. They certainly do not start spontaneously in three cities at the same time, nor do the strikers all ignore the orders of their leaders and their government without some instruction from somewhere.

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Edgar A. Guest

The Poet of the People

FEMININE TRAIT

How comes it that a woman sees
So many simple things like these:
A flower fading and a rug awry
Which without notice man walks by?

A wrinkle in a ribbon she will note.
A tiny bit of thread upon a coat.
A book left open where it shouldn't be,
A lamp shade slightly tilted she will see.

No imperfection, however slight
But she will promptly move to set it right
And all the flaws to which a man is blind
A woman with a single glance, will find.

(Copyright, 1950)

Horoscope

Your next year is indicative of some good fortunes and happiness. Born on this date a child should evince some excellent qualities.

Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

More than one-third of the United States population spent more last year than they made, the Federal Reserve Board has reported.

That one-third includes the government of the United States, of most states, of the majority of cities and towns, me and possibly you.

The preceding sentence is not reported by the Reserve board. It is from my own findings.

* * *

The board makes two more astoundingly sagacious observations:

(1) The extra spending is done mostly by people in the lower income brackets who get by chiefly on credit and the installment plan.

(2) Families of the top tenth in income pile up more savings than all other families put together.

* * *

Something should be done about this, of course.

If this were Russia it would be very simple.

Everybody who did not pay his bills promptly would be shot. Stalin and his gang would confiscate all their property. Shostakovich would be ordered to write another symphony called "Freedomski."

That would be that.

* * *

But here it isn't so simple.

For some unknown reason we don't like to be shot.

Perhaps it is because there is too much to live for in the United States.

So we'll have to think of something else.

We can't continue going into debt year after year.

That's all right for the government, but not for us ordinary citizens.

When the government needs more money it just prints more money or raises our taxes.

Strange to say, what's all right for the government is a crime for us. If we print our own money, we go to jail.

So what to do?

I have made a start.

Here in Connecticut we have a two per cent sales tax on all purchases over 25 cents.

Yesterday I went to our stationery store. I got two 15 cent magazines and gave the girl at the counter a one dollar bill. She gave me 69 cents change.

"What's the idea?" I asked.

"30 cents for the magazines, a penny tax," she said.

I remembered the Federal Reserve board report.

"That's where my money goes," I said to myself.

"I think I'll take only one of these magazines now," I said to the girl.

"O.K.," she replied and returned 16 cents.

I walked around the counter, said, "Now I'll take the other one," and gave her 15 cents.

Thus I was a penny farther away from bankruptcy and increased my standing with Dun and Bradstreet's by the same amount.

* * *

And thus, by living within my means, I figure I'll some day be able to pay the government all the back taxes I owe.

(Copyright 1950)

Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

DADE FIELA FER GREISHA: Der Web Long, barkipper bei da Vets on da 14d un Hamilton doh in da shtadt, kon die socha gore net fershtae-des da elter os er wert, des da aryer sheinds wear allas ferdray'd. Mohl fer ains hut er doh weil tzurick der beebser kot, un kon net recht tzu shtraich kumma, un noh hut er aw alla fingers long druvel darrich die Estella Schmoyer woh er dahame is.

Mohr fers aller hen sie so arrick doll bubba-'n gonsie shuckle fol. Der Web huck'd alsa mohl gonsa shtunna shuckla, un wie er dafon weck gait, shtarta sie brilla. Noh het er da onner dawg aw g'fiel'd fer brilla wie die Estella Grishdawgs kichelcher gabocka hut uns hut nix gewwa wie louder laedich wetzshtae. Wos die Estella gamocht hut wase sie heit noch net-net mit ous sie hut tzu fiel wosser in der dake un sel hut ol die marbichkate weck ganumma. Der Web is arrick fer kichelcher, ow'r sel wor ae ort os er net gaglicha hut.

Tzitter os der Web unnich 'm wedder wor, huck'd er fiel dahame rum, un des da wenicher os er k'haisa wert fer duh, des da liever is es 'm. Wie die Estella die ledshd woch ow'r on ra leicht wor wies so arrick garayert hut un is bol fersoffa, hut er grawd halt aw shloga missa fers hous uf hitza wie sie hame kumma is. Noh hut er aw die finger so shracklich ferbrent wie er bree in sei cigarett awshtecker duh hut wolla,-sel wor aeland im haichda grawd.

Druvel uf kours gleich'd net laenich tzu sei, uns sis leicht tzu fershtae os ols noch mainer uf 'm waig wor. Un der nagshd druvel os ei garissa is, wor, da onner dawg wie der Web wenich nous galoffa wor fer frishie luft, un hut gamaint die Estella wear fershwunda wie er tzurick kumma is. 'S hut nix ous gamocht wie arrick os er gagrisha hut, un woh er gaguck'd hut, die Estella wor yusht naryads tzu finna.

Iwwel odder wohl wie ken onnerer waig wor, is er nous uf die shtross fer sie sucha, un is ol iwwer rum g'shpuck'd, ow'r hut sie yusht net finna kenna. 'S aller airsht is er nochs John Ackers, owr' sie hen nix gawist fon ra-g'shweia aw net rota hen kenna woh sie sei maich'd, is er tzu da Arthur Meckes'n, noh tzu da Ray Schmoyer'n, un fon darta tzu da Stella Roth uf da Nord 16d shtross, ow'r niemond hut nix wissa woh sie wear.

Wie ken onnerra bletz may worra woh er gadenk'd hut os sie sei maich'd, is er tzurick hame. Glei hut er ebbes fon ma garoush k'hoert wie won ebber 's aller arrickshd om reiva wear mit ra hond barsh'd. Un wohrhoft wie der Web gaguck'd hut, wor die Estella uf hand un gnee in da bawd shtub, om budda uf wesha, ferol os sie aw kartz dafor g'falla wor un hut die oxel ferdray'd, un die bae fershunna os sie bol net gawist hut fert tzu kumma.

Druvel mawg kumma, un druvel mawg gae, ow'r der Web kon net fershtae ferwos er der druvel ol uf ae mohl howwa mus. Uns arrickshd fon selra ferlierrei wor, wie er hame kumma is hut die gons shuckle fol budda gabrill'd os es wosser uf 'm budda rum galoffa is wie wons rayerra dade, uns doch dade 's aller arrickshd rinna.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R Is des net aeland im haichda grawd, wons gasoline ae mohl runner kumt im price, sin die waiga tzu glitchich un glot fer fohra gae.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Matthew 25

This chapter readily divides itself into three sections, vs. 1-13; 14-30, and 31-46, as indicated by the paragraph marks at verses 14 and 31. The three sections have to do with various aspects of God's judgments upon individuals and upon nations, for God deals with individuals as well as with constituted governments. There is an interesting statement in German: 'Weltgeschichte ist Weltgerichte,' meaning that as we study world history, we learn how God's judgments work upon rulers and people, as they do or do not conform to his moral standard. Bible history throws much light upon this general theme. History is His story, and is far more important from this angle than merely to memorize the names of kings and queens, and the dates of battles. The wise virgins warn us to be prepared for the appearing of Christ as the bridegroom of His bride, the church. No more terrible sentence in the Bible than this: 'And the door was shut,' v. 10. Verses 31-46 seem to mean that the nations which treat the Jews, 'My brethren,' kindly, are blessed, but also have a wider application. See Genesis 12:3.



Die Mammi saagt: Die Biwel iss es bescht Buch in de Welt; Un 's naegscht Buch arrick brauchbaar iss en Backebuch voll Geld.

KARRICHE AUSGANG

Melodie: Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing

Haerr, duh uns nau all heemschicke,
Unser Haerzer mach gans voll;
In deinre Lieb duh uns aablicke,
Mit deine Gnaade helf uns moll;
O, erfrisch uns! O, erfrisch uns,
Weil mir in de Wildniss sin!

Haerzlich duhne mir dir danke
Far des Evangelium;
Du wit uns aa gaar net zanke,
Du machscht graad, mir waare grum;
O, sei bei uns! O, sei bei uns,
Immer sei um uns herum!

Iwwerseizt beim DR. PIERCE EDWARD SWOPE.

AN DE GRISCHTDAAGE

Yuscht meh zwee Woche bis Grischtdaag—
Was mach ich yuscht do!
Die Zeit geht schtarrick rum,
Sie fliegt yuscht so.
Ich hab noch so viel zu duh,
Kuche un Kichelcher backe,
Un Bresents zu kaafe,
Die aa eipacke.

Dann iss noch en Frockelchi,
Des will ich faddich mache;
Un Boppekleeder naehe—
Des macht die Polly lache.
Es nemmt aa en Bloshann
Fer der klee Hen;
En Breckfescht Shawlchi
Waer schee fer die Maemm.

En Neehkaerwel, net zu klee,
Mit Nodle un Neetz drin,
Waer gewiss arrick schee—
Fer Meed en haerrlich Ding;
Babier un Bendel un noch
Viel annere Sache meh;
Fer des alles recht duh,
Muss ich graad maryeds geh.

Der Marye iss dann kumme—
Mir sin uff um vier Uhr;
Mir welle noch de Schdadt faahre
Mit unsre eegni Fuhr.
Waar des en Blessier!
Es hot so viel Sache,
Was kann mer de Kinner
So grosse Freede mache.

Nau geht's widder heem,
Die Fuhr iss schunn do;
Mei Fiess sin so mied,
Un doch bin ich froh.
D'noh wammer heem kummt
Un beguckt alles widder,
Dann fehlt alsnoch ebbes,
Mer denkt widder driwwer.

Belle uffhenke un Schdanne
Un Kaarde fattschicke;
De Freind Glick winsche
Die Hend ihne dricke;
Kinner Schdicker larne
Gheert aa noch dezu.
Nau saag yuscht waer wott dann
Unni Grischtdaage duh?

ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.

ECHOES OUT OF THE PAST

By ARTHUR D. GRAEFF

GUCK EMOL, BALTZER!

Soon after the battle of Antietam of the Civil War the Army of the Potomac marched into Warrington, Virginia. This was the seat of many aristocratic families of the old South and many of its citizens belonged to the exclusive order of the First Families of Virginia. While the conquering Federal troops marched through the village a group of young blue-blood ladies gathered on the steps of a porch and jeered at the passing soldiers, calling them insulting names.

The Sixth Regiment of Pennsylvania Reserves was commanded by Colonel Endt. When the doughty colonel heard the taunts of the southern ladies, he muttered, "Just wait until Company A passes this spot. Then Nelson Brunner will silence those females." When Company A swung past the porch on which the tormentors stood, Nelson Brunner heard the insults of the unfair ones. Instantly he called to a comrade, "Oh, look there, Baltzer, what dirty stockings one of the girls has on." A dozen pairs of eyes dropped footward and a dozen young ladies scurried to shelter. Nelson Brunner, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, had silenced the female confederate battery.

* * * *

FATHER MARX

Father Marx was a well-known character in the neighborhood of Kutztown, Berks County, many years ago. He was a drummer in Washington's army during the Revolutionary War. The old veteran loved to play the drum on battalion days in the Maxatawny sections. It reminded him of his days with the Continental Army. In 1825 it happened that the old veteran played his own funeral march. A Maxatawny battalion company was drilling and the old man was wielding his drum sticks when suddenly he fell over and was dead. The same drum which he had carried while he served with Washington was suspended from his shoulder when he fell.

* * * *

THE FOX CHASE

The Reverend William Stoy was one of the earliest clergymen of the Reformed faith to come to America. He was a fellow passenger with Waldschmidt and Otterbein in their journey from Rotterdam to America, two centuries ago. He served a number of congregations in western Berks County, but the one with which he was most closely associated was the Reformed Congregation at Host, not far from Womelsdorf There he preached for nearly half a century and his remains are buried there.

The Reverend William Stoy was a physician as well as a clergyman. He had concocted a medicine for the cure of hydrophobia, or mad-dog-bite, which was widely in demand in the 18th century. One of the Reverend William Stoy's patrons was no less a person than our first president, George Washington.

One Sunday morning, when the parson was on his way to services at Host, a fox, pursued by several dogs and huntsmen, crossed his path. Now the parson also had a passion for hunting, and forgetting his appointment with the congregation at the Host church, he joined madly in the chase. For two hours he followed the fleet fox, through thorns and underbrush, heedless of rents in his clothing and scratches on hands and face. Meanwhile his parishioners were waiting at the church doors.

Two hours late for services, he dashed up to the church doors, his steed foaming and his clothing in disorder. "Ei, Parre, wu in aller Welt waarscht du dann so lang?"—"Well," replied the parson, "The fox would not let itself be captured any sooner." Thereupon the Reverend William Stoy ascended into his pulpit and exhorted his parishioners as well as his wounds would allow.

* * * *

LAFAYETTE AND THE DUTCHMAN

The following anecdote is recounted in "Uncle Sam's Almanac" for 1879. Although we have no historical data to support it, it is possible that there is a foundation in truth. The Pennsylvania German farmers supplied victuals for Washington's army while it was encamped at Valley Forge.—

During the American Revolution, in the winter campaign of 1777, our soldiers suffered extremely for want of provisions. A penurious old Dutchman, living in the vicinity of the quarters of the army, was known to possess great quantities of beef, pork, etc., but the object of special regard among the soldiers was his well-filled smokehouse. It was a small building, situated a short distance from his house, and contained, as the soldiers well knew, a goodly number of delicious hams.

Arrangements were made for carrying off both smokehouse and hams. Eight muscular men, provided with long poles, repaired to the scene of action, and carried the house and its contents to their camp. Immediately on discovering his loss the old Dutchman waited on Lafayette, the commanding officer, with a doleful complaint.

"Sheneral, your tam sogers hav carry off mine Schmokhaus."

"Diable," but no," exclaimed the Marquis, whose English was not remarkable for its purity, "it ees not poss-ee-ble."

"Dunnerwetter, 's iss drue."

"Vell, zen," replied the Marquis, "If zey have got your smokehouse, you may be zankful zat zey did not take your meat too."

* * * *

SNUFF ASHES OR BUNDLE

One of the favorite themes of sensational writers who make capital of the folkways of our plain people is the ever-recurring subject of bundling. They would have their readers believe that the old colonial courtship customs still prevail among the Pennsylvania Germans. This kind of libel against a group is not confined to outsiders who might be excused for building up "atmosphere" for their stories, but some Pennsylvanians who should know better have also lent themselves to writing that sort of twaddle.

We do not deny that the injunction "snuff ashes or bundle" may have been issued to young swains in eastern Pennsylvania a century or more ago. The custom was prevalent in all sections of colonial America, in New England as well as in Pennsylvania, in days when a courting journey was a matter of many weary hours on horseback or on foot. But to localize this social phenomenon in Berks and in Lancaster counties in the fifth decade of the twentieth century is the worst kind of an anachronism

For those who may be unfamiliar with the term "bundling" (and Webster is no help) it should be explained that at retiring time the young swain would be offered the chance to "snuff ashes," which meant, in other words, to spend the night by the open fireplace, or to keep warm by permitting himself to be bundled into a bed with the object of his attentions. The bundling was attended to by the elders. If the youth chose that alternative he submitted to being wrapped into blankets and quilts before retiring. This practice was all a part of the ethical code of the colonial period.

However, the very phrase "snuff ashes" serves to dissociate this practice from the Pennsylvania German communities. There would be no dialect equivalent of the term, and if there had been one, such as "Esch Schnaufe" the great likelihood is that it would have survived, especially if the custom had survived.

We suspect that the writers who use this "atmosphere" are as much in error as they are when they write about the blue gates, stating that the Amish paint the yard-gate blue when there is an eligible girl living in the house. A few years ago the writer made bold to ask an intelligent Amishman why his gate was painted blue. The answer was: "In order that one may see it readily in the dark; the remainder of the fence is white-washed."

A few years ago a newspaper man from the outside sent copy to his paper after getting a story of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Among other things he had written about bundling, but a typographical error made his story read: "In the methods of courting among the Dutch I have found no evidence of bungling." A good caption for his article would have been "Efficient Wooing."

EN BRIEF

Locus Daal, im Dezember 1950

Liewer Editor:

Es iss dunkli Nacht un die Lichder do in dem kleene Schdedtel duhne so schee brenne. Alle Haus iss uffgeleicht. Die Schdanne halde sich varschluppt. Die train macht so en wunnerbaar drauricht Zucht, ass wann sie Halsweh hett. Es iss Schnee in de Luft. Yuscht meh en karzi Zeit var Grischtdaag! Waer denkt do viel ans Wedder? Die Leit hen annere Sache im kopp.

Der Belsnickel iss schunn um der Weg, far sehne, wie die Kinner sich ufffiehre. Es iss Freed un Haerrlichkeit iwwerall.

Der anner Daag hawwich en gudi Ausleging fer der Belsnickel grickt. Es Grischtkindel iss was mer aabede sette, un der dick rot Mann sett sei fer en Aaggeschpiggel. Sei freindlich Gsicht iss gut zufridde mit der Welt un mit sich selwert. Er hot schier immer en Gschmunsel um die Lefze.

Des Bresents-gewwe iss schier gaar zu viel far deel Leit. Es waerd yo so oft iwwerdriwwe. Fer die Kinner iss es klee Jesuskind es Bescht vun all, wann sie wisse, dass Gaawe-gewwe eigfiehrt warre iss vun Gott selwert, die bescht Gaab vun all, weil er uns es Grischtkindel selwert gschickt hot, so ass mer froh sei kenna un annere Leit mit unsere Bresents Freede mache. Un Freede mache bringt widder Freede un des macht frisches Lewe.

Friede uff de Aerd,—mer wollen 's all glaawe un lewe, denoh muss der Friede ewich warre.

En Heemet, guder waarmer Kaffi, waarme Gleeder, genunk zu esse—wie dankbaar misse mir sei far des all zu verdiene.

En freindlicher Grischtdaagsgruss un en haerrlich Neiyaahr winsche mir alle, as helfe es Eck so schee zu mache.

ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER

KINNER REIME

Der Jack un Jill,
Die hen en Fill,
Des Fille will net laafe;
Noh saagt der Jack
Zum Bruder Jill,
Sie wotte 's Fill verkaafe.

Noh saagt die Jill
Zum Bruder Jack,
Gewiss des daete sie;
Noh gehn sie nuff zum Henry Ford
Un kaafe 'n Model T.

* * *

Ich nemm ken Zeit ken Duwack,
Des waer zu mir ken Freed;
So Ungraut nemm ich net ins Maul,
So saagt der Robert Reed.

Datt waar der waertlos Jerry Jones,
So dreckich wie en Loos;
Er hot schunn gschmokt an zehe Yaahr,
Un meent nau waer er gross.

* * *

Der Franklin, en gelarnter Mann,
Der science weess un drucke kann,
Er hot mol in me Schtarrem bissel
Electric aus de Wolke grickt
Mit seiner Kite un Schlissel.

Ich hab aa als deel kites gemacht,
Die sin als gflogge hoch un sacht;
Ich hab sie gschnitzelt mit me Messer;
Die hawwich all so gut gemacht,
Em Franklin seine waar net besser.

* * *

En aldi Katz hot gsucht far'n Schpatz,
Noh hot sie eener gfunne;
Noh kummt en hungericher Hund
Un hot re en genumme.

—D. GEO. KNECHT.

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PUBLISHERS

Major J. C. Shumberger, President — David A. Miller, Vice President — Fred W. Weiler, Vice President

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Editorials

A Critical Year Ahead

Half a century will have been rounded out when clocks thruout the world record midnight tomorrow, Sunday, December 31. By the same token the second half of the Twentieth Century will be entered and in the peculiar manner that is man's concept of that abstraction, time, he will be prompted to look back and appraise the past half century. In addition to looking forward to the coming year he will attempt, with his weak eyesight, to penetrate the mists that veil the future.

Probably in no other mid-century year, (at the very moment and instant that notes the end of the fiftieth year and the beginning of the fifty-first,) has the world attained so keen a crisis. While looking back upon many woes and calamities, at this instant we will be wont to look forward to the possibility and probability of even greater world disturbances and international tragedies. We can however also look back upon tremendous material achievements in the first half century and hope that their impetus will be permitted to carry over and be increased for mankind's material advantage in the second half. This we know can and will be done if man himself does not interfere with his own best impulses and desires and trip himself to destruction.

Viewed objectively, the turn of the year and the close of the first half of an historic and eventful half century does not offer a hopeful and beautiful vista. Rather it appears that a period of bitter international experience is ahead of our nation and our nation's friends and, for most of us and perhaps for all of us, bitter individual experience as well.

That experience suspiciously appears likely to be the most terrific clash ever in the eternal struggle of might against right, of tyranny against human freedom, of materialism against spirituality and true religion that is undefiled before God.

That struggle has been eternal, going back even before man's creation to the struggle among the angels in Heaven, according to sacred writ. It is a struggle that has continued for centuries but perhaps has never shaped up so sharply and distinctly between different nations and groups of nations as we see today in the rapidly evolving contest where Communism is ranged against the western world.

It appears to be a critical moment in world history. It may easily be one of the most momentous years in all the history of the human race.

Eat More Potatoes

In the potato scandal that broke last year there was some satisfaction that local involvements were minor in nature and amount. That satisfaction extended particularly to men in this phase of local agriculture.

Now there is promise of another vast surplus of this vegetable for crop yields exceeded all expectations and official forecasts. Vast quantities of potatoes have been put in storage and there will be much wastage unless there be greater consumption.

In this locality our people can do considerable about this matter by using more potatoes. They still rank with the cheapest and most satisfactory foods. They can be prepared in scores of ways and in all ways are good.

The people of this community can set a good example. And in setting the example they will gain enjoyment while the housewife will be effecting economies desirable at a time of rising cost of living.

Call to Special Prayer

Members of the Methodist Church thruout the United States have been called upon by their General Board of Evangelism to devote tomorrow, the last day of the year, to prayer, such prayer being to the end that world tensions may cease during the coming year and that there will be restoration of peace and good will among the peoples of the world.

Members of the 40,472 churches in the United States will be asked at all their services tomorrow and particularly at their traditional "watch-night" services to pray for all who are playing important roles in impending world tragedy, even "for our enemies."

Members of all denominations, apart from Methodism, can agree with the bishops' call to special prayer which reads as follows:

Today, mankind's hope for freedom is in desperate jeopardy. Human resources alone are clearly inadequate to meet our need. With a sense of deep urgency we call our fellow Methodists, and all others who will, to join us in special prayer.

Let us pray daily, in private and in public, for the leaders of our country and of the United Nations, that God will give them wisdom and courage to seek and to do His will.

Let us pray for all who are under the shadow of war; for those who do battle for us, the homeless, the hungry, the children.

Let us pray for our enemies that God may lead them in the way of righteousness and peace.

Let us pray for ourselves, that God will lead us to recognize and repent of our sins that have had their share in causing the world's disaster.

Let us offer ourselves to God as individuals and as nations, and pray that He will use us to preserve freedom and achieve peace in His own time and in His own way.

God has been our help in ages past; He is our hope for the years to come.

Value of Tourist Dollar

More and more state governments are coming to realize that a dollar spent within their boundaries by tourists is quite as important to the state's economy as a dollar brought into the state for the purchase of a manufactured item. Accordingly quite a few states are analyzing the spending habits — especially the average amount—of their tourist visitors.

The American Society of Planning Officials reports that West Virginia recently compiled a statistical picture of the average tourist to that state during the months of June, July and August of this year. West Virginia's average visitor has been staying in the state for 3.6 days. He has been stopping nights at tourist courts and spending $5.88 a day, with most of it going to retail stores. His total driving while in the state averages 398 miles, and, more likely than not, he clocks most of this while on his way through the state to somewhere else.

On the basis of the survey, an estimated 5,577,331 persons will have visited the state—almost three times the population of the state itself. While in West Virginia, these tourists will have spent a total of $119,581,467. Here's what the money will have gone for in order of amount: items in retail stores, food, lodging, automobile expenses — including gasoline, amusements, transportation, roadside snacks and incidentals.

A similar study by the Utah state road commission showed that more than $50 million annually was spent by tourists visiting that state. Approximately 875,000 out-of-state cars pass through Utah annually, carrying an average of 2.8 people. Each car spends an average of $7.05 per day for food and about $2 per person for lodging. Car expenses totaled $5.93, while additional expenses of visitors average $2.41 daily.

The West Virginia survey was based on traffic counts and questionnaires filled out by tourists. Traffic counts were made automatically at 11 key points and the percentage of out - of - state cars was determined by visual spot checks. Post card questionnaires left in hotels, restaurants and motor courts were filled in by tourists and data from these were projected to figure the totals in various phases of the tourist trade. In Utah, representatives of the state road commission interviewed 65 per cent of the state's motoring tourists.

Television in Autos

The Interstate Commerce Commission gave the public until Dec. 29 to submit its views about a proposed rule of the commission to permit installation of television sets in motor vehicles provided the driver cannot see the screen. Controls for operating the receiver would have to be beyond the driver's reach. The commission seems disposed to believe that inclusion of these conditions would be an adequate safeguard in the operation of motor vehicles, including buses, taxicabs and pleasure cars. We do not think so.

The rule as promulgated does not differentiate between the various types of "motor vehicles" and therefore would include passenger automobiles. Certainly in the latter, and more and more in taxicabs, with their cabbie-fare camaraderie, there is a community of interest that would make for a hazardous distraction of the driver from his duties if television were permitted to enter the picture.

There might be some types of passenger-carrying vehicles, perhaps buses having the operator's cab in a well-separated compartment, where television equipment would be reasonably safe. But a blanket permission, even with the behind - the - driver condition proposed, would invite greater trouble, more accidents upon the already congested roads. The I. C. C. should consider carefully the consequences before adopting the rule. — New York Times.

Today's Text

By DR. R. R. FRITSCH

Psalm 107

(Any one wishing a free copy of the printed list of the American Bible society's Daily Bible reading assignments may receive one by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to me at my address, 2220 Chew St. We may deviate from these assignments at times during the year '51, but they will be helpful for those who wish to follow a printed schedule). Our Psalm for today is a call to men in all walks of life to give thanks to the Lord for His goodness and mercy. The refrain, 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men,' runs through the Psalm as a whole, vs. 8, 15, 21 and 31. In our Psalm we have full recognition of the troubles and sorrows to which men are subject, but as stated in vs. 6, 13, 19 and 28, when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivers them out of all their distresses. Verses 2-5 seem to refer to Israel, once scattered among the nations, but now gathered out of the lands from the east, the west, the north, and the south, and living in the land of their fathers, rejoicing in their deliverance from the hand of their enemies.

Wanna Go Out Wi' Me Ol' Man?



David Lawrence Says

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Air power — and specifically strategic bombing — is going to have its turn now in Korea.

The great feat of the U.S. Navy, in accomplishing without a mishap the evacuation of 250,000 troops and civilians through the port of Hungnam, means that the same curtain of naval fire could be used at any other seaport in Korea if it should become necessary to redeploy troops again. Fear of being pushed out of Korea precipitately can be dismissed.

Bolstered by this new confidence, the military effort of the United Nations can be concentrated on the use of air power against the Chinese offensive. Meanwhile, our ground troops will play a defensive role.

The so-called strategic air warfare — which means the bombing of enemy communication lines and supply stations — has not had an opportunity heretofore to prove itself in Korea because the enemy forces until recently have been relatively small and supplies have been moved over short distances mostly at night.

Now, however, with a North Korean-Chinese Army massed along or below the 38th parallel, estimated to number around 500,000, there must be a sizable supply line and flow of ammunition over a distance of nearly 100 miles south of the Manchurian border. This enables the U.N. commanders to organize strategic missions and give the enemy a going-over which can turn the tide of battle.

The amount of air power available to the UN is considerably more than that of the enemy, though it is confidently expected that Soviet Russia will not be able to refuse the pleas of the Chinese Communists for more and more air support

Air power in Korea comprises not only the heavy bombers of the U.S. Air Force but also the bombers that fly from the decks of the several big naval aircraft carriers roaming up and down both coasts lines. All the air effort is coordinated from Tokyo insofar as strategic missions are concerned, but the planes used to protect the movement of our own troops are in direct touch with the ground command.

Since the beginning of the war in Korea, air power has encountered much unjust criticism in connection with its failure to stop the North Korean advance last summer. The difficulty was not with this instrument of war but with the conditions that existed in that particular area. Heavy bombers cannct do the job needed for close support of ground troops, and they never were intended for that purpose.

About the only valid criticism is that the U.S. Air Force did not previously give sufficient attention to ground-air operations. The answer given to this was that the funds were not adequate. The calculated risk was taken that strategic bombers to carry the atom bomb deserved higher priority.

Since the outbreak of the Korean war, however, adequate funds have been available and steps have been taken to build up the air power needed for close support of ground troops. At the same time, more funds have been furnished for strategic air warfare, too.

The planes of the U.S. Air Force in the Far East are not numerous enough to do all the jobs that are required of them, but there are enough available to take care of the targets behind the Chinese Communist lines. It is unfortunate from a military standpoint that bombing of the real bases across the Manchurian border is not permitted to UN airmen. Now, as the Chinese lines have lengthened, the enemy targets have suddenly increased. The U.S. Air Force, flying from a few fields in Korea, and the U.S. Naval Air Forces, flying from the decks of carriers, should be able to accomplish considerable destruction and perhaps disorganize the offensive itself.

In any event, the next big news that Americans will look for is the effect in the next several days and weeks of the use of heavy bombing planes north of the 150-mile UN front. Another phase of the war will be carried on by heavy gunfire from the warships of the Navy, which are able to drop shells far enough inland to destroy some of the main railroad lines.

Air Force Show

But it is to be largely the air force's show from now on, and there are high hopes that strategic warfare will demonstrate that, while it alone cannot win a battle, it can disrupt an opposing Army offensive and enable ground troops to capitalize on the disorganization of the enemy.

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Looking at Life

By ERICH BRANDEIS

As I was riding through Pennsylvania's lovely hillside a few days ago a strange procession of ghosts appeared before my eyes.

Ghosts were the last thing I had expected to meet on this journey.

I had just finished a nice luncheon with some newspaper friends in Philadelphia and was on my way to the "Open House" of the Phoenixville Republican, one of the newspapers that publish this column,

Owing to the fact that the luncheon was something of a reunion of old friends, I had missed the only train that would have gotten me into Phoenixville before the "Open House" became a closed house.

So I hired a car and sat beside the driver, who also acted as my guide.

We drove along what is called the "Main Line," Philadelphia's millionaire row, through Bala-Cynwyd, Bryn Mawr, King of Prussia and other little villages littered with $100,000 shacks, and finally approached Valley Forge.

That is where I met the ghosts.

Right through the battle fields we drove — those battlefields where Washington's half-starved, half-clothed army spent the terrible winter of 1777-78, one of the darkest periods of the Revolution — and of our country's history.

It must have been an illusion. But I am sure that in the fog I saw those battered soldiers marching up the hill to that huge complex of buildings called the Valley Forge Army hospital to join their comrades of later days and to exchange experiences with them.

It seemed so significant that that hospital should be located at Valley Forge.

Valley Forge — Bataan-Korea — the three tragic names in American hisotry.

And up there in those buildings are the ghosts of that first black period and the human wrecks of our latest disaster.

The driver — an ex-soldier himself — had visited one of his friends up there at the hospital just a few days ago.

Four of the fingers of his right hand had been cut off by those "Volunteer" Chinese.

"Funny people, these Chinese," goes the saying. Yes, very funny. They thought that by cutting off his fingers they could make a traitor out of an American soldier — and hundreds like him.

At any rate, joked these funny Chinese, those fingers would make nice little war-souvenirs.

* * *

There was another boy up there, the driver told me, who was a terrible sight to behold.

He had been one of a truckload of soldiers captured by the Chinese Communists.

They tied our boys to their truck, then set the truck on fire. While the prisoners were burning to death, these "funny" Chinese danced and yelled with glee.

By a miracle this young fellow got away and is now up there at the Valley Forge hospital.

It was a strange trip, indeed — with my thoughts of the dead ghosts of Valley Forge and the living ghosts of Korea riding along.

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Pumpernickle Bill

By WILLIAM S. TROXELL

SO-WEIT, SO GUTE: 'S yohr 1950 is shier feriwwer, uns yohr 1951 is shtarrick uf 'm rei waig. Wos wor, des wissa m'r, un wos noch tzu kumma hut finna m'r ous. 'N yohr tzurick wie aw heit, hen m'r fohraw gaguck'd mit grossie hoffning, fer tzwelf wunnerbora guta mohnet howwa-odder ewwa 52 wocha-odder sotta m'r sawga 365 dawga fol harlichkate, glick, un blessier.

Tzeit is 'n wunnerborie soch. Wos wor des wissa m'r, wos tzu kumma hut finna m'r ous, -wos tzailt, is die tzeit grawd now in unserra hand. 'S fergonga yohr wie wosser iwwer der dom, is fert, un kumt nimmy tzurick. Fiel fon unserra winsch 'n yohr tzurick sin wohr werra, un onnerra.

Tzu fiel wors yohr 1950 so'n gute yohr os sei hut kenna, un tzu onnera graud so iwwe'l Unglick un dote is immer rum, wen 's nagshd badreft wase ken saelicher mensch. Wos fert sin, hen ihra waig gamocht, hen ken druvel un ken kimmer-ihna now, is allas recht.

'N yohr tzurick hen m'r ols noch mit grossa fraida fohrraw gaguck'd tzu da tzeit fon welt freeda, die welt iwwer. Ow'r sel wie der farm yohrs shnae, is fergonga, un shtaina now fer ra dier woh niemond wase wos dahinner is won sie uf gait. Die dier is aenich uf gonga in Korea, un 'n niemond wase won sie hinna wedder uf gait -'n shracklichie oussicht fer 1951 — mit 'm arickshda griek fer uns os die welt noch erlaibt hut.

Mit socha die welt iwwer wie sie sin, mit fiel fon unserra voova fert imma fremma lond, un fiel bagrawwa, huts Nei Yohr 'n dreavie oussicht mawg m'r hoffa un winscha so arrick sm'or fa un winscha so arrick os m'r wil. Ferwos socha so sei missa wase ken saelicher mensch. Ow'r griek sheinds, kumt, un griek gait, un des dal elter os die ard wert, un des da g'sheider die menschheit, des da shracklicher werra die griegs socha.

Un so mit wenich shunshd im sin on darra Nei Yohrs tzeit wiila m'r ol rum hoffa, winschea un baida, fer freeda-die freeda woh unser fohr elterra ihra blute gewwa hen uf onnerra shlocht felder -freeda un fergnaechdichkate in g'sheft un hamet- freeda fer larna un freeda fer werra wos m'r wil, un glawwa in Gott wies ma mensch g'fall'd.

Fer schreiva fon Nei Yohr was 'n mensch ken awfong un ken end. 'N yader mensch hut sei aignie pawd fer sich, sei aignie gamawd tzu maya fer gute odder shlect. So weit os uns aw gait, winscha m'r ol unerra freind un laiser, 's hairlich'd, glichlich'd, blessierlich un brofitlich yohr, os noch wo in 1951.

GLAWWAS ODDER NET, OW'R

Wos 'n mensch hard ganunk winsch'd dafor, glawbt er; un won alla menscha hard ganunk glawwa dada in garechdichkate un Gott, wear ken Folk uf da ard, os es hartz het fer ae finger raiga gaeich unser lond.

dann kennt sie im Schapp grieye, ich hett die Aryel zammegschlagge."

Der Parre hot dann gsaat: "Sell iss awwer doch en gudi Bax, wu die Aryel drin kumme iss."—"Ya," saagt der Mann, "selli kann ich yuse. Sie macht en gudi Hawwer odder Schtroh Bax." Der Parre hot dann die Schticker vun de Aryel gute exemmint un er waar aa gsaetisfeit, dass sei Freind wiescht gehombogt waar. Er hot zum Mann gsaat: "Ich wott du daetscht mich paar vun denne Glaffe hawwe losse."—"Selli will ich net weckgewwe," saagt der Mann. "Well, dann loss mich paar vun denne Glaffe hawwe," saagt der Parre. "Vun selle maagscht du paar nemme," saagt der Mann. Der Parre hot en weissi un en schwarzi genumme. An de weisse waar ken Eiwori un an de schwarze ken Eboni. Die weiss war uffgfixt mit Gips un weisser Farb un die schwarz mit schwarzer Farb un Waernisch. Der Parre hot selli Glaffe in en Babier gewickelt, mit heem genumme un gut uffghowe.

Net lang nochdem hot der Parre sei Freind widder bsucht. Er hot dann graad gsaat: "Parre, ich will dir ebbes saage. Ich waar doch net der eensichscht, der mit der wolfle Aryel gfuhlt waar. Ich hab en Schtick im Agriculturischt gelese, dass es me Parre graad wie mir aa gange iss. Der hot nau en Schtick in die Zeiding geduh, annere Leit zu warne." Der Parre hot der Mann gedauert, awwer doch waar er froh, dass er es viel besser aefforde hot kenne, die elf Daaler un die Express zu verliere, wie verleicht en mancher aarmer Mann. Die Experienz waar gut fer der Mann, un fer viel annere, die devun gheert hen.

Die Elf-Daller Aryel waar vun Massachusetts gschickt warre. Die Yankees, die browiere ewwe Geld zu mache, wie sie kenne. Was gewwe die drum, wann sie die Leit als wiescht fuhle un bedriege?

Horoscope

New Year's Eve to share with family or close friends. Your next year should bring you good fortune and happiness if you avoid erratic actions. Many good characteristics will probably be noted in the child born today.



Wer's Yohr Gut Aafangt, Der Dauf Hoffe, Es Gut Zu Beschliesse

SCHNELL FLIEGT DIE ZEIT

Die Grischtdaag gehn, es Neiyohr kummt,
'S neegscht Yohr iss glei verbei;
Was macht es aus, wann unser Freind
Bleiwe lieblich un gedrei.

—THE REV. DR. PIERCE EDWARD SWOPE.

NEI YOHR WUNSCH

Ich winsch Eich Glick des ganse Yohr,
En Lebkuche wie en Scheierdor;
En Warscht vun do bis Baltimore,
Mit guder Abbedit defor.

HOMBOG ARYEL BISSNISS

The following humorous sketch was read by its author, the Rev. F. J. Schantz, at the second annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society held at Lebanon, Pa., Oct. 12, 1892.

Im Yohr 1883 iss emol ee Daag en Parre uff me Paewment imme Schtedtel in Pennsylveni amme gude Freind seiner Offiss hiegeloffe. Der Freind hot ihm gerufe, er sott nei kumme. Er iss dann graad neigange. Wu er drin waar, hot der Mann die Dier zugemacht un zum Parre gsaat: "Parre, ich will dir ebbes saage; awwer dù darfscht zu niemand nix saage. Ich krieg eblang en Aryel—un en gudi Aryel, un die krieg ich nuscht ebaut wolfel. Sie koscht mich nuscht elf Daaler, awwer ich muss die Express bezaahle. Ich hab's Geld schunn fattgschickt un ich hab en Babier, dass sie kummt. Du kannscht es Babier sehne. Do iss es."

Uff des saagt der Parre: "Ich bin bang, du bischt gehombogt. Du kannscht ken Aryel kaafe, die ebbes nutz iss far elf Daaler."

"Ich bin awwer net gehombogt," saagt der Mann. "Ich hab ne gschriwwe ich wott net gehombogt sei. Es geht mir net wie em deitsche William. Der hot fimf Daaler gschickt far en Watsch, noh hen sie ihm gschriwwe, wann er nau noch fimf Daaler meh schicke daet, noh daete sie ihm en so viel besseri Watsch schicke. Er hot ne noch emol fimf Daaler gschickt un sell waar es End devun. Sei Geld waar fatt un er hot ken Watsch grickt. Wann du nix devun saagscht, dann will ich dir saage, wie es kummt, dass mich die Aryel nuscht elf Daaler un die Express koscht. Ich will dir's saage, awwer du darfscht nix devun saage. Der Weg, dass ich die Aryel so wolfel grick, iss der. E Weilche zerick hawwich en Brief grickt. In dem iss mir geaffert warre, mir en Aryel fer elf Daaler zu gewwe, wann ich die Naame vun fimfunzwansich Leit schicke daet, die eebel waere, en Aryel zu kaafe, die awwer noch ken Aryel odder en Klavier hette. Des waar net hart zu duh. Du weesscht, es hen viel Klaviere un Aryele; awwer es sin doch noch viel do, die hen kenni un sin doch eebel genunk eeni zu kaafe. Ich hab die fimfunzwansich Naame uff en Lischt un hab sie in en Brief geduh mit de elf Daaler. 'S iss ken Hombog. Do kaanscht du yo selwer die Diskripschen vun de Aryel lese. Saagt 's net do, dass die Aryel en voll seiss Parlor Kaebinet Aryel sei soll, vier un en drittel Oktaevs, vier Fuss hoch, zwee Fuss un siwwe un en half Zoll breet. Do kannscht du uff denne Babiere die voll Diskripschen lese. Do saagt 's yo aa ebbes vun Goldne Maus (golden mouth) Rieds."

Der Parre hot die Babiere gelese. Sie waare schee gedruckt. Es waar en schee Pickter vun re Aryel uff eem. Es waar aa en gudi Rekommendaeschen vun me Aryel Schpieler druff. Die Aryel iss gelobt warre. Wu der Parre faerdich waar mit de Babiere, do hot der Mann gut gebliest geguckt un aa widder aagfange zu schwetze.

Der Mann hot gsaat: "Ich will dir nau saage, Parre, wie ich des Ding mach, wann die Aryel kummt. Ich hab meiner Fraa noch ken Wart devun gsaat. Wann die Aryel kummt, dann schtell ich sie in der Parlor. Noh ruf ich mei Fraa rei un saag: 'Du saagscht immer ich daet nix grieye. Nau hawwich aa emol ebbes grickt.' Sie soll nix wisse bis die Aryel do iss." Der Parre hot uff alles gharricht awwer nix gsaat. Noh hot der Mann widder aagfange un gsaat: "Parre, ich will dir noch ebbes saage. Wann die Aryel emol do is, noh kumm rum. Ich hett gaern, dass du druff schpiele daetscht, un dei Opinion vu re gewwe. Ich hab's aa em Doktor gsaat er sott kumme un sie browiere wann sie mol do iss." Der Parre hot em Mann verschproche, er wott rum kumme, wann die Aryel do waer un sie browiere. Wu der Parre fatt iss, hot der Mann ihm noch emol gsaat: "Saag awwer nix, was ich dir gsaat hab, wie ich die Aryel so wolfel grick." Der Parre iss heem un hot nix deheem un sunscht aa naryets vun de Sach ebber ebbes gsaat.

Ebaut zwee Woche denooch, verleicht aa net gans so lang, do iss der Parre vumme annere gude Freind noch re Kaerrich gfaahre warre. Uff em Weg saagt der Mann, der awwer aa en guder Freind waar vum Mann, der em Parre vun de wolfle Aryel gsaat ghatt hot: "Parre, hoscht du schunn ebbes vum —— seiner neie Aryel, die er grickt hot, gheert?" Der Parre hot nix saage wolle un hot nusch gsaat: "Hot er eeni grickt?" Der Mann hot dann gsaat: "Hot er nix zu dir gsaat, dass er eeni grieye daet?" Der Parre hot dann gsaat: "Frog mich nix." Dann saagt der Mann: "Du weesscht ennihau ebbes devun. Er hot eeni grickt. Nau wann du ihn aadreffscht, dann saag zu ihm, eb er net dir sei neii Aryel weise daet. Saag awwer nix, dass ich ebbes gsaat hab." Der Mann hot dann dem Parre ebbes gsaat vun de nei Aryel un was es mit re gewwe hett. Er hot awwer noch emol gsaat, der Parre sott nix saage, dass er ebbes gsaat hett.

E paar Daag sin vergange; noh hot der Parre der Mann aagedroffe, der die Aryel so wolfel kaaft ghatt hot. Es waare noch annere Leit bei ihm. Der Parre hot zu ihm gsaat: "Ich daet gleiche dei neii ——." Der Mann hot graad gsaat: "Parre, ich hab alleweil ken Zeit mit dir zu schwetze," un iss graad fattgeloffe. Die annere Leit hen aagfange zu lache.

Der Parre hot e paar Daag gewaart, noh waar er emol imme Schtor. Der Mann, der die Aryel kaaft hot, iss aa neikumme. Er hot geguckt, as wann er dann graad nix zu duh hett. Der Parre iss zu ihm gange un hot gsaat: "Hoscht nau Zeit, mir dei neii Aryel zu weise?" Der Mann hot desmol net rausschlippe kenne. Er hot der Parre ordlich aagegeuckt un gsaat: "Witt du sie sehne?"—"Ya," saagt der Parre, "ich daet gleiche sie zu sehne."—"Dann kum mmit mir, ich will dir sie weise," saagt der Mann. Er hot awwer der Parre net in sei Haus un in sei Parlor genumme. Er hot ihn in en anner Haus genumme. In dem waar im erschte Schtock dem Mann sei Offis un en Schtubb, wu Schtorsache, wie Neggel un Glass drin ghalte sin warre. Er hot der Parre in der zwett Schtock genumme, do waar ebbes vumme Schreinerschapp. Der Mann hot dann zum Parre gsaat: "Do leit e Deel vun de Aryel—datt sin Schticker vun de Kaes—un do sin die Glaffe—datt leit der Blosbalg —un do sin die Golden Maus Rieds."—"Ei, ei," saagt der Parre, "was hoscht du dann mit der Aryel geduh?"—"Denkscht du ich wott gehombogt sei?" saagt der Mann. "Ich hab die Aryel mit em Haetschet verschlagge."—"Warum hoscht du dann des geduh?" saagt der Parre. "Waar sie dann net gut, hot mer dann net druff schpiele kenne?" Dann saagt der Mann: "Mer hot's Windbumpe gheert, eb mer die Musick gheert hot, un noh hot sie nuscht wie die yunge Hinkel, 'Pieps, Pieps,' gemacht. Ich hab net gehombogt set wolle. Ich hab sie verschlagge mit dem Haetschet. Wu ich die Aryel 's erscht grickt hab, do hawwich sie in der Parlor gschtellt. Mei Fraa iss neikumme, un wu sie gheert hot, wie die Aryel gange iss, do hot sie gsaat: 'Ich denk du bischt gehombogt warre." Ich hab gsaat: 'O nee, ich bin net. Es iss e bissel ebbes letz an re; awwer sell kann ich fixe.' Sunndaags waar ich im Parlor uff de Sofa geleyye; ich hab die Aryel so aageguckt, no hawwich gsaat: 'Dich (die Aryel) will ich marye schunn fixe.' Mundaags hawwich un en Bu sie do ruff gedraage un do hawwich sie mit em Haetschet gfixt. Ich hab noh meiner Fraa gsaat, 'Ich hett nau die Aryel getuhnt.' Noh hot sie gfrogt, eb ich sie mit em Haetschet verschlagge hett? Ich hab ihr dann gsaat, dass wann sie Kindling hawwe wott,

GSCHWISCHE DRIN

Grischtdaag iss nau verbei. Unser aarme Meege sin widder zerick uff ihre regulare Koscht un mir fiehle all viel besser. Mir sin widder an unsere Alldaags-Aerwet un mir sin aa froh, ass mir noch lewe un gsund sin. Marye gehne mir ins Nei Yohr, des Yohr 1951. Des sett en grosser Daag sei, awwer mir sin noch zu hart ausgschbielt fer viel mache devun. Mir sin so gschwische drin, gschwische Grischtdaag un Neoyohr.

Der anner Daag hot mich so en yunger, schlitzohricher Kaerl schier gaar gfange. Er hot mich gfrogt, "Kaschbar, weesscht ass es neegscht Yohr es Neiyohr kummt eb Grischtaag?" Ich hab schier gebisse an seinre Niss. Weesscht, ich bin nimmi gans so gschwind uff em Drigger. "Ya," hawwich geandwart, "du bischt recht. In allem Yohr kummt die Neiyohr eb Grischtaag."—Glaabscht du sell aa? Es iss waahr.

Do iss aa en schlicki Schdori. En dummer Rilps iss an der depot kumme in Lebanon un hot der Kaerl hinner de Schprosse gfrogt, "Wie weit iss es vun Lebanon noch Fildelfi?"—"Dreiunachtzich Meil," hot der Kaerl ihm gsaat. "Rischpele, sell iss awwer weit. Do misst mer awwer frieh uff der Weg fer hiekumme in eem Daag. Awwer wie weit iss es vun Fildelfi zerick noch Lebanon?"—"Hawwich dir net yuscht gsaat, dreiunachtzich Meil? Es iss graad so weit ee Weg, ass wie der anner."—"Ya, ich sehn," saagt der Rilps, "awwer des halt net immer aus. Es iss en Woch vun Grischtdaag bis Neiyohr; awwer es iss eenunfufzich Woch vun Neiyohr bis Grischtdaag." Ya, sell iss aa recht. Yuscht heit sin mer graad gschwische drin.

Es iss moll en Kaerl die Schdross nunner ee Nacht. Er hot zwee motor "bikes" sehne kumme. Er iss middes gschwische die Lichter, noh waar 's verdollt sei en "truck." Sell waar net so sless. Awwer es waare moll drei Menner am Draewwle. Der eent hot ken Geld ghatt. Sie hen en Schdubb gelehnt am Wartshaus, as yuscht ee Bett drin waar. Zwee vun denne Menner hen gedischbediert. Yederer hot vanne ins Bett welle. "Ya wohl," saagt der anner, "ich geh in die Mitt. Ich hab ewwe ken Geld."—Well, eener vun de annere iss vanne ins Bett, der anner iss hinne nei. Die Deck hot net iwwer die drei gelangt. Darrich die Nacht sin sie schier verfrore. Was hen sie gezankt mit enanner der neegscht Marye! Der wu in der Mitt waar, hot gsaat, "Ich saag gaar nix. Ich hab ewwe ken Geld." In sellere Umschtend waar es net so dumm fer gschwische drin sei.

—DER KASCHBAR HUFNAGEL.

ES ALT YOHR VERGEHT

Es alt Yohr vergeht,
Hot alle Daag verlebt;
Denken mol driwwer,
Eb es vergeht.

Waar ebbes drin,
As net drin sei sott?
Daet mer 's verennre,
Odder losse was es hot?

Daet mer meh nei duh,
Wann mer kennt?
Es waer noch Blatz,
Wann mer 's recht bedenkt.

Nau geht 's dahie,
Nemmt Lewe un Dot
Mit in die Vergangenheit—
Des wissen mer yo.

Es Neiyohr iss do—
Was waerd es bringe,
Lache odder Ernscht,
Heile odder Singe?

Mer kann so viel
In dem Yohr nei duh;
Haerrlich sei, freindlich sei,
Geheert aa dazu.

Wann mer browiere,
Dann halt es viel;
Browiere macht es
Lewe wie en Schpiel.

Mer sin yuscht wie Boppe,
Wu uff der Aerd sin;
Vun eem Blatz zum annere,
Do geht mer hie.

Machen selwer Druwwel,
Koschten Freede all aus—
Gott segne es Neiyohr
Zu unserm Gebrauch.

Locus Daal —ELFRIEDA GERLOFF WEAVER.